A PRETTY GOOD HAND.

The merchant who advertises in this paper holds four aces in the business game. It gives his announcement circulation, prestige, character and the confidence of the public.

Genoa Tribune.

ESCAPE THE DULL DAYS.

Rainy days and snowy days bring many long idle hours to the merchant unless he is one of the growing class that has found that newspaper advertising banishes dull days.

Published Weekly and Circulated Throughout the Towns of Genoa, Venice, Ledyard, Scipio and Lansing, and Devoted to the Best Interests of the People of These Vicinities.

VOL. XVI. No. 18. GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1906. C. A. AMES.

From the Metropolis.

Important Happenings at the County Seat briefly chronicled—Personal Notes

AUBURN, Sept. 19—During a free fight between factional Italians in a saloon on Division street Sunday evening, Luigi Surace was shot and badly injured. Diego Lacastri was arrested, charged with the shooting.

Mrs. Geo. B. Wright has returned from a visit at King Ferry.

Mrs. Charles G. Adams and two children are visiting Mrs. Adams' old home in Ledyard.

Irving Millard and Ralph Dunning left yesterday to resume their studies at Yale university.

Miss M. Alice Gray of Scipioville, has returned to Lancaster with her brother Clarence and family.

A man by the name of George Clar was arrested by the Port Byron authorities Sunday afternoon and brought to the city. He was accused of stealing a horse from a Victory farmer and was riding the animal when captured.

Mrs. Minnie Fuller Winan and son Samuel of Binghamton, formerly of Colorado, have been spending a few days with Mrs. Wm. Evans, 14 Maple street. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Barnes and son Floyd of Venice spent Sunday at the same place.

This transcript of judgment was filed in County Clerk Warne's office Tuesday morning: McCormick Harvesting Co. vs. Henry G. Hand of Genoa, $101.95. The transcript was issued from Justice of the Peace Lanterman's court. The following transcript was issued from Justice of the Peace Peckham's court in Moravia: W. Pitt Parker, vs. Dealta Oakley, $57.51.

Orie Reynolds, formerly of Syracuse, now of Cayuga, a traveling salesman for Walrath & Son, narrowly escaped death by drowning at Cayuga Monday night about 8 o'clock, and but for the quick assistance of James Murphy, Walter Burns and John Burns he would have been lost. Leaving a small grocery store near the lock on the canal leading from Cayuga lake, Mr. Reynolds started to cross the foot rail over the lock. In the darkness he missed his footing and fell into the water on the lock side, where it is over twenty feet deep. Mr. Reynolds weighs about 300 pounds, and the splash of his fall brought rescuers. Men ran with life preservers, pike poles, ropes and other means for saving the man, but before he could be reached he had gone down twice. At the third time up he was caught by the hair by Mr. Murphy, who held him until assistance arrived. My. Reynolds was nearly exhausted, but soon revived, and it is not believed he suffered any serious injury from his cold bath.

Tony Testa and Pasquale Maiurano, two of the Italians arrested a few weeks ago for shooting song birds in the western part of the city, were arraigned before Recorder Stupp this morning on the charge of violating the State game laws. Testa through his attorney, Charles T. Whelan, and Maiurano through his attorney, Paul R. Clark, entered pleas of guilty and were fined $50 or 50 days in jail. Both paid.

A quiet wedding occurred in Scipio Wednesday afternoon when Mrs. Jennie B. Ames of that town was united in marriage to Leroy A. Ferguson Moravia village. Rev. J. A. Rodger performed the ceremony in the presence of a small company. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson will reside in Moravia. On returning to their home on Walnut street Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were surprised by twenty-five of their friends. A pleasant time was passed and a kind remembrance was left them.

Game Protector Ferree, who looks after the violators of the game laws in this vicinity, has his hands full these days and with the vast amount of territory the state commission calls on him to cover he is a pretty busy man. Thursday he was along the Seneca river and at Galen bridge near Howland's island he found a man engaged in snipe shooting and shooting water chickens. The man was Warren Ingersoll of Savannah and when taken before a justice of that place it cost him $41 because he was too previous in shooting at game birds.

What from the papers on file promises to be a sensational fight between children and stepmother was set for a hearing in Surrogate's Court Tuesday morning over the $10,000 estate left by Henry Hurn, the well-known plumber, who committed suicide last July. Luella Hurn, who claims to be the widow, filed a petition for letters of administration, she being his second wife. To her petition objections have been filed by Attorney A. J. Parker, representing Frank Hurn of Auburn, a son, and Mrs. May Olmsted of Lockport, a daughter of the deceased. In the objections it is alleged that Mrs. Hurn is not the lawful widow of the deceased and that she was never legally married to him. The parties interested say that the fight will be to a finish. On behalf of Mrs. Hurn, who is represented by Attorney Oliver D. Burden of Syracuse, it is claimed that she has a marriage certificate showing that she and Henry Hurn were married by a clergyman in this city May 25, 1901. The right of the widow not only to be administratrix, but also to her third interest in the estate, is involved. This consists of a house and lot valued at $4,000 to $5,000, other real estate and money in the bank, besides other personal property. Mrs. Hurn formerly lived in Erieville, Madison county.

Throat Coughs

A tickling in the throat; hoarseness at times; a deep breath irritates it;—these are features of a throat cough. They're very deceptive and a cough mixture won't cure them. You want something that will heal the inflamed membranes, enrich the blood and tone up the system ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

Scott's Emulsion

is just such a remedy. It has wonderful healing and nourishing power. Removes the cause of the cough and the whole system is given new strength and vigor ∴ ∴

Send for free sample

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street, New York
50c. and $1.00. All druggists

The Changes of Time.

A century ago it was respectable to be old; children were brought up to venerate old age; the schoolboys were instructed to lift their hats and the school girls were taught to courtesy whenever an old man or woman passed them. Everybody gave way to old age; the warmest place by the fireside and the softest chair in the house belonged to grandfather, and if grandmother lost her spectacles or dropped a stitch in her knitting work, young hands and young eyes were always ready to serve her. Father used always to be consulted in all business matters, and mother's advice and counsel were heeded and respected. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" was taught to the children along with the lesson of the "first man" and "first woman." Reverence for age was inculcated from infancy and the reckless youth who would have dared to venture a scoff at the expense of old age and grey hairs and tottering footsteps would have felt the rod of which Solomon was the advocate. How is it now? Father is the "old man" or "the governor;" mother is the "old woman." Young men in their strength and thoughtlessness push rudely past the aged in all our public places and assemblies, and occupy comfortable seats in our street cars and railway carriages while the old man and woman stand, unsteadily supporting themselves by canes or crutches. Young ladies, rosy and blooming, just as that poor old tottering woman once was, will crowd her away from the fire in all our public halls and laugh with their gay young companions when her scanty garments meet their eye. Old age, grey hairs and wrinkles are laughed at, and young America goes on all unmindful of the fact that a few more springs of bloom, a few more autumns of decay will bring grey hairs to take the place of the brown locks upon his temples and wrinkled furrows to displace the bloom upon his smooth forehead. Old age is what we are all coming to—nothing can save us from it but the grave—and if in the coming years when feebleness and decay shall fall upon us, we would be respected and cared for by those around us, let us now in our youth and strength be thoughtful of the aged, for it is not truer that God liveth than is the divine assertion, "What measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Obituary.

The death of Mrs. Lavinia Goodyear on August 10, 1906, at her home at Goodyears Corners in the town of Genoa, N. Y., brought grief to many friends. She was of New England ancestry, being born at Fairfield, Conn., on Feb. 3, 1818, thus having reached the age of 88 years. She moved from Connecticut with her parents, Warren and Mabel Squires, when she was about 16 years of age to the town of Genoa, N. Y., and here she remained for the rest of her days. She had lived in the home where she died for fifty-two years. On Dec 14, 1837, she was married to Sidney Goodyear, who died Feb. 23, 1890.

During the pastorate of Rev. W. N Cobb, in 1857, she was converted and united with the M. E. church at West Genoa. During all the years since then she has been known as a consistent and devoted Christian, and she maintained her deep interest in the church until the last Her religion was of that quiet and deep nature that all who knew her never doubted its intense reality; it was her comfort in daily life, a greater comfort in the years of declining and failing strength, and loneliness. She died as she had lived in that quiet confidence in God that assures of a blessed immortality. She is survived by one son, Sidney S Goodyear, Jr., who with his family have greatly cheered her declining years, also two daughters, Mrs. Alice Young of Ithaca, N. Y., and Mrs. Lillie Dean of Lansing, N. Y.

Starved? Our Quinine Hair Tonic is a hair food. It makes the hair grow because it furnishes the natural hair nourishment. Cures dandruff. 50 cents. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn

☞Bring your legal printing to this office; we can save you money on it

From Nearby Towns.

Interesting Items Gathered Among the Neighboring Villages.

Five Corners.

SEPT. 18—Every one is wishing for rain

E. L. Close spent a few days in Auburn last week.

Mrs. Andrews of Canandaigua is a guest at George Jump's and James DeRemer's.

A little son came to gladden the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Fenner on Friday, Sept. 14.

E. B. Stewart, wife and children and Mrs. A. Rosecrans and son spent Sunday at Ensenore

Mrs. Hannah Stephenson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Ogden, near Cortland for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Beardsley returned last Friday after visiting relatives and friends at different places for two weeks.

School commenced Monday with F B. Stewart as teacher.

The L. A. Society of North Lansing will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Barger next week Wednesday, Sept. 26. Dinner will be served. A very cordial invitation is extended.

Louise, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Fenner, is under the care of Dr. Rosecrans.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cole of Buffalo are guests of S. S. Goodyear and family this week.

Henry Barger and daughter Iva of Ludlowville were Sunday guests of his parents here.

Miss Mattie DeRemer commenced her school at Belltown on Monday.

Mrs. Howard Beardsley and little daughter Camilla of North Lansing were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. G, Barger a few days last week.

The W. C. T. U. tea which was to have been held the last Wednesday in this month has been postponed until Wednesday, Oct. 3, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Wager at Belltown.

Mrs. Chas. Davis of North Lansing was a guest of Mrs. C. G. Barger the first of this week

Mrs. John Palmer is spending a few days in Syracuse.

We wish our road commissioner would travel the hill from Five Corners down to the Forks of the Creek. The stones make it terrible to ride over

Mrs. Louisa Sickles who has been visiting friends near here returns to her home in Utica Wednesday.

North Lansing.

SEPT. 19—The Ladies' Aid Society are invited to meet with Mrs. Chas. Barger at Five Corners on Wednesday, Sept. 26. Dinner will be served

Mrs. Mary A. Small has returned from a ten days' trip into Pennsylvania

Mr. and Mrs. Brandow of Middlesex, N. Y., are visiting Mr and Mrs. Small.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Auburn are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bower were in Venice Saturday and Sunday.

Charles Bacon is visiting friends in the western part of the state.

Lansingville.

SEPT. 17—The schools at Lansingville and in the German district commenced last Monday.

Rev. H. A. Carpenter, a former pastor here, and who has been preaching in Colorado for the past three years, visited his old charge here last Sunday and gave a very interesting talk about his work in the West.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet with Mrs. Mary Dates on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 27.

A chicken pie social will be held at Grange hall on Wednesday evening, Sept. 26 A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mrs. Tuthill is spending several days with her daughter, Mrs. George Atwater, at Moravia

Portuondo Cigars. Juan F. Portuondo Chicos, 7 for 25 cts. Perfectos, 7 for 50 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

King Ferry.

SEPT. 19—School commenced Monday with Herbert Bradley and Miss Gertrude Peckham as teachers.

Born, Sept. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. John Mahaney, a son

Miss Katie Detrick will teach at Canoga the coming year.

Rev. and Mrs. Gilt of Charlotte visited her brother, G. H. Mitchell and family, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Shaw spent Sunday with their daughter in Ithaca.

Horace Goodyear of Auburn spent Sunday with his brother, L. A Goodyear.

Mrs. Hannah Andrews has returned to her home in Buffalo, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Judith Hilliard.

Will Morey of Cortland was calling on friends here last week.

B. Brown has returned to his home in Utica

Christa Fallon of Ithaca is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Fallon.

Mr and Mrs. S. S. Parsons returned to their home at Whitney Point last Wednesday.

Miss Jennie Avery returned from Canada last week.

Adelbert Smith is quite feeble.

Mrs. Robert Armstrong of Genoa and Mrs Jennie Moe Davis and Mrs. Ellen A. Atwater of Ohio were guests of Mrs. George A. Brown on Tuesday.

Dr Dommett, dentist will be at King Ferry on Friday afternoon, Sept. 28.

Cortland.

SEPT. 17—The cool days after the heated term were very acceptable.

A large crowd went to the State fair Wednesday morning. Two trains of twelve cars each went over the D., L. & W., and every later train was crowded

Misses Antoinette Bradley and Emily Atwater have returned to the Normal.

The City Christian Endeavor Union gave a reception to Normal students Monday evening.

The entering class at the Normal this year is 100 now and probably more will enter later. Of that number 93 are girls.

H. F. Benton and daughter, Mrs. A. F. Stilson, are spending some time at Slaterville.

Frank Cole, formerly of Cortland, a candy maker in the employ of F. H. Cobb, but of late of Ithaca, was taken violently insane near Freeville and will probably have to go to a state hospital.

The single men of the Knights of Columbus defeated the married men in a game of baseball on the Normal grounds Friday. Score 10 to 8.

One hundred Italian bean pickers employed by Yager & Halstead, returned to Syracuse Saturday.

Local huntsmen are spending the day looking for partridges.

Charles M. Dilthey of San Francisco is visiting his brother and Sunday evening spoke in the Free Methodist church on his experience during the fire.

There was a band concert at Little York Sunday afternoon.

The Traction company run cars to Preble every half hour Sunday afternoon.

Indian Field.

SEPT. 19—W. W. Potter of Auburn and his uncle, Dr. Howard Paine, of Glens Falls visited at Mrs. Sarah Potter's on Saturday.

Miss Nellie Haines of Poplar Ridge is teaching the school in Dist. No. 2 in place of Elijah Eaton this term.

Mrs. Scantleberry who has been a guest of Mr. George Stevens and family has returned to her home in Auburn. Mr. Stevens and daughter Alice accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Purinton, Jr., have gone to reside in Ithaca, where Mr. Purinton will learn the carpenter's trade.

☞Try THE TRIBUNE job print.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

A wholesome cream of tartar baking powder. Makes the finest, lightest, best flavored biscuit, hot-breads, cake and pastry.

Alum and alum-phosphate powders are injurious. Do not use them. Examine the label.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

East Genoa.

SEPT. 19—School began Monday with a good attendance.

Guy and Margaret Washburn have returned to their home at Syracuse after spending the summer at F. Stamer's.

Miss Ida Haskell began her school at Forks of the Creek this week.

The men employed on the Miller telephone line are boarding at F. Bothwell's while at work in this vicinity.

The Aid society at Mrs. A. Strong's was well attended. All were nicely entertained and enjoyed the bountiful repast that was prepared. The receipts were $5.85.

A poverty social with a New England supper was held at the home of Charles Upson Tuesday evening. Carl Thayer received the prize for being the most suitably dressed for the occasion. All had an excellent time and lots of pumpkin pie, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Younglove and Mr. and Mrs Bert Smith were among those who attended the Dryden fair.

Miss Helen Sill is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Ida Hand.

Mrs. Ann Lester of East Venice is the guest of her niece, Mrs. Charles Tupper.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet at the home of Mrs John Smith on Wednesday, Sept. 26. All will be gladly welcomed. Come and see what nice suppers the ladies serve.

Scipio.

SEPT. 19—The funeral of the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Van Liew was held on Saturday at 3 p. m. at the family residence. Rev. A. S. Yantis of Auburn officiated. The child's age was a little more than a year.

The marriage of Benjamin Kenyon of this place to Miss Margaret Curry of Corning took place in the Congregational church of that place, followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm Curry. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Frank Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wyatt, Clark Booth and C. J. Rowe of this place, Mr. and Mrs Benjamin Cogswell of Auburn and a number from Ithaca, in which city the newly married couple will reside upon their return from a trip in the West

Fleming.

SEPT. 18—Misses Addie and Augusta Howell returned to their home in Genoa yesterday, after spending a week here.

Mrs. Caroline Doan of Auburn visited Mrs. Dennis Ames last week.

Mrs. Margaret Raleigh and daughter Mae of Cleveland visited their aunt, Mrs. Martin Kinsella, last week.

Mrs. Barnett Osborn was very sick last week, but is slowly improving.

Floyd Wood of Scipio is staying at Dr. Smith's and attending the village school.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thornton visited in Rochester last week.

Mrs. Jennie Eaton of California is the guest of Laura M. Bain.

Mrs. Jennie Kinsella called on friends in town yesterday.

Mrs. P. Mullally returned home Sunday after a visit with her daughter in Auburn.

Michael O'Herron and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Peter Conley on Sunday.

John Toohill and daughter Mae of Auburn visited friends here Sunday.

☞Reply postal cards at the post office.

Story of A Failure.

By Lillian Bell.

CHAPTER I

KATE VANDEVOORT sat before a blazing fire of driftwood reading. A look of intense eagerness was on her face. Her eyes sparkled, her breath came unevenly through her parted lips. Whatever the book was, it, absorbed her thrilled her, shook her in the grasp of a great emotion. If only the author could have seen her as she breathlessly scanned the last page and flung the book aside he would have been repaid for writing it.

The book was remarkable. It was printed on thick cream paper. The type was broad and black. The illustrations wandered from the margins, straggled across the page and lost themselves among the foot notes. The cover was soft green leather lined with watered silk. The book was a delight to hold in the hand, its costly limpness yielding luxuriously to the fingers. But aside from the name the covers told nothing. Both the names of the author and the publisher were lacking. It had been privately printed as a mystery, and a complete mystery it had remained.

Kate wrung her hands together and stood up. Her figure was tall and gracious and the cut of her gown showed its splendid lines.

Her hands were long and taper and covered with rings. She leaned her arm on the mantel and drew her skirts back, revealing a slender foot in a silk stocking and high heeled satin slipper. She stared into the many colored flames of the driftwood fire and frowned.

"It is so awful not to know!" she said aloud. "Who can have written it? Who can know his Persia as Kipling knows his India? Who can have made a second Kim out of material unknown to us? I know those people! I seem to have seen and lived among them! They are human—alive—throbbing with interest to me, and yesterday Persia was only a place on a map! It makes me wild to get there! It makes me long to spread the book broadcast among the people to bring them all into a better understanding of this one portion of the Far East. Yet no one seems to have read it. I have tried in vain to discover one clew to its author. Who can have written 'The Golden Dawn?' It is written by some one who knows—some one who feels—some one who understands the God of Things as They Are!"

She paused a moment and then wrung her hands together again and added:—

"And by some one who has kept his enthusiasm pure and who has not yet lost the power to dream greatly! Ah, God! If I could only know him!"

Her eyes slowly filled with tears, which rolled humbly down her proud face. Hers was no thoughtless cry. It semed to well from a heart which had cradled its sorrow.

She was recalled by the sound of a bell. It was time to dress, for dinner was a function at Copeland House. A shiver of distaste shook her, and her eyes traveled regretfully around the great room.

But being a punctilious guest, she roused herself with a little shake, another—an every day expression passed over her face, and she rang for her maid.

CHAPTER II

"I LOVE you," whispered Cousin Lauris to Kate Vandevoort.

They were at dinner and he was her host. She turned and looked at his trembling hand fumbling with his glass.

"Your mother is trying to catch my eye," said Kate, rising.

Lauris Copeland rose also.

"I love you!" he repeated.

"Please don't, then!" said Kate, sharply.

He held the door open for her, and she passed out without looking at him. She heard the other women rustling across the polished floor. Some went to the billiard room. Kate waited until they they had disappeared, then, ignoring all obligations, she wrapped herself in a fur lined cloak and went out.

Copeland House stood on a slight elevation facing the sea. She could hear the surf pounding against the beach. The wind was rising and dark clouds were rolling up like volumes of smoke in the stormy sky. The air was moist and salty and stung her cheeks and lips. The wind whipped her skirts and ruffled her hair. Across a tiny bay the lights of the village twinkled and the booming of a bell came clearly to her ears.

She heard the house door open and close behind her, and, fearing that it was Cousin Lauris come to fetch her, she sprang down the path to the beach, regardless of her thin slippers, and ran, beating her way against the wind in the direction of the village.

She was not afraid, yet the sound of footsteps behind her lent wings to her feet and she ran until her breath gave out, then sank down behind a rock.

The man passed her hiding place and still she waited. Presently she saw him returning and heard him swear as he toiled past, cursing her roundly for the dance she had led him.

There was every reason why she should avoid him. He had been stupid enough to make love to her under his own roof and under his fiancee's eyes. It certainly was in bad taste and the easiest way out of it was to keep out of his sight.

It was too cold to sit still, so Kate got up, and holding the cloak tightly around her bare shoulders she began to run again.

But as she ran she began to sob heavily. Why should she be subjected to the indignity of being loved by nearly every man she met, whether he were free or not? She tried to be good. She tried always to do as Max, her dead lover, would have had her do. But why, why was she always unhappy—always making trouble—always a failure? Was it because she had a complexion of cream and rose and hair like the glint of an autumn sunset? Was it because her shoulders were smooth and full of the subtlest curves and her hands taper and rose tipped? Was it because her eyes were like dew drenched purple pansies? Was it because water would run under the slender arch of her instep and her waist so round and supple that no man could look upon it without a vain longing to encircle it.

A failure! Always a wretched failure, no matter how hard she strove to be of some use in the world.

Salt, bitter tears coursed down her cheeks and she smote her hands together in impotent anguish as she ran.

The village lights were quite close now, and the ugly hotel, empty of its summer patronage, loomed darkly on the heights. The bell had ceased long since and Kate stumbled against the steps of the little church before she realized where she was.

She was in one of her wild moods. The wind and mist had whipped her blood into a tumult. She wanted to do something!

As she stood there panting from her run and shaking the drops of water from her glorious hair two or three villagers came out of the church muttering discontentedly. It was too soon for the sermon to be over and Kate wondered a little, but made no effort to discover the reason.

What should she do!

If she could get a boatman it would be interesting to go out in a catboat. There was more than a chance of being drowned. The wind tore her cloak from her grasp and blew it across the church porch. She hurried after it and put it on again, just as the door swung open and a dozen others of the congregation came out.

In that open door flash Kate saw the half empty church and the silhouette of the clergyman. Evidently he was not pleasing his hearers and his congregation was slipping away one by one.

Instantly her woman's heart was touched by the plight of the young man, who evidently was a stranger. The thought of Max, her soldier dead years ago, whose influence still dominated her even in her wild moods, swept across her consciousness, and as the door opened once more to allow a few more to escape Kate put the indecorums of a bonnetless woman in church behind her, and, entering, she walked down the aisle and took one of the front seats.

The clergyman palpably hesitated as she approached him. Drops of water sparkled in her auburn hair. She was still drawing deep breaths from her run and her cheeks were flushed like crimson roses.

Kate looked full into the eyes of Max risen from the dead. And they thrilled her as her heart had not been thrilled since the news of his death had been brought to her.

The voice was different, but it was rich and magnetic. She sat there in an agony.

The man was speaking in an impassioned way, but his words flew over his hearers' heads. He was failing more and more to hold them. They coughed and shuffled their feet, then frankly muttered among themselves. The young people near the door began to slip away. The clergyman saw them and halted. Kate raised her head and looked up at him. He paused suddenly, hesitated again, then closed the Bible and began to pray. She understood his agony—the agony of failure— and she knew that she had contributed to it by coming. Why had she been so mad as to come to church, of all places? It was because she had always obeyed when Max prompted. But this time it seemed as if she had mistaken her own rasa inclination to add one patient listener to a discomfited clergyman, for a promuting which hitherto had never failed.

The voice of the speaker wavered and broke under cover of the sound of it Kate made her way out. She looked back when she reached the door and saw his outstretched arms reached toward her in the benediction. She turned and fled.

All at once she stopped and waited. She seemed suddenly to know that he would follow her, and as she stood waiting the devil went out of her and left her with a thrill of expectancy and longing to know what was coming. The fulness of life which for years had evaded her so persistently seemed approaching out of the darkness on the wings of the wind. She stood still and realized that she had looked into a human soul and that it had fearlessly bared the face of its agony to her.

A failure! He was a failure and was coming to tell her so. He was a clergyman and accustomed to the confession of sick souls; why should she not confide in him the story of her own miserable, futile existence? A man with the eyes of Max and the voice of an archangel, tremulous with feeling, rich and resonant to tremble across the strings of a woman's heart!

She smiled a little as she heard hurried footsteps approaching, to realize that twice in one evening had men followed her through the rain and mist. No matter how serious the event, matters always took on a humorous twist to Kate Vandevoort. That is why she had not died long ago. Many women would have done so who had borne half the burden of grief and woe, despite her wealth and beauty.

But no sooner had she smiled than her breath caught in her throat with a choke. The man with a suffering soul was seeking comfort at her hands and she stepped forth from the shadows and faced him.

It was no time or place for preliminary speech or idle compliment. Kate's hands clutched at her cloak to prevent his seeing that her shoulders were bare. Her thin slippers were soaked through and she wore no hat.

The rain had ceased and the moon struggled out from behind the ragged clouds, lighting Kate's face into an unearthly beauty. Her hair formed an aureole above it, as faces of the saints are framed by those who love their beauty well enough to transfer it to canvas.

The man's rugged, strong features were partly in the shadow, but his earnest, painfully glowing eyes burned straight through her into her soul.

He held out his hand and fearlessly she laid hers into his. He gazed at her long and earnestly. Then:—

"You came to me to-night in the hour of my great need," he said brokenly. "I was a failure."

"A failure!" Her very words to herself about herself as her flying feet led her to the door of the church. Kate drew her breath sharply.

"No more of a failure than I am," she said in her tense voice. "I came to you to seek help for my broken life."

His hands closed convulsively over the one she had given him. Then he started.

"Your cloak is wet! You are cold—shivering!" he cried. "What have you on your feet, child? Slippers! Foolish little slippers! You are risking your very life standing here. Come with me."

His tone was peremptory; there was no gainsaying it. He half led, half carried Kate to the door of his inn.

"I have a sitting room where visitors may come. You must dry your shoes and be sent home in a carriage. How could you be so careless? Have you no mother?"

They were in his brightly lighted little parlor by this time and he was quietly forcing her into a chair and stirring the fire into a more cheerful blaze.

Kate shook her head and tears filled her eyes.

"Nor I," said the man, struggling out of his coat and coming closer to stand at her side "If I had her heart would have broken to-night at the sight of my failure. I am glad she is dead," he added solemnly.

Kate said nothing, but the tears which had filled her eyes ran down her cheeks. As she lifted her hand to dry them her cloak slipped back, revealing her lovely bare shoulders in her low cut dinner gown.

The man stepped forward to the mantel and looked down at her.

"Kate Vandevoort!" he cried. "How could I have been so stupid as not to recognize you before from your photographs, the painting of you by Sargent. I saw it in London last year."

Kate looked up at him with startled eyes.

London! Who could this man be—this humble clergyman who knew all about her and spoke so familiarly about London?

"Yes, I am Kate Vandevoort, but—"

"Who am I?" he supplemented. "I am Dearborn Hammersley."

He said it smiling, but Kate started.

She had never seen him before, the young millionaire who had gone to live in the slums, but she knew all his people—she had travelled in Europe with his sister. She had seen his photograph often in those days, but he had changed. His eyes were more patient, his mouth sadder, the lines of his face deepened as if by suffering. Instinctively she reached out and their hands met.

"So you are a failure," she said softly. Then leaning forward in her chair she flung her arms wide and cried, "Then why don't you give it up and begin to be a success! Try to do something you love!"

A transfiguring look of gladness and relief swept over the man's face. Then he shook his head, Kate's eyes, purplish black with excitement swept him.

"You hate it—what you are doing," she cried. "You don't care for the slums. Odors and foul sights sicken you. You were cut out for something different. You long to do something else. Why don't you?"

"How you read me!" he said wonderingly. Then his face fell. "This is my duty," he said.

"Who said so?" cried Kate.

"My mother did. She was a Puritan. She always said that what one wants to do is never one's duty, because duties are never agreeable."

Kate laughed scornfully.

"The Puritans are responsible for many of the failures, then," she said, "for one never does well what one hates. To be a success in life you must love your work. You have buried your gold in a napkin and you are exercising your weakest talent, while your strongest lie fallow. A man like you a failure! What nonsense! You are born to succeed, but in what? What work would you love?"

Again the transfiguring look swept over his face. Unconsciously he squared his shoulders.

"I should love to go back to Persia. I went around the world after I left college and stayed two years in Persia. I studied the people. They are wonderful. The East calls me—it calls me day and night. I have half of two books written on things I studied there. But then it was too pleasant, so I know I wasn't fulfilling life's highest—"

He paused suddenly, startled by the look of glad eagerness in Kate's face.

"You!" she cried. "You are the one! You wrote it! I might have known!"

"What do you mean?" he said, a dark flush rising to his lean brown face.

"I have been with you all day," Kate went on, with growing excitement. "I know your people. I seemed to have lived among them. They are real to me—more real than I am myself. And more human!"

Her voice sank at the last words. The flush remained in Hammersley's face, but it was the flush of conscious triumph. He seemed a man who after years of patient but vain seeking had suddenly come into his own.

"You have read it, then?" he asked timidly.

Kate's eager manner swept away his humility.

"Read it!" she cried. "I have devoured it, wept it, laughed it, sung it, lived it! I never read such a book! And you—you its author, its creator, one struggling with a problem you are no more fitted to cope with than a baby. Why for you, with your creative genius, your power to make alive, to preach to the most ignorant class you can possibly reach, is as absurd as it would be to elect Mrs. Browning the corresponding secretary of a woman's club and tell her not to bother with writing any more sonnets to the Portuguese!"

Hammersley flung out his head and laughed outright. It was a hearty, cheerful, boyish laugh, and Kate, feeling its contagious quality, joined.

Then the shadow of failure crept over his features again.

"If I only dared believe you!" he said.

"Oh, but you must," cried the woman. "Think now what a joy it would be to go back—to study—and to write! Leave the slums to those who know how to get at the heart of the common people. They know you don't love them—that's why they won't listen to you. They feel, in their blind way, that Persia—the Orient—is written on your heart—that's why you don't succeed. Think a moment. Could you succeed in writing a great book on the Persians if your heart were in Mott Street? There are those who love the settlement work. They succeed in life. Leave it to them!"

Hammersley did not speak. He still stood leaning his arm on the mantel and looking down—but listening—listening to hear every word.

Kate rose and took a step toward him. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Why should you torture yourself?" she said gently. "You surely have the wrong idea of God and His will. Why do you take your Puritan mother's idea of religion? Why not think out one for yourself?"

"My mother thought there was only one way of doing right and that was her way," he said tenderly. "I loved her."

"Yes, I know," said Kate quietly. "But most Puritans think that. I often wonder about the clash there will be in heaven when they all get together and wrangle about how so many outsiders got there!"

Hammersley laughed.

"You are morbid," Kate went on. "Come out into the sunlight of common sense and—and happiness."

"Happiness?" he said eagerly. Then he stopped.

"Tell me," he said with a mystic shadow creeping into his eyes, which Kate had noticed once before, "tell me, do you think it strange, your meeting with me to-night after reading my book all day?"

For a moment Kate's eyes flamed into his. Then she lowered her gaze.

"No," she said softly. "I—I was expecting it. My spirit called you—called aloud to you while it was still in Persia in Golden Dawn. I knew I should meet you some time, and I think, I am not sure, but I think I expected to meet you to-night!"

Her voice sank almost to a whisper, and in low tones he made answer:—

"It is too soon to say so, perhaps, but this night has shown me that my happiness lies where you are!"

"Wait," she said, "you know nothing about me—the real me. Let me tell you and then see."

[Continued on page 7]

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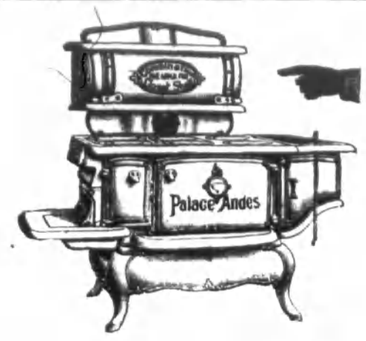

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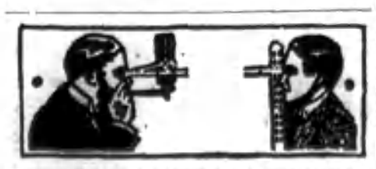

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AUBURN, N. Y.

Love Is Enough

By O. R. PHELPS

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"Shut your eyes tight while I tell you a story," Alwyn commanded. "It begins as stories ought always to begin, 'Once upon a time' "—

"Dear me! I know I shan't like it. Those 'once upon a time' things have grown to be such a bore!" Lolita murmured plaintively, but without in the least checking the story teller.

He ran on, his eyes fixed high above her head, "A foolish fellow, foolisher than the common, set himself to hate wisdom, whose other name is woman"—

"He got his come-uppance, of course. They always do in stories, never out of them," Lolita interjected dispassionately.

This time Alwyn laughed. "Whose other name is woman—woman," he repeated with all the emphasis of capitals. "But you're dead wrong. He got no come-uppance. It was rather his ill luck to come down very hard—so hard he groveled in the dust when one particular woman looked him over without seeing him. That has happened, let me see, about three times a day for full six weeks. Result"—

"One hundred and twenty-six grovels, if your figures can be trusted. I doubt it. I doubt, indeed, if there is anything trustworthy about you," Lolita flashed at him, with a smile so coyly engaging it took all the sting from her speech. "Suppose you stop being tiresome," she went on. "I don't ask you to be sensible, I'm so far from sensible myself. But let's get away from the eternal me. There must be such lots of things better worth while."

"What will you have? Shall I discourse on 'ships and shoes and sealing wax and cabbages and kings?'" Alwyn asked, his voice submissive enough, but dancing rebellion in his eyes.

Lolita smiled demurely. "I think," she said, with an air of grave reflection, "if you don't mind, I had rather hear things about Gordon Fleming."

"There's nothing I can tell you—he's so openly, so offensively, so disgustingly rich—and so patiently in love with you," Alwyn burst out.

Lolita gave him a sidewise look. "Are you sure?" she murmured. "Don't you see it would be cruel to experiment with my credulity?"

"As cruel as your experiments with my affection?" Alwyn flung back at her, trying to speak tragically, but laughing in spite of himself. What a rogue she was to play with him so. She loved him almost as he loved her. It had been instantaneous—they had hardly more than looked at each other when eye spoke to eye, heart to heart. But she had flouted him daintily all along, thereby making him more than ever captive. And he in turn had teased and vexed her, now with exaggerated and open devotion, now with reproofs for wholly imaginary faults. Really he did not think she could own a fault—she seemed to him perfect and altogether lovely. But in spite of his overcoming, he had wit enough to see that tame and abject devotion would never suit her—he must show himself a man of spirit and temper else he would be no man for her.

It was ten days since they had come together at the Glenwold house party, ten blissful days of Lolita and love. Incidentally there had been walks, rides, drives, golfing and moonlit maunderings. Mrs. Arklow, Glenwood's chatelaine, had looked on in smiling approval. Lolita had but a scant fortune, and Alwyn, though not overrich, was clearly at the beginning of a great career. Were not the Flemings, father and son, behind him, the Flemings who had millions in hand and the potentiality of other millions in their mere approval? Gordon Fleming, the son, was well in the middle age; he had married very early—as had his father before him—but it had turned out very badly. In a year there had been a separation, later the threat of divorce, but fate stepped in to save the family pride. The wife sailed away on a ship that went down at sea. She had not been heard of in the fifteen years since, so it was safely assumed that she was among the lost. None of the few survivors had any knowledge of her; she was, moreover, so slight and frail she could hardly have lived through the terror.

Morally and legally her husband was free—to love, to woo, to marry, if he chose. So far he had not chosen. Indeed, until Lolita came in his way women had been to him as shadows—shadows which must be well and tenderly used, but given no further thought. Her freshness, her unspoiled fairness, her simple natural charm, had swept him off his feet as completely as they had bowled over Alwyn. At first he had seemed to see how the land lay between the pair and contented himself with standing aside to watch their delight in each other. But for three days past he had shown a disposition to enter the lists—a disposition which roused in Alwyn rather pity than apprehension. Lolita knew—that was his sure hope—knew what it was to love, to be loved. All Fleming's millions were no offset to the knowledge. Still, it did no harm to make believe he was in fear of them.

Lolita looked at him in silence for a minute, her face the while subtly changing. It smiled still, but with no mirth in the smile, and the dimples and curves somehow shaped themselves to firmer lines. At last she said abruptly:

"Don't you see I have to marry him? If I don't, I shall marry you, and that will be your ruin. Don't interrupt. I must say it all at once—I have not promised, but that's how it will end. Last night I had a letter, a home letter. You know we're desperately poor rich folk, which is much worse than being poor outright. Mother has heard how things are. That made her tell me things—things I had never guessed—of debts, privations, humiliations she has endured to make me what I am, something to retrieve our fortunes. Mr. Fleming has written asking her leave to court me. She gave it, of course, in her own dignified, diplomatic way. I am free to choose. If I choose to take him the choice will meet her approval. Oh, I know it all by heart"—

"I know by heart you are not going to do it. You can't," Alwyn broke in, his face gray and lined. Lolita looked away from him, shaking her head. But after a minute she sprang up, saying, with a laugh that was half a sob: "Come, I want one more walk—down past the dovecot. And while we walk we won't talk or think of things."

"Least of all Gordon Fleming," Alwyn said, taking her hand. But somehow it proved easier to say than to do it. By the time they came opposite the dovecot Fleming's name had been many times on their lips.

The dovecot was a detached cottage set thickly about with trees and flowering shrubs and so stoutly hedged passersby got but glimpses of the interior. The house was smothered in vines, and either upon the piazza or in a small sunny lawn space upon clear days there appeared a wheel chair with a helpless man in it and a woman, slight and frail, hovering about him. Today she was invisible, although the chair stood in its usual place. Sight of it, thus desolate, somehow hushed the pair who walked outside. A feeling of something imminent fell upon them. It was hardly a surprise to find the woman herself standing with the gate half open or to have her beckon them inside.

"I heard what you were saying—you two—I could not help it—there in the raspberry thicket," she said abruptly; then, her eyes fast on Lolita's face, "And I had to call you in—because—because I am Gordon Fleming's wife—and I couldn't see you, so young, so fresh, make a bitter mistake."

"His wife!" Alwyn echoed, with staring eyes. "Why, his wife has been at the bottom of the sea this long, long time."

"So he believes; so he must always believe," the woman said hushedly, with a backward glance at the sleeping occupant of the chair. "I should be there if I had gone on that ship, but I didn't sail; I was not strong enough. Listen. I married without love, and I did love somebody else, yet that was not what made the break. I never saw the man I loved until it was all over with my husband. Gordon is a good man, but we did not suit. He is unyielding. If you do not bend to him you must break. And I was impatient and quick spoken and young and unhappy. He could not understand my unhappiness when he had given me so much. He gave me everything but liberty to enjoy it in my own way. If I had not left him I should have killed myself. That might have been better, yet I can't be sorry when I look there."

As she spoke she waved her hand toward the sleeper. "He would have nothing, nobody, if I had died," she murmured, her voice breaking from its tense hardness. "I was going away to escape him. Then at the very last I heard that he had been so hurt he would never walk again. I went to him at once. I have been with him ever since. The ship went down. It seemed the only kindness, the best return I could make Gordon, to let him think I was among the lost. I should never have spoken to any one in any other case. Don't, don't," laying a light and withered hand timidly on Lolita's arm, "let anything make you go against your heart. There are women made to be bartered. You are not of them. Believe me, I am happier here—nurse, drudge, sole stay of a human wreck—than was or would be the mistress of millions with a dead heart in my breast."

Alwyn bared his head. Lolita drew the wasted face to her breast and held it there while her tears rained down upon it. "How can I thank you for saving me?" she whispered at last.

The woman gently loosed herself from the girl's clasp and pointed toward the gate. "Go and forget that you came in and all things save one," she said. "But remember love is enough and only love!"

The Gray Parrot.

The home of the gray parrot, an interesting but sadly ill used creature, is in sunny central Africa, from the Kongo and Guinea coast to the east of Lake Nyassa. Here the "pretty Pollies" fly in flocks, as rooks and pigeons do in England, for they are very friendly birds. The birds when caught are huddled together and carried to the coast. Such as are still alive on reaching it are packed, generally without mercy or pity, in the holds of ships or are stowed away in any corner on board where space can be found, to suffer torments from want of air, want of light, want of proper food and space to spread their wings, and, worst of all, lack of water, which they dearly love. The wings of many wretched, suffering birds brought to this country are tied so as to prevent them from fluttering and spoiling their beauty. Choking, gasping, stifling from heat or shivering with damp and cold, hundreds upon hundreds die on their way to this country. It has been said by a famous bird fancier that hardly one in a thousand survives the terrible sufferings which gray parrots undergo on their way from their own land to the cage in England.—Our Animal Brothers.

THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.,
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

MICHIGAN INNOVATION.

Important Addition to the State Grange of the Wolverene State.

That the work of the information bureau of the Michigan state grange is a marked success is attested by the amount of transactions through this bureau. While the fiscal year does not close until Nov. 1, the following figures will give some idea of the work:

During the past year this department has sold over a million acres of real estate, 1,000 head of cattle, 2,000 horses, 10,000 sheep, 20,000 hogs and a vast amount of poultry and eggs. Three thousand bushels of clover and timothy seed were also purchased, four carloads of potatoes were shipped to the east, forty-five carloads of cedar posts were purchased for patrons and 5,000 pounds of cheese sold for them, and large transactions in binder twine could have been made, but this article and certain others on which the state grange has contracts the bureau does not handle.

The managers are endeavoring to complete arrangements whereby they can ship direct to eastern markets hay, grain, etc. There has been a great deal of secondhand machinery exchanged, but as to the number and value of these transactions definite information is wanting.

It would seem to be a matter of interest to other state granges to take up a similar work, or perhaps for the national grange to provide a national grange bureau of information, based on the Michigan information bureau. Surely there is some practical work being done by this young offspring of the Michigan grange.

TRUE GRANGE SPIRIT.

We Too Often Look For It In the Wrong Places.

The spirit of the grange is not a will-o'-the-wisp, says Miss Jennie Buell, secretary of the Michigan state grange, writing to the Fruit Belt. It is tangible and can be grasped and comprehended. The trouble is we too often look for the spirit of the grange in the wrong places. We run across some carping, dyspeptic Patron or visit some weak kneed, disheartened little grange, and we say, "Behold the grange—what a frazzled out, dispirited thing it is!" We look for the bow of promise in the storm and fail to find it, for it is above and beyond. So the true spirit of the grange is not to be searched for in the thick of the fight nor in single instances. If present at all it shines out after the smoke of battle has risen. It is what predominates in a majority of granges and is not the absence of spirit in any solitary one.

"The Lord was not in the earthquake or fire, but in the still small voice." The spirit of the grange is calm second thought, uniting all in essentials, giving all fullest liberty in nonessentials and striving to nurture in all that charity that persuades how wondrously alike and human we all are.

Looked at, the grange may disclose nothing to you. Hold it as a telescope to your eye, and, lo, long years of consistent endeavor unfold, longest in time and widest in extent of any kindred movement, during which time a multitude of men and women, "united by the strong and faithful tie of agriculture," have labored for the good of their Order, their country and mankind. The band of purpose has been laid in their random lives and their latent capabilities touched to activity and accomplishment. It has been a great thing. A tremendous work is being wrought. Let no one disclaim it or look at it in the small.

"To develop a better and higher manhood" has always and ever must be the rally cry of conquering progress in the grange, and, in so far as each Patron strives to prove this true in his individual life, so far does the true spirit of the grange body as a whole reveal itself to him as a reality—sure, magnanimous and abiding.

"Denatured," Not "Denaturized."

When will our grange speakers, the agricultural press and the newspapers get through using the word "denaturized" as descriptive of alcohol when rendered unfit for use as a beverage and medicinal purposes? We do not believe the word "denaturized" can be found in any good dictionary. The correct word is "denatured."

An Unusual Event.

At the meeting of the Carroll county (N. H.) Pomona grange it was a notable fact that thirty-four Patrons rode eighteen miles over the mountains to attend, and there were present two families containing four generations each, sitting in one meeting at the same time.

National Lecturers' Topics.

OCTOBER.

What are the objects and purposes of farmers' institutes, and is their value appreciated by the farmers in general?

Why should the 4th of December be observed as the birthday of the Order?

How can the farm ice supply be best provided?

NOVEMBER.

Do farmers send their boys to the agricultural college as generally as they ought to, and, if not, why?

What are the advantages derived by a grange from the ownership of a grange hall?

What have farmers to be thankful for this year?

DECEMBER.

Should agricultural fairs be given state aid for their support?

Have we made the grange hall a true type of a grange home?

Have we made our farm home a true type of a farm home?

No one would buy a sailboat with sails that could not be reefed. There is always that possibility of a little too much wind that makes a cautious man afraid to go unprovided. The thinking man, whose stomach sometimes goes back on him, provides for his stomach by keeping a bottle of Kodol for Dyspepsia within reach. Kodol digests what you eat and restores the stomach to the condition to properly perform its functions. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa.

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Election Notice.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

Albany, July 31, 1906.

TO THE CLERK OF THE COUNTY OF CAYUGA:

SIR—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that, at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next (November 6th) the following officers may be lawfully voted for, to-wit:

A Governor, in the place of Frank W. Higgins.

A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Matthew Linn Bruce.

A Secretary of State, in the place of John F. O'Brien.

A Comptroller, in the place of Otto Kelsey, resigned.

A Treasurer, in the place of John G. Wallenmeier, Jr.

An Attorney-General, in the place of Julius M. Mayer.

A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Henry A. Van Alstyne.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

A Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of Edwin A. Nash, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

A Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of William W. Clark, appointed by the Governor in the place of John F. Parkhurst, deceased, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

A Representative in the Sixtieth Congress of the United States for the 31st Congressional District, composed of the counties of Cayuga, Ontario, Wayne and Yates.

A Senator for the 41st Senate District, composed of the counties of Cayuga, Seneca and Yates.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY.

One Member of Assembly.

A County Clerk, in the place of Cicero J. Warne, appointed by the Governor in place of George W. Benham, resigned.

A County Treasurer, in the place of Gerritt V. Loughborough.

Three Coroners, in the place of Louis F. O'Neill, George F. Weber and Charles Atwood.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of office of the Secretary of State, at the City of Albany, this thirty-first day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.

[SEAL]

JOHN F. O'BRIEN,
Secretary of State.

TO CICERO J. WARNE, County Clerk of Cayuga County:

DEAR SIR—You will please take notice that at the election to be held on November 6, 1906, the following city officers, of and within the city of Auburn are to be elected, who take their respective offices in January, 1907, at the end of the terms of the respective officers whom they are elected to succeed, viz.:

One Assessor, to succeed Samuel L. Compton.

Two Constables, to succeed Joseph D. Bixby and Charles H. Hapeman.

J. S. HANLON, City Clerk,
City of Auburn.

State of New York, } ss:
County of Cayuga, }

I, C. J. Warne, Clerk of the County of Cayuga, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a correct copy of the notices of election of officers, filed in my office by the Secretary of the State of New York and the City Clerk of the city of Auburn.

Witness my hand and official seal, this 1st day of August, 1906.

[SEAL]

C. J. WARNE,
Cayuga County Clerk.

Painless DENTISTRY.

Teeth without plates a specialty. Old roots and discolored teeth restored to beauty and usefulness, by my new system of Crown and Bridge work. Teeth extracted without pain. Also the making of artificial teeth a Specialties.

At King Ferry, Friday, Sept. 28.

H. M. Dommett, Dentist,
Union Springs, N. Y.

Are You a Clothes Critic?

YOU may be just as particular, critical, "fussy," as you like about your clothes; we'll suit you.

With our immense stock of

Beautiful Patterns,

we can fit and suit the most exacting of customers.

MOSHER, GRISWOLD & COMPANY,

87-89 Genesee St., Auburn.

FIGHTING INSECTS.

Soil Preparation Is a Most Important Means Upon Its Use.

Soil preparation is one of the legitimate ways of fighting insects. There is not a reputable stockman in the country who does not understand the worthlessness of a stunted pig, a colt or lamb, and who is not aware of the necessity of keeping a young animal in a vigorous, growing condition from its birth. If this is essential with animals it is equally so with cultivated plants. It is the stunted and starved plant that is more often the prey of insects, though it cannot be said that this holds good to all cases. However, a field of young grain in a healthy growing condition will sustain without material injury an attack that a less vigorous one would not. So far as plants are concerned, it matters little whether a soil is lacking in fertility or whether this fertility is present and beyond reach. There is sufficient nutriment in a healthy seed to enable it to throw a shoot upward to light and air and rootlets downward to draw from the soil. But supposing these rootlets go about among stony clods begging, as it were, for food. Stunted plants are no more profitable than stunted animals.

A Comparison.

Take two fields of equal fertility of soil. One is plowed a considerable time before seeding and is harrowed and worked over until a thoroughly pulverized, compact seed bed is formed. Seed placed in this ground will begin to draw from it as soon as the rootlets enter it, and the plant above ground will be full of vigor. If the first shoot is destroyed by the Hessian fly the result is only to stimulate the throwing up of tillers, and the soil will sustain them. Grain sown late in such a field will soon get sufficient root growth to enable the tillers to withstand the winter.

Now, take a second field indifferently plowed and the surface smoothed over by a single harrowing that only rattled a little loose soil down into the spaces between the clods. The rootlet starts out to feed the plant, but goes begging. The single shoot thrown up is destroyed by the Hessian fly, the root is unable to find food enough among the clods to sustain tillers, no tillers are thrown up, and the plant is seriously injured by what in no other case resulted rather beneficially than otherwise.—D. A. Brodie.

Suggestions For Culverts.

Where flat stones are at hand the best culvert that can be made is shown in Fig. 1. It is often necessary, however, to bridge a stream across which a single flat stone will not reach.

The plan shown in Fig. 1 may be used to advantage. The

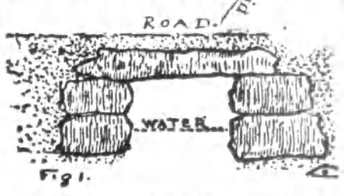


Fig. 1.

CULVERT FOR SMALL STREAM.

arch and can be extended even farther than shown. The only point to be observed carefully is that the flat stones should all be broad and there is enough earth is placed above them to hold them all in place when the weight of the team is at the center of the span. Fig. 1 needs but little earth, Fig. 2 needs a heavy ballast of earth, concludes a correspondent who made these suggestions in American Agriculturist.

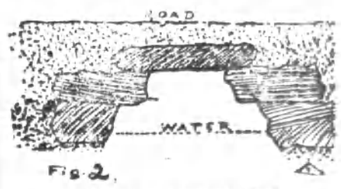


Fig. 2.

SMALL ARCH CULVERT.

Soy Beans In Silo.

If twice as much corn as legume is put in the silo, there will be less danger of getting a bad smelling ensilage than if more of the soy beans or cow peas are used, advises Country Gentleman. We have had some ensilage from mixing soy beans with corn that was very bad indeed, strong smelling and tainted milk resulting. With the mixtures indicated there would be little danger, none as far as part of the silo being filled with a corn and cowpea mixture, the remainder with corn and soy beans, is concerned. The experiments at the Wisconsin station with soy bean ensilage point to this danger of taints from fermentins begun coming no doubt from the large amount of protein, which in heating produces bad smelling compounds. Use therefore, plenty of corn with the legumes. Three loads of corn to one of the soy beans would be much safer. Thoroughly mix the two when putting into the silo.

Wheat Yields.

It is a freak year in winter wheat. Yields have exceeded all estimates. There are also faked reports being sent out of sensational yields, being circulated to depress prices. Spring wheat in the northwest is making good progress toward maturity, but there are few reports of the crop being injured by blight in South Dakota, around Watertown and through the Jim river valley. A few reports of black rust are heard of, but weather conditions have not been suitable for the spreading of black rust. Red rust has caused some deterioration by affecting the leaves and samples of the crop receive show loss of vitality. Cutting has commenced in South Dakota.—Country Gentleman.

The Genoa Tribune

Entered at the postoffice at Genoa, N. Y., as second class matter.

Friday Morning, September 21, 1906.

Political Primaries.

The Democratic caucus was held Monday at McCormick's hall, King Ferry. J. G. Barger was called to the chair, F. Sullivan was elected secretary and T. C. McCormick and W. D. Norman tellers. The following delegates were elected to the county convention: W. D. Norman, Glen A. King, George Stearns, George Boyer and Fred Fulmer. General committeemen: W. D. Norman and George Stearns. Town committeemen, W. D. Norman, A. L. Loomis, George Stearns. The delegation was not instructed, but is said to be favorable to Hearst.

At the Republican caucus on Tuesday, Alfred Lanterman was elected chairman, Alfred Avery and C. A. Imes secretaries, Jay E. Shaw and C. Hagin inspectors. Thirty-eight ballots were cast and the following delegations and committees were duly elected:

District delegates—Alfred Lanterman, Alfred Avery, F. A. Dudley, Herbert Gay, W. A. McAllaster, D. Smith, Bert R. Smith.

Assembly delegates—W. W. Atwater, Francis Hollister, James J. King, Wm. Wilcox, C. A. Ames, W. Skinner, L. B. Mead.

County delegates—S. C. Fessenden, R. Rowland, Geo. L. Ferris, H. M. [illegible], Thos. Tyrrell, F. C. Hagin, Harney Reeves.

General Committeeman—D. W. Smith.

Town Committeemen — Herbert Fay, J. H. Rease, Alfred Avery.

Kodak film developing. Tanks, all sizes for developing the different kinds of films. Let us show you. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Skull Badly Crushed.

Moravia, Sept. 19—Claude Chase of this town was found in an unconscious state in front of the hotel Aurelian at Cascade early Monday morning. Dr. F. B. Ryan was called and found the injured man to be suffering from a badly fractured skull.

He did not regain his senses and death occurred Monday evening at 9 o'clock. He was nearly 40 years of age and unmarried.

Coroner Atwood is conducting an examination.

There is some suspicion of foul play but it is generally thought that Chase was intoxicated and went into a hay loft to sleep and in some manner fell out of an open door to the ground.

Married.

BRADY—MULVANEY—At the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Ithaca, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1906, by Rev. J. Winters, Miss Margaret E. Mulvaney and Thomas J. Brady.

"To Cure a Felon"

Says Sam Kendall, of Phillipsburg, Pa., "just cover it over with Bucklen's Arnica Salve and the Salve will do the rest." Quickest cure for Burns, Boils, Sores, Scalds, Wounds, Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Chapped Hands, Sore Feet and Sore Eyes. Only 25c. at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, drug store, and the King Ferry Pharmacy. Guaranteed.

Kodaks. All the pocket styles are here ready for immediate delivery and fresh films for all sizes. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Razors. The old style at $1.00 and $1.50, the Safety Razor at $1.00 and $2.00. Let us show you. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

My Hair Ran Away

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? That would mean thin, scraggly, uneven, rough hair. Keep your hair at home! Fasten it tightly to your scalp! You can easily do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is something more than a simple hair dressing. It is a hair medicine, a hair tonic, a hair food.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ayer's

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY. }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
[SEAL.] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

When you have a cold it is well to be very careful about using anything that will cause constipation. Be particularly careful about preparations containing opiates. Use Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar, which stops the cough and moves the bowels. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa.

Green ginger root improves the flavor of preserved fruit. Sagar Drug Store Auburn.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

5 acres of cucumbers and tomatoes. Pickles at 25c per 100, any size. Tomatoes at market price, also onions, cabbage, etc. Write for price on imported Denmark D. B. Head cabbage seed. F. M. PATTINGTON, On Ridge road at Scipioville, N. Y. S. C. telephone. 18tf

Four Oxforddown ram lambs for sale. THOS TYRRELL, Genoa. 18tf

FOR SALE—Sweet Concord grapes and mild Spanish onions at the Rhodes farm. H. C. POWERS. 18t3

FOR SALE—A fine Beagle hound, well bred and a good hunter. 18w3 DAVID KINSEY, Genoa

I will pay the following prices for fruit delivered at Atwater station: 80c bu. for Seckle pears, 33c bu. for Gravenstein, pippin, snow or any good fall apples; 50c for Sheldon or any other good pears. 18w1 DAVID W KING

FOR SALE—A young Berkshire boar ready for service. 18t1 P. WALTER HURLBUT, Genoa

WANTED—A competent man for general farm work. Apply at once to GEO. B. JENKINS, Ensenore. 18t2

FOR SALE—Extra choice, large English Berkshire pigs, 6 months old, both sexes. JOHN I. BOWER, 18w2 King Ferry.

I will pay the highest market price for No 1 fall fruit and pears. 17tf R. W. ARMSTRONG, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Choice grade rye for seed. 16t4 G. W. SLOCUM, King Ferry.

The office of Dr Wm. Frost, Moravia, will be closed Saturdays until further notice. 51tf

Bring your old hens, chickens, turkeys and ducks to Hotel DeWitt on Monday night, Oct. 1, or Tuesday morning, Oct. 2, before 9 o'clock. For prices write or telephone to S. C. Houghtaling, Throopsville.

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

I. Kalet,

—manufacturer of—

FINE FURS

Furs Repaired and Remodeled in all styles.

—Dealer in—

Ladies' Tailor Made Suits, Skirts, Etc.

46 STATE STREET,

Auburn, N. Y.

INTENSE CULTURE.

It Will Give Big Crops of Potatoes, Cabbages and Hay.

From experience and extended observation I am satisfied that not only can good cultivated crops be grown for a term of years without the use of stable manures, but that large hay crops can be raised after such treatment and the fertility of a farm be increased materially.

One of the best methods and a profitable rotation in fertilizer farming in my experience has been to plow under sod in the spring, then by frequent planking and harrowing up to the first week in June prepare a faultless seed bed. One ton to the acre of high grade cabbage fertilizer should be broadcasted and harrowed in, then as near June 10 as possible plant winter cabbage seed in hills 2½ by 3 feet, using 500 pounds per acre of ammoniated fertilizer, with a low percentage of potash, in the hills. As soon as the size of the young cabbages will allow they should be thinned to one plant in a hill.

Cabbage Delights In Cultivation.

The cabbage is a vegetable that must have plenty of cultivation. Every day tillage would do it no harm, and if good culture is given a yield of eighteen to twenty tons of cut cabbages from the acre can be raised under the above treatment and with good climatic conditions. By the cellar method of storage the heads are cut close, leaving the roots in the ground, so that none of the unused fertilizer is removed and much value in the stumps and bottom leaves returned to the soil. The second year in the rotation the land is planted early to potatoes, using one ton fertilizer to the acre, half or more broadcasted.

This treatment should produce 200 to 400 bushels potatoes, varying in climatic and soil conditions. The crop should be dug as early as practicable, and if dug by machine the soil gets practically another plowing, after which the land is harrowed and immediately sown to grass without fertilizer. Following this treatment, in which two and a quarter tons high grade fertilizer have been applied to the acre and two good hoed crops removed, we can expect three years of satisfactory mowing, when the land can again be taken up or by annual top dressing with a complete top dressing fertilizer kept in grass for a much longer period. The better plan, however, is to plow up often, as a better sod is turned under and a deeper soil that holds moisture better created. If the hay is sold as a cash crop the five crops named should at a low estimation sell for $450, with a cost for fertilizer of about $83 and the farm improve in fertility under such treatment.—E. W. Sargent, Massachusetts, in New England Homestead.

SUBSOIL AND SOIL.

Transformation by Means of Turning Up Earth to Air.

In an address before a Maryland farmers' club Chief Milton Whitney of the bureau of soils said: We have a marked difference usually between the soil and the subsoil in the matter of color. The soil spreads out over the surface of the earth as a superficial covering that is somewhat darker by reason of the humus it contains than the subsoil. We are not cultivating the soil that our forefathers cultivated, but the soil can be maintained in spite of erosion. If the soil were all removed we could make artificially a new soil. You know perfectly well that if your soil were removed overnight and you had a subsoil to convert into a fertile soil you would begin if it were a garden patch by spading up the ground.

Spading is better than plowing, because it is more thorough and more efficient. So, I say, if it were a garden patch you would begin by spading, and you would throw your soil up to the air, and you would find by watching it that it would soon begin to darken—the raw, red clay would begin to darken. The lumps would first become partly dark red and partly light red, as they were originally. You could doubtless pick up some subsoil here that is on the verge of being changed to soil through the change of its organic matter into humus. Through aeration this organic matter is changed to humus and the subsoil becomes a true soil. On the piece of subsoil we are speaking of it would require about three years—unaided by manure or fertilizers, through natural means of oxidation—to convert into humus the organic matter that was there and leave the soil in good condition for crops.

Not in all cases, but in many cases you can take a raw subsoil and by spading it up—preferably, of course, with a little manure—make it productive.

You can in about three years produce a soil again where there was a subsoil before. Of course, I would not recommend this as a practical method. I should use green manure to hasten the change.

In these days of rush and hurry, courtesy is often forgotten. In the mad, pell mell rush of our life little things are done to offend that we rather remained undone. A hastily eaten meal and its resultant headache may cause us social or financial loss. The wise man or woman is the one who relieves little ills of this sort by a little dose of Kodol for Dyspepsia. It digests what you eat and puts your stomach back into shape. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa.

When two strong men come to blows, even if they are well matched, it is not a pleasing sight, but if the man who gets the worst of it will use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, he will look better and feel better in short order. Be sure you get DeWitt's. Good for everything a salve is used for, including piles. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa.

Always ready for Custom Grinding.

Bring on your grists—no delays.

Genoa Milling Co.

The Famous Silver Spray Flour____Ground Feed____Corn Corn Meal____Wheat____Chicken Supplies____Etc.

Large Stock Always on Hand.

MILLER 'PHONE.

"Snow and Colder"

will soon be the weather man's predictions. Prepare for the coming of Jack Frost and give him a warm reception with a

Sterling Range or Heater

They are the perfection in stove building. Come in; we will show you.

Any jobs of repairing or painting to be done before Winter comes? We are prepared to do the work or supply the goods.

Hagin & Peck, -- Genoa.

"Doc Gordon" 50c only here "Doc Gordon" 50c only here

"MEET ME AT THE FOUNTAIN"

ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS.

NEW GOODS

In a large variety now ready for your inspection. Every day trains from the fashion and manufacturing centers of the country are loaded with new fall merchandise for us. Every department is taking on a different appearance and everything which is new, nobby and fashionable finds its way to their separate departments. Our buyers have been in the Eastern markets for the past two weeks, looking for the latest novelties for our fall display, and you may feel assured that only the latest and most fashionable of fashion's dictates will be offered you.

New Dress Goods
New Dress Silks
New Cotton Goods
New Laces
New Dress Trimmings
New Dress Braids
New Dress Buttons

New Ribbons
New Gloves
New Linens
New Fall Suits
New Fall Jackets
New Fall Coats
New Fall Waists

New Fall Hats
New Fall Millinery
New Carpets
New Draperies
New China
New Glassware

WE INVITE YOU TO STEP IN

ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS, ITHACA, N. Y.

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.

Our Fall Goods

are now arriving and we will soon have our Fall and Winter stock complete Come in early and take advantage of the large selection. A few odds and ends in Summer Suits and Trousers at very low prices to close out.

Maks G. Shapero & Son, Genoa.

How's your stock of printed stationery?

IMPORTANT NEWS

We have just received a supply of

LIQUID VENEER

The great cleaner and renewer of Furniture, Pianos and Woodwork.

IN THE NEW SIZE

25c. BOTTLES.

G. S. AIKIN,
King Ferry, N. Y.

The Village News

Weekly Compendium of Local Happenings—

Various Items of Interest to Genoa People.

Say, kids,
what do you think
of school?
By gum,
ain't it bum?
Don't you hate
to get up
when you think
of those lessons
and
those hard seats?
But say, kids,
it's part of the game.
Some day
you'll be big
like me
and then you'll be
glad
you went to school
and learned so much.
Stick to it, kids.
Today never comes
but once.

--Read the specials.

—Eggs are 25 cents this week.

—Autumn tints are beginning to show in the foliage.

—An increased church attendance may now be expected.

—George W. Tibbits of Venice was in town on business Tuesday.

—Pretty near time for "old equinox" to poke its nose into this latitude.

—Mrs. J. H. Lynch of Denver, Colo., is spending several days at B. B. Riley's.

--Mrs. Marion Boyer of Auburn who is visiting her son George and family is very ill.

—Corn husks are not very heavy this season—an indication of a light winter, says an exchange.

Best 32 hats at Liberman & Winters,' 104 W. State St, Ithaca.

--Prepare for a change in the weather p. d. q. P. S. It arrived a little quicker than we expected.

—Mrs. W. L. Lynch and daughter Winifred of Cascade were guests at B. B. Riley's a few days recently.

—The Sunday trains on the E. C. & N. and Auburn divisions of the Lehigh Valley have been discontinued for the season.

—There was a birthday party at C. J. Foster's Friday evening, to which many of the young people were invited. All had a fine time.

—It is announced that the Erie, D., L. & W. and Lehigh Valley railroads have decided to reduce the rate of fare from 3 cents to 2½ cents per mile, the change to take place November first.

Newton work shirts and Bennett overalls. Liberman & Winters, Ithaca

—Some of the weeds along the highways of the town have been cut, as required by law, and some have not. A reader of THE TRIBUNE says that some property owners on the Locke road have complied with the request of the commissioner while others have made no effort to do so.

—Murray Slater of Detroit, Mich., is spending a few days with old friends and acquaintances in this vicinity. Mr. Slater resided in Genoa before the war and enlisted from here, but on his return from the service he moved West, and for more than thirty years served on the police force of St. Louis. This is his first visit to Genoa in more than forty years, and he finds but few familiar faces.

Full line gloves and mittens, 104 W. State St., Ithaca.

--Mrs. Julia Glover of Locke is visiting friends in town.

—Now listen to the cheerful ringing of the school bell.

—Soon the straw hat and abbreviated sleeve will have to go.

—E. H. Perkins of Moravia was a business caller in town last Friday.

—D. G. Ellison and wife of Five Corners were in the village on Friday last.

—Mrs. L. B. Norman has been quite seriously ill the past week. She is much improved.

--E. C. Hillman of Levanna was in town Wednesday looking after his insurance business.

--The usual number of people from this vicinity are attending the popular Dryden fair this week.

--E. H. Sharp and family returned Tuesday evening from their vacation of four weeks, spent in the Adirondacks.

—The Genoa graded school opened Monday morning with very promising conditions. 68 scholars are now enrolled and others will enter during the next few weeks

Best of underwear. Liberman & Winters, Ithaca.

--Mr. and Mrs. Abram West of Goodyears and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carter and family of Aurora and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seager were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith.

—All aboard for Niagara Falls. The Lehigh Valley will run an excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls Sunday next. The train leaves Locke at 5:35 a. m. and returning leaves the Falls at 5:30 p. m. The fare from Moravia is $1.65; from Locke and Groton $1.60.

—In the advertising columns of THE TRIBUNE may be found the names of the progressive business men. They are not dealing in old and shelf worn goods because they are conducting their business on up-to-date lines and through the publicity gained by the use of printers' ink turning their stock over frequently and keeping it fresh.

Collars, ties, shirts and hosiery at 104 W. State St., Ithaca.

Shave yourself and save time and money. Gillette razors with twelve double blades, $5.00. The "Ever Ready" Safety Razor with twelve blades, $1.00. Old style Razors, $1 00 and $1.50. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

New Fall Millinery.

Everything in the line of Hats, Ostrich Plumes, Wings, Flowers, Velvets, &c., that go to make up one of those stylish hats for Fall and Winter. Call and inspect the styles and prices. Also a full line of ladies Furnishings and Underwear for Fall and Winter.

Mrs. D. E. Singer,

GENOA, N. Y.

To People With Eyes.

A. T HOYT, Graduate Optician and Doctor of Optics attended the American Association of Opticians which was held at Rochester, July 30, and Aug. 1, 2, 3, and has been in his Opticial Parlors at Moravia, N. Y., since that time demonstrating the latest methods of refraction. He also purchased all the latest instruments which he considered important to assist him in making proper correction of defective eye sight. Did you ever realize that it requires, as well as a thorough optical education, the knowledge and use of the Ophthalmoscope, Retinoscope and a properly equipped Optical Room throughout in order to be absolutely correct. You will find FIRST QUALITY MATERIAL, EXPERT WORKMANSHIP and ACCURATE WORK AT

A. T. HOYT'S, Graduate Optician,

Opp. Moravia House, MORAVIA, N. Y.

BUT WE DON'T KNOW.

To kiss a lady's hand is chiv—
Alrous and full of grace,
Yet such a kiss, I'm positive,
Is rather out of place.

--Many new specials this week.

--Leslie Norman is attending school in Ithaca.

--Mrs. W. W. Potter of Auburn was in town Saturday and Sunday.

--Prof. Frisbie and wife of Freeville are spending a day or two at A. Taber's.

--Charles Carson has been confined to the house by illness several days this week.

--Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Whitbeck are entertaining the latter's sister, Miss S. J Glanville of Auburn.

--The rain of yesterday replenished empty cisterns, laid the dust and did a lot of good otherwise.

--Mabel and Milton Boyer spent Sunday at East Lansing visiting their uncle, Ai Lyon and family.

—You can get your cards, letter heads, envelopes, posters and auction bills printed at this office.

--S. Wright won the 2:40 trot and pace at the Dryden fair Wednesday in three straight heats; time 2:22¼.

Spices for the pickling season. A specially fine mixture at 40 cts. the pound. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

--Dr. F. A. Dudley was called to Locke in counsel for Supervisor Charles Conklin, who has been critically ill We are much pleased to learn of his improvement.

--Miss Jennie Banker went to Syracuse, Monday, where she will take a course in music at the University. Her mother, Mrs. J. S. Banker, accompanied her and remained a few days.

—Hay will be high in price this year, and special pains should be taken to save plenty of good corn fodder, on which horses and cattle can be brought through the winter in splendid shape. Don't delay cutting it until the leaves are dry.

Forty cents' worth of Cremo cigars for 25 cents, 8 Cremos for 25 cents, $1.56 the box. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

—Clayton Greenleaf of Locke, W. A. McAllaster and George Stearns of this town and Charles R Chase, A. Spafford and James Patten of Moravia are among the grand jurors drawn for a term of United States court at Auburn October 2.

—Mrs. Eliza Taylor from Iowa and her son, Frank Taylor, from Southern California, who have been visiting Mrs Mary Ann Pierson and other relatives and friends in this vicinity, have returned to their homes. They were formerly residents of this place and moved to Iowa about 35 years ago.

Saccharine for making sweet pickles without sugar. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

--The many friends of Rev. H S. Lyle, who formerly preached in the Presbyterian church here, will be sorry to learn that he was obliged to submit to an operation for appendicitis about three weeks ago. A letter from Mrs. Lyle to friends, written a few days after the operation, stated that he was doing well.

—Announcements have been posted along the Genoa railroad by the Auburn Construction Co. stating that the company is now prepared to draw freight in carload lots only to and from Auburn and the stations now reached by the track of the railroad. Hay is $7 per car and other produce $10 per car. C. A. Morgan, agent at Merrifield, is already doing quite a business in carload lots and is reported to be selling steam coal for less than dealers on the Lehigh Valley offer it. The track is now extended quite a distance this side of Woods mill and ties are strewn to Venice Center. It wouldn't surprise us if the track was completed to Venice Center by the end of this week.

Beef, Iron and Wine. When you feel run down you need an invigorating tonic. Beef, Iron and Wine is stimulating and nourishing. It braces you for a day's work. It accelerates the circulation of the blood. It builds up the muscles. It is an agreeable beverage, acceptable to the most squeamish stomach. A boon to weak children. But it must be pure, of full strength and fresh—our Beef, Iron and Wine. 50 cts. the pint. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

"Woman's Work is Never Done"

is a saying the gentler sex is fond of quoting. If it is never done, it may be vastly lightened by buying

OLD HOME BREAD AND CAKES

Fresh every day, made of the purest materials and low in price. TRY IT and

Let The Kitchen Fire Go Out.

NEW NO. 1 MACKEREL

Beautiful large thick meaty fish
What's better for a Sunday breakfast

Twelve cents a pound.

Pickling Spices and Pure Vinegar,

Lots of it and the BEST OF IT.

Smith's Big Busy Store

Uncle Josh Says

Many a girl has lost a a dum good friend by marryin' him.

Liquors improve with age. Th' longer you keep it th' better it is for you. Figger it out.

There's a dum lot uv good husbands th't ain't got the nerve t'be anything else.

Songs of Boyhood.

wuns hennry beamus starrted a sho
like forepaws ann was awl prepaird to go
frum town too town in a big tennt ann awl
the boys were praktissen soze thay kood fawl
frum dizzie hites intoo a nett ann maik
the peepul stair afrade that thay wood brake
thare nex ann billie peersen sedd that he
wood lend a dogg for the mannagery
ann paint sum spotts on him soze heed look
then
like sum feerse lepard frum his savidge den

an awl went wel ann awl uv uss workt hard
to praktiss things in hennrys fawthers yard
ann reddy brown sedd he bett he kood do
the loop thee loop befoar we awl got throo.
ann so he bilt a slide Jusst like u rede
abowt ann got a bigg velossipede
an starrted down frum off thare barn an fel
ann broak his legg ann fore a littul spel
we thott hees dedd ann carried him inside
soze heed be kool and shaidy if he dide.

ann afftur wile he kame to life ann thenn
the dockter kame ann took him hoam agenn
ann hennrys muther hurd uv it an sedd
that afftur the bad axsident to redd
she wood foarbidd uss awl to have the sho.
ann hennry beamus sedd itts often so
that wenn uve got sum grate deed almoast
dun
ur wenn uve got a battul neerly wun
ure pride is offle apptoo have a fawl
tor sum wun hoos too ankshus spoyls it awl.

Coming Events.

The East Venice Grange will hold a picnic and its anniversary meeting on the lawn at Venice Saturday, Sept. 29 A good attendance of the members is desired.

A parlor meeting of Genoa W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Mrs. N. R Sellen on Friday afternoon, Sept. 28. Tea will be served. All are cordially invited.

Auction Sale.

John Silcox will sell at his residence, 3 4 mile south-west of Locke, on Thursday, Sept 27, at 1 o'clock, the following property: Cow, two wagons, some farm tools, set heavy double harness, heavy bob sleighs, 15 cords stove wood, two henhouses, quantity of hard wood lumber, and general household goods. Jeff Thomas auctioneer.

Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, Dentist,

Genoa, N. Y.

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

Well Worth Trying.

W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., says: Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He writes: "They keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for Headache, Constipation and Biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, drug store, and the King Ferry Pharmacy.

On Monday nights during July and August we have been closing at 6, but from now on the store will be open till 9.

Foster, Ross & Company

THE BIG STORE

WITH THESE MIDDLE DAYS OF SEPTEMBER we come to a bend in the road where trade turns into the new season. Every year we know your needs and tastes better and gather accordingly. WE MEAN THAT THE FALL AND WINTER OF 1906 WILL BE THE BIGGEST IN OUR HISTORY and if earnest desire to satisfy —carefully selected stocks—large variety and moderate prices mean anything, then the expected increase in business is assured.

Whenever You Are Ready For Your New Fall Things- COME!

You may judge of our preparedness by the stock of

New Silks
(Especially fine range of New Plaids)
New Dress Goods
New Underwear
New Curtains
New Sofa Pillows, &c
New Laces
New Trimmings
New Ribbons
New Handkerchiefs
New Flannelette Garments
New Sash Muslins
New Upholstery Goods
New Suits
New Coats
New Waists
New Flannelettes
New Outing Flannels
New Tapestry, Japanese and Lithographic Pillow Tops, &c.

Foster, Ross & Company,

The Big Store, Come Shop With Us.

Fall and Winter Styles, 1906

We are now ready to show one of the finest lines of Suits, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children ever shown in this section; all made by first-class makers, every garment bearing a guarantee to give satisfaction to the purchaser. We give fit, style, quality and workmanship and the PRICES ARE NO HIGHER than poorly made ill-fitting clothing. We ask you to come in and look over our line and if you do not want to buy, don't, but look at any rate.

Saperstein,

The Clothier and Gents' Outfitter,

56 State St. AUBURN, N. Y.

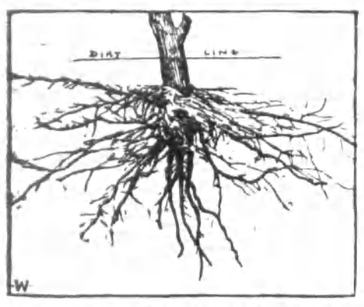
FARM AND GARDEN

TOBACCO GROWING.

Interesting Points in the Culture of the Dark Tobacco of Virginia.

By Messrs. M'NESS and MATTHEWSON tobacco experts, bureau of soils.

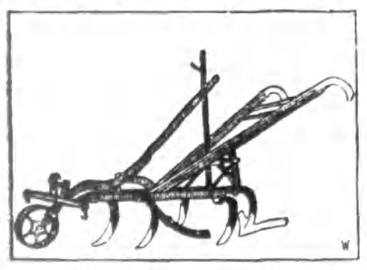
The dark shipping tobacco is generally raised on rich lands and cured with open wood fires. England, France Germany, Spain, Austria and Italy take the bulk of this tobacco, although the higher grades are used at home for plug wrappers. This tobacco is produced to greater or less extent throughout the tobacco belt of Virginia, but the most of it is grown south of James river in territory extending from Petersburg on the east across the Piedmont plateau to the edge of the Blue Ridge, with Lynchburg and Petersburg as the most important market centers.



ROOT SYSTEM OF TOBACCO PLANT.

In Virginia the practice is to follow tobacco with wheat and the wheat with clover for two years and then back to tobacco. On the tobacco lt is the custom to apply per acre 400 pounds of a fertilizer analyzing 3 per cent ammonia, 9 per cent phosphoric acid and 3 per cent potash. This adds to the soil a total of twelve pounds of ammonia, thirty-six pounds of phosphoric acid and twelve pounds of potash per acre. It is noticeable that the requirements of tobacco for phosphoric acid are very small, but as a matter of field practice it is found that the crop will show signs of suffering from lack of this substance unless the available supply is very much in excess of the amount actually taken up by the crop. Where wheat follows tobacco no additional fertilization is given, dependence being solely upon the natural resources of the soil and the remnant of the application given the tobacco. It is seldom that more than ten or fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre is harvested.

Tobacco is a crop that with an increase in yield usually gives a corresponding increase in quality, provided the soil conditions and management are right. It has often been found that it pays to apply very large amounts of fertilizer to a tobacco crop where it might not have proved profitable to do so with other and lower priced farm crops. The Virginia farmers generally cultivate their crops deeply, thus injuring the root system which is spreading near the surface. The rule is to give the tobacco three cultivations, using a one horse implement (the first two with a double shovel plow and the last with a turning plow), and two hoeings by hand. Except in the case of low lying fields, where there is danger from standing water, it is best to discard the turning plow entirely and use nothing but implements for shallow cultivation. This has been fully demonstrated in recent experiments where the efficiency and profitableness of frequent and shallow cultivation of tobacco have been studied. The shovel plow may be used to advantage and is recommended for the first cultivation. At this time the roots of the plants have not spread into the row and the soil is likely to be packed from heavy rains and from tramping it at the time of setting. Deep, thorough breaking out of the middles is to be advised at this time, and the double shovel plow with narrow blades is about the best tool available.



CULTIVATOR WITH ATTACHMENTS.

As the plants grow and the roots begin to occupy the soil between the rows deep cultivation should be stopped and frequent shallow cultivation substituted. For this purpose a five toothed cultivator (Fig. 60), with an eighteen inch sweep and a depth regulating attachment, is recommended. This will keep down the weeds and preserve an effectual soil mulch, which retards surface evaporation without doing injury to the roots. About six cultivations are necessary to keep the soil in good tilth, or an average of one a week between the setting and topping seasons, the soil being worked a little toward the plant at each cultivation.

Caps For Haycocks.

For the benefit of those who are unwilling to purchase caps for covering the cocks we wish to say that alfalfa, properly cocked, will shed water just as well as clover—in fact, many farmers claim that it will shed water even better and that it is no more difficult to cure than clover in any season. While this may be true, we urge the use of caps for the reason that alfalfa is so much more valuable than clover, and a little extra expense in this line is money well invested.—Farmers' Tribune.

Starving to Death.

Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat, and my nerves so wrecked that I could not sleep; and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters; with the wonderful result that improvement began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by J. S Banker, druggist, and the King Ferry Pharmacy.

A bath cleanses the skin and rids the pores of refuse. A bath makes for better fellowship and citizenship. Not only should the outside of the body be cleansed, but occasional use of a laxative or cathartic opens the bowels and clears the system of effete matter. Best for this are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Pleasant little pills that do not gripe or sicken. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa.

Low Rates to Pacific Coast

Via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Colonist tickets, good in tourist sleeping cars, will be sold from Chicago to Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, San Francisco, Los Angeles and many other Pacific Coast points for $33, Aug. 27 to Oct. 31, inclusive. Reduced rates to hundreds of other points west and northwest. Folder descriptive of through train service and complete information about rates and routes will be sent on request.

W. S. HOWELL,
General Eastern Agent,
381 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Lehigh Valley Train Service.

A new time table went into effect on the Auburn division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad on Sunday, July 1. The new schedule is as follows for trains passing Locke station:

Daily except Sunday.

North	South.
281—9:42 a.m.	282— 8:44 a.m.
285—5:55 p.m.	286—10:29 a.m.
283—6:22 p.m.	284— 5:22 p.m.

Sundays

293—8:41 a.m.	290—10:29 a.m.
291—7:05 p.m.	292— 7:05 p.m.

On the Auburn and Ithaca branch trains pass King Ferry Station going north at 8:27 a.m. and 7:06 p.m.; going south at 12:27 and 7:06 p.m. No Sunday service on this branch.

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.,

Genoa Graded School.

Fall Term Begins Monday, Sept. 17.

Prof. Gordon B. Springer, Principal,
Miss Marion Ives, Intermediate,
Miss Flora Alling, Primary.

Tuition, $5.00 per term in the Academic department; $4.00 in the Intermediate and $3.00 in the Primary, payable in advance. Some seats have been removed from the principal's room to the intermediate department, improving the facilities in each. For any further particulars address

F. Sullivan, Trustee,
GENOA, N. Y.

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.

As Shown by the Doctor Was One-Sided Cause For Rejoicing.

Andrew Carnegie admires the scientific spirit—his generous gifts to science are a proof of that. Nevertheless to his keen humor this spirit offers itself as a good prey, and Mr. Carnegie often rails wittily at scientists and their peculiar ways.

"The late—the late—but I won't mention the poor fellow's name," said Mr. Carnegie at a scientists' supper. "The late Blank, as he lay on his death bed, was greeted very joyously one morning by his physician.

"Poor Blank's eyes lit up with hope at sight of the physician's beaming face. There had been a consultation on his case the day before. Perhaps, at last, the remedy to cure him had been found.

"'My dear Mr. Blank,' said the physician, "I congratulate you."

"Blank smiled.

"'I shall recover?' he asked, in a weak voice, tremulous with hope.

"'Well—er—not exactly,' said the physician. 'But we believe your disease to be entirely new, and if the autopsy demonstrates this to be true we have decided to name the malady after you.'"

Rossetti's Big Picture.

When Rossetti was a student of art he one day happened to go with some fellow students to the East End of London. There, at a wharfside inn he saw an immense canvas on the barroom wall. After laughing at it for some time, and thus provoking the innkeeper's wrath, the following conversation took place:

"Where did you get that picture?"

"Oh, never mind, young man, where I got it."

"What price do you set on it?"

"More than you can afford."

"Indeed," said Rossetti. "Now, how much?"

"Three thousand pounds," replied the innkeeper.

At this there was a loud burst of laughter from the young artists.

"Do you know how much I would give you for your $3,000 picture?"

"How much?" asked the innkeeper.

"Three pounds," said Rossetti.

"Done," said the innkeeper, promptly; and to his amazement and amusement Mr. Rossetti found himself the owner of the colossal daub.—London Tit-Bits.

Uncle Aleck's Chops at Truth.

De scandal mongerin' woman moughtn't be ez bad ez de smallpox, but she am a mighty close secon'.

Many a po' 'oman has had a coffin des kivvered wid flowahs ,an huh haht were berakin' fo' des' one po' lil bud w'en she was alibe.

De true muck-rakah am de man wot says ob de sheriff when he don' do his duty: "Who's buyin' him off?" and when he does enfo'ce de law, says: "Who's payin' him fo' doin' hit?"

Dere's one fing wuss dan stealin' er kiss—an' dat's not stealin' one w'en you' got de chance.

Dese yere "house beautiful" places what Ah hab seen am des' lubly in de pictah-books, but dey ain' much to lib in.

Odds Too Great.

Podd—The Marmaduke children are terrors, aren't they?

Purdy—They certainly are; but you can't blame Marmaduke.

"Why not?"

"It isn't his fault. What can a mere parent do against two sets of grandparents?"—American Spectator.

The B Flat Player.

After the newly organized band at Morrison had desisted from practice for a few nights the B flat player found the valves of his cornet had stuck. He wrote to the factory asking what kind of grease to use on the valves. The house answered him, saying that cornet players used only saliva on the valves and never used grease of any kind. The B flat player then wrote:

"Gentlemen: Please send me twenty-five cents' worth of saliva. I can't get it at the store here. Inclosed find stamps for payment."

A reply has not yet been received.—Perry (Okla.) Republican.

He Was Trapped.

The eyes of the beautiful woman blazed through the night. See!" she hissed. "A strange hair upon your shoulder!"

The dark man quailed.

"'Tis the—the hair of a horse," he faltered.

"The hair of a horse, base deceiver? How could it be the hair of a horse when you have been out automobile riding?"

With lowered head he begged her forgiveness.—Chicago News.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Kodol DYSPEPSIA CURE

DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT

The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.

PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF

E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR SALE BY J. S. BANKER, GENOA.

Our rates for Legal Printing are reasonable. Send us an order.

A BRIGHTER WORLD.

While you live let the light come into your eyes; see the beauties of nature. If your sight is defective, let

Fred Leland Swart,
THE EYE FITTER,

make you a pair of glasses to improve your vision. They will make objects clearer, and the world will be brighter. His methods are scientific.

Under the City clock, corner Genesee and South Sts. Auburn, N.Y. Take elevator on South St.

Pure Drugs and Medicines.

At Banker's DRUG AND BOOK STORE
GENOA.

☞Read the clubbing rates, and tell your neighbor, especially the one who is always after your TRIBUNE.

PRINTING

That is the business of this shop—and we are doing some good work.
Give us a trial order for your stationery, envelopes, letter-heads, business and calling cards—in fact anything you may need.
Ask our prices.

THE TRIBUNE.

THE New York World
THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD.

For the autumn season now at hand the most valuable paper to you will be the New York Thrice-a-week World, because it offers you more at the price than any other paper published anywhere in the world.

This is a time of great events. We are having great wars, and other changes of a stirring kind are occurring both at home and abroad. The Thrice-a-Week World comes to you every other day except Sunday with all the news fully, accurately and promptly told.

The Thrice-a-Week World is fair in its political reports. You can get the truth from its columns whether you are a Republican or a Democrat, and that is what you want.

The Thrice-a-Week World always has a serial story running and it is always a first-class story by a first-class author. It publishes better fiction than any other newspaper in the United States. Special attention is also given to markets and there are many other valuable features. The regular subscription price is only $1, and that pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE GENOA TRIBUNE together one year for only $1.65. The regular price for the two papers is $2

If You Want

a Good Steak, Roast of Beef, Pork, Lamb or Veal, call on

OLIVER

Fish Oysters and Clams in season.

GENOA, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors.

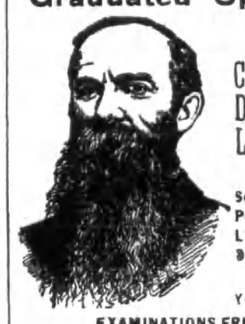
By virtue of an Order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Alma C. Mosher, late of town of Venice, Cayuga Co., N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executors of, &c., of the said deceased, at her late place of residence in the Village of Poplar Ridge, County of Cayuga, on or before the 30th day of September, 1906.

Dated March 15, 1906.

Edwin B. Mosher,
Fred W. Mosher,
Emma M. Morgar,
Executors.

A. H. Searing, Attorney for Executors,
Auburn, N. Y.

DR. DAY.
Graduated Specialist.



Specialties:

Catarrh and Diseases of the Lungs & Throat,

Liver and Sexual Organs. Also Positive Cure of the Liquor, Morphine or Opium Habit.

Cured at Your Own Homes.

EXAMINATIONS FREE AT THE

Osborne House, Auburn,

THURSDAY, Sept. 13, 9 a m to 5 p m

Clinton House, Ithaca,

Wednesday, Sept. 12, 9 a m to 5 p m

And every four weeks thereafter At his home office, 211 Powers block, Rochester, every Saturday & Sunday. Treatment if desired, not to exceed $2 per week. Special instruments for examining the lungs heart, liver and kidneys.

CURED HIMSELF.

Pronounced by his medical brethren an incurable consumptive, he was led to experiment with certain drugs and chemicals to save his own life. That he succeeded in doing and since then has cured hundreds of cases that were pronounced incurable.

WEAKNESS OF MEN AND WOMEN

treated with a prescription procured while in Paris from one of the ablest French specialists, that has proven a sure cure for all weaknesses from whatever cause, of the sexual organs of male or female patients. A sure remedy at an expense not to exceed $3 per week.

TESTIMONIALS.

While we have hundreds of them of the highest character, we seldom publish one. But few responsible parties desire them published. We invite all call and read references and testimonials of the best you can refer to or are known to you in your town. Consultation free and private.

J. W. DAY, M. D., L. L. D.

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.

VENICE TOWN INSURANCE CO.

$900,000 in Farm Risks.

OFFICE, GENOA, N. Y.

Average assessment for ten years $1.08¼ per $1,000.00. Where can you do better?

☞The clubbing rates quoted on another page are for your benefit.

THE ORIGINAL [illegible] COUGH SYRUP
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR
Red Clover Blossom and Honey Bee on Every Bottle.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS and COLDS

Price 50c & $1.00
Free Trial.

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

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 Elizabeth M. Howe, late of the town of Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same, with vouchers in support thereof, to the undersigned, the administrator of, etc., of said deceased, at the office of N. M. Banker, 33-35 West Fulton Street, Gloversville, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of December, 1906.

DANIEL P. VAN COURT,
Administrator.

Dated May 4th, 1906.
N. M. Banker, Attorney for Administrator,
Gloversville, 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 Garry P. Lester, late of 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, &c., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Locke, County of Cayuga, on or before the 8th day of October, 1906.

Dated March 22, 1906.

JUDSON L. WHITE, Administrator.
Wright & Parker,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Moravia, N. Y.

Summons.

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY COURT, COUNTY OF CAYUGA.

Kate Hanlon, plaintiff, vs. Martin Hanlon, Jr., a son and heir at law of Martin Hanlon, late of the town of Scipio, N. Y., deceased, if living, and Mary Hanlon his wife or widow, (her real name being unknown and Mary being a fictitious name,) and if Martin Hanlon, Jr. be dead, the unknown persons heirs at law and next of kin of said Martin Hanlon, Jr.; John Hanlon, a son and heir at law of Martin Hanlon, late of the town of Scipio, N. Y., deceased, if living, and Sarah Hanlon, his wife or widow, (her real name being unknown and Sarah being a fictitious name) and if said John Hanlon be dead, the unknown persons heirs at law and next of kin of said John Hanlon, defendants.

To the above named Defendants:

You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the plaintiff's attorneys within twenty days after the service of this Summons, exclusive of the day of service; and, in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Trial to be held in the County of Cayuga.

Dated this 30th day of July, 1906.

TABER & BRAINARD, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
Office and P. O. Address,
122 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

To the above named Defendants:

The foregoing summons is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of Hon. Adolphus H. Searing, Cayuga County Judge, dated the 16th day of August, 1906, filed with the complaint in the office of the Clerk of Cayuga County, at his office in the City of Auburn, County of Cayuga in said State. The object of this action is to make partition according to the respective rights of the parties, and if it shall appear that the partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the owners, then for the sale of the following described property, being all that tract or parcel of land situated in the town of Scipio, County of Cayuga and State of New York, being part of lot No. 22, more particularly described as follows: Beginning at the northwest corner of lands owned by Hope Ward, thence east 54 rods; thence north 22 rods 21½ links; thence west on the south line of lands owned by James Moot 54 rods to the center of the highway; thence south along the center of the highway 22 rods 21½ links to the place of beginning, containing 7¾ acres of land, more or less.

TABER & BRAINARD, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
122 Genesee Street, Auburn, N. Y.

Citation.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To Frank E. Young, Jennie Y. Hough, Estella Sharp and Eva Y. Avery.

Send Greeting: Whereas, Catharine E. Young, of Moravia, New York, has lately applied to our Surrogate's Court of the County of Cayuga for the proof and probate of a certain instrument in writing, dated the 24th day of February, 1902, purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Jesse B. Young, late of Moravia, in said county, deceased, which relates to both real and personal estate.

Therefore you and each of you are cited to appear in our said Surrogate's Court, before the Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at his office in the Court House, in the City of Auburn, on the 25th day of September, 1906, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and attend the probate of said Last Will and Testament.

And those of you who are under the age of twenty-one years, are required to appear by your general guardian, if you have one, or if you have none you will appear and apply for the appointment of a guardian, or in the event of your neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for you in this proceeding.

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

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at the Surrogate's Office in the City of Auburn, this 31st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and six.

[L. S.]

WALTER E. WOODIN,
Surrogate.

JOEL B. JENNINGS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Office and P. O. Address,
Moravia, N. Y.

Citation.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To Charles Z. Lewis, John W. Lewis, George E. Lewis, Myra Clark, Burton H. Lewis, Jacob B. Lewis, Manville E. Kenyon, Sarah J. Lewis, John Kenter, Ann Loomis, Gertrude Scott, Jennie D. Williams, Charles W. Lewis, Mary Andrews, Frank Lewis, Clayton Lewis, Frank Lewis, Augusta Lewis, Ellen F. Todd, Flora A. Quick, Fred B. Lewis, Fay J. Lewis, Susie Rhodes, Edith Blanch Lewis, Edna G. Schonwitz, L. Lewis, Aurilla Whitfield, Maude Huson, John D. Hakes, Washington Kenter, Berton Eddy, Denison Eddy, Sirah Lewis, Almon Lewis, the children of George W. Lewis, deceased, each or the ones living whoever or wherever they may be, the children of Calvin Lewis, deceased, and each of them if living or those that are living wherever they may be.

Send Greeting: Whereas, Robert Stoker of Niles, Cayuga County, New York, has lately applied to our Surrogate's Court of the County of Cayuga for the proof and probate of a certain instrument in writing, dated the 4th day of December, 1899, purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Caroline R. Stewart, late of Niles, in said county, deceased, which relates to both real and personal estate; (and of an alleged codicil thereto, dated the 30th day of December, 1905.)

Therefore, you and each of you are cited to appear in our said Surrogate's Court, before the Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at his office in the Court House, in the City of Auburn, on the 28th day of September, 1906, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and attend the probate of said Last Will and Testament (and codicil thereto.)

And those of you who are under the age of twenty one years are required to appear by your general guardian, if you have one, or if you have none, you will appear and apply for the appointment of a guardian, or in the event of your neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for you in this proceeding.

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[L. S.]

WALTER E. WOODIN, Surrogate.

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

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Good Advice.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, ma'am," replied the polite floorwalker, "if he's a very small man maybe you'd better use both eyes."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Living on Love and Kisses.

She—That's all very pretty, Jack, but do you think we can live on love and kisses? He—It's much the safest. Everything else is either adulterated or poisoned or tainted.—Exchange.

WHERE CATS CAN'T LIVE.

In Very High Altitudes the Felines Go Mad and Die.

Cats go mad and die in high altitudes. Leadville, Colo., is a city over 10,000 feet above sea level, and there is not a single cat in the place that has been there more than three months.

The greater the height above sea level the greater the degree of nervousness both in people and the dumb animals. Even in Denver, which is only half as high as Leadville, cats are high strung and flighty, given to sudden fits of arching their backs and growling at nothing. But they do not go mad in Denver with the same unanimity that they do in Leadville. In the latter place cats seem to be more than usually drowsy when they are first brought there and spend nearly every hour of the twenty-four in sleep. This condition will last a week or two, and is succeeded by a state of ordinary well being, which terminates at a greater or less interval of time by their suddenly having a violent fit, which in a human being would be called hysterics. These fits are repeated with continually increasing frequency until one more violent than any of its predecessors carries the cat off. Even kittens born in high altitudes never seem to get accustomed to them and invariably go the way of their parents.—New York Herald.

Good for the cough, removes the cold, the cause of the cough That's the work of Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar—the original laxative cough syrup. Contains no opiates. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa.

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She turned back and seated herself. A silence fell, during which time it seemed as if she were gathering the broken threads of her story.

"I never called myself so before," she began, "but your word 'failure' applies equally well to my own life.

"Years ago I was in love. Is it too long ago, or have you ever heard of Max Counselman? He was in the army and he loved me as it is given to few women to be loved. It is only fair to me to say that I was too young to realize that I, too, loved him as deeply as a woman can. Neither can I tell my story without blaming my father for his share in the tragedy. He loved wealth and power and was ambitious for me to make what the world calls a brilliant marriage—not that he hoped for my happiness thereby, but because it would add to his prestige. We were not congenial, my father and I, though he was inordinately proud of me, and people mistook his vanity of me for love and would wonder if they could hear me now.

"Naturally he opposed Max's pretensions to my hand. If he had simply refused to consider the matter, that would have been one thing. At least I would not bear in mind so much bitterness and resentment as I do and have done all these years. But he exhausted all his cruel, sarcastic vocabulary on him. He ridiculed him. He sneered at him, and I—bade Max win his spurs! He died winning them. In a moment I became as I am now. Then I was only eighteen. Now I am twenty-eight.

"Oh, he won his spurs! Even my father admitted that. Max was killed in battle after bravery unspeakable. I have always felt that I was to blame—that he exposed himself needlessly—that if I had married him when he wanted me to there would at least have been an incentive to him to be reasonably careful—not to be reckless, at any rate. Perhaps not. Other women have married their lovers in this same belief and been left widows. I do not know.

"But from that moment I hated my father. I had always liked him perfunctorily, because I had happened to be born his daughter, and I was taught that it was my duty. Do I shock you? Do you believe that children should always love their parents, no matter what they do? My father always irritated me, deliberately, in order to see my temper—my red-headed temper—flash out. I became more and more unhappy with him, and finally after an unusually stormy scene, because I would not marry for money, I went abroad ostensibly to study, but in reality to get away from him. You see, I am being very frank with you, I am glossing nothing over. I am telling you the very worst of me."

"You are making it worse than it really was," said Hammersley. "But understand a nature like yours always goes to an extreme, either in good or evil."

"Whether it was right or wrong," Kate went on, leaning back and flinging her arms out, "I wanted freedom. I took my life into my own hands. I kept away from my father. Mother joined me after awhile and we travelled together. I idolized her—when she didn't talk about father and urge me to make up with him. I knew that secretly she sympathized with me, for—well, she knew him, too! Then he died and I was glad. That is awful, isn't it? But he had wrecked my life and taunted me with it afterward. He sneered at my faithfulness to my lover's memory. He wounded me in my tenderest point, and knowing it, he continued so to wound, even in letters, which I have still."

She ceased speaking and her face, so tender, so beautiful in its usual phases, became hard and bitter. She sat staring into the fire, thinking. Then she brushed her hand across her brow.

"But I have failed with my life. I intended to make it so selfless, so generous to others, so worth while, as a monument to Max's memory. But what of my efforts? I have been as forbidden fruit. Men—all men—made love to me. Any man who is not at liberty to love me, always does! I ran away to-night to escape one. I—I am tired. Take me home!"

She hid her face in her hand and Hammersley laid his hand gently on her hair.

"I, at least, am not bound to any woman," he said. "Take my life! It is laid at your feet.

CHAPTER III

KATE had foreseen trouble if she, for the first time, considered her own happiness first. She knew what Cousin Lauris would say. She knew how easily he could stir annoyance up against her. She had always been the target of envy.

However, she did not realize that contentment and happiness come from within. She found that she was more than compensated by the changes which happiness wrought in the face of Dearborn Hammersley. After a struggle with his morbid idea of duty he had laid down the burden of his self-inflicted religion and had come out into the sunlight of Kate's gracious conception of God and His loving kindness, and she, by the curious coincidence of leading another in a way she had feared to tread herself, had come into her own inheritance and fearlessly accepted her own unconscious teaching.

It was a blessed relief. Hitherto Kate had been the victim of a Puritanism equally as great as that which bound Hammersley to an uncongenial task, in the vain hope that he was pleasing God thereby. At first he had not dared to believe Kate's daring suggestion that God wishes His children to be happy. She finally won him by the words:—"For many are called, but few are chosen."

Her own face caught fire from his as she spoke. She had, in leading him, illumined the path for her own feet, and, with the characteristic generosity of her own nature, she accepted the freedom it promised fully and at once.

Those two had never again spoken of love. Days came and went. Each knew the other's thoughts, but there was a curious reluctance to break over the boundary of the conventional. After the strangeness of their first meeting both had retired into the characters they had formed for themselves. Only Kate could see that Dearborn was pondering over her words. Yet he evidently had not obtained his own consent to take the fulness of life when it was offered.

One night he confessed it all to her—his love, his duty and his hesitation to give up his chosen calling.

If he had merely asked Kate to be his wife there is doubt whether Kate would have dared give up her spinster widowhood even to obey the dictates of her own heart; but because she saw an opportunity to help him the maternal in her responded poignantly.

"I might marry you," she said, passionately, "and see you drag your life out in unwilling and unhappy duty, but that I will not do. But give it all up and serve your God by praising Him with your God-given talent, and I will marry you to-morrow!"

"Kate!" he exclaimed.

She stood before him, glorious and inspiring. He knew that she was right. He felt that the best in him called him to write of the things he loved.

She saw his hesitation and it annoyed her, while it called forth her sympathy. Every word she spoke to him she was speaking to her own soul.

"Come then," she said, "make one more attempt. You are to lead the meeting to-night and you are to propose the night school. If they accept with any show of gratitude I will—I will marry you and teach every night at your side in your school. If they refuse we will go to Persia."

His face was illumined by a light from within. She had solved his problem for him.

Cousin Lauris and his fiancee, Miss Snow; his younger brother, Eugene, who had just taken orders and had yet to face his first congregation, and a half dozen guests of the Copelands, hearing of Kate's sudden fad for "slumming," appeared on the scene that evening and Kate recognized them with dismay.

His little audience at first was orderly. Then, perhaps perceiving the alien influence in their midst, they suddenly became unruly. The Copeland party began to laugh. Hammersley made a vain attempt to quell them by proposing the new night school. How the uproar started no one knew, but in an instant everything was in confusion.

Kate listened with heaving breast and flaming cheeks.

His gift to his people, and they spurned it in their ignorance! They taunted him with being rich. The gulf of caste yawned between them. They sneered at his sincerity.

Suddenly Kate arose from her place and whispered to her cousin Eugene, who arose and followed her.

She walked slowly to where her defeated lover stood, pale and dignified and wounded, and proudly took her place at his side. The two stood facing the suddenly hushed congregation.

Hammersley recognized her decision and bent over her

"Will you marry me—now?" he whispered. For answer Kate laid her hand on his arm and motioned to the young clergyman.

The Copeland party were agape with curiosity, the other hushed into respect and awe by Kate's beauty and dignity.

Then the words were spoken which made them husband and wife.

When it was over Hammersley bent to Kate and whispered:—

"You married me in my hour of greatest failure."

"If you had been a success I never would have married you," she said softly. "I am tired of successes. I want to see what a failure can do."

Life Savers in America.

The United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps, starting as it did from a small beginning has branched out over the entire country until the work has been well organized in every State in the Union, especially in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, and Illinois, says the New York Sun. The organization has 1,450 men, all of them expert swimmers and boatmen, and it has in its possession 4,000 boats of every description, ranging from rowboats to sailboats and steam, naphtha and gasoline launches.

In each State a Superintendent is appointed to organize crews. Five men constitute a crew, four crews a division. Each division has a captain and each crew a lieutenant. A commodore rules a district, which is subdivided into three other districts, commanded by vice-commodores, all under the supervision of the general superintendent at national headquarters. The funds of the corps are received from State and city appropriations, and are also contributed by public spirited people. At each station the members of one crew are always ready to be summoned. An impression prevails that these men are paid for their services. As a matter of fact, they receive no compensation and the only rewards are medals for bravery. They supply their own uniform and badge, and many of the crews give entertainments to raise funds to defray the expense of uniforms badges, etc. In the City of New York alone there are 490 stations, with 3,500 members and 750 rowboats devoted to the service. The corps build stations at dangerous points, where there are no boathousese or docks.

Any person 18 years of age, sound in body and morals, may become a member of the service. One crew, composed of women, has done excellent work. Members must be proficient in the use of oars and boats, and in swimming, diving, rescuing and resuscitation, as a moment's delay may cost a life. Everything is conducted in military order, the officers being saluted the same as they are in the United States Army.

The members of the United States Life Saving Corps have made an excellent record during the past eleven years. They have saved 6,250 lives and have been awarded 1,575 medals for heroic rescues from drowning.

ON SUFFICIENT GROUNDS?

She Would Get Enough Out of It to Make Matters Interesting.

"What can I do for you, madam?" asked the lawyer.

"I want to bring suit against my husband," answered the fair caller.

"For divorce?"

"No, sir. For breach of promise."

"For breach of promise? Your husband? Why, madam, that would be utterly im—"

"I know what I am talking about. He promised me when we were married that I could keep a girl and that he wouldn't play the races. Instead of keeping his word, he plays the races and I have to be my own girl."

"But what good would it do? It would only make a scandal."

"I want to make a scandal."

"And it is exceedingly doubtful whether you could recover anything, even if you should get judgment. What satisfaction would there be in that?"

"That's all right. It'll scare the life out of him."

A way out of the difficulty suggested itself to Mr. Sharpe.

He sent her to a woman lawyer.—Chicago Tribune.

No Breakdown Here.

"Weary, when yer read in der papers of all dese cases of breakdown from over work an' worry, yer can't be too thankful dat yer b'long tuh der leisure classes."

Colleges As They Are.

The wise dean adjusted his little black skull cap and piloted us across the campus.

"Observe," he said, grandly, "that magnificent building to the right."

"And what is it used for?" we asked, timidly.

"Why, that is the gymnasium. And do you see that stately building to the left?"

"Ah, and what is that used for?"

"Why, that is the gymnasium annex."

"H'm! And what is that fine structure over there?"

"Why, that is the special training quarters for the track team, hammer throwers, and pole vaulters."

"Great Homer! But what is that cigar-box doing in the corner?"

"Cigar-box! Why, that is where the boys study.—Chicago News.

Query.

Representative John Sharp Williams tells of the difficulties encountered by a draky preacher in Mississippi in endeavoring to "snatch a brand from the burning" in the shape of one Mose Baker, who steadfastly refused to attend divine service.

The preacher's arguments were met by a discouraging silence on the part of Mose. Finally the latter condescended to speak to the extent of asking a question. "Wot are we all heah for?" he growled, morosely.

"We is heah to help odders, Moses," responded the old clergyman, a kindly smile illuminating his dusky features.

"Ef dat's so," added Moses, with a maliciously triumphant grin, "wot is de odders heah for?"—Harper's Weekly.

Explosion Followed.

He was a stout podgy individual, liable to be irritated early in the morning—evidently subject to indigestion—and he walked into the dining room with anything but good grace. Turning to the Italian waiter, he said:

"Haven't you people any conscience here?"

The child of the sunny south only shrugged his shoulders and suavely replied:

"Eef eet ees not on ze bill eet ees charged extra for."—London Tit-Bits.

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HALTING A COLD.

What to Do When You Sneeze or Feel the Warning Chill.

A cold, as nearly every intelligent person knows, is the result of a stoppage somewhere of free circulation of the blood, to which one is first sensitive through a feeling of chill. So slight is the chill oftentimes that not until the preliminary sneeze comes is the victim aware he or she has been in a draft, or that the temperature has changed.

The usual notion is that by going indoors, by changing to heavier clothing or retreating from the moist atmosphere the danger is averted. These precautions are all well enough, but the first and most efficacious measure should be to restore the quick flow of warm blood through every vein, and so by heat instantly counteract the little chill.

When the temperature of the body or extremities is lowered, or a sudden chill or quick change from warm to cold temperature is endured, take three or four deep breaths through the nostrils, expand the lungs to their fullest extent, holding the inhaled air as long as possible, and then slowly exhale it through the mouth. In doing this the inflation of the lungs sets the heart into such quick motion that the blood is driven with unusual force along its channels, and so runs out into the toes and finger tips, and sets up a quick reaction against the chill. In short, the whole effect is to stir the blood and set it in motion as from rapid exercise.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Strange Animal Friendship.

Sometimes animals which are by nature deadly enemies, such as dogs and cats, strike up a very strong friendship. I have known a cat adopt a puppy and nurse it tenderly, but as a rule they prefer to bite and scratch. A sculptor of animals, a Mr. Harvey, had two pets, a pigeon and a cat, who lived together in great friendship, and had their photograph taken while eating out of the same dish. The pigeon was named Pidgie and the cat was called Toddie. They ate, slept and played together, and when Pidgie died Toddie was nearly broken hearted, and would never again eat or drink from the dishes from which she and her little playmate used to eat together.—Home Notes.

How the World Pays.

Knicker—I think the world owes every man a living. Bocker—Perhaps, but he has to take it out in trade.—New York Sun.

Shame may retain what the law does not prohibit.—Seneca.

C. R. Egbert,

The People's Clothier, Hatter & Furnisher.

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RAIN COATS.

A Rain Coat is both stylish and serviceable, and is the best all around garment a man ever owned.

One of them would be just the thing for a chilly wet morning or for the matter of that any morning, for they are worn just as much in dry weather as in wet.

We can prove that it would be to your advantage to buy one here, if you will but take the time to look them over.

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The Thrice-a-week World. Everybody knows what this paper is.	.65
The Syracuse Daily Post-Standard	3.00
The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle	.55
The Tribune Farmer. This is the best farm newspaper printed.	.55
The Montreal Herald and Star. The largest weekly we know of.	.90
N. Y. Tribune, thrice a week	1.00

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THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.,
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

THE OLD BAY STATE

MASSACHUSETTS STATE GRANGE HISTORY.

Brief Sketches of the Present Master, Lecturer and Secretary and Some Interesting Facts About the Growth of the Order In That State.

The Massachusetts state grange was organized in 1874 and is today one of the most potent forces in the life of the commonwealth. Like every other organization, the Order has had its seasons of prosperity and adversity, but since 1881 a steady growth has set in and a wonderful record of progress has been made and the prospects of the future are reassuring.

The annual meeting of the state grange in 1874 was held in Palmer, Mass., on Feb. 24, and there were thirty-seven granges represented, having a total membership of 1,406. There was a slight increase each year in the number of granges until in 1877-78, when a period of decline set in, which covered almost a decade and a half. At the 1889 meeting in Northampton there were 103 granges represented, and 7,613 members; there was a cash balance in the treasury of $2,077. There has been a gradual growth since that date. This was the first time since 1875 that the number of granges exceeded 100, but with a membership of 3,500 in 1875, when there were 101 granges in the state, is to be contrasted the membership of 7,613, when there were 103 granges, represented in 1889. There has been a gradual increase since that date until at the last meeting held in Springfield, 1905, 188 granges were represented, with 19,631 members and a cash balance of $7,800 in the treasury.

C. D. RICHARDSON.
[Master Massachusetts state grange.]

The present officers in the chief positions are C. D. Richardson of West Brookfield, master; Charles M. Gardner, Westfield, lecturer; W. N. Howard, South Easton, secretary, and John E. Gifford of Brockton, overseer.

Charles D. Richardson has been a member of the Order for nearly twenty years and has filled the offices of steward, overseer and master in his subordinate grange and for ten years has been connected with the state grange. He was deputy for six years and chief deputy for four years; also overseer for a like number of years. Last December he was elected state master. He has been a member of the Massachusetts dairy bureau for the last ten years, having been reappointed by Governor Douglas last year for the third term of three years.

Charles M. Gardner, lecturer, Massachusetts state grange, was born in 1872. He graduated from Westfield High school in the class of '90 and has since been engaged in newspaper work, for sixteen years with the Valley Echo of Westfield, the last ten years as its editor and manager. He is now making a specialty of trade paper work for high class journals. He joined Westfield grange, No. 20, in 1896 and was at once elected lecturer and served three years as overseer. He was elected master in 1901 and served two years. He was elected deputy of the state grange in 1903 and served two years, and elected state lecturer last December, receiving nearly every vote cast. He is a member of Western Hampden Pomona grange and now its lecturer. He has been an energetic worker in all grange activities and deeply interested in the progress of the Order.

William N. Howard, secretary of the Massachusetts state grange, was a charter member of Easton grange, No. 196, that was organized in March, 1892, and was elected its treasurer. He at once displayed unusual interest in the work and soon became a seventh degree member. He was sent as delegate to the state grange and later was elected master of Easton grange. At the age of twenty-one, ten months after joining the Order, he was appointed deputy of the Massachusetts state grange, and up to the present time has served continuously upon the regular or special deputy staff. In December, 1893, he was chosen assistant steward of the state organization, which place he occupied until 1897, when he was elected to his present position as secretary of the state grange. He has organized forty granges in Massachusetts and is editor of the Grange Visitor, which he originated and which has become the official organ of the Massachusetts state grange.

WILLIAM N. HOWARD.
[Secretary Massachusetts state grange.]

THE YELLOW PERIL.

How Supremacy of the Chinese May Come to Pass.

Will the Chinese some day become the ruling nation of the earth? George Borrow, the English philologist, traveler and author, used to say that they would. Nearly fifty years ago, when he was studying their language, he maintained that there was among them the finest natural fighting material on the face of the earth.

He instanced in proof of his assertion their prowess in stone throwing, the most primitive form of marksmanship. An ordinary Chinaman, he said, could throw a stone weighing half a pound or more a distance of 120 yards with sure aim and deadly effect. He described a stone fight between some English bluejackets and an equal number of Chinamen in which the former were most ignominiously routed, many of them very badly hurt.

But it was not through their martial prowess that he predicted the supremacy of the Chinese. He said it would come about in another way. As western civilization became more luxurious and enervated and manual labor fell into contempt the Chinese would gradually supply all the workers in civilized countries—miners, farm laborers, factory hands, laundrymen, cooks, domestic servants would all eventually be Celestials. Then some day they would rise suddenly, cut the throats of their masters and become absolute rulers of the destinies of the world.—Chicago News.

THE FRENCH MEAL.

Its Greatest Charm Is the Cheerful Table Talk.

After all, excellent as are the dishes and the order and manner of their service, the table talk is perhaps the chief glory of the French meal.

It is no unusual thing to hear our countrymen and countrywomen, especially our countrywomen, refer to eating as a necessary evil, like the prescribed dose of noisome medicine; as an altogether bothersome business to be disposed of as quickly as possible, with an air that is sour, aggressive, disgusted, languid, patronizing, dreamful, whining or discouraged, according as it springs from dyspepsia, puritanism, interrupted hustling anaemia, affectation, esoteric philosophy, disappointment in love, or honest weariness with a hard and monotonous daily round.

Such a sentiment would scarcely be uttered in France, where the attitude toward the table is universally cordial and respectful, and it could not be taken seriously if it were.

The French writer who said, "The table is the sole place where one is never bored during the first hour," voiced perfectly a national feeling.—Smart Set.

When the Earth Was Top Shaped.

After people dropped the old fashioned idea that the earth was as flat as a pancake they did not immediately grasp the globe or spherical idea as it is applied to worlds. The people of the time of Columbus believed that the earth was a body shaped like a top or cone, the surface rising from the north to the south. There are several letters written by Columbus and still in existence which go to prove that such was his conception of the shape of the earth. The top shaped idea of the earth seems to have originated with one John Blauvis about 1479 and to have immediately become very popular.

The Press Gangs.

Desperate means were sometimes resorted to in order to get men for British warships. A chronicler writes that in the year 1738, "a fleet of ships being required immediately to be manned, the press gangs placed a live turkey on the top of the monument, which, drawing together a great number of idle people, they had the opportunity of selecting as many men as answered the purpose of their intended scheme." The scene so enraged a citizen that he fired a shot at the bird, "which occasioned it to fly away." But the mischief had been done.

An Odd Argument.

Here is a knotty problem suggested by Sir Henry Roscoe in his autobiography. Two men argued as to whether oil or water were the lighter. The first man contended that the oil must be lighter, as it floats upon water. And then the unscientific man triumphed with the argument that oil must be the heavier because it keeps the water down.

Libeled London.

When the most has been said against London smoke and London fog, against the dirt laden atmosphere and the noise and worry of the metropolis, it is still true that there are healthy people in the capital. London has not perhaps deserved all the hard things that have been said of it.—London Country Gentleman.

Qualified.

Baron—You have called to secure the position of porter? Applicant—Yes, sir. Baron—Was there not some one in the anteroom as you came in? Applicant—There was, sir. There was a man with a bill against you, Herr Baron, but I threw him out.—Fliegende Blatter.

Its Purport.

"What does that expert witness' evidence go to show?" inquired the man who was trying to understand the trial.

"It goes to show which side has paid him a retainer," answered the lawyer.—Washington Star.

Spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out of doors.—Vandyke.

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Pear Trees 25c each,	20	per 100	Berry Plants, newest and best varieties		$1.00 per 100
Plum Trees 25c each,	20	per 100	Rose Bushes,		25c, five for $1.00
Cherry Trees 25c each,	20	per 100	Ornamental Shrubs, Vines and Trees		25c each
Peach Trees 10c each,	8	per 100	Evergreens		8 to 25c each
Quince Trees 15c each,	10	per 100			
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