

# The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XVII. No. 7.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1907.

EMMA A. WALDO.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Five Corners.

SEPT. 17—The State fair last week was quite well represented by Five Corner people.

Mrs. Harriet Miller of Cortland is visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Mrs. M. A. Palmer is spending this week with her son Lockwood and wife at Ithaca.

Mills Ferris does not seem to improve very fast. Dr. Hatch of King Ferry attends him.

Mrs. Hannah Stevenson is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William Stapton, at North Lansing.

We are sorry to part with the post-office, but such is life.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hollister are visiting relatives in Wisconsin and Western points for a few weeks.

George Curtis and wife recently visited relatives at Burdette.

Albert Ferris is under the care of Dr. Dudley of King Ferry.

Jay Smith and wife and Joseph McBride and wife spent Saturday with Moravia friends.

Mrs. B. B. Mead attended the W. O. T. U. county convention at Fair Haven Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. With her son Clyde, she was in Ithaca Monday.

No school this week as the teacher, Miss Leona Southworth, is in attendance at InSTITUTE at Union Springs. E. B. Stewart is also in attendance.

Lonsop G. Barger, chief clerk for General Superintendent Clarke of the D. L. & W. railroad, at Scranton, Pa., and Misses Sara and Ida Chichester of New York, who have been visiting at the home of Charles Barger and wife, returned to their homes Sunday evening. In company with Mrs. Charles Barger, they visited Louis Barger and family at Geneva Thursday and Friday, and Henry Barger and family at Ludlowville Saturday.

The Ladies' Aid which was held at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Todd Thursday afternoon was not very largely attended on account of so many attending the State fair. Ice cream and cake were served and a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

Elmer Close is very busy packing pears this week.

Robert Ferris and wife have returned from their cottage at Farley's; all were glad to greet them.

J. N. Beardsley and wife and Dr. A. Rosecrans and wife are in Cortland visiting relatives for a few days.

### West Venice.

SEPT. 17—The rains of the past two weeks have made grass grow and have made plowing easier.

Miss Mattie Cook has returned to her school work at Brooklyn.

M. Travis and son who have been spending their vacation at J. W. Cook's have returned to the city.

F. H. Blair and wife were called to Auburn Thursday by the serious illness of their daughter, Mrs. Squires.

Mrs. M. E. Overdell who spent the summer with Cayuga county friends has returned to Brooklyn.

Messrs. George Freese and Claude Richards of Auburn are visiting Frank Blair.

Miss Clara Cook is attending teachers institute this week.

J. W. Cook returned home Saturday from a three weeks' visit to his boyhood home in Maryland.

Spices of all kinds both whole and ground and guaranteed pure, sold by Grand Union Tea Co., 26 Genesee St., Auburn, and their traveling salesmen. Premium tickets given.

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

### Ellsworth.

SEPT. 17—Mrs. Eva Mosher and son Warren of Union Springs are spending some time at the home of Mrs. Patchen.

Mr. Hagin of Ludlowville has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Winn.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes and son Floyd of Venice were recent callers in town.

Alvah Patchen of Syracuse spent Sunday at the home of his mother.

Miss Bertha Kind has entered the teachers' training class at Moravia.

Miss Florence Fulmer and father of Locke were callers in town one day the past week.

Hunters from Scipioville are exterminating our grey squirrels in the woods.

A young man from Russia has just arrived at Carter Husted's to assist with the work on the farm.

A large delegation from here attended the State fair the past week.

Mrs. Van Zile has been quite indisposed for some time.

Miss Purcell has been unable to commence her school on account of illness.

Mrs. O'Connell and little Julia Ladies made a trip to Seneca Falls recently.

Miss Margaret O'Connell has been spending a few days with Auburn friends.

Miss Louise Ryan has been presented with a new piano by her father.

Miss Florence Wilbur will teach again in the Franklin district this year.

All the teachers are attending Institute this week.

### Poplar Ridge.

SEPT. 16—Beautiful weather after the past week of rain.

Mr. and Miss Powell entertained a small company at cards a few evenings ago.

Dr. Frost of Moravia was an over-Sunday guest last week of his sister, Mrs. Allen Landon. Coral Eley and family, also Roy Holland and family were guests at the same place Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Wheeler returned the first of the week from the Adirondacks where they spent some time with their daughter, Mrs. Feenden, who returned with them.

John Haines and family visited at Mrs. S. A. Haines' on Sunday last.

George Husted and wife and Claude Peckham and wife spent Wednesday and Thursday in Auburn and Syracuse. They visited the fair and also attended "Ben Hur."

Mrs. Brennan of Brooklyn spent a part of last week with Mrs. Wilson Mosher. She is also visiting at Glenn Ferris' and George Merritt's while here.

George Babcock and family spent Sunday at Dexter Wheeler's.

Mrs. Jane Culver was well enough to celebrate her 85th birthday on Saturday by visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Hudson, at Sherwood.

Fred Peckham has been giving his buildings a fresh coat of paint which adds very much to his very attractive buildings.

Miss Mary Husted is spending a few days with her cousin, Mrs. Dayton Atwater, at Clear View.

### Lost and Found.

Lost, between 9:30 p. m., yesterday and noon today, a bilious attack, with nausea and sick headache. This loss was occasioned by fading at J. S. Banker's Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's King Ferry, drug stores, a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed for biliousness, malaria and jaundice. 25c.

Try our Job Printing.

### Ledyard.

SEPT. 16—The State Fair attracted the usual number from this place. A. J. Hodge was in attendance and visited friends in Syracuse the greater part of the week.

Mrs. Nellie Thompson, formerly of this place, now of Elmira, called on old friends here last week. While here she sold her place to Geo. Clayton, who will soon take possession.

Anna Lisk has entered the training class at Ithaca.

Anna and Clarence Minard expect to attend Oakwood Seminary at Union Springs this fall.

Lillian Tandy has returned to Syracuse University. She expects to graduate next June.

Quarterly meeting was held at the church here on Sunday. Rev. Campbell was present and preached a very good, helpful sermon.

Mrs. Frank Dixon has so far recovered that she has gone to her father's and expects soon to be able to go to her own home.

Mrs. Frank Biggs and son of Wayne county were recent guests at J. Veley's.

### Venice.

SEPT. 17—Among those who attended the State fair from this vicinity were E. J. Armstrong and wife, Eben Beebe, Mrs. Alice Fish and Howard Streeter.

Charles Bower and wife of Lansing were over Sunday guests at C. D. Divine's.

Bert Coffin of Genoa called on his parents, Charles Coffin and wife, on Sunday.

George Parker was seriously injured last week while threshing. He was at work on the straw stack and in some way the carrier hit his fork handle, throwing him backward to the ground, where he struck on his head and shoulders. Dr. Kenyon is attending him.

Mrs. W. P. Purdy is entertaining a cousin from Newark, N. Y.

Mrs. M. Hoagland has returned home after visiting her son Frank and family of Despatch.

N. H. Misner of Auburn visited his father, C. H. Misner, recently.

### Scipioville.

SEPT. 16—Rev. W. B. Jorris exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Ivey of King Ferry last Sunday.

B. D. Watkins has been the guest of friends in town on his return from the State fair.

Mrs. Augusta Darkee died at the home of her son in Auburn on Saturday last. The deceased was a daughter of Augustus Darkee, many years ago an old resident of Scipio. She was a niece of A. Q. Watkins of this place. Funeral services were held at the Episcopal church in Union Springs on Monday of this week with interment in the family lot at that place.

Miss Anice Drake of Ithaca is a guest of Mrs. L. Atwater.

Mrs. Clark of Auburn with Mr. and Mrs. Seaman and children of the same place were guests on Sunday of Mrs. James Hitchcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Swayze of King Ferry and Mrs. George Swayze of Cleveland, O., were guests of Dr. Swayze on Sunday.

Messrs. Foster of Moravia with their families were guests of Mrs. J. Casler over Sunday.

Miss Natalie Orise of Winona, Minn., and Roy DeShong of Levans were guests at F. C. Gifford's last week.

Several from this neighborhood attended the State fair.

Mrs. Mamie Sullivan of Onondaga has returned to her home after attending the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Wilschere, Mr. and Mrs. George Davenport of Cortland have also returned home.

### Announcement.

Dr. H. E. Anthony of Moravia returned from New York Sept. 17 where he has spent the past six weeks at the Post Graduate hospital studying diseases of the eye and fitting of glasses. The doctor has again taken up his regular practice, devoting some time to his specialty. 712

Spices of all kinds both whole and ground and guaranteed pure, sold by Grand Union Tea Co., 26 Genesee St., Auburn, and their traveling salesmen. Premium tickets given.

### North Lansing.

SEPT. 16—Rev. Grove Campbell, presiding elder, preached in the M. E. church on Sunday evening. This is his last visit as presiding elder, as his term expires with this conference year.

Mr. Morey of North Rose spent Sunday at the parsonage.

Benton Buck and wife were home from Ithaca on Friday.

Mrs. May Darling and little son De Forest will spend some time with Lansing friends during the absence of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Fuller of Lansingville, also Mrs. Ann Miner, were guests of Mrs. Dell Brown Saturday.

Mrs. Lawrence Holden spent the week at Ed Buck's.

Fred Wilcox has returned from the Jamestown Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Osmon have gone to Michigan.

Osmon J. Hower was married to Miss Alice E. VanDemark on Tuesday evening, Sept. 10, by Rev. H. A. Carpenter of Ithaca. They are at home at the home of the groom.

Charles Bower and wife were at Venice Saturday and Sunday. Aunt Sarah Divine is very poorly.

Mrs. Helen Osmon has recently spent a few days with Mrs. Dorothy Wilcox.

Mrs. Ann Miner of New York is visiting among old friends in Lansing.

The young people enjoyed a corn roast with Miss Ella Bacon Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Smith were in Syracuse last week.

The little daughter of Mr. Swartwood died this morning. The funeral will be held Wednesday afternoon at the home.

### Wood's Mills.

SEPT. 16—George Hodson went to Syracuse Thursday to attend the State fair.

Fred VanLiew and family and Mrs. Loveland and children visited Frank Wood and wife Sunday.

Bessie Clark and brother Charlie are visiting in Syracuse this week. The cabbage crop looks fine.

Mrs. Elijah Greenfield has gone to Moravia to visit for a week.

Mrs. Fred Wood and children have gone to Auburn to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Adams.

Pearl Wood has gone to Auburn to spend the week with her grandmother, Mrs. John VanLiew.

Some farmers are cutting buckwheat.

There is work for all who care to work and no man is ever so happy as when well and able to work.

George Wood spent Monday in Auburn.

### Lansingville.

SEPT. 17—Ice cream will be served at the Lansingville church on Saturday afternoon and evening, Sept. 21.

Glen Quigley of the U. S. Battleship, Washington, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Cyrenus Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. John Streeter and mother, Mrs. Townsend of Venice Center, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tucker one day this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orin Drake attended the State fair at Syracuse Thursday.

Mrs. Jane Harris and son Clarence of New York city visited her brother, Orlando White recently.

Mrs. Ozin Drake attended the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs. Thompson, at Ithaca, Sunday.

James Grover and family spent several days last week visiting Elmer Gallow at Newfield.

Mildred Council is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Minturn.

The Ladies' Aid Society meets with Mrs. Chas. Baker on Thursday of this week.

### Married.

PHILLIPS-SMITH—At 74 North St., Auburn, Sept. 11, 1907, by Rev. W. H. Hubbard, Fred C. Phillips and Dorothy I. Seibert, both of Auburn.

"I tell you for a modern business man Black is white."  
"That's because he's green yet."  
"I don't agree with either of you. I found him rather blue this morning."  
"Oh, that was for a personal reason. He is sensitive about turning gray so soon."—Baltimore American.

### In Memoriam.

After an illness of a little more than two weeks, Mrs. Fannie Davenport Wilschere passed to the home beyond. Endowed with a very bright, happy disposition, always quick to see the humorous side of life, this young woman made many friends who always enjoyed her quick repartee and ready wit. Her presence will be missed in the church where she has for a long time rendered efficient aid in the Sabbath school, the Christian Endeavor and Ladies' Aid society. She had been a member of the Presbyterian church choir for several years and her singing there will be missed. The greatest loss is in the home, where the place of a wife and mother is not easily filled, and especially at a time when a young son, just budding into young manhood, so much needs a mother's care. But that Divine Love that ever cares for its own, will care for these lone ones in this hour of trial.

For several years Mrs. Wilschere had been afflicted with asthma, which had weakened her constitution so that when that dread disease, pneumonia, set in, although making a desperate fight for life, she was too weak to overcome the disease.

The deceased was born in Union Springs and lived there all her life until she came to this village after her marriage. She was a member of the Episcopal church of Union Springs. She is survived by her husband, one son and two brothers, besides nieces, nephews and other relatives.

The services which were held at her late home were conducted by Rev. W. B. Jorris, assisted by Rev. H. Casey of Union Springs, who read the Episcopal service. There was a large profusion of flowers sent by sympathizing friends. Interment in the family lot in Evergreen cemetery beside her little son who passed on some years past.

"Strange, strange, for thee and me,  
Sadly afar;  
Thou safe, beyond, above,  
I 'neath the star.

Thou where each gale breathes balm,  
I tempest tossed;  
Thou where true joy is found,  
I where 'tis lost."

Scipioville, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1907.

### Death of Mrs. Alward.

Mrs. Eliza M. Alward, widow of Charles G. Alward, of Auburn died quite suddenly Sunday morning last at her home, 3 VanAnden street, Auburn. Apoplexy was the immediate cause of her death. She had been in feeble health for some time but was as well as usual until Saturday night when she was taken ill and suffered a stroke of apoplexy which resulted in her death. The deceased was in her 55th year, and is survived by a son, Byron B. Alward, who is a commercial traveler. He did not arrive at home until after his mother was dead, although he started as soon as notified of her illness.

Besides the son, she leaves four sisters, Mrs. Tyler of Norristown, Pa., Mrs. Gaylord Anthony of Scipioville, Mrs. E. M. Whitten of Ithaca, and Miss Martha Bancroft who lived with her, and two brothers, Charles and George Bancroft of Scipioville, and many friends to mourn her loss.

Mrs. Alward was a member of the First Presbyterian church of Auburn, and the pastor, Rev. William H. Hubbard, officiated at the funeral which was held at her late home on Wednesday at 2 o'clock. Burial was made in Evergreen cemetery at Scipioville.

### Gard.

Will those indebted to me for binding twine and machine extras, please call and settle for same by Sept. 25, as I intend going to California. Thanking the farmers for past favors, I am,  
Truly yours,  
B. W. ARMSTRONG.

Genoa, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1907.

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

Newspapers for sale at this office

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

### Begun New Pastorate.

The Rochester Post-Express of Saturday, Sept. 14, had the following to say concerning the Rev. James M. Hutchinson, who has begun his pastorate in that city:

"Rev. James M. Hutchinson, the new pastor of Calvary Baptist church, organized from Bronson Ave. and Wilder St. churches, will begin his pastorate tomorrow. \* \* \* On Tuesday evening Sept. 24, a reception will be tendered Mr. Hutchinson.

This is the second call which Calvary church has extended to Mr. Hutchinson, and he has twice been invited to become pastor of the Bronson Ave. Baptist church. When the first call was extended in 1898, Mr. Hutchinson then pastor of a church in Newburg, but spending his vacation at his summer place in the Thousand Islands, came to Rochester and looked over the field. He was the first to suggest the desirability of a merger of the two churches, but declined a call at that time.

Mr. Hutchinson is 52 years old, and a graduate of Colgate University. He is married and has two sons, one of whom is a graduate of Colgate and principal of the East Bloomfield, N. Y., Academy, while the other will enter college this fall.

In the eight years he has been in Amsterdam his church has had 405 additions, of whom 251 were by baptism. The church has been freed from debt and great progress has been made along every line of the work."

Mr. Hutchinson and family are known in this vicinity, Mrs. Hutchinson being a daughter of Mrs. L. V. Smith of Cortland, formerly of Genoa, and a sister of R. T. Doty of East Venice.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, a new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.



Do not change the color of the hair. Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The effect of Scott's Emulsion on thin, pale children is magical. It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy. It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.



ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND 25c.

# The Scrap Book

## The General and the Boy.

On the Atlanta campaign General Sherman made his headquarters for a time at the house of a farmer, where a tin basin and a roller towel on the back porch sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the small boy of the household watched in silence the visitor's efforts at making a toilet under the unfavorable auspices, but when on the third day the tooth-brush, nail file, whiskbroom, etc., had been duly used and returned to their places in the traveler's grip he could suppress his curiosity no longer, so boldly put the question, "Say, mister, ain't you always that much trouble to yo'self?"—Lippincott's.

## IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother, bearing his load on the rough road of life?

Is it worth while that we jeer at each other—

In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?

God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the triumph we feel.

When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,

Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel

And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey

On over the lethargy, down into the tide, We give him a fish instead of a serpent,

Ere folding the hands to be and abide Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—

Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,

And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain—

Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble Some poor fellow down into the dust? God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble

All of us together, like leaves in gust, Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

—Joquin Miller.

## Johnny's Ribs.

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot. "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."—Everybody's.

## Allaying Her Fear.

Sand Bar ferry, near Augusta, Ga., is a flatboat affair, frail and rickety. Two timid ladies, hesitating to cross, piled the negro boatman with questions about it.

"And are you perfectly sure no one has ever been lost here?" they demanded.

"No, missus," replied the ferryman; "no one ain't never been lost here. Marse Jake Bristow done got spilled out and drowned last week, but dey found 'im again nex' day. We ain't never los' nobody; no, ma'am."—Youth's Companion.

## He Got the Hare.

An old sailor struck inland, thinking he would like to try work in the country. He approached a farmer for a meal one day, saying he was willing to work, but that he knew little or nothing of country life.

"I will give you a meal," said the farmer, "if you will round up those sheep on the common there and drive them into this fold. Come back when you've done it."

In three hours' time the sailor came back looking hot, but happy.

"Have you done the job?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," replied the sailor, mopping his forehead.

"You've been a pretty long while about it. Let's go and see them."

Looking over the gate of the field, the farmer saw the sheep safely in the fold. "There's a hare sitting up among 'em," he exclaimed.

"Do you mean that little fellow there?" asked the sailor. "Why, that is the little beggar who gave me all the trouble. I thought it was a lamb."

## The Dreams of Avarice.

Ikey (who has been reading)—Fader, can anybody get rich 'beyond der dreams of avarice?" His Father—I t'ink not, Ikey. Avarice vos a putty good dreamer.—Puck.

## His Only Request.

A pretty young girl was walking through a Richmond hospital with delicacies for the sick and wounded. She overheard a suffering young Confederate officer say, "Oh, my Lord!"

Wishing to rebuke him slightly, she came to his bedside and said:

"I think that I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

He looked upon the lovely face.

"Yes," he said, "please ask him to make me his son-in-law."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Wellington Never Saw Napoleon.

In the published reminiscences of Mr. Carbou, the drawing master to the children of Queen Victoria, there is the following: "On reaching the palace one morning the Prince of Wales showed me a drawing he had just finished. Napoleon was depicted on horseback leveling a pistol at the Duke of Wellington, who was advancing to cut down his great enemy. While I was looking at the drawing who should come in but the duke himself. 'Why, the very man who can best criticize my drawing,' said the prince. 'Now, can you tell me who is that on the left? he went on, presenting the sketch to the duke. 'Well,' replied the latter deliberately, 'judging from the expression and cocked hat, I should say

it was meant for Napoleon.' 'Right,' said the prince. 'And who is that other figure?' 'By the cut of the jib,' returned the duke calmly, 'I should say it was myself.' 'Right again,' Well, now, is the drawing accurate? That's what I want to know?' The duke rose, put down the sketch and thus impressively addressed the Prince of Wales: 'My, boy, I'm going to tell you something that the English people don't seem to realize. I was sent out to keep Napoleon in check, but never in my life have I set eyes on him. Once in the midst of a battle someone cried, 'Look! There's Napoleon!' but before I could get the glass to my eye the smoke from a field gun had enveloped him.'"

## Hard Hit.

Caller—What's the matter, old man? Has anything happened?

Host (groaning)—Oh, nothing—only when I was called upon at the club for my maiden speech last night I began, "As I was sitting on my thought a seat struck me," and spoiled everything!—Lippincott's.

## They All Paid Up.

Mr. Brown, a Kansas gentleman, is the proprietor of a boarding house. Around his table at a recent dinner sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took a ten dollar bill out of his pocketbook and handed it to Mrs. Brown, with the remark that there was \$10 toward the \$20 he had promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mr. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews, in turn, passed it on to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpentry work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying, "That pays \$10 on my board." Mr. Brown passed it to Mrs. Brown, remarking that he had now paid her the \$20 he had promised her. She, in turn, paid it to Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour bill. Mr. Hadley again returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board, whereupon Brown put it back into his pocketbook, observing that he had not supposed a greenback would go so far.

## Following Instructions.

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say: 'No, thank you. I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father. "You must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl, with dignity. "I have already bitten."—Classmate.

## How Grandma Viewed Them.

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding.

"Why, grandma?" asked the son.

"Well, gals is hity-tity, and widlers is kinder overrullin' and uppsettin'. But old maids is thankful and willin' to please."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Brevetted For Bravery.

Everybody calls Alfred J. Stofer, a well known Washington character, "Major" Stofer.

"Where did you get your title, Stofer?" Representative Littlefield of Maine once asked him.

"Earned it, sub," Stofer replied, "killin' Yankees in the war."

"But, Stofer, you were not old enough to be a soldier."

"Who said I was a soldier, sub; who said I was a soldier? I was livin' in my native village of Cūpeper, Va., sub, in those tryin' times, and it was there I won glory for the sainted Confederate cause and myself by killin' Yankees."

"But how did you kill them?"

"Killed them by indigestion, sub; by indigestion. I sold 'em apple pies and killed 'em by scores."

## One of Them Kings.

The king of Italy, accompanied by a numerous party of officers in brilliant uniforms, visited an American man-of-war at Naples. During the inspection of the ship one of the resplendent Italians tripped and disappeared like a brilliant meteor down one of the hatches. A sailor who saw the fall rushed aft and, saluting the officer of the deck, said: "If you please, sir, one of them kings has fell down the forward hatch."

## On Business After All.

The manager of the big department store stood stock still outside the little boxlike chamber which held the telephone of the establishment, for he was a very startled manager indeed. Within the chamber he could hear Miss Jones, the stenographer, speaking, and this is a scrap of the conversation the scandalized man overheard:

"I love you, dear, and only you! I'm weeping my heart away! Yes, my darling, speak to me once more! I love you, dear, I love you so!"

The young woman rang off and stepped out of the cabinet to confront the angry manager.

"Miss Jones," he said, "that telephone has been fixed where it is for the purpose of convenience in conducting business and not for lovmaking in office hours. I am surprised at you. Don't let it occur again!"

The young woman froze him with a glance. "I was ordering some new gowns from the publishers for No. 3 Department," she explained icily.



## The Road

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

## Citizens Bank, Locke, N. Y.

4% PAID ON DEPOSITS OF ANY AMOUNT TO \$10,000

Your money is not safe in your pocket, nor is it earning anything.

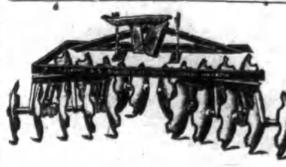
An interest account with us means SAFETY to you as well as PROFIT.

Interest allowed from FIRST of the month if deposit is made by 3rd BUSINESS DAY.

If you cannot call, write.

Deposits, \$10,500,000  
Capital and Surplus, \$629,000

SECURITY TRUST CO  
103 MAIN STREET EAST  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



## Clark's Cutaway Tools.

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

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

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

Agent for Rush Acetylene generator.

## The Thousand Islands

Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence River by Daylight

## STAR-COLE LINE STEAMER "ARUNDELL"

Leave Olcott Beach, N. Y., Sundays 5 p. m. Tuesdays and Thursdays 11:45 p. m.

Leave Charlotte, N. Y., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 8:30 a. m., Sodaus Point N. Y., 11:45 a. m. North Fair Haven, N. Y., 1:15 p. m., Oswego, N. Y., 5 p. m., landing at all the principal Thousand Island Resorts, returning alternate days.

Note the following Low Rates to Thousand Island Points:

From Olcott Beach round trip \$5.00  
Charlotte " " 4.50  
Sodus Point " " 4.00  
N. Fair Haven " " 3.75  
Oswego " " 3.00

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

ROBERT MAXWELL, Traffic Mgr., CHARLOTTE, N. Y.  
In effect from Charlotte June 19th, From Olcott Beach June 25th.

PARKER'S HAIR BALMSAM

## Saturday Night Talks

By F. E. DAVISON — RUTLAND VT.

## GARNERING THE WHEAT

Sep. 22, '07.—(Dent. 34:1-12).

By Nebos lonely mountain, On this side Jordan's wave, In a vale in the land of Moab, There lies a lonely grave; But no man built that sepulchre And no man saw it e'er; For the angels of God upturned the sod, And laid the dead man there.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land! O dark Beth-peor's hill! Speak to these curious hearts of ours, And teach them to be still: God hath his mysteries of grace, Ways that we cannot tell, He hides them deep, like the secret sleep.

Of him he loved so well. That Moses was not permitted to enter into the Promised Land at the head of the nation which he had created during 40 years of ceaseless energy, is to many people a disappointment. There seems to be something wrong in the providence that holds to the lip a full cup of blessing only to snatch it away in the moment of expected realization. To miss the goal of one's ambition when the foot is upon the threshold is exceedingly disappointing. To see others, less worthy take possession of privileges from which we ourselves are excluded is a sore trial to most of us.

The people never would have reached the Promised Land had it not been for Moses. He was the organizer of the exodus, the leader through all the years of their wandering, the teacher, the guide, the statesman, the lawgiver. He took that company of raw recruits and emancipated slaves, and in less than half a century had developed them into a nation of freemen, a splendid military force, a devout and consecrated congregation of believers, worthy descendants of the patriarchs. Moses prepared the people for colonization and national existence, and led them to the border line of their new home. Then a strange thing happened. He made these farewell addresses of Deuteronomy. And having pronounced his valedictory, he climbed the precipitous sides of Pisgah, and from its top-most peak looked out over the land which the 12 tribes were about to occupy. There was given to him prophetic vision to see that land as it was to be in the centuries to come. He saw, as if it already existed the glorious reality of his brightest dreams, and on that mountain top he was transfigured. His career ended right there. The reaper made one sweep of his scythe and the ripest sheaf of wheat the world had ever known was garnered for eternity.

Would you call that a failure? Is that sort of coronation a disappointment? We say that Moses died there. But Moses has never really died. That Hebrew lawgiver was never so much alive as he is today. A noted infidel of other years got a little cheap notoriety—and considerable money—by publicly declaiming about the Mistakes of Moses, but that lawyer never argued a case in court that was not based for its foundation of justice upon the laws of Moses. There is not a courtroom in the world where Moses does not stand at the head of all authority. The jurisprudence of Blackstone is vital with the life blood of Moses. The statute books of all civilized lands take their cue from the legislative enactments of the Hebrew statesman. And no law not founded upon the eternal rock of righteousness or revealed in the teachings of that ancient lawgiver, will stand the test of trial. The authority of Moses is unquestioned. There is a mighty stride between the Nile and Nebo, but Moses took it. And he lifted 2,000,000 bondmen with him.

Don't for an instant think of this hero of the ages as coming to an unworthy end. He passed away in most appropriate fashion. It was the exit of a king. That Moses did not go into the Promised Land is nothing. It was unworthy of him to go into so little a land, so lowly a home. Canaan was good enough and large enough for the pupils in the primary school, it would be a good enough school house for them. But for Moses—Moses, of the Sinai summit—Moses, of the 40 days communion on the Mount of God, Moses, of the shining face as one acquainted with eternal splendors, for him to go down to be cooped up in the narrow limits of Canaan would be utterly incongruous. He must dwell in broader territory, among intelligences of sublimer scope, in the eternal Canaan, the New Jerusalem, which is above, the mother of us all. What wonder that the Jewish commentators say that Deut. 34: 5, should read: "So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, on the mouth of the Lord." That is to say, the Lord kissed his soul away. Kissed into rest—kissed into heaven! To have God's kiss, God's well-done, God's smile, is not to die. It is but to "passish into life." Moses was unique; he stands alone; no man can approach him. And yet, he that is seated in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.

## Millions of Dollars Worth of FURS

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

We have the experience and the best facilities for looking after your Furs under the personal supervision of I. Kalet. Charges for storage are 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.

I. KALET, 46 State St., AUBURN, N. Y. Auto. Phone 1376.

1849 ————— 1907

Established Fifty-Seven Years  
**Auburn Savings Bank,**  
Corner Genesee and South Sts., AUBURN, N. Y.

3 1-2 Per Cent. Paid on Deposits  
Compounded Every Six Months.

Deposits \$5,142,455. \* Surplus \$333,548.

OFFICERS: Edwin R. Fay, Pres., David M. Dunning First Vice-Pres., Nelson B. Eldred, Second Vice-Pres., George Underwood, Attorney, E. H. Townsend, Sec. and Treas., Wm. S. Downer, Assistant Treasurer.

**Cayuga County Savings Bank,**  
ORGANIZED 1865. AUBURN, N. Y.

Interest Paid on Deposits  
Loans made on approved mortgages  
All Business strictly confidential.

This space belongs to  
**J. G. ATWATER & SON,**  
King Ferry Station, N. Y.

## The Rochester Trust and Safe Deposit Co

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

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

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN  
Saves to rent in our Safe Deposit Vaults at \$3.00 per year and upwards.  
CAPITAL \$900,000.00  
SURPLUS (earned) (over) \$1,100,000.00  
RESOURCES \$2,500,000.00

## JUST RECEIVED

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

**JOE MC BRIDE,**  
Five Corners, N. Y.

## Now is the time, Subscribe for The Tribune

PORCH AND STAIR WORK  
Cisterns Mouldings  
Tanks Doors, Windows

CAPITOL WHITE LEAD  
The most durable white paint known, Oils, etc.

VERIBEST RUBBER ROOFING  
R. L. TEETER, MORAVIA.

Subscription. One year \$1.00, Six months .50, Three months .25, Single copies .10

If no orders are received to discontinue the paper at the expiration of the time paid for, the publisher assumes that the subscriber desires the paper and intends to pay for it.

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

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

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

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 20, 1907

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

H. E. ANTHONY, M. D. Office formerly occupied by Dr. W. T. Cox, first house east of Wheat's drug store.

Dr. L. L. ZIMMER, Veterinarian, AUBURN, N. Y.

Office and Hospital 47 State Street, Opposite Avery House. Both 'Phones

TRADE "GIT" MARK

Is a shot-gun remedy for acute and chronic rheumatism. The pains just "git." They have to go. Contains No Salicylic Acid or Morphine, so common in rheumatic remedies.

Tablets put up in glass, formula on label. By mail \$1, 6 for \$5. Don't suffer. Order today.

Co-operative Chemical and Drug Co., 150 Bank St. (Incorporated), NEWARK, N. J.

FIRE!

E. C. HILLMAN, GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.

Levanna, N. Y.

I place your risks in none but sound companies, at reasonable rates. Regular trip every thirty days. The Glens Falls Co. carries the majority of risks in this section; I also have other good companies.

HOMER

Steam Marble and Granite Works JOSEPH WATSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES and LOT INCLOSURES

In Foreign and American Granite and Marble.

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

JOSEPH WATSON CO., HOMER, N. Y.



EYES EXAMINED FREE

The Scientific Examination of the eye by artificial light is the latest up-to-date method. If you want perfect fitting glasses consult me about your eye-sight.

Clarence Sherwood, THE OPTICIAN,

30 Genoa Street, Opposite South Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

In Baroda, India, a favorite sport is a set fight in which the fighters wear a steel cage which has formidable claws. The combatants, who have been treated with a drink of liquid opium, proceed with an infusion of hemp, enter the arena singing. One of them is certain to be killed.

The Walking Kettles.

By FLOYD INGALLS.

Copyright, 1907, by James Schreiber.

I WAS introduced to them in an unexpected way, and I did not soon recover from the intense curiosity excited by my first impressions of them.

I had gone to the old Minot house, in Dorchester, Mass., to take dinner with my aunt. We two, my aunt and I, had wandered over the house, up the huge stairway and down into the cellar.

Suddenly aunt opened the door of an old pantry on the floor of the porch and said, "Child, look here!"

"What, aunt?"

"The two brass kettles."

"Two enormous brass kettles met my eyes. They were turned over on the floor, and each would have held the contents of a half barrel."

"Those are the ones, my dear."

"What ones, aunt?"

"The ones that saved the two children from the old Indian straggler."

"What Indian straggler?" I asked, with intense interest.

"Oh, the one in King Philip's war. Didn't you ever hear the story?"

"No, aunt."

"Well, I'll get Uncle Zebedee to tell it to you after dinner. Come."

"But what could any one do with such kettles as these? Where did they hang them?" I continued.

"Come here, and I will show you."

"She swept away, and I shut the door of the dark room, which was lighted only by opening the door, and followed her. We went into the kitchen. She pointed to an enormous fireplace and said, "There, child."

"But, aunt, how did the two brass kettles save the children?" I asked again.

"Oh, they crawled about all over the floor here, there and yonder," pointing.

"Which crawled about, the kettles or the children, aunt?"

"A gin here fell upon the air and echoed through the great, fortress-like rooms. It was the huge bell for meals."

"Come, child, let's go. Uncle Zebedee will tell you all about it."

In a moment we were in the dining hall. How grand it all seemed! The sideboard was full of baked meats and steaming pies. Over it hung a flintlock gun or a blunderbuss. The room had been decorated for the occasion with creeping jenny and boughs loaded with peaches that had been broken off by a September gale. There was a whitewashed beam across the room on which were great books and staples. The table was oak, and the chairs were of a curious old pattern. At the head of the table was a great chair, and in it sat Uncle Zebedee, a good old man, now nearly ninety years of age.

After the family were seated Uncle Zebedee was asked to say grace. He had a habit of saying "and" after ending a sentence, and this made another sentence necessary, often when he was nothing more to say. It was so even his prayers and was very noticeable in his story telling. There usually followed an "and" when the story was done.

It was a queer structure, the old Minot house in Dorchester. It was

really a brick-house incased in wood—a fort house it was called. It was built in this way to protect the dwellers against rude Indian assaults. There were many such houses in the old colonies, but one by one they grew gray with moss and vanished. The Minot house itself was burned about twenty years ago after standing about 230 years.

The old people of Dorchester and Neponset must remember it. It rose solemn and stately at the foot of the high hills overlooking the sea meadows. The high tide came into the thatch maze near it and went out again, leaving the abundant shellfish spouting in the sun. The fringed gentians grew amid the aftermath of the hayfields around it. The orioles swung in the tall trees in summer time, and crows strided and screamed in the clear sky over all.

But the orchards! Here were the

fullness and perfection of the old New England orchards! The south winds of May scattered the apple blossoms like snow over the emerald turf and filled the air with fragrance. The earliest bluebirds came to them, and there the first robins built their nests. How charming and airy it all was in May, when the days were melting into summer, and how really beautiful and full of life were all of these venerable New England homes!

After the old house was burned I visited the place and brought away a few bricks as a souvenir of a home of heroic memories—of happy memories, too. If we except a single tragedy of the Indian war, the great orchards were gone, the old barns and their swallows. Only the well remained and a heap of burned bricks and the blackened outline of the cellar wall.

It was a house full of legends and stories—wonder stories that once led a stranger to look upon it with a kind of superstitious awe. It had its historic lore, and like all great colonial houses, its ghost lore, but the most thrilling legend associated with the old walls was known as "The Two Brass Kettles." The legend may have grown with time, but it was well based on historic facts and was often told at the ample firesides of three generations of Dorchester people.

The dinner, like Uncle Zebedee's prayer, seemed never to end. After the many courses of food there was an "and"—and pies and apples and nuts and all sorts of sweetmeats.

"Uncle Zebedee," I piped.

"Well, dearie."

"Aunt said that you would tell us the story of the two brass kettles after dinner."

"Why, dearie; yes, yes. I've been telling that story these eighty years, come October. Didn't you never hear it? I thought all little shavers knew about that. The two brass kettles—yes."

"They're in the old cupboard now. Bring them out, and I will tell you all about 'em. I shan't live to tell that story many more years. Maybe I shall never tell it again."

The servants brought out the two kettles into the kitchen where we could see them through the wide dining room door.

"Put 'em in the middle of the floor before the window," said Uncle Zebedee. "There, that will do. That is just where they were when the Indian came. You see the window?" he added.

It had a great, deep set casement. Grapevines half curtained it now on the outside, and the slanting sun shone through them, its beams glimmering on the old silver of the table. It was past the middle of the afternoon of the shortening days of autumn.

"You have all heard of Philip's war," continued Uncle Zebedee, leaning forward from his chair on his crutch.

"Everybody has. It destroyed thirteen towns of the old colony and for two years filled every heart with terror. Philip struck here, there and everywhere. No one could tell where he would strike next. The sight of an Indian lurking about in the woods or looking out of the pines and bushes usually meant a massacre."

"One Sunday in July, in 1675, the family went to meeting, leaving two small children, a boy and a girl, at home in the charge of a maid named Experience. The kitchen then was as you see it now. The window was open; the two brass kettles had been secured on Saturday and placed bottom upward on the floor just as you see them there."

"It was a blazing July day. The hayfields were silent. There was an odor of hayricks in the air, and the bobolinks, I suppose, toppled about in the grass and red winged blackbirds piped among the wild wayside roses just as they do now. I wish that you could have seen the old hayfields in the long July afternoons, all scent and sunshine. It makes me long for my boyhood again just to think of them. But I shall never mow again."

"Let me see. The two children were sitting on the floor near the two kettles. Experience was preparing dinner and had made a fire in the great brick oven, which heated the bricks, but it did not heat the room."

"Well, on, passing between the oven and the window she chanced to look toward the road, when she saw a sight that fixed her eyes and caused her to throw up her hands with horror, just like that."

Uncle Zebedee threw up both hands, like exclamation points, and let his crutch drop into his lap.

"Well, the maid only lost her wits for a few moments. She flew to the window and closed it and bolted the door. Then she put one of the children under one of the brass kettles and the other child under the other kettle and took the iron shovel and lifted 't so and wanted to see what would happen, and"

Uncle Zebedee lifted his crutch, like an interrogation point, and we could easily imagine the attitude of the excited maid.

"And—where was I?"

"The children were under the two brass kettles, and the maid was standing with the fire shovel in her hand so," said aunt. "La, I've heard that story ever since I was a little girl."

"Yes, yes; I have it all now," said Uncle Zebedee. "She was standing with the fire shovel up so, when she discovered that the Indian had a gun—a gun."

"You see that old flintlock there over the sideboard? I used to fire it off every Fourth of July, but the last time I fired it kicked me over once. Don't you never fire it, children. It always kicked, but it never knocked me over before. I don't think I am quite as vigorous as I used to be, and"

"What did the maid do with the gun?" asked aunt.

"The gun—yes, that was the gun, the one up there. The gun was up in the

chamber then, and she dropped the shovel and ran upstairs to find it. But it was not loaded, and the powder was in one place and the shot in another, and in her hurry and confusion she heard a pounding on the door, just like that."

Uncle Zebedee rapped on the old oak table with startling effect, and then, after a moment's confusion, continued: "She loaded the gun and went down to the foot of the stairs and looked through the latch hole of the stair door, so—and—yes, and the Indian was standing at the window—that window. His two eyes were staring with wonder on the two brass kettles. He had probably never seen a kettle like these before, and he did not know what they were."

"While he stood staring and wondering the kettles began to move. Two little hands protruded under the bell of each of them, like turtles' heads. The kettles stood on their ears, which lifted them a little way from the floor. One of the children began to creep and to cry, moving the kettle. The other began to do the same. The cries caused the kettles to ring. Two creeping kettles! They looked like two big beetles or water turtles, and such the Indian might have thought them to be, but



A FEW DAYS AFTERWARD THE INDIAN'S BODY WAS FOUND.

they bellowed like two brazen animals, and—did you ever hear a child cry under a kettle?" said Uncle Zebedee, with a curious smile.

We all confessed that we never had.

"Then, child, you just get under one of those kettles and holler. You needn't be afraid. There ain't no Indians now to do you any harm. Holler loud!"

I did so.

"Do you hear that?" said Uncle Zebedee. "You never heard such a sound as that before. Holler as a bell."

Another child was placed under one of the kettles and uttered a continuous cry. The sound rang all over the room.

"There!" said Uncle Zebedee. "Did any one ever hear anything like that? It rings all over the room, scary-like."

"Well, the children did not know about the Indian, and they began to creep toward the light of the window, moving the kettles like two enormous beetles and crying and making the kettles rattle and rattle all around, boom-oom-oom, just like that. The Indian's black eyes glowed like fire, and he raised his gun and fired at one of the kettles. But nothing came of it. The shot did not harm the children under the kettle. It frightened both of the children and made them cry the louder and louder and scream as though they were frantic. 'Ugh!' said the Indian. 'Him no good!'"

"The kettles were all alive now, moving and echoing. He was more puzzled than before. What kind of creatures could these be with great brass backs and living paws and full of unheard of noises like those? 'Ugh, ugh!' said he, just like that. The kettles kept moving and sounding, and the Indian grew more and more excited as he watched them. Suddenly he threw up his great arms and turned his back, and—Now it all goes from me again."

"He said 'Ugh!' and threw up his arms and turned his back," prompted aunt.

"And the maid opened the stair door and fired," continued Uncle Zebedee. "She drew quickly back and waited for the family to return. The children continued to cry. But they were safe, as they could not overturn the kettles and bullets could not reach them. The family came in an hour in great alarm. They had seen human blood in the road, but no Indian."

"A few days afterward the Indian's body was found in some hazel bushes by the brook. It was buried in the meadow there, and—"

"The Indian's grave," said aunt, prompting.

"Yes, I used to mow over it when I was a boy and—"

"That is all, Uncle Zebedee," said aunt. "You've got through now."

"Yes, I've got through now. I don't think that I shall ever tell that story again and—"

There was something pathetic and yet beautifully prophetic in the continuation. The slanting sun shone through the old window, and the chirping of birds was heard in the fields.

Uncle Zebedee never did tell the story again. The final conjunction of his long, peaceful life came soon after he told the tale to me. The violets and mosses cover him in the old Dorchester burying ground. The old house is gone; the two kettles, the gun and even the gray stone from the field that rudely marked the Indian's grave.

FARM AND GARDEN

CULTIVATING THE ORCHARD.

Begin Early and Fill Mineralized Soil With Vegetable Matter.

The notion that the soil of an orchard may be clean cultivated for a number of years until the fertility is nearly all destroyed and that it may then be restored by growing cover crops is a wrong conception, says Field and Farm. So too, is the idea that the cover crops are grown mostly to furnish food for the trees. The importance of beginning early in the life of the orchard to fill our mineralized soils with vegetable matter ought to be duly considered. It never will be duly considered until it is understood that soil food is of prime importance to trees—not merely a supply at intervals but all of the time, especially when bearing a crop of fruit. Humus not only furnishes plant food, but it helps to make other plant food available. More important still in many cases is its water-holding capacity, thus insuring an equable supply of moisture throughout the season. In dry years an insufficient water supply will cause premature dropping and the trees may not be able to perfect a crop of fruit buds.

Making a Leach For Lye.

In the illustration from Ohio-Farmer is shown a plan for making a leach. The leach is about four feet square in every way. The general plan for making the leach is shown in the sketch. Across the frame work at the bottom a foot plank about five feet long is placed as a conductor for the lye as it leaches from the ashes, and also for a sup-



Ash leach for making lye.

port for the side boards. The two cleats on the projecting end of the plank are so placed that the lye will be conducted down into the receptacle placed to catch it. The rear end of this plank is raised three or four inches above the vent for the reason that a certain fall is necessary in order to secure ready drainage. This plan of a leach is well known in wooded sections, and can be made useful wherever timber grows and lye is needed.

The Nutrition in Legumes.

Leguminous hays are very much more nutritious—more rich in protein than the hay from other grasses—and this is coming to be pretty well known among the farmers, said the assistant chief of the Office of Experiment Stations in a talk on the value of various farm foods. The clovers, alfalfa, cowpeas, lupines, etc., contain about twice the amount of digestible protein that hay from the grasses does. The seeds from such legumes as the cowpeas, and soja bean are exceedingly rich in protein, and can take the place of expensive commercial feeds.

By growing and feeding on the farm more leguminous crops the amount of grain required will diminish, the value of the manure increase, and the soil increase in fertility. And as the legumes draw about all their nitrogen from the atmosphere, the farm and the farmer, if the latter plants plenty of them, are sure to be the gainers.

Successful Cabbage Grower.

One of the most uniformly successful cabbage producers who got rich and built himself a magnificent farm home from the proceeds of his cabbage patch, used a bran mash such as we feed to cows for milk in setting out his cabbage plants, says an exchange.

The mash was made quite watery, so much so that it would pour out of a pail or could be dipped up in a cup. This mixture of nothing but bran and water was applied in the small hole made for setting the cabbage plant in. About a teaspoonful was poured into each hole around the root of the plant when setting out, and we never saw cabbages start off better and grow faster. It was claimed also that this bran mixture kept the root maggot away.—Field and Farm.

In Growing Cantaloups.

The reason cantaloups and watermelons are sometimes tough and tasteless is because they have mixed and crossed with other vine crops. Pumpkins, squash, cucumber and gourd vines should never be allowed to grow close to watermelons or cantaloups. One healthy gourd vine will often ruin an acre of watermelons if allowed to grow near the middle of the patch.

Care of Seed Corn.

Seed corn should be so well cared for that it will contain no ears that will not germinate, and seed testing should be employed as a demonstration of the fact that the seed has received proper attention rather than be a screen to separate the worthless from the poorly preserved seed.

TRADE UNIONS AND SALOONS.

An Important English Labor Movement.

Strenuous efforts are now being made in England to divorce meetings of workmen altogether from public houses (saloons).

It will doubtless surprise the working men of America to learn that out of 2,393 local branches of nine important trade unions in the United Kingdom, having a total membership of 352,816, no less than 1,716 branches, or 72 per cent. of the whole, hold their meetings in public houses. The case is most serious in larger unions. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, with a membership of 94,157, has 73 of its branches meeting in drink shops. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, with a membership of 62,000, has 68 per cent., and that of the railway servants, with a membership of 55,000, 73 per cent. of their branches meeting in public houses. In the case of the Friendly Society of Ironfounders the percentage is 92, and in the boilermakers, iron and steel shipbuilders, it is 83.

In Great Britain a number of leaders in workmen's organizations are also leaders in temperance work. John Burns is an example who stands high in the estimation of the community as a labor leader, a temperance advocate and a progressive legislator. Another of the prominent English trades unionists is Mr. Isaac Mitchell, who is the labor candidate for Darlington, and is secretary for the General Federation of Trades Unions.

Mr. Mitchell is about to initiate a temperance movement inside the labor movement.

He is seeking to induce trade unions to sever entirely their connection with the drink shops, thus at once to save their weaker members from continual temptation, and to terminate all complicity with the discreditable traffic.

The work of temperance is carried on in connection with almost all other organizations, why not with labor organizations?

A Great Army.

According to official statistics, as gathered by Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, of the Bureau of Labor, there are 140 cities in the country having a population of 30,000 and upwards.

In these cities there were, in 1898, 294,320 people arrested for drunkenness, almost ten times as many as now comprise our army in the Philippines.

If this great army of drunks were marshaled for a parade, marching twenty abreast, it would require four and one-half days, marching ten hours a day, for them to pass a given point. And these 295,000 drunks do not include the arrests for "disorderly conduct," "assault" and a dozen other offences which grow out of the legalized rum business. The total arrests for all causes in these cities was 915,167. Counting the moderate estimate of three-fourths of these as being the victims of lawful saloons, it would require more than a week's marching, twenty abreast, for the great procession to stagger past a reviewing stand—and the rum product of only 140 cities heard from.

A WORTHY OBJECT.

Temperance Work Among American Seamen.

Miss Emma Alexander who is in charge of the W. C. T. U. for work among seamen for New York State says:

"We have many bright, clean young men, in the navy,—total abstainers—who want to uphold the flag and the uniform, and feel keenly the conspicuousness of their uniform, and resent anything being done that would tend to make the sailor disgrace it. "The life of the sailor is unique in many respects. He is kept aboard ships for days, and sometimes weeks and months, and when he has his liberty he must give vent to pent-up spirits, and unless good influence is brought to bear upon him when on the outside, he is received with open arms by the saloon element.

"I meet many boys whose mothers are members of the W. C. T. U., and in my experience aboard ship and in the hospitals, it is a real pleasure to meet them, and have them tell me about the "home folks."

"Recently two fine looking young fellows called at my home in uniform, one from St. Paul, and one from Austin, Tex., and after sitting for a little while in the parlor and taking in the surroundings one of them said: "Well, doesn't it seem good to get in a home." And in a moment or two more said, "Would you mind if I played on the piano?" I said, "Certainly not, I would be glad to have you." He proved to be quite a musician, and was simply homesick and hungry for the sight of a home and for home influence. This is what our men need and want and not a Government Saloon.—Emma Alexander.

17 Beers on Wager Fatal.

After drinking 17 glasses of beer in quick succession, "Joe" Richardson, a porter, dropped dead in a saloon at Colfax recently. He had made a bet that he could drink 25 glasses of the beverage.

Richardson's beer drinking contest against time was widely advertised. Sports for many miles around drove to Colfax. Several hundred spectators cheered him as he poured down 10 glasses. He then took a short rest, while great beads of perspiration burst out on his forehead. He supported his heart with one hand, showing that organ was weak.

Richardson had scarcely emptied the 17th glass when he gave an exclamation of pain and fell over on the platform dead.

## THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

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

Friday Morning, Sept. 20, 1907

### The Pathos of Korea's Plight.

Despite the efforts to keep the Korean situation in the dark or at least prevent the truth being noised to the world the story of Japan's treatment of the Hermit Kingdom is becoming known. Our own relation to the present case is peculiar, for by treaty the United States at one time undertook to guarantee the integrity of Korea. Developments in the far east in recent years are held by diplomats to have absolved this country from its obligations. Korea has itself made treaties with Japan which the nations must recognize, the United States as well as others.

It is always a sad spectacle to witness the struggles of a people to preserve their ancient liberties. But the spectacle is not new for us. Early in the nineteenth century the liberals of Europe looked for the intervention of this country at the time of the dismemberment of Poland. More recently the Boer cause appealed to our sympathies as the champion of the rights of man. But while posing as an asylum for the politically oppressed the American republic has never set up as the physical champion of oppressed peoples of the old world. Otherwise we would long ago have interposed against the atrocities of Turkey, the oppression in Russia and above all the cruelties of the Belgian Congo rule.

China was Korea's natural protector as against Japanese aggression, and Russia stood next. The defeat of China by Japan in 1895 was the beginning of the end. Ten years later Russia recognized by the treaty of Portsmouth Japan's right to exercise a protectorate over Korea. The moral side of the case remains to be developed. Japan claims to be engaged in a laudable and beneficent enterprise in Korea. And she now has a free hand except as the natives themselves put up a fight of resistance.

### Railroads on the Defensive.

For a year or more the railroads have been "catching it" from all sides. Congress has given the interstate commerce commission increased power in the matter of fixing rates, and more than half of the states—nearly two-thirds, in fact—have either passed laws or shown a strong inclination to pass them limiting the powers and privileges of lines doing business within their limits. What the ultimate effect of all the restrictions enacted or impending will be upon the usefulness and prosperity of the roads is most uncertain. The general plea of the railway officials against government restrictions is that if enforced the net earnings of the lines affected will be reduced. Lower freight and passenger rates cut down earnings, and higher priced labor and materials increase expenses. Economies hamper the service and lead to public complaints.

It is well for all concerned that the railroads test the new laws in the courts. The situation will be clearer when the railway officials know the limit of government power and the farthest reach of the arm of the law in "regulating" private interests. It is pretty plain that retaliation and reprisal on the part of the roads will defeat the end in view. Tactics of that nature have gone unrebuked in the past, but in the present state of the public mind they will only make a bad matter worse. Retaliation is certain to breed antagonism. A frank and candid policy, especially if it shall prove that adverse legislation is oppressive to the point of suppression, will the surest lead to peace. The people have sense. They have been the best friends of the railroads and will be glad to have it appear that the lines under fire are still worthy of confidence and support as private corporations.

Marie Corelli says that the majority of men of the present day want women to keep them. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's granddaughter says that there are no objectionable women in her path, only objectionable men. Both speak of the Anglo-Saxon type, and it is about time for an investigation committee to tackle this one sided race degeneracy.

When the delegates were talking about peace at The Hague, French warships fired 2,000 shells at the Moors to silence their war talk. Strange how differently people go about the same things.

The airship may be destined for a star role in future warfare, but there is unfortunately no guarantee that hostilities will be suspended until the new craft can be put into proper shape.

Of course war is growing more humane because the world is growing kinder and more intelligent, but the most humane thing in connection with war will be its abolition.

Now that the cornerstone is laid, it is to be hoped that the Carnegie peace palace can be finished without becoming involved in a labor war.

### Up China's Sleeve.

The world will refuse to take seriously this vague talk about a transformation in China until something really happens. It is now said that this condition will be met on the approaching Chinese new year by the abdication of the dowager empress, whose rule has no strict parallel in the history of empires. What of the good and the bad in China should be charged to the slave girl whose pretty face lifted her to the mastery of 400,000,000 beings will perhaps never be known. Wherever the balance lies the passing of Tzu Hsi from the throne cannot leave cause for regret. The world demands the transformation of China, whether the native populace is ripe for it or not, and the aged ruler is credited with the sense to know that the task of guiding the ship on its new course is for younger hands.

The succession to the imperial throne of China is in a state of sadly complicated uncertainty. There is a strong antidynastic feeling prevalent throughout the empire and a multiplicity of claimants. There are many clever minds in China and several powerful viceroys holding liberal and progressive views. It may be that a constitution will be adopted as a notice to the powers that the Celestials are trying to be up to date in government and must be let alone to work out their own salvation. Again, a ruler of warlike vigor might be expected to restore the empire to its ancient rank as a military power. Vast armies have been gathered and trained and equipped in modern style. Where the machinery of war is created there is usually a public sentiment to demand a head capable of using it. Whatever the outcome it is plain from the agitations stirring this vast aggregation of people that China is moving either forward or backward—forward to a higher national civilization or backward to national anarchy, with tribal divisions making policies and waging war on their own hook. In other words, signs point to transformation or partition as China's fate.

### Government of Whimseys.

This country has been drifting toward personal government in late years at an alarming pace. Types of the infamous autocratic rule as endured in Russia spring up on all sides. There every petty official thinks that in his district he is the business end of the long arm of the infallible czar. Innocents are flogged, crammed into dungeons, robbed under the guise of fines and even sent to Siberian horrors at the whim of some man whom accident has foisted into power. For some reason there has developed all over this country a tendency on the part of a certain class of officials to do things regardless of precedent or right.

A case in point is that of the young woman who was tricked into the custody of immigration officials and ordered to be deported without a shadow of chance to clear herself of the charge trumped up against her by a man interested in getting her out of the country. Publicity called the attention of Washington to the case, and a decent respect for individual right and public opinion led to a halt in the proceedings. It was admitted that there is no warrant for the action, simply a clause in the immigration laws, placed there for an entirely different purpose, that could be stretched to justify this case of persecution.

Government by law must necessarily give discretion to the executors of the law. But a decent respect for public sentiment would guard officials from making the law either a yoke or a byword. The American people will never give up the point that the accused shall be considered innocent until guilt is proved. And if the law is to be stretched at all it should be to favor the subject of doubt. Whimsies may be merely escape gaps for the hysterical impulse. An official wants to make a record and blazes away at the first target. More official sanity and less official vanity is the need of the hour.

French war correspondents in Morocco write of a "desperate battle" lasting four hours and extending along a sixteen mile front, with casualties of one killed and half a dozen wounded. At this rate a skirmish must be a matter of belligerents making faces at each other.

Postal savings banks and postal telegraph offices are advocated by Postmaster General Meyer. But it takes cash to patronize these beneficent institutions, and the next reform should be money letters coming everybody's way.

It is estimated that American tourists took \$150,000,000 to Europe this summer. No wonder Europeans occasionally feel a little superior, for the money stays behind, while the tourist lugs home only experience.

Although soup and pie are being knocked by medical specialists, they will continue to be popular so long as they are not specifically mentioned in death certificates.

Count Tolstol's wife declares that she has never been parted from him a day. The count is evidently more cheerful company than some of his writings would indicate.

### Labor's Irrepressible Conflict.

In his recent book entitled "The Industrial Conflict" Dr. S. G. Smith, the sociologist, treats labor as the aggressive factor in the strife. Labor asks a larger share of the spoils of industry, a demand resented by the other factor in the industrial partnership—namely, capital. But while labor is the disturbing factor in the effort to readjust the old machinery of society it holds the key to a happy solution of the problem in the "union," says this authority.

Dr. Smith points out a common ground for capital and labor by showing that until the two parties to the conflict—that is, the partners in industry—have worked together loyally to produce the profits there are no spoils to divide. Up to that point there is no conflict. For the unions the fight for the closed shop is a fight for existence, and in view of the fact that the unions, as this author contends, are influences for the betterment of their members of general society the resultant cruelties to individuals, which are frankly admitted, give a compensation. The methods of the unions are not always to be approved, but at the worst they are but clumsy experiments for dealing with abnormal conditions.

Before reaching the conclusions arrived at in his book the author collected from both capitalists and laborers their views of what each partner wants or thinks he wants. The employers by their statements showed themselves to be faced by conditions which they do not understand, but which they resent. At this point the mission of the labor union in industrial progress comes in. Employers and employed should learn to use it, and "the first duty of the unions is to take themselves seriously as an organ of discipline." While protecting their members from oppression, they should see to it that their members keep their contracts and give fair service. The weakening of the authority of the employer over the individual shifts authority and its attendant responsibility upon the union. With the rights of the union are involved duties of the unions. On their part the employers should keep absolutely "open books."

In the discussion of wages Dr. Smith insists that the workman helps pay his own wages because wages always come out of the pockets of the purchasing public, of which the workman is a part. Child labor is a double evil in that it wrongs the child and crowds out adults. The employment of women and children tends to keep men's wages down, and "overworked and underfed women are a moral peril and a physical disaster." At the present stage of the conflict Dr. Smith finds the desires of labor to be higher wages, shorter hours and the "closed shop," while capital demands "a return to the old fashioned liberty of buying labor in the open market." And really the only check upon the greed of the employer who is disposed to seize the lion's share of the profits of industry is the organization of his employees.

### Kipling's Democratic Ideals.

Kipling was not made the poet laureate of England, although the majority of his readers felt that he richly deserved the honor. There is a notion among the people that these honors rarely go to the deserving ones, and for that very reason Kipling's admirers received with skepticism the rumor that their hero is to be awarded the Nobel prize for idealism in literature. Kipling is an unmistakable apostle of realism. But yet he appeals to the imagination when he takes his heroes from the common herd.

It is true that Kipling shows his characters as they are, with all their unloveliness left bare. He sometimes leaves it to the reader to supply the uplifting tone, sometimes makes his character strive, however vaguely, after the ideal and, again, discloses his own passion for a loftier conception of life than truth to nature as it exists today will allow him to portray. And he goes to the bottom ranks of society to pick out types worth writing about, seldom wrenching truth to make them worth reading about.

Russian mobs and revolutionists evidently shoot to kill. The army casualties in maintaining order during July were fifty-four officers and ninety-five private soldiers killed as against forty-seven officers and fifty-two private soldiers wounded. Usually the wounded in battle outnumber the killed about five to one.

A scientist has announced that 10 cents' worth of peanuts contain more nourishment than a porterhouse steak. The only result of his discovery will probably be an increase in the price of peanuts.

It is now being pointed out that if the prosecution of the trusts continues the poor will suffer with the rich. Still, that's a heap better than the poor suffering alone.

No sense in an auto trying to buck a train of the track, for trains in America are expert in the side swipe as well as in head-on collisions.

At any rate, Mr. Taft cannot be looking for votes at any point beyond Manila.

### Technical Instruction by the State.

The report of the industrial commission which has been studying the systems of industrial education in various European countries is timely for many reasons. American industrial progress is involved, and so is the doctrine of paternalism. The chief industrial countries of the old world are said to be considerably ahead of this country in supplying technical education, more especially perhaps in the number and efficiency of schools either wholly supported or substantially aided by state funds.

A more extended, systematic and thorough industrial education should prove a blessing in this country if brought about free from the drawbacks of class partiality. Our natural resources, long deemed inexhaustible, are seen to be in danger of a diminution which will place our industry upon the same basis of operations as other countries have reached. Prodigious waste must cease, and the alternative to waste is skill in the handling of resources. For the people of the old world the bottom of the mine has long been in sight, and they have learned to husband nature's supplies.

But there is room for a wide difference of opinion as to who shall pay for technical training, the particular industry benefited, the individual or general society, which means the state. Men's activities move somewhat in cycles. Heretofore the cry in America has been for education looking to practical use in commerce and the learned professions. Private and public schools have met the requirement. If the demand of the times is for expensive technical education and the state supplies it as a matter of public economy the question must arise whether any and every trade, business and profession may not claim the same commercial importance and the same right to public support. In Europe the citizen exists for the state. Should the American citizen become the creature of the state in an economic sense he is only a short step from assenting to the doctrine of divine right in government and all that goes with that, for then, to paraphrase Tennyson, "the individual withers and the state is more and more."

### The Gain For Peace.

It is no new thing that a certain class of newspapers, notably the Berlin political journals, sneer at the peace conference and point to the fact that the powers arm to the hilt while talking sweetly of "brotherly love." The peace party has drawn a hot fire of ridicule from the very start. But great movements are not balked by ridicule. When the ruler of one of the mightiest nations of the world today, the czar of Russia, proposed a peace conference the idea was lifted from the level of a fad to the plane of statesmanship. Admitting that the czar was wholly selfish and playing a trick to stave off war until Russia was ready for it, his act was a recognition of a serious and widespread belief in the doctrine of peace by resolution.

Already the second congress has by unanimous vote of the delegates renewed the recommendation of the conference of 1899 with respect to the limitation of military armament. This in itself is a declaration that the project of international peace is not illusory. Public opinion is behind it, and it is only a question of time when the most timid diplomats will carry into the peace conferences the courage of their honest convictions. It is charged that the conference at The Hague has been dominated by one or two men whose influence is not cast for peace. Some day a leader of masterful mold will arise and conjure the assembly with the Pauline pledge, "I am determined to know nothing among you but peace." Then the cause will take a forward leap.

Private Grafton of the Twelfth infantry is back on duty, cleared of the charge of the murder of two Filipinos whom he shot while on guard. This disposes of probably the most absurd case on record, a soldier declared by military court in duty bound to shoot and by civil court a murderer because he did shoot.

It must aggravate the vacationist who comes home broke to learn that his neighbor stayed at home and filled his coal bin for the winter instead of handing his money to the keeper of a summer resort.

With Venezuela soaking the asphalt trust \$5,000,000, we must admit that we have no monopoly on the Keweenaw Mountain brand of justice.

There is a growing disposition on the part of the general public to let Wall street have its panics without outside interference.

China is beginning to wake up to the fact that it is better to be a nation with a future than a nation with a past.

After weeks of fruitless discussion somebody will figure out that the telegraphers struck just when fish were biting.

Anyway, China is always true to one flag, the "Yellow Jack."

## Interesting to Up-to-date Farmers.

### What You Need is a Reliable Gasoline Engine to do Your Work and Increase Your Profits.



The "NEW WAY" Engine is conceded by Mechanical Engineers and men of high authority to be the most perfect engine in mechanical design and construction manufactured.

No Water Tank or Water.

Cooled Perfectly by Air.

So Simple Your Boy Can

Run It.

The next time you are in town, just drop in and examine the 3 to 3 1-2 horse power "NEW WAY" Engine on our floor. If you don't say it is the best engine you have ever seen or heard of, we will be greatly mistaken. It is just as good as it looks, too. It is a pleasure to recommend this high grade engine to you. Guaranteed to please. Engine can be seen running at my store. Ask for prices.

Now is the time to consider the heating problem. Estimates on Steam, Hot Water or Warm Air cheerfully given.

## Did You Ever Consider

the comforts of plumbing? With a compression tank in cellar to furnish water and with my new system for caring for the sewage the difficulties of plumbing are overcome. Let me call and explain. Acetylene Gas, Aermotor Windmill, pump and tin work are my specialties, also largest line of Hardware and Farmers' Supplies south of Auburn.

Charles Pyle,

Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

## Now is the time, Subscribe for The Tribune

## The Auburn Trust Co.

63 Genesee Street.

Pays Interest on Deposits, Subject to Check. Special Rates on Time Deposits. Issues Foreign and Domestic Letters of Credit. Careful Attention to All Branches of Trust and Banking Business.

Capital and Surplus \$300,000.

## GENOA ROLLER MILLS

Genoa, N. Y.

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

## F. Sullivan, Prop.

WILLER PHONE.

VILLAGE AND VICINITY NEWS.

—Cyrus Pratt is quite ill.  
 —School commences next week.  
 —DeWitt Holden of Auburn was in town Monday.  
 —Assemblyman F. A. Dudley of King Ferry spent a few days in town this week.  
 —Dark and threatening weather for the Dryden fair. Not many Genoa people attended.  
 —Mrs. W. W. Potter of Auburn has been spending the week with her mother, Mrs. Alling.  
 —Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Myer and little son visited their parents in Seneca county a few days this week.  
 —New ads in this issue: Frank Saxton, Foster, Ross & Co., C. R. Egbert, Charles Pyle, E. W. Kostenbader.  
 —Mrs. Lottie Bush and daughters Emma and Virgie are in Auburn this week, guests of Robert Bush and family.  
 —The Central New York Methodist Episcopal Conference convenes in Trinity church, Auburn, on Tuesday, Oct. 1.  
 —Mrs. J. S. Banker was called to Meridian this week by the illness of Mrs. B. D. Banker who is suffering from pneumonia.  
 —Cards are out announcing a hay pressers' dance at King Ferry, Friday evening, Sept. 27. Music by McDermott's full orchestra of Cortland.  
 —The harvest moon comes Sept. 21. It is called harvest moon because it enables farmers to prolong the day's work during the autumnal harvest.  
 —The postoffices at Five Corners in this county and at West Groton, Forest Home and Lansingville in Tompkins county were discontinued Sept. 14, all being served by rural routes.  
 —An exchange says many more towns die for want of confidence on the part of the business men and lack of public spirit than from opposition of neighboring towns and adverse surroundings.  
 —Spices of all kinds both whole and ground and guaranteed pure, sold by Grand Union Tea Co., 95 Genesee St., Auburn, and their traveling salesmen. Premium tickets given.  
 —Mrs. Walter Mitchell of California reached here Wednesday. She will spend a few weeks in Genoa and vicinity and when she returns she will be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. S. J. Hand, who will spend the winter with her.  
 —The social at the Presbyterian church next Tuesday evening was planned to be held while Mrs. Walter Mitchell is in town, so that a large number of old acquaintances may have the opportunity to meet her. She will be glad to greet her friends at that time. Notice of the social is given in another column.  
 —Teachers' Institute for the Second Commissioner district of this county was held in the Presbyterian church at Union Springs this week, closing today. Conductor Sherman Williams of Glens Falls was unable to be present at the opening. Dr. S. H. Albro, one of the oldest educators in the State, took charge of the proceedings.  
 —W. C. Rogers joined his family here Sunday, coming from New York where he had been spending the past six weeks in pursuance of his duties under the State Board of Charities. On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and daughter left for their home in Rochester and on Saturday will go to Wellsville, N. Y., the home of Mr. Rogers' parents, to spend three weeks.

**REPAIRING**  
 Our repair department receives careful attention; only first-class work is allowed to leave our shop. We repair watches, clocks, rings, silverware, spectacles, all kinds of jewelry, in fact everything you can think of in the jewelry line. Anything that you can't get repaired elsewhere send it to us and we will return it to you looking like new. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.  
**E. W. KOSTENBADER,**  
 Jeweler and Optician,  
 GROTON, N. Y.

—S. P. Minturn of Locke was a business caller in town Tuesday.  
 —Miss Elizabeth Leonard has been the guest of Auburn friends this week.  
 —Miss Marguerite Donlon of Split Rock, N. Y., is visiting at F. Sullivan's.  
 —Principal Springer and Misses Alling and Ives of Genoa school attended Institute this week.  
 —Mrs. Ellen Close has been spending the week with her son, Arthur Close and family, at King Ferry.  
 —Dana F. Smith and wife went to Ludlowville yesterday to visit friends. Mr. Smith will also spend a few days in Ithaca.  
 —Jay Maxwell has purchased the property of Chas. Rulison on the north side of Fall creek.—Freeville Press. Mr. Maxwell is a son-in-law of William Wilkins.  
 —Shampooing and manuring. M. M. Harper "method." Treatment of the hair and scalp a specialty. Mrs. A. H. 220 Metcalf Block. Bell phone "1038 I." Auburn, N. Y.  
 —Miss Pauline Webster has returned to Plainfield, N. J., to resume her work of teaching. . . Mrs. A. T. Hoyt left yesterday to visit relatives in Sayre and Waverly.—Moravia Republican.  
 —It is reported that Sheriff George S. Fordyce has purchased the home of the late W. C. Richardson in Union Springs and will reside there after January 1 next when his term of office will expire.  
 —Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rease of Ithaca spent Sunday and Monday with Genoa friends and were guests at F. W. Miller's and D. C. Hunter's during their stay. They came in their auto and found very rough roads most of the way.  
 —Miss Elizabeth Mulligan of Hulbert street has returned from a visit with relatives at King Ferry. . . Miss Clyde Mastin of Genoa who is spending the summer at Farley's, was the guest over Sunday of Caroline E. Salisbury.—Auburn Citizen.  
 —Did you know, says an exchange, that it is illegal to nail or tack signs, sticks, boxes or any obstruction to telegraph or telephone poles? It is, and there is a reason. Such things, even the tack, after the signs or advertisements are gone, are very dangerous to the men who must from time to time work upon the poles, and should not be placed there.  
 —Miss Nellie Young has won a vocal scholarship in competitive examination at the Ithaca Conservatory of Music and will begin her studies there at once. . . S. B. Howe, Sr., of Groton left Monday morning for Plainfield, N. J., to visit his son, S. B. Howe, Jr. He was accompanied by his granddaughter, who will attend school at Plainfield.—Cortland Standard, Sept. 13.  
 —Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, dentist, Genoa, N. Y., is prepared to do painless extracting of teeth by the use of Sleep Vapor or Somnoform, the latest and safest anaesthetic known, which can be had at his office administered by a physician. He also has for extracting the best preparation for hypodermic; and also a local application for extracting children's teeth, perfectly harmless. In fact, everything in the dental line can be found at his office. Charges as reasonable as in the city or elsewhere, consistent with first-class work.  
 —The present situation in cheese is something that has never before occurred in the history of the trade, says the Utica Press. Prices have reached what some buyers claim is near a dangerous point, but they seem to be fully warranted by the law of supply and demand. Cheese was taken freely in New York last week at 13 3/4c, with some fancy marks at 14c. The situation in butter is practically the same. The price for creamery specials has reached 27 cents but there is a shortage of milk in all parts of the country, which limits production, and it requires little logic to conclude that present values are fully warranted. The wild stories that are going through the papers of 50 cent butter and 27 cent cheese, however, will never be realized.—Morrisville Leader.

**Wanted**  
 Quick, 10,000 pounds live poultry. Highest market price paid. We are also paying highest cash price for eggs.  
**D. N. Rayner,**  
 GENOA, N. Y.

—The Presbyterian parsonage is being painted this week.  
 —DeWitt Rose of Cortland has been in town several days this week.  
 —Dr. J. W. Skinner and daughter June spent Wednesday and Thursday at Rochester.  
 —C. Pearl Hunter has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Tobias, at Fayette for the past week.  
 —Mr. and Mrs. James Turney attended the funeral of their brother, W. H. Carpenter, in Ithaca last week.  
 —Mrs. Anna Deap, daughters Edna and Bessie and son Charlie went to Savona, N. Y., last Friday for a visit with relatives.  
 —Cornell University and the Tompkins County fair open the same day, Sept. 24. All roads will lead to Ithaca next week.  
 —Will somebody who has the car of all the candidates kindly announce the fact that a vice president is also to be elected next year.—Newark News.  
 —Mrs. Walter Emmons and Miss Leona Southworth were in town Sunday. Miss Southworth is teaching at Five Corners. Mrs. Emmons is at Lansingville at present, but expects to leave for Plainfield, N. J., where Mr. Emmons is employed, in a few weeks.  
 —We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it, and stop there; lest we be like the cat that sits down on a hot stove-lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove-lid again, and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one any more.—Mark Twain.  
 —On Tuesday evening, Sept. 10, Rev. H. A. Carpenter of Ithaca, at one time pastor at North Lansing, performed the marriage ceremony for two couples—Bert C. VanDemark and Miss Lucy Bower of South Lansing, and Miss Alice VanDemark and Osmun D. Howser of North Lansing, Mr. and Miss VanDemark being brother and sister.  
 —Spices of all kinds both whole and ground and guaranteed pure, sold by Grand Union Tea Co., 95 Genesee St., Auburn, and their traveling salesmen. Premium tickets given.  
 —Negotiations are in progress for the sale of the Union Springs Sanitarium property to Henry Feltman of Brooklyn. He has a large number of summer hotels under his care in various parts of the country and he looked over the Union Springs property last week. While nothing definite was done in the way of consummating a sale it is believed that the property will be sold to the Brooklyn capitalist.  
 —Thomas M. Osborne of Auburn was on Saturday again appointed by Governor Hughes a member of the Public Service commission for the Second district. Mr. Osborne, who was in Albany on Saturday in conference with the governor, took the oath of office and returned home that evening. He was in Buffalo Monday attending a meeting of the commission to take up certain complaints of the steam railroads.  
 —In Kansas recently a prize contest for a husband in a cooking school, had a disastrous result for the winner. A popular young merchant offered himself for the prize. Thirty or forty fair competitors entered the race, but the judges who rendered the decision decided in favor of a widow, whose cooking seemed to deserve the reward because of its superior quality. The widow did not meet with approval in the eyes of the young merchant, however, and he reversed the decision of the judges by eloping with the youngest and prettiest of the competitors.

**Wanted**  
 Quick, 10,000 pounds live poultry. Highest market price paid. We are also paying highest cash price for eggs.  
**D. N. Rayner,**  
 GENOA, N. Y.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bower returned to Skaneateles Monday.  
 —Daniel Sullivan is visiting at Weedsport and Auburn for a few days.  
 —Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Close of Five Corners were guests at Wm. McAllister's and Wm. Warren's Tuesday.  
 —John Welty and uncle, Henry Welty, of Auburn were in town Wednesday. The latter was a guest at J. L. O'Hara's.  
 —Miss Mary Waldo returned Wednesday from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Spencer, N. Y., and Athens, Pa.  
 —There are numerous grown-ups who can sympathize with the child of whom the following is related: "Mamma, why not say my prayers in the morning instead of at night?" "Why so?" "There are only burglars and fire at night, but in the daytime I may be run over at any moment."  
 —Binding twine at R. W. Armstrong's  
 —Advocates of good roads are attempting to impress upon the general driving public the importance of helping to keep roads smooth by avoiding the usual and rather natural practice of keeping in one track, in the center of the road, but to drive all over the road and prevent the formation of ruts. In Massachusetts notices are posted requesting drivers to keep out of the beaten track in the center of the road.—Ex.  
 —The annual reunion of the McCormick family was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Weaver in Genoa Aug. 30th. Relatives were present from Scipioville, Moravia, King Ferry and Genoa. The day was an ideal one and the dinner, which was served on the lawn, was all that could be desired. Much credit is due to the host and hostess for the efforts they put forth to make the day such an enjoyable one for every one present. After dinner a picture of the group was taken. All returned home hoping for many more days of such pleasure.  
 —Spices of all kinds both whole and ground and guaranteed pure, sold by Grand Union Tea Co., 95 Genesee St., Auburn, and their traveling salesmen. Premium tickets given.  
 —Church and Society Notes.  
 The annual election of officers of the Builders' League will be held in the session room of the Presbyterian church Monday evening, Sept. 23, at 7:30 o'clock. A large attendance is desired.  
 There will be a gospel temperance meeting at the West Genoa M. E. church on Sunday evening, Sept. 29. Rev. Annable will give an address and Mrs. Annable will assist with music.  
 Services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours. It is expected that Miss Jenny L. Robinson will sing at the morning service. Prayer meeting as usual Friday evenings. All are welcome.  
 An ice cream social will be held in the Genoa Presbyterian church next Tuesday evening, Sept. 24, to which the public is cordially invited. It is expected that Miss Jenny Robinson will give some solos, and other music may be furnished. Ice cream and cake will be served for 10 cents, and sandwiches and coffee for 5 cents. Proceeds for benefit of pastor's salary.  
 —Autumn Weddings.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Jay E. Bradt of King Ferry have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Jessie M., to Mr. Myron H. Howes of Richfield Springs, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, Oct. 2, at 7 o'clock.  
 Invitations are out to the wedding of John Gilbert Bassette to Marcia Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pierce Pickens of Groton. The ceremony will be held at the home of the bride on Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 1 o'clock.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Byington of Utica, formerly of this city, have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Florence Martin Byington, to Dr. Harland F. Guillaume. The ceremony will take place next Wednesday evening at Galvary church, Utica, and will be followed by a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Byington. Dr. Guillaume and his bride will be at home to their friends during December at No. 4 Hobart street, Utica.—Syracuse Post Standard, Sept. 14.

**Wanted**  
 Quick, 10,000 pounds live poultry. Highest market price paid. We are also paying highest cash price for eggs.  
**D. N. Rayner,**  
 GENOA, N. Y.

**Big Stock Fruit Jars**  
 at Low Prices.  
**Lightning Cans**  
 in Pints and Quarts.  
**Mason Cans**  
 in Pints, Quarts and 2 qts.  
**Can Rubbers and Jelly Tumblers**  
 at  
**Smith's Store,**  
 GENOA -- N. Y.

**SUMMER GOODS AT COST!**  
 As I expect to close out my business next spring, I offer my entire stock of summer goods at COST. This is a great opportunity to buy summer dress goods, summer underwear, hose, etc., at COST PRICES.  
**400 PAIRS OF SHOES AT COST.**  
 These shoes are all this season's styles, both low and high, and you will make no mistake in buying from this stock.  
**10 GROSS LIGHTNING FRUIT JARS.**  
 Quarts, 80 cents per dozen,  
 Pints, 70 cents per dozen.  
 Full line of Groceries always in stock.  
**FRANK SAXTON,**  
 Venice Center, N. Y.

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

**Big Reductions**  
 on odds and ends in everything we carry. Remember we are outfitters for Man and Boy. Some rare bargains in  
**RAIN COATS,**  
 SUITS, EXTRA TROUSERS, ETC. Call and see them.  
 \* A big line of **Boys School Clothing.**  
 GENOA CLOTHING STORE,  
**M. G. SHAPERO & SON.**

Reduced Prices on Shirt-Waist Suits, Shirt Waists, Muslin Underwear, Knit Underwear, Ladies' Caps and Infants' Bonnets.  
**MISS CLARA LANTERMAN, KING FERRY, N. Y.**



**The Thumbscrew Ordeal.**  
William Carstairs, the Scotch divine who for fourteen years served William III. as confidential secretary and adviser in chief, had been implicated in the Rye House plot, a conspiracy to assassinate Charles II. and place Monmouth on the throne. He was put to the excruciating torture of the thumbscrews, or thumbscrews, which he endured heroically, without confessing or implicating others.

After Carstairs became the private adviser of William he was presented with the instrument by which he had been tortured. The king, wishing to see the measure of fortitude necessary to endure the terrible torture without making a confession of some sort, placed his thumbs in the machine and told Carstairs to turn the screw. He turned slowly and cautiously.

"It is unpleasant," said King William, "yet it might be endured. You are trifling with me. Turn the screw so that I may really feel pain similar to that you felt."

Carstairs turned the screw sharply. The king cried out, and when released said that under such pain he would have confessed to anything, true or false.

**A Legal Wit.**

Lord Young was a famous Scotch lawyer. Once a little advocate who was slightly misshapen heckled the great lawyer beyond what his patience would stand and finally plied him on the exact meaning of a mark of interrogation. "I would call it," said Lord Young, fixing his eyes on the mark, "a little crooked thing that asks questions." Looking across the table at a public dinner at the overburdened cheeks and fishy eyes of his opposite neighbor, he inquired who the owner of the vicious countenance might be and was told he was the president of a water trust. "Aye," said Lord Young, "well, he looks like a man that could be trusted with any amount of water." Some one told Lord Young that the house of lords had on appeal affirmed a decision of his. "It may be right, after all," was his lordship's reply.—London Belman.

**Curious Trees.**

The most curious trees in the world are those growing on the slopes of the Andes mountains in South America. They are known as blanket trees, because the Indians of Peru cut off the soft, stringy bark and work it up into blankets that cannot wear out. Each blanket is made seven feet long and five feet wide and is as soft and pliable as if a real woolen blanket. The Indians make a cutting round the trunk and peel off the bark. They then soak it in water until the bark is soft. The rough outside is pounded off and the inside bark alone remains. The tough, soft fibers are so joined together that the blanket is warm and soft. They are dyed by the Indians in gay colors and are much prized by foreigners, who pay big prices for good specimens of these unique bark blankets.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Crocodiles of Old.**

The galaxy of lies about crocodiles found in old books dazzles the understanding even of the experienced reader of medieval natural history. He is a great worm. He is afraid of saffron. He eats honey. The crocodile runneth away from a man if he wink with his left eye and look steadfastly upon him with his right eye. He carries water in his mouth to make the roads slippery and so catches people alive. There is an amity and natural concord between swine and crocodiles, and much more of the same kind. Herodotus' little plover, which walks into the crocodile's mouth and picks off the leeches, is changed by Bartholomew into fish, with crests like saws, and a fowl and a serpent, all of which walk about inside the crocodile's stomach as if it were a parlor.—London Spectator.

**Queen Victoria's Marked Poem.**

Here is a funny story told of a happening at the English court during the reign of Queen Victoria. Sir Theodore Martin had been requested by Victoria to read aloud from "The Ring and the Book." Sir Theodore was courtier enough to make a cautious study beforehand of the poem, and he placed marginal notes as danger signals against passages of doubtful propriety.

The marked copy chanced to come into the hands of a rather thoughtless court lady. "I have so enjoyed this wonderful work," she said to a friend, "and it has been such an advantage to read it after the queen, for she has placed marks against the most beautiful parts, and, oh, what exquisite taste the dear queen has!" she added, pointing to the danger signals of Sir Theodore Martin.

**Music of the Tyrolese.**

With a real interest all their own are the small village concerts in the Bavarian Tyrol. Taking a supper at rough tables in the open air, in the midst of peasant gaiety and the pretty colors of the costumes, we look, admiring, at the group of performers sitting at a raised table, adorned in the full glory of the national dress—feathers in the cap, brilliant waist-coat, trousers that leave a gap below the knee. One of the men plays the zither to the other's singing in a certain narrow round of harmonies that seem to fit all the songs—for these vary really only in rhythm—or the singers will produce hidden violins and a trumpet and have suddenly changed into a band. However simple the music, there is always the old charm of the Tyrolese intervals and folksong.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The nr-been, or Chinese violin, in shape resembles an ordinary hammer with its handle. It has two strings and is played with a bow.

**ROADS AND ROAD MAKING**

**GRADING EARTH ROADS.**

**Do Not Depend Upon Drag Alone to Give Best Results.**

The first essential of proper earth road construction is the grading of the same; a flat road, or as you mostly see them, with shoulders higher than the center of the road, is not improved by the use of the King



drag or any other drag, says a writer in Rural New Yorker. Produce a condition that will drain water from your roadbed in the shortest time possible, and you have solved a perplexing road problem. Two years ago I graded a section of road about 1 1/2 miles; when complete it looked about like diagram:

I made a drag, using two oak sticks 6x6 inches, 8 feet long, set them on edge about 16 inches apart, a strip of wagon-tire spiked to cutting edge; drag was bolted together somewhat like the following diagram:

I can hitch team to any link of chain, thus producing an angle of the drag most suitable. The best time to drag is after a rain, and in winter when thawing in daytime and freezing at night. No, this road is not the equal of a macadamized road, but there is as much difference between it now and as it was formerly as there is between day and night. The freezing and thawing affects it like any other earth



road; it, however, dries off so much quicker that the bad condition does not last so long, and I believe in time if the work is kept up I shall have it in condition that the nightmare of going through mud but deep six months of the year will be reduced very much.

**Farmers Interest in Good Roads.**

In a discussion of the improvement of country roads the Kansas City Star comments as follows:

"There is an idea prevalent among many people that the present movement for good roads is mainly furthered by automobile owners who are scheming to have the farmers pay for speedways for their machines. For the mistake involved in this idea the 'fool' of the city who runs an automobile out into the country in such a way as to render travel by other legitimate methods unsafe, is to blame. The trouble on the highway between horse and automobile is not because of the machine, but because of the man who operates it. It is the manner in which the machine is handled and not the machine that makes the automobile an obstacle to good roads and causes drastic and really unfair legislation against those who use the machine properly and considerately.

The horse has grown accustomed to the locomotive, the various forms of street cars and traction engines. The last named were worse horse scarers originally than automobiles. It remains for the man to give the horse the test as to automobiles that has been given to him by the other horseless devices.

Owners of motor cars want good roads, as a matter of course, but their incentives are feeble as compared with those of the farmer, whose property values as well as his pleasures are involved in keeping his farm accessible to the markets at all seasons of the year by means of good highways. The time will come when all the country will have good roads and when it does come, the farmers will look back gratefully to every agency that helped to promote them. And if the horses could speak, they would be even more thankful."

**Dealing With Surplus Sections.**

Contract your surplus capacity nearing the close of the honey season, and if you are not an expert in guessing when the close will likely be, you will soon learn by noting closely year after year the season your principal crop of blossoms open and close, the conditions of the weather, the effect it will have, etc. Condense everything down to single crates, and get as nearly all sections completed as possible. If you are not careful about this, you will end up with a large number of half-filled sections. It is not a loss by any means to have some partly filled sections on hand, providing you carry them safely over until the next season, for you can use them for bait sections in getting an early start the next season.

**Keeping Fowls Thrifty.**

During the winter when the fowls are confined they are more liable to get into bad habits, such as feather pulling, egg eating, etc. A thrifty, vigorous fowl is naturally industrious, and if given something to do it will aid materially in keeping them out of mischief and keep them from acquiring bad habits. A good scratching shed solves the problem.

A horse for use does best with but enough feed to replace the wastes of his system and of a kind to keep him feeling well.

**CLOSET WITHOUT HOOKS.**

**Rods Desirable in Houses Where Space is a Consideration.**

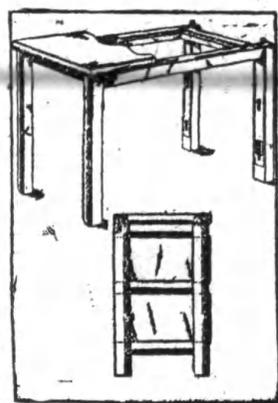
This new way of arrangement is not only more convenient than the old idea, for the rods can be placed low enough to prevent any straining to reach a high hook, but it is also more sanitary, for instead of having the garments three and four rows deep where it is next to impossible for fresh air to penetrate, there is but one line of clothing and this placed where both light and air get in time the closet door is opened.

The steel rod costs but twenty-five cents a foot, and the iron can be bought for much less. These are attached to the walls by long cross bars or braces, preferably steel, to match the rods. Their depth is entirely a matter of choice, though, if the size of the closet admit, the longer they are, the more sanitary the closet will be, for the garments will hang in a position where currents of air will strike them as soon as the door is open, and if there is a window in it the clothing can be aired practically all the time.

Coat hangers used on the steel rods have shanks of different lengths, so that by putting several of these on the supporting crossbars the color of each garment is readily distinguished, and instead of hunting for the desired piece of clothing a person can pick it out immediately, for enough of it will be visible above and below on either side to make selecting it the work of a moment. Then, too, when it has been found, the jacket or coat may be easily slipped without from the side without disturbing the other pieces and without, as in the old way, where hooks are used, changing several pieces to make room at the front.

**Knockdown Furniture.**

"Knockdown furniture," or furniture which can be quickly taken apart for transportation and as quickly assembled again at the next point of destination is of very great value for certain purposes. An illustration of a "knockdown table" is



Used as a Table.

shown here. It is strong, durable and efficient and can be readily assembled without the use of nails or screws.

When taken apart it can be packed within a small space for shipping or storage. On the inner side of each of the legs of the table is a metal locking plate. At regular intervals on the plate is a series of keyhole slots, recesses being formed in the rear of each slot. At the upper end the locking plates are bent at right angles over the post. The crosspieces are made with plates projecting at the ends, these plates fitting over the plates at the tops of the corner posts and held in place by lugs. If desired, additional crosspieces can be added and drawers inserted between them. The top of the table is made with cleats on the under surface, these cleats fitting into grooves on the upper crosspieces.

**HOME COOKING.**

**Beef Loaf.**

Chop fine 2 pounds round steak and 1/2 pound salt pork; roll 3 crackers fine and pour boiling water over them to swell them; add 2 eggs, salt, pepper and poultry seasoning to taste; bake in buttered pan 1 hour.

**Codfish and Cheese.**

Boil 1 pound of codfish and chop very fine. Make a cup of drawn butter, add while boiling. Stir in the fish, using pepper, parsley and two tablespoonsful of grated cheese for the seasoning. Place all in baking dish, scatter fine bread crumbs over the top and brown nicely in the oven.

**Clam Fritters.**

One pint of flour, 2 eggs, little salt, 1/4 pint milk. Beat the eggs, add the milk and half the flour and beat well. Then add the rest of the flour and as many clams as you wish.

**Rice Muffins.**

One egg, cup milk, butter size egg, 1/2 cup cooked rice, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder; pour into well buttered gem pans and bake 20 minutes.

**Mother's Voice.**

The tone of voice used in making a request of a child means much in securing obedience. Let it always suggest confidence—that you are sure he is going to do exactly and at once what you ask. I have known so many cases where the coaxing tone used by the mother, or the fearful, doubting one—as though having no faith that the child would obey—really suggested and encouraged disobedience.—Mother's Magazine.

**TEMPERANCE TOPICS.**

**Giants Slain By Drink.**

It is not the rough and uneducated only that the drink demon claims for his victims. From pole to pole of human life he holds his ruthless sway. There is no depth of mortal wickedness he does not scale. From the maudlin creature in Whitechapel, to men of world-wide fame, whose genius has shone starlike in the heaven of lofty thought, no rank or class escapes him. What names on history's death-roll are stained by the vice of darkness! Amongst the older poets, Parnell, Cowley, and Prior were slaves of the cup. Addison's powerful brain reeled under the influence of strong drink. Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd was mastered by it—Theodore Hook was wrecked and ruined by his criminal indulgence. Hartley Coleridge son of the great metaphysician and poet, nephew of Southey, friend and favorite of Wordsworth, possessing something of the genius of each, was reduced to a miserable decrepitude by intemperance. The giant memory of Edmund Keay gave way beneath it. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with gift and faculty almost divine, the friend of princes, the idol of peers, died in a garret, a broken down, miserable old wretch, the bailiffs waiting only until the breath was out of his storm-beaten body to arrest the corpse—and that was drink!

Charles Lamb's deplorable servitude to the bottle has been told us with a disgusting fidelity by himself. Campbell, whose verse has the ring of the clarion and the roll of the ocean, was a drunkard. The wierd, fantastic genius of Edgar Allan Poe was not proof against the blight—he died mad drunk. Burns, strange mixture of gold and filth, was a "lost laddie" by reason of intemperance—that fatal Glove Tavern brought him to his grave. William Pitt, the younger, lost his health and strength in dissipation. And Byron, the most famous Englishman of his generation, died in the prime of manhood, alone on a foreign shore, affording one more terrible and tragic proof—that a man who sows to the flesh must of the flesh reap corruption.—Rev. C. F. Aked.

**That Light Wine Country.**

Occasionally, still, we hear of some traveler who comes back from Europe telling how there is no drunkenness in Germany and France—"the pure beer and the light wines in these countries are practically temperance beverages." All such foolish talk as this is negated by the attitude of the German and French governments on the drink question. Both are almost in a panic over the drunken habits of their respective countries and are doing all that is possible to reform the people.

Leslie's weekly, in an editorial entitled, "Governments against Drunkenness," notes that the government of Belgium has ordered all use of whisky and other alcoholic beverages by municipal employes during hours of service to cease, and with the result that drunkenness is rarely met with in any branch of the public service, and never among railroad employes.

The occasion of the concern of the French Government in part is shown by the results of the use of alcohol.

The conditions of certain departments, notably in the north, are becoming such as to offer a serious problem to the government in the matter of recruits. According to French laws, every young man, with certain exceptions, such as the only sons of widows, and medical and theological students (who serve only one year), is obliged to serve in the army from two to five years. But in Calvados, where the consumption of alcohol is fourteen and three-fourths litres per person, counting the entire population, and is the Lower Seine, with eleven and one-half litres a head, the number of young men physically unfit for active service is appallingly great and increasing, and the government appears to be literally at its wits' end to cope with the situation."

**Beware of Excess.**

"No man has risen from too good a dinner to murder his wife. Not even lobster salad in excessive doses has ever been known to make a man mad. The craving for ten times as much food as a sane body requires does not drive men into crime, nor does the knife and fork, like the tankard, bring ruin and disgrace on a man's dependents and relatives. Let us by all means beware of the intemperance of overeating, but, despite their friends, the product of the brewer and distiller is the dragon that is devouring their nation."

The London Daily News in this fine way meets the slushy charge that more persons die from overeating than from alcoholic intoxication.

**The Good Derived.**

The drink habit extirpated, the divorce mill product will lessen, a less number of fathers will shrink responsibility by running away, a higher type of home will ensue and children will be rescued from the presently increasing horror of child slavery.—Christian Conservator.

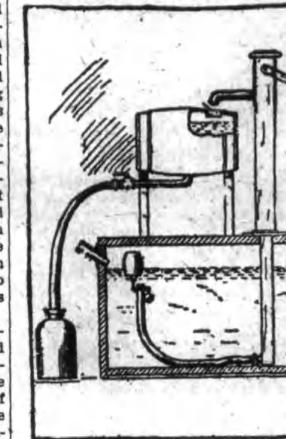
If we should sweep intemperance out of the country, there would be hardly poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to our charitable impulses.—Phillips Brother.

**DAIRY AND CREAMERY**

**FOR USE OF THE DAIRYMAN.**

**Latest Apparatus For Separating the Cream From the Milk.**

The apparent ease in separating cream from the remaining skimmed milk is well illustrated in an apparatus devised by a Wisconsin dairyman. Expensive machinery and steam power are not necessary by this method. Instead he uses a suitable reservoir, in which the milk is allowed to settle a suitable time until the cream has formed at the top. Above the reservoir is an ordinary pump, the suction end being on the bottom of the reservoir. Attached to the end of the pump is a rubber hose, a float keeping the free end of



the hose a certain distance below the cream at the top of the reservoir. Power applied to the pump handle draws the skimmed milk up and deposits it in a receptacle above the reservoir. A discharge pipe, having a stop-cock, is attached to the receptacle from which the skimmed milk can be distributed to cans.

**Butter Preservative.**

Preserving butter sweet for a considerable time is one of the rare things to do. A butter maker says he has used an old Scotch method with great success and thinks it the best preservative. It is inexpensive and easily prepared. Referring to this method and giving it he says: Use two parts of the best common salt, one part sugar, and one part saltpeter, beat them up together, and blend the whole carefully. Take one ounce of this mixture for every ten ounces of butter, work it well into the mass, and close it up for use. The butter thus cured should stand for three weeks to a month before it is used, and the ingredients are inexpensive and harmless, preserving the butter sweet.

**To Get Best Results.**

Butter will never grain finely in coming if the fat globules have previously been injured by overheating of cream or too much violence in churning.

If butter comes a little soft it can be hardened while yet in the granular state by means of cold water.

Unclean, decayed or improper food of any kind will injure the quality of the milk and health of the cow. Impure, stagnant or unclean water will also injure both the cow and the quality of the milk.

Milk the cow regularly. It becomes a habit with her to give her milk at the same time each night and morning and any variance from that time results in a loss to the farmer and an injury to the cow.

**Color of the Cream.**

We are often asked why the milk or the cream of some cows is more yellow than that of others. This is probably due to the difference in the emulsification of the butterfat with the other elements of the milk. In the milk of some cows the butterfat is in very small particles in which case the fat is perfectly emulsified and the milk appears white. In the milk of other cows the fat is in larger particles, the emulsification is less perfect, and the milk appears yellowish. The cream or butter from the two kinds of milk when separated will present nearly the same color.

**Estimating the Amount of Butter.**

With good skill a buttermaker may count on getting about one-sixth more butter than there is butter fat in the milk, the increase being due to the necessary moisture in the butter, salt and a very small proportion of casein, etc., which is impossible to separate. As milk from different cows commonly varies anywhere between three and six per cent fat, it is impossible to tell how much milk it will take to make a pound of butter without knowing its richness.

**Feeding Skim Milk.**

The secret in successfully feeding skim milk to calves is always to remember that it is not poor or weak food, but has all the nutriment of new milk except the fat and in a growing animal that is used to keep the system open or active rather than to make fat. If the skim milk is fed warm it does not seem to matter if it is a little turned, but do not give too much.

Good milk breeds pay both in calves and in the milk and cream.

**BRING YOUR LEGAL PROBLEMS TO THIS OFFICE—WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON IT.**

**Notice to Creditors.**

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against the estate of Charles J. Baker, late of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Fort Plain, County of Broome, on or before the 19th day of November 1907.

Dated May 17, 1907.  
Benjamin C. Mead, Attorney for Administrator,  
129 Geneva St., Auburn, N. Y.

**Notice to Creditors.**

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against the estate of Ezra A. 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 said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Ledyard, County of Cayuga, on or before the 17th day of November, 1907.

Dated May 17, 1907.  
S. C. BRADLEY, Executor.

**Notice to Creditors.**

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against the estate of David Cornell, late of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 23rd day of November, 1907.

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

**If You are in Need**  
of any Wagons, Carriages, Harnesses, or Horse Furnishing Goods call at Jas. K. Bust's and see the most complete line ever shown in Central New York.  
**JAS. K. BUST,**  
6 Dill Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

**Venice-Town Insurance Co.**

**\$900,000 in Farm Risks.**  
Office, Genoa, N. Y.  
Average assessment for ten years \$1.06 per \$1,000.00. Where can you do better?  
**Wm. H. Sharpsteen, Secy.**

**Pure Drugs and Medicines At Banker's**  
Book and Drug Store,  
GENOA, N. Y.

**KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS**  
WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**  
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.  
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

**PATENTS**  
50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
**Scientific American.**  
MUNN & Co. 311 Broadway, New York

# GENOA GRADED SCHOOL.

G. B. Springer, Principal.

Why send the boys and girls away from home at a time when they should be under the home influence?

Our school is as well equipped as any Union school in this part of the state. Special attention is given to non-resident pupils.

## TUITION.

\$5.00 per term Academic Dept.  
4.00 " " Intermediate Dept.  
3.00 " " Primary Dept.

It would be well for non-resident pupils to write or consult the principal in regard to their work two weeks before school opens.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 23, '07

# BUGGIES

Your choice of five steel-tire Top Buggies at

\$48.00

Also your choice of four steel-tire Road Wagons at

\$45.00

And a variety of rubber-tire Buggies and Wagons at low prices. Come and look them over.

# KENYON & SON,

Harness and Wagons.  
Water Street,  
AUBURN, N. Y.

# Age and Eyes.

Your eyesight will not trouble you in old age if you give them proper care and attention in your young days. It's up to you—don't be careless, give your eyes the proper care by wearing glass fitted by

## Fred L. Swart,

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

## J. WILL TREE, BOOK BINDING ITHACA.

Orders taken at THE GENOA TRIBUNE office.

# THE New York World

THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD.

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

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

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 166 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE GENOA TRIBUNE together for one year for \$1.65. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.

## Health in the Canal Zone.

The high wages paid makes it a mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workmen needed to construct the Panama Canal. Many are restrained however by the fear of fevers and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric Bitters, who go there without this fear, well knowing they are safe from malarious influence with Electric Bitters on hand. Cases bleed poison too, biliousness, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Guaranteed by J. E. Barker, druggist, Genoa, and E. T. Atwater, King Ferry, N. Y.

## The Footsteps in the Sand.

We toiled on for life—bare life. Then imagine our amazement when on the long surface of a dune we perceived human footsteps imprinted in the sand! Down we went on our knees and examined them. There was no doubt of it. They were the footprints of human beings. Surely we could not be very far off from the river now. In an instant we were wide awake. We followed up the trail till we came to the top of a dune, where the sand was driven together in a hard, compact mass, and the footprints could be more distinctly made out. Kasim dropped on his knees, then cried in a scarcely audible voice, "They are our own footsteps!"—"Through Asia," by Even Hedlin.

## Her Complexion.

One must always have a sneaking appreciation of the story of the father who when told that his daughter used rouge called her to him and asked if it were true.

"It is," replied the girl.  
"For heaven's sake," said the father, "go straight upstairs and wash it off!" The girl did so and returned to her father, who gave one glance at her colorless cheeks.

"For heaven's sake," he cried, "go straight upstairs and put it on again!"—Exchange.

## Wizards of the Wicket

In the first half of the last century there was no more successful bowler than old William Lillywhite of Sussex and few greater batsmen than Lord Frederick Beauclerk, one of the leading members at Lord's. The former was engaged to bowl to the Eton boys when over sixty years of age, but was then so infirm, although his accuracy was still as great as ever, that a fag was always told off to pick up and hand the ball to him, as he was not equal to stooping for it himself. As for Lord Frederick Beauclerk, he thought so highly of his own batting capabilities that he used frequently, as if in defiance of the bowlers, to hang his gold watch on the balls.—London Captain.

## A Curious Coincidence.

Perhaps one of the most curious coincidences in connection with the running down of a lightship happened a few years ago. A lightship was towed down to a far distant part of the English coast in order to replace one that was to be brought into dock for its periodical overhaul. On the tug arriving with the new lightship at the spot where the old one should have been every one was astonished to find no lightship there at all. Curiously enough, after having been several years upon the spot the vessel had actually been run down and sunk on the very night previous to the day upon which the new lightship arrived to take her place.—Wide World Magazine.

## The Old Russian Loyalty.

After all, the loyalty which Napoleon won through a hundred victories was lukewarm compared with the loyalty to which the czar of Russia in those days was born. When the Czar Alexander was with the allies in Paris, he attended the theater one evening and was seen by the Comtesse de Boigne just entering his box. The door of the box was guarded by two great giants of his army, who observed an attitude so strictly military that they did not dare to raise their hands to their faces to wipe away their fast flowing tears. "What is the matter?" I asked a Russian officer. "Oh," he answered carelessly, "the emperor has just passed by, and they have probably managed to touch him."—London T. P.'s Weekly.

## One of His "Whust Days."

Andrew Lang once called at the house of James Payn to inquire about his health. The servant informed him in a broad accent that it was one of the novellist's "whust days." Mr. Lang imagined that the servant referred to Mr. Payn being worse and expressed his regret and walked away. But the woman meant to say that it was the day on which Mr. Payn was wont to receive three old friends, who made a four at whist. Both gentlemen were amused at the mistake which deprived each of the pleasure of meeting. At the Reform club in years gone by there was a certain group of well known whist players, among whom James Payn was certain to be found enjoying "the rigor of the game."

## Milton's Reply.

The Duke of York, afterward James II., asked Milton one day in the course of a conversation if he did not regard the loss of his eyesight as a judgment upon him for what he had written against the late king. To this Milton replied: "If your highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here are the indications of the wrath of God, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? Upon your theory, God must have had much more against him than against me, for I have only lost my eyes, while he lost his head."

## Pronounces St. Oeyth.

That names of places in England frequently are not pronounced as spelled is proved by the experience of two cyclists who were going from Clifton to the old village at St. Oeyth. "Are we right for St. Oeyth?" they asked of a laborer. But a bland look met the question; he had never heard of no such place. A second wayfarer, interrogated, was equally ignorant. Then came a third. A scratch-head, a puzzled look and then the dawn of intelligence. "Yes, to be sure, I have it now. It's Snowy you mean!"

## Anchovies.

Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story of one of the nursery gardeners of his day: "An old friend of mine having asked him to supply him with a dozen anchovies, he replied he had plenty, but being a delicate plant, they were still in the hothouse."

## A Recipe For Happiness.

It is simply when you rise in the morning to form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done. A left off garment to the man that needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours. And if young, depend on it that it will tell when you are old, rest assured that it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result. You send one person, only one, happily through the day—that is 365 in the course of the year—and suppose you live forty years only after you commence this course, and you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at least for a time. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? We do not often indulge in a moral dose, but this is so small a pill that no one needs currant jelly to disguise its flavor, and as it requires to be taken but once a day we feel warranted in prescribing it. It is most excellent for digestion and a promoter of pleasant slumber.—Caldwell (Tex.) News-Chronicle.

## A Funny Englishman.

A well known man—a staid and serious bank manager—was passing by the Liverpool town hall when he noticed a well dressed man hurrying toward Castle street. They reached it together, and then the young man looked at him with a nervous start.

"Oh, sir," he gasped, "will you please call my friend for me? She is crossing the street. I—I have lung trouble and can't shout."

The elderly man looked where he pointed, and sure enough there was a young woman with bright feathers in her hat just crossing the road at a brisk rate.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Eithel,"

"Eithel!" shouted the bank manager. The young woman with the feathers was almost across and she didn't turn round.

"Eithel!" he roared again.

This time she stopped and looked round, and the excited old gentleman motioned to her.

When she came across the elderly bank manager was turning round to receive the thanks of the young lung troubled man, but he had gone! Then there was trouble.—London Answers.

## Driven to It.

An acquaintance once asked a popular cartoonist for one of the great daily papers why he was in the habit of labeling the well known persons whom he pictured in his cartoons. "Why don't you take it for granted that everybody knows them?" he said. "Leave something to the intelligence of the persons who read the paper."

"I once thought as you do," answered the artist. "Some years ago I had a series of political cartoons in the paper. I thought they were pretty good, but one day a man with whom I was well acquainted asked me why I had been putting my own picture in the paper so often of late.

"Putting my own picture in?" I said. "When have I done that?" "You've been doing it every day." And he opened a copy of the paper he had in his hand and pointed to my alleged portrait in his latest cartoon.

"That wasn't intended for me," I said. "That is supposed to be Senator Blank."

"Since that time," added the cartoonist, "I have labeled everybody. I don't take any more chances."—Youth's Companion.

## A Lesson in Respect.

One of these old timers taught the writer a lesson in respect that he never will forget. 'Twas in the days of our youth when, an entry clerk, we were in the habit of walking downtown with David Hale, one of the editors of the New York Journal of Commerce. The man invited the boy's confidence and the boy was regarded by his elder. The boy was an autograph collector, and along about 1856 he called on the president, Franklin Pierce, at the Clarendon hotel and felt elated at his reception and the autograph secured. As Hale and the lad walked uptown next day the boy said:

"Last night I went up to the Clarendon to see Franklin Pierce, and he introduced me to his old woman." Quick as a flash Hale stopped, put his hand on the boy's shoulder, wheeled him around and said:

"Look here, young man, who are you talking about? Franklin Pierce is president of these United States, and he and all connected with him are entitled to be spoken of with respect. I don't care what your politics are, but never let me hear you speaking of the president or any of his family in that way again."—American Grocer.

## She Went to Church.

The great Wellington was always precise about religious observances. One Saturday evening a lady, one of his guests at Strathfieldsaye, Wellington's country seat, apologized for not forming one of the party to church the following morning. She was a Roman Catholic, and there was not a Catholic church within a distance of twenty or thirty miles.

"That," said his grace, "need be no difficulty. My carriage and horses are at your disposal. Breakfast shall be ready a little before daybreak, and the thing can be easily done."

The second Duke of Wellington, in telling the story to the author of "Society in the Country House," adds, "And she had to go."

"Imagine," he exclaimed, "the impossibility of living up to such a father."—Youth's Companion.

## Very Quiet.

"Home was never like this," said Mr. Henpeck, as he was shown about the deaf and dumb asylum.—Exchange.

## The Rescue

By  
C. AUSTIN JOHNSON.

(Copyright, 1907, by C. Austin Johnson.)

So you would like to hear how I, a poor sailor, chanced to marry a pretty wife, possessed of thousands and without exception mistress of the finest estate in Santos? Well, come out on the piazza. We have a fine view of the bay there, and I love to listen to the roar of the surf. It reminds me of old times, you know. Light a fresh cigar. You have nothing like them in the states, I can assure you of that. And now for my yarn.

Many years ago I was chief mate on board of a down east brig engaged in the South American trade. The captain was good enough at heart, but he did love a gold dollar so much that the passion of avarice at times warped the better and prevailing instincts of his nature.

I was young, careless and free, without a soul living I could claim as kin, and as happy in my lone state as you can well imagine. I had but little responsibility on my shoulders, the skipper taking entire control, even to details.

We were to the southward of the line, outward bound, and upon the eventful night in question, which was truly an era in my life, I had the first watch. The wind was light and the ocean as calm as though asleep.

We had all our light kites set to woo the gentle breeze, running through the water not over three knots an hour. Absorbed in my own thoughts and reflections, I was leaning idly over the taffrail watching the bubbles and phosphorescent light playing about the restless rudder when a touch on my arm from the man at the wheel brought me to myself.

"What do you call that, sir?" he inquired, pointing over the quarter. I gazed in the direction pointed out by the man and, to my intense surprise, saw a bright light, not unlike a ball of fire, which threw a lurid, tremulous light across the dark waters.

"It can't be the moon, sir?" said the seaman, with an inquiring look.

"The moon rising in a quarter bearing south-southwest? No; that is some craft on fire as sure as my name is John Watkins, and I'll rouse out the captain at once."

In another instant I was rapping in no gentle manner at the skipper's stateroom, who turned out in a hurry.

"What's what is the matter?" he stammered, rubbing his eyes. "Is there a squall coming?"

"No, sir; it's as pretty a night as I ever saw. But, Captain Thompson, there is a vessel on fire to leeward of us, and I will, if you say so, run down to her assistance."

"I'll be on deck in a moment. Don't be in a hurry. Don't like to run the vessel off her course—prolongs her voyage." And, leaving the sleepy skipper grumbling to himself, I regained the deck.

In a few moments the old fellow was by my side.

"It will cost money to take all hands off you craft and feed them till we make a port."

"True, sir; but is human life to be reckoned or valued by money? In all



"WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT, SIR?" HE INQUIRED.

probability there are poor fellows there in danger of their lives who, if we leave them to their fate, would place us on a footing with pirates." And, turning abruptly, I walked aft, having expressed my indignation in a voice tremulous with anger.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Watkins, I would not leave any one to perish. I was only calculating the chances in a commercial point of view. You can hoist the longboat out if you like and take four of the boys for a crew to pull you to her. She will burn down to the water's edge if you wait for us to get there. It is growing calmer all the time, and to tell the truth, Mr. Watkins, I would advise you to bear a hand and get back as soon as possible, for I don't like the looks of the weather. The air is hot and oppressive-like."

In ten minutes I had the longboat over the side, and a stout, weatherly craft she was too. A bag of biscuits, with a beaker of water, was stowed away in the stern sheets, and, bidding the lads to give way with a will, we shoved off from the sides of the old brig. I saw the tall, bent form of Captain Thompson peering down upon me for a moment, but the next instant the boat rose on the bosom of a swell, and that was the last I ever saw of my old skipper.

The brig quickly faded from sight, hid by a thin mist of haze which had suddenly arisen, and, in fact, I was conscious of a strange change in the appearance of the weather. The stars had entirely disappeared from the firmament, hid behind the gauzy veil which had so mysteriously arisen, and low down on the horizon I noted a dark bank of clouds. The heat was intense, the stout seamen wiping the perspiration from their streaming brows as they toiled at their oars. Not a breath of air disturbed the glassy waves. All nature appeared to be hushed into a terrible calm.

I must confess I felt rather apprehensive as I glanced about the horizon and looked back in the direction where I knew the old brig must be, rolling and pitching idly on the long swell, which every moment was increasing. But my fears and apprehensions were soon chased from my head by matters of more exciting interest.

As we neared the burning craft I read the name of La Hembilla in letters of gold on the huge stern. The light cast by the burning spars and rigging aloft afforded ample power for me to form my conclusions.

The ship was a Spaniard. The empty davits and dangling falls told their own story plain enough to a seaman's eye.

The burning wreck had been deserted. Shooting under the broad, heavy counter, we caught at the iron works of the mizzen channels, and, directing two men to remain in the boat, I clambered on deck, followed by the other two seamen.

The ship had evidently been on fire some time, the flames having full control of the forward portion. The foremast had gone by the board. The topgallant forecabin was a sea of fire. The mainmast was already tottering, and I knew there was no time to lose. The smoke was dense and stifling, but as yet did not affect the extreme after portion of the vessel. The decks were strewn with remnants of provisions, half open cases and articles of clothing, but no trace of a human being could be seen.

Diving down into the main cabin, which was half filled with black twisting smoke, I took a hasty glance about. The rich hangings, appointments and ornamentation surprised me, showing that the unfortunate ship had been designed to carry passengers. The sharp, shooting gleams of writhing flames from aloft penetrated through the broad skylight, tingeing every object with a ruddy glaze.

From stateroom to stateroom I hurried, but found them all empty until I came to the after one. There I experienced some difficulty in opening the door, the smoke every moment becoming more dense and respiration more difficult. Exerting my strength, the woodwork gave way, revealing a confused mass of white drapery lying on the stateroom floor. The very sight made my heart beat quick with apprehension, and, stooping, I soon ascertained that it was a woman.

Placing my hand over her heart, I felt it throbbing, and without further delay I rushed on deck with her in my arms. Through the companionway I staggered, with a strange dizziness in my head, gasping for breath, but still retaining my grasp on her. I had saved the fresh air revived me, and the pain left my head, so that I was enabled to pay proper attention to the woman who lay helpless in my arms.

Then, for the first time, I looked at the face of my burden, and by the bright light of the wreck I discovered she was both young and handsome. At that moment the mainmast went crashing over the side, sinking with a hiss in the black water. A shower of cinders and sparks, a column of roaring flames, shot on high, followed by the excited shouts of the men, who had leaped, panic stricken, into the boat, urging me to follow.

Clasping the lady with my left arm, I used my right in gliding down the ship's side. The men's oars were poised. I gave the word, and the next instant we were clear of the vessel, which was now wrapped in flames from stem to stern.

Dashing some water into the lady's face, I began to chafe her hands. The treatment, though rough, had the desired effect. She opened her eyes, closed them again as if the awakening was painful, but in a few moments was fully herself. In a few words I told her how she had been saved and assured her that in a short time she would be in safety on board the brig.

In return she told me that her father was the Senor Jose Gonzales of Santos, the wealthiest planter in the country. She had been on a visit to Spain, where her father had a large number of relations, and had taken passage for home in the Spanish ship. The ill fated vessel, by some means to her unknown, had caught fire during the night. A panic ensued, and, overcome by terror, she faintly away. Probably, in the excitement and alarm which followed, her absence was overlooked, and when the boats shoved off from the ship the Senorita Marie Gonzales was left unconscious in her stateroom to perish.

Glancing round the horizon, I could see no sign of the brig. Not the flash of a light betrayed the position of the vessel. But I had a compass with me and noted the course I had steered while pulling for the burning wreck.

It was not the fact of the brig being invisible that caused me uneasiness, but the startling knowledge that a great convulsion of the elements was about to burst upon us.

The dark bank I had at first noticed low down on the horizon had risen rapidly until the entire heavens were obscured. The atmosphere had grown dense, and the darkness was simply intense, relieved only by the now dismantled bulk, which occasionally threw out a gleam of light.

A strange, indefinable, rushing sound pervaded the air, a slight ripple ruffled the stagnant waters, a cold breath of air fanned my cheek, while under the black, frowning clouds I saw a white line rapidly rushing upon us.

Louder and louder grew the sounds. The men gazed at one another aghast. With a wave of my hand I motioned the seamen to pull the boat round so

as to bear before it, and the next instant the hurricane burst upon us in all its fury.

The shriek of the tempest drowned my voice. The oars were dashed from the sailors' hands, while they in terror threw themselves down in the bottom of the boat.

In an agony of terror Marie clung to me, while I with all my strength and skill managed to keep the boat dead before the gale.

On rushed the frail structure through the murky darkness, enveloped in a whirl of foam which half blinded me as the salt spray filled my eyes. The water was torn up by barrels and hurled with cutting force and violence through the air.

Drenched to the skin, with the delicate girl crouching by my side wrapped up in all the spare coats I could muster, I kept watch during the long hours of that eventful night.

How we ever escaped destruction a merciful Providence alone can tell, but with daylight the fierce gale showed signs of abating, and by noon we were sailing upon a summer sea. A rough temporary sail had been rigged and the boat's head directed toward the land, for, of course, we had given up all hope of seeing the brig, for awhile at least. If we would be saved we had got to rely upon our own resources. Carefully I dealt out a slim allowance of bread and water from the scanty supplies which were in the stern sheets, cautioning the men to make the precious fluid go as far as possible.

I could enlarge upon the sufferings we endured, tell you about the calm days which succeeded, how the scorching rays of the sun beat down upon our heads and how the men with noble generosity surrendered their few drops of water to the pale, suffering woman, who never murmured once, though her brain was all but on fire and her tongue parched and swollen in her mouth.

You can imagine my feelings when the last crumb of bread was exhausted and the beaker had been drained dry. Death in its most terrible form, with the attending horrors of hunger and thirst, stared us in the face, and I groaned in anguish as I gazed upon the now inanimate form of the poor girl. She was dying—perhaps dead already—and I stretched myself by her side to meet the fate I was powerless to avert.

Well, we were picked up shortly after by a Brazilian fishing boat, placed aboard a man-of-war cruising on the coast, and the surgeon soon had us under his care. Strange to say, none of us succumbed to the privations we had undergone, but we all recovered to congratulate one another upon our escape. The Senor Jose Gonzales fairly hugged me in his delight at the escape of his daughter and insisted upon my making his residence my home. The men were rewarded by him beyond their most sanguine hopes, and I—well, I rewarded myself by marrying the fair heiress, and when her father died a few years ago I assumed full control of the estates.

As for the old brig and Captain Thompson, neither was ever seen or heard from after the terrible storm which swept the coast of South America, stranding its shores with the wreck of many a noble craft.

"Penalties." "Wealth has its penalties," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "many is the time that I have had to pretend I enjoyed chicken salad and ice cream when I was yearning for corned beef and cabbage."—Washington Star.

THE HURRICANE BURST UPON US IN ALL ITS FURY.

as to bear before it, and the next instant the hurricane burst upon us in all its fury.

The shriek of the tempest drowned my voice. The oars were dashed from the sailors' hands, while they in terror threw themselves down in the bottom of the boat.

In an agony of terror Marie clung to me, while I with all my strength and skill managed to keep the boat dead before the gale.

On rushed the frail structure through the murky darkness, enveloped in a whirl of foam which half blinded me as the salt spray filled my eyes. The water was torn up by barrels and hurled with cutting force and violence through the air.

Drenched to the skin, with the delicate girl crouching by my side wrapped up in all the spare coats I could muster, I kept watch during the long hours of that eventful night.

How we ever escaped destruction a merciful Providence alone can tell, but with daylight the fierce gale showed signs of abating, and by noon we were sailing upon a summer sea. A rough temporary sail had been rigged and the boat's head directed toward the land, for, of course, we had given up all hope of seeing the brig, for awhile at least. If we would be saved we had got to rely upon our own resources. Carefully I dealt out a slim allowance of bread and water from the scanty supplies which were in the stern sheets, cautioning the men to make the precious fluid go as far as possible.

I could enlarge upon the sufferings we endured, tell you about the calm days which succeeded, how the scorching rays of the sun beat down upon our heads and how the men with noble generosity surrendered their few drops of water to the pale, suffering woman, who never murmured once, though her brain was all but on fire and her tongue parched and swollen in her mouth.

You can imagine my feelings when the last crumb of bread was exhausted and the beaker had been drained dry. Death in its most terrible form, with the attending horrors of hunger and thirst, stared us in the face, and I groaned in anguish as I gazed upon the now inanimate form of the poor girl. She was dying—perhaps dead already—and I stretched myself by her side to meet the fate I was powerless to avert.

### The Shopkeeper's Son.

A shopkeeper told his son to look after the business. Presently a customer entered and asked with formality, "Have you a reverend sire?" He answered, "No." "Have you a reverend dame?" He said, "No."

When the shopkeeper returned his son told him the conversation between himself and the customer.

"Oh, you silly boy," said the shopkeeper. "Reverend sire meant me. Reverend dame meant your mother. They are polite terms for father and mother. How can you say you have none?"

The boy replied, "I did not know that you both were for sale."—From the Chinese.

### A Surprised Sister.

"Miss Lucy," said young Mr. Pitt, with some trepidation of manner, "there is something I very much want to tell you, and the present seems to be a very good opportunity."

"Mr. Pitt," replied the young lady, who was kind of heart and wished to spare his feelings, "I know what you are about to say, and I have been expecting it for some time, but really it cannot be as you wish."

"Can't it? Why not?"

"Well, Mr. Pitt, I can only be a sister to you."

"That's just what I was about to say. You will be a sister to me because your sister Mabel and I are engaged to be married. Mabel asked me to break the news to you."

### The Wisdom of the Bee.

We marvel at what we call the wisdom of the hive bee, yet there is one thing she never learns from experience, and that is that she is storing up honey for the use of man. She could not learn this, because such knowledge is not necessary to her own well being. Neither does she ever know when she has enough to carry her through the winter. This knowledge, again, is not important. Gather and store honey as long as there is any to be had is her motto, and in that rule she is safe.—John Burroughs in Atlantic.

### Barbaric Superstition.

Although the Maoris of New Zealand have made considerable strides in civilization in recent years, some of their barbaric superstitions survive. One of the most persistent is belief in the "tohunga," or tribal medicine man. His patients sometimes succumb to his energetic methods of treatment. The latest case of that sort comes from Walkato. A sick girl after having been immersed in cold water for some hours was beaten with sticks to drive the evil spirits out, the "tohunga" afterward gripping her throat to prevent their re-entering. She died next day.

**Pay of German Letter Carriers.**  
Letter carriers in Berlin begin on a salary of 900 marks (a mark equals 23.8 cents), with an allowance in addition of 300 marks per year for rent, and receive but 1,500 marks after years of service. They work twelve hours a day and the average weight of mail delivered daily is 150 pounds, except when the American mails arrive, which increase it to 300 pounds. Appointments are made by examination, and preference is given to those who have served in the German army.—London Express.

### The Gas Range.

It is important for housewives to learn not to waste gas. The oven usually should be lighted from five to fifteen minutes before using for baking or roasting, but in most instances it may be turned out before the baking is quite completed, as the heat is retained for some time. Make a point, however, of never lighting a top burner until the water or food is on it. "Many a muckle makes a muckle," the Scotch say, or in plain American, "It's the little things that count," as every household economist soon learns.—New York Post.

**Lord Nelson's Hard Job.**  
A number of the English dukes have little annual jobs to do to keep their titles clear. The Duke of Wellington had to send miniature reproductions of the English and French flags to the throne on each anniversary of Waterloo. The Duke of Marlborough has to do the same on the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim, and the Duke of Hamilton has to send a deer once a year to the king's guard of honor. The holder of the Nelson earldom has an easier job, as he has to sign a receipt for the \$25,000 he receives every year.—Kansas City Times.

### Corked Eggs.

"An ostrich egg," said the sailor, "costs ten cents in South Africa. It's equal to about two dozen chicken eggs and lasts close on to a week."

"Out there you open your ostrich egg by makin' a small hole in the point. You shake out as much contents as you need, and then you plug up the opening with a cork and stand the egg away in a refrigerator till it's needed again."

"Plugged carefully, an ostrich egg will supply a week's breakfast omelettes without goin' bad."

### Good, but Not Intended.

Now and then a man gets off a good thing and does not know it. An instance is noted by Sir M. Grant Duff in his "Diary."

We began to talk about the fog. "It was so bad," I said, "a week or two ago that I hear Farrar preached against it at St. Margaret's."

"It was at that church," my friend answered, "that a clergyman denouncing Mr. Tooth, the ritualist, said, 'I will not name him, but his name is in everybody's mouth.' Then, seeing the smiles on the faces of his congregation, he turned scold."

Short—There goes one of my preferred creditors. Long—Why preferred? Short—He never asks me for money.—Chicago News.

### WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS.

#### A Graduation of Penalties for Drunkenness.

The following graduation of penalties of a "plain drink" seems to indicate that higher civilization is more tolerant of intoxication than benighted communities or communities so considered:

In this country, \$2 and costs.

In Persia, 80 lashes on the soles of the feet.

In Turkey, the bastinado to a more severe extent.

In Albania, death.

In the three latter instances the extreme penalty is given above. Before the officials give a man up as confirmed in his cups they lecture him. In Persia they put him on the black list first and forbid him the bazaars except in certain hours, and then under police supervision, and also places of amusement and worship.

In Turkey the offender receives an admonition and is fined for the first offence, and the bastinado is applied afterward if the crime be repeated.

Among the mountaineers of Albania and Montenegro drunkenness is regarded as a political offence and for that reason is considered more serious than if it were a moral one.

Among the mountaineers fighting and drinking are not considered to go together, and to be able to fight is the first duty of a citizen. Therefore the drunkard is harshly dealt with. At first they try moral suasion with the festive tippler, but when that fails and he persists in making the mountain peaks ring to his Montenegrin substitute for "We don't go home till morning!" he is declared to be a danger and a disgrace to his tribe and his country and is quietly assassinated by order of the local chief.

#### TROUBLE BLAMED TO DRINK.

**Evangelist and Street Preacher Sentenced to Jail.**

"I have investigated your case, and I find that your sole trouble is drink. You seem a bright and intelligent man, but for some reason I can't understand you spend all of your money in saloons. I warn you to keep away from the saloon and to stop drinking, and will let you off with a light sentence. You will go to jail for twenty-nine days."

Thus spoke Judge Crape in the County Court this morning in sentencing a man who was formerly postmaster at Paducah, Ky., and later evangelist and street preacher. Upon his investigation of the case he was led to believe that drink was mainly responsible for the appearance of the evangelist before the court.

The prisoner, who is a middle-aged man, well dressed, and of fine appearance, was indicted with another for theft of about \$1,000 worth of stamps from the Blue Trading Stamp Company of Broadway, and when arraigned pleaded guilty to grand larceny in the second degree.

When pleading guilty, he alleged that his partner stole the stamps and paid him \$25 to dispose of them, which money he spent in drink and was an inmate of the alcoholic ward at Bellevue in consequence.—New York Globe.

#### Another Woe for Mankind.

A story comes from Western New York, which, if true, indicates the discovery of a new poison by the side of which whisky suffers in comparison. It is told that a certain farmer, named Thomas Warren, living near Geneva, New York, noticed that his hogs appeared to be dazed, or, to quote his own language "seemed to have a jag aboard," whatever that expression may mean. Fearing lest they had been poisoned, he inquired into the cause and found that two tramp farm hands had been pounding potatoes and turnips into a mash, squeezing out all the juice they could by the aid of a cider press, drinking the villainous compound and throwing the mash to the pigs. The farmer remembered that the two hands had often been in the condition of the hogs and, stimulated by curiosity, himself tried the drink. He said that the first sensation was that of going up in a balloon, the exhilaration lasting for many hours, with corresponding depression as a sequel. Not long ago it was discovered in another state that farm hands were tapping slices and extracting juice which acted as a mild intoxicant.

#### Drink, Crime and Pauperism.

The statistics obtained from the reports of over 1,000 prison governors in the United States to a circular addressed to them, and a summary shows that the general average of 909 replies received from the license states gives the proportion of crime due to drink at no less than 72 per cent., the average from 103 officials in prohibition states giving the percentage at 37. A considerable number of the latter were "boot-leggers," in jail for selling whiskey. Out of the 1,017 jailers, only 181 placed their estimate below 25 per cent., and 55 per cent. of these were empty jails in prohibition territory. The relation of drink to pauperism is much the same as that of drink to crime. Of 73,045 paupers in all almshouses of the country, 37,254 are there through drink.

#### Cause of Drunkenness.

It is alleged as a chief reason for the excessive drinking indulged in by our countrymen that life is monotonous, and men drink to obtain excitement. Doubtless there is much in this reason. It does not apply to all cases, but it does to many. But that very craving for excitement is itself a symptom of something unnatural.

### Family Reunion.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Smith, King Ferry, on Thursday, Sept. 6, occurred the annual home-coming of their five sons and two daughters with their respective families, including seven grandchildren. Other relatives were also present to enjoy the festivities of the occasion. The weather man predicted a rainy day, but changed the order of things and the sun broke through the clouds in time for dinner in the shade of the large maple tree. After the wants of the inner man were appeased, the afternoon was spent with music, games and social intercourse.

The day was noted as being the thirteenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Counsell.

Among the guests were Martin Smith of Leavenworth, Kan., Mr. and Mrs. George Atwater of Moravia, Jesse and King Atwater and H. L. Goodyear of Auburn.

At a late hour goodbye was spoken, all hoping to be present another year.

#### Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership existing between Freeman C. Hagin and Arthur B. Peck of the firm of Hagin & Peck of Genoa, N. Y., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

F. O. HAGIN,  
A. B. PECK.

Dated Sept. 18, 1907.

Genoa, N. Y.

#### Notice.

All persons indebted to Hagin & Peck are requested to call and settle on or before Oct. 5, 1907, after which date, without further notice, remaining accounts will be placed in an attorney's hands for collection.

F. O. HAGIN,  
A. B. PECK.

#### A Humane Appeal.

A humane citizen of Richmond, Ind., Mr. U. D. Williams, 107 West Main St., says: "I appeal to all persons with weak lungs to take Dr. King's New Discovery, the only remedy that has helped me and fully comes up to the proprietor's recommendation." It saves more lives than all other throat and lung remedies put together. Used as a cough and cold cure the world over. Cures asthma, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quincy, hoarseness, and phthisis, stops hemorrhages of the lungs and builds them up. Guaranteed at J. S. Banker's drug store, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's King Ferry. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

#### Fuller-Lampman.

Walter F. Fuller of Locke and Miss Birdella Lampman of this city were married at high noon Wednesday, Sept. 11, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Florence Lampman, 68 Elm st., by Rev. F. H. Cooper, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church in the presence of about thirty relatives and friends.

The bride wore a blue traveling dress and was attended by Miss Imogene Hyde of Groton, who wore white lace over white silk. Purdy C. Main of Locke was best man. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony and Mr. and Mrs. Fuller left on the 4:40 train for Pennsylvania points. They will be at home at 68 Elm-st. after Oct. 1.

Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Harris, Mr. and Mrs. John Harris, Mrs. Spink and Miss Mina Fuller of Locke, and Fred Lampman and family of Dryden.—Cortland Standard.

**The Touch That Heals**  
Is the touch of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the happiest combination of Arnica flowers and healing balsams ever compounded. No matter how old the sore or ulcer is, this Salve will cure it. For burns, scalds, cuts, wounds or piles, it has no equal. Guaranteed by J. S. Banker Genoa, and F. T. Atwater King Ferry, druggists. 25c.

EVERY WOMAN in Genoa will be glad to know that local grocers now have in stock "OUR-PIE," a preparation in three varieties for making Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies. Each 10-cent package makes two pies. Be sure and order today.

"Hi say, 'ow long 'ave I got to wait for those chops I sent to be warmed hover?"

"Wh? Ah of 'em up, boss. Yo' tole me to eat 'em."

"You blawsted idiot, cawn't you understand Henglish? I said distinctly to 'eat 'em up."—Judge.

#### PATENTS

Money in small inventions as well as large. Send for free booklet. M. L. S. BRASS & CO., 224 14th st., WASHINGTON, D. C. Branches: Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Etc. 1864.

## Foster, Ross & Company

THE BIG STORE

# Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this Week Fall Opening In Every Department.

Accept this as a special invitation to come and see what fashion has provided for the coming season. We are prepared with the finest stock that has ever been seen in Auburn.

## FOSTER, ROSS & CO.

Coats  
Suits  
Skirts  
Waists  
Dress Goods  
Silks  
Trimmings  
Laces  
Hosiery  
Gloves  
Ribbons  
Underwear  
Upholsteries  
Crockery  
Rugs  
etc., etc.



### Seven Reasons for Using The ANDES RANGE

1. Removable fire-box and Grate.
2. Big, deep ash pan.
3. Extra large broiler door.
4. Reliable oven thermometer.
5. Large, perfect baking ovens.
6. Perfect flue system, insuring baking efficiency.
7. Requires less fuel than any other. Call and we will show you the range.

Charles Pyle,  
POPLAR RIDGE, N. Y.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Horse for sale. S. STEVENS,  
7w2 Genoa, N. Y.

Lost—Two bound dogs. Finder will be liberally rewarded.  
7c2 PETER J. MAHONEY, Atwater, N. Y.

FOR SALE—House and lot.  
7w3 I. J. BROWN, King Ferry.

Carrriages, light and heavy harness; the place—R. W. ARMSTRONG'S.

Pigs for sale. M. T. UNDERWOOD,  
6w2 East Genoa.

FOR SALE—Some good second hand top and open wagons. Also a Jewel Parlor stove new last December.  
B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Bay mare with colt by side, 11 weeks old, sire of colt Harry Clay, color black. B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa. 6sf

FOR SALE—10 ewes and one ram.  
6w4 H. B. HUNT, Atwater, R. D. 25.

I will pay the highest market price for fowls and chickens delivered every Tuesday at King Ferry.  
2sf WESLEY WILSON.

Fourteen guns for sale cheap. Apply to the quarter master.  
G. PRATT, Genoa.

Bring your old hens, turkeys, ducks and chickens to Carson's Hotel, Genoa, Monday night, Sept. 23, or Tuesday morning, Oct. 1, before 9 o'clock, and receive the highest market price for the same. For prices write or phone. S. G. HOUGHTALING, Throopville, N. Y.

ARE YOU TIRED OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE AND HARD WINTERS? Then join the New American Colony near Havana, Cuba. For particulars, A. BASTIN, 111 Broadway, New York.



## SHERWIN WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

An appeal to the pride of the owner of a home

Everyone who owns a home is anxious that that home shall make the best appearance possible. Two things are necessary to produce satisfactory results in painting and varnishing a home:

First—A satisfactory color scheme.

Second—Paints, varnishes, stains and enamels of such good quality that they not only give the exact color effect required, but are sufficiently durable to keep up the attractive appearance of the house in spite of the wear and tear of living in it.

These are offered by the Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes. The Sherwin-Williams Co. not only make every kind of paint and varnish used for a house and the best quality of that kind, but they make suggestions for the selection of colors, varnishes, stains and enamels, so that any given idea can be carried out, and carried out with the best materials.

You should see to it that when you buy paints and varnishes for your house, or any part of it, or when you give an order to your painter for any painting and varnishing you want done, that Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes are purchased.

In large work it is always best to have a practical painter; but there are many little things about the house that you can readily finish yourself by using Sherwin-Williams ready-to-apply paints.

Come in and have a little paint talk with us. Now is the time to "brighten up" your home for the long winter months. We can tell you the best product to use for any purpose you may have in mind and secure complete finishing specifications for you from The Sherwin-Williams Co., if you desire them, for special work. Our line of Sherwin-Williams Products is complete and we are in a position to take the best care of your paint and varnish requirements.



## G. S. AIKIN,

Both Phones. KING FERRY, N. Y.

## C. R. Egbert,

The People's Clothier, Hatter & Furnisher  
75 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

## The Egbert Kind.

It is our policy to furnish our trade each season with Clothing that shows improvement in style, fit, workmanship and quality.

There is such a betterment in our Fall Clothing that it leads us to wonder how it would be possible to further improve it—it seems as near perfect as ready-made Clothing can be.

Priced from \$10 to \$30.