



### From Nearby Towns.

#### Lansingville.

Dec. 6—James Castelin and family have moved into part of Daniel Sullivan's house.

George Atwater and wife have moved to their home at Belltown.

Residents of Lansingville and vicinity were sorry to lose their merchant, Bert O'Hara, who has moved to Spencer, and opened a store there.

There are eight vacant houses on the two-mile road from Lansingville north, six of which are in Lansingville. We hope some one will move this way.

Mrs. Wm. Tucker and daughter, Mrs. Parke Minturn, visited friends in Willseyville, Big Flats, and Webb Mills last week.

Chas. Reynolds does not improve in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bower entertained Chas. White and wife of Locke on Thanksgiving day.

S. P. Minturn and wife spent Thanksgiving with A. B. Smith and family, and Lester Boles, wife and son Clarence were entertained at the home of their nephew in Auburn.

Miss Nell Hamilton and brother, William visited their sister, Mrs. Chas. Minturn, at Levanna last week.

The singing class meets at the Grange hall every Tuesday evening.

Miss Hattie Smith of Fleming spent a few days with her sister and brother recently.

Mrs. Ada Roberts of West Groton was the guest of her nephew, Chas. Reynolds and family several days recently.

Archie Ford and family of Seneca Falls recently visited relatives here.

The L. A. S. met at the home of Mrs. James Eugenie last Thursday.

Friday evening a social was held at the same place for the purpose of raising money to purchase books for the singing school.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

A 50-cent bottle of

### Scott's Emulsion

given in half-teaspoon doses four times a day, mixed in its bottle, will last a year-old baby nearly a month, and four bottles over three months, and will make the baby strong and well and will lay the foundation for a healthy, robust boy or girl.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, N. Y.

#### Sherwood.

Dec. 6—At last after a seven weeks' run the dryer closed on Wednesday, Dec. 1. The Sodus Point people left next day, decreasing the population by seven. They are still making cider at the mill.

The dance Wednesday evening was well attended, over 160 people ate supper. Another will be given in January with "Happy Bill" for music.

The basket ball game Friday evening at gymnasium resulted in great victory for the Sherwood boys. Miss I. Howland gave winning team and teachers at S. S. S., a supper at her home after the game.

Elizabeth Otis is sufficiently recovered to sit up and receive callers. Miss McKeel is now caring for her.

Wm. Sherman and wife of Levanna and Geo. Smith and wife were Sunday guests at Lewis Houghton's.

Clarence Smith, wife and sister made a trip to Auburn Saturday.

I. N. Brewster and family are moving into the Nye house, having sold their home to Morrell and Wesley Georgia.

Miss Mary Heffernan from Cortland Normal spent several days with her sister, Mrs. Crowley, last week.

Wesley Georgia and family are stopping at his father's.

Mrs. Volena Goldring of Sodus Point visited at Mrs. J. Morrison's Thursday last.

Mrs. E. L. White spent several days at her former home last week.

Mrs. Cynthia Hoxie had the misfortune to fall and break a bone in her wrist a week ago, but is doing finely.

Mrs. Frank Wood and baby were callers in town on Thursday.

The W. O. T. U. held its annual anniversary meeting Thursday, Dec. 2, with good attendance.

#### Merrifield.

Dec. 6—Miss Corena Clark of Venice was a recent guest at F. H. Blair's.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maroney are rejoicing over a fine young son, born Nov. 19.

Leon Ellison has moved his family into the house owned by John Snyder, at Snyder.

Mrs. Haldah Wheat will entertain a small company at dinner Tuesday, the occasion being her 80th birthday.

Miss Ella Blair, lately employed at Dresserville, is with her parents for an indefinite time.

The remains of Wm. Hartnett, formerly of this place, who committed suicide in Auburn last Friday, were interred in the Scipio Rural cemetery, Sunday afternoon.

There will be a Christmas tree, a short entertainment and a supper in the Baptist church Christmas eve, Dec. 24.

The Merrifield and Bolte Corners schools, taught by the Misses Bowness, will unite forces and have a Christmas tree with appropriate exercises on Wednesday evening, Dec. 22, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bowness.

#### New Officers Elected.

East Venice Grange elected the following officers at their regular meeting, Saturday evening, Dec. 4:

Master—H. M. Roe.

Overseer—H. W. Taylor.

Lecturer—Mrs. Frank Hoff.

Steward—S. T. Kimbark.

Assistant Steward—Byron Arnold.

Chaplain—Joseph F. Streeter.

Treasurer—Wm. B. Teeter.

Secretary—Mildred Teeter.

Gate Keeper—William N. Roe.

Pomona—Gertrude L. Parinton.

Ceres—Della Reynolds.

Flora—Mrs. N. L. Stevens.

Lady Ass't Steward—Mrs. Fay Teeter.

Organist—Mrs. R. W. Hurlbut.

The Grange will have their Christmas tree and exercises on Saturday evening, Dec. 18, at the hall at East Venice.

#### Announcement.

To old customers as well as new, I wish to say that I am prepared to do all kinds of wood work in connection with my blacksmithing. All work quickly and neatly done. Prices reasonable. 461f Wm. HUBON, Genoa.

#### Ellsworth.

Dec. 6—The fair held in the M. E. church at Ledyard called many of the Ellsworth people there. The fair was a decided success socially and financially.

Merritt Winn has been spending a few days in Binghamton.

Mrs. H. W. Bradley of Syracuse was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Kiud, the past week.

Ralph Carmen from across the lake has been a guest of relatives in town the past week.

Claude Palmer of Five Corners was a caller in town Sunday.

Miss Hattie Chase, who has been a patient sufferer for several years, passed peacefully and quietly away at the home of her father, Alonzo Chase, Wednesday of last week. The funeral was held at the house Saturday afternoon. Interment at King Ferry. Rev. Robt. Ivey gave comforting words, using the words the departed one might have said, "For me to die is gain." Mrs. Trumpeter of Levanna sang two beautiful selections. Those in attendance from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison of Sherwood, Mrs. Trumpeter of Levanna, Mrs. Gilcher of Aurora, Miss Jacobs and Mrs. H. Willets of Poplar Ridge.

Sidney and Hartman Carr of Union Springs are guests of Harlan Bradley this week and again hunting geese.

Misses Margaret O'Connell and Margherita Kind are residents of Sherwood during the week now.

#### Poplar Ridge.

Dec. 6—Beautiful roads and weather for this time of year. Rain is very much needed.

George Husted and wife have returned after spending Thanksgiving in Rochester and visiting relatives in Orleans county for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Culver of Aurora accompanied them.

Arthur Landon and wife entertained the 500 club on Friday evening.

Miss Blanche Sprague is with her sister Pearl, who is sick in Moravia.

Mrs. May Conkila of Clifton Springs is with her uncle, J. H. Peckham, for a few days. Mr. Peckham has the sincere sympathy of his many friends in his sudden bereavement. Mrs. Peckham was of an unusually cheerful disposition and her loss in the community will be deeply felt.

Howard Mosher of Ludlowville was the week-end guest of his parents last week.

Mr. Isaac Hazard, Sr., is at the sanitarium at Geneva, suffering with rheumatism. His wife spent a few days with him last week.

Mrs. S. A. Haines has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Titus VanMarter, of Genoa for a few days.

Miss Jessie Jacobs of Ithaca was the guest of her cousin, Mary Husted, from Thursday until Sunday of last week.

#### Wedding at Ensenore.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1, at 6:30 o'clock when the immediate relatives gathered to witness the marriage of Clara Mae, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Goodwin, to Pearl Winslow, both of Ensenore.

The house was prettily decorated, the parlor being in green and yellow and the dining room green and white. At 6:30 the bridal party entered the parlor and beneath an arch of evergreen Rev. Thomas Packard of Fleming said the words which made the couple man and wife, the ring service being used.

The bride was pretty in a gown of white and white roses, and was attended by her sister, Miss Stella Goodwin as bridesmaid, who was dressed in light blue and wore cream colored roses. The groomsmen were Elmer Close.

After the reception and congratulations a wedding supper was served at 9 o'clock, amid the best wishes of their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Winslow were driven to Auburn.

#### When Rubbers Become

Necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Try it for breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

For headache Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

#### Five Corners.

Dec. 7—The first winter month and still no rain to fill the wells.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Corwin went last Saturday to spend a few days with Newfield relatives.

S. S. Goodyear and family made a business trip to Ithaca Tuesday of this week.

George Morrison and daughter Ida started last week for Florida to spend the winter.

We are sorry to learn of the serious illness of Miss Mabel Boyer and hope she may soon recover.

Mr. and Mrs. George Curtis went Tuesday of this week to spend a few days with relatives at Bardett.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hunt and Hattie Todd made a business trip to Ithaca last Saturday.

Mrs. George Swan and little daughter returned to their home in Auburn last Saturday.

Mrs. George Crouch is spending some time at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Crossley at Ledyard. They are the happy parents of another little daughter.

The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. Chas. Barger about two weeks ago and tacked a comfortable. Two pairs of shears were left there and whoever left them know now where they are and can call for them.

A. J. Brink of North Lansing spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Frances Hollister. Mr. Hollister is under the care of Dr. Hatch.

Mrs. George L. Ferris returned Tuesday from a few days' visit with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Karn, at Romulus.

Mr. Evans Mosher of Aurora was an over-Sunday guest of George L. Ferris.

The annual fair of the Five Corners Ladies' Aid society will be held at Jump's hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 15. An oyster supper will be served for 15 and 20 cents. All are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. George Atwater are contemplating going West to visit their children; will be gone during the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Algard had the sad misfortune to lose their little infant son Sunday. Mrs. John Morey is spending some time with Mrs. Algard.

Bert Corwin realized 1800 bushels of potatoes from 7 acres of land. If any one can beat that let them come to the front.

Mrs. Luella Barger goes this week to have another operation. We wish her the best of success.

Mrs. Chas. Davis of Ludlowville visited her niece, Mrs. May Algard, last Sunday. Iva Barger of the same place accompanied her and visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barger.

#### Indian Medicine Co.

The Oregon Indian Medicine Co., under the management of Neil C. Bancroft, will open a week's engagement at Academy hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21. The company consists of six vaudeville artists and come here well recommended by press and public. Their entertainments consist of singing, dancing, funny sketches, Irish, Dutch and Blackface comedians, and is said to be well worth attending. The price of admission is certainly within the reach of all, being only 10 cents to young and old alike. Don't forget the opening night, Tuesday evening, Dec. 21.

#### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

#### Poultry Husbandry.

The N. Y. State College of Agriculture offers a twelve weeks' course in poultry husbandry. It is free to residents of New York State. No examinations are required. The applicants however, are expected to give two references as to their character and ability to make good use of the instruction given. Full particulars regarding the course are contained in an announcement which will be mailed upon request. Fifty-four students from ten different states took the course in poultry husbandry last year.

The demand for experienced poultrymen who have completed the poultry course is far greater than the supply. Frequently students secure, the first year after taking the course, enough increase in salary to pay for the entire cost, which is, for New York state students, less than \$100.00, usually about \$85 to \$90.

While a poultry department cannot be expected to train inexperienced persons in twelve weeks' time to become expert poultrymen, it is generally agreed by the students who have taken the course that they are well repaid for the time and money expended. It is certain that persons who apply themselves while taking the course will learn how to avoid making mistakes. The only way to avoid mistakes is to learn how to do things right. The easiest way to make money is to avoid making many mistakes. It pays to begin in business where the best men in that occupation leave off. This means that one must have the advantage of an education along the particular line which he is to follow. He must learn what others have done, are doing, and how they do it.

It will be impossible to accept all persons who apply for the winter poultry course owing to the limited accommodations, hence applications should be made at once. The course began Nov. 30, 1909. Ask for the special announcement of the winter poultry course. Do it now.

#### Courses for Laymen.

Auburn Theological Seminary will begin its "Courses for Laymen" January 5, 1910. There will be four courses of six lectures each with a test at the conclusion of each course and a certificate to be given to those who successfully stand the test. This is the second year for these courses, the seminary having thrown open its doors and offered its privileges last winter for the first time. Last year, there were 127 registered pupils, and the certificate was given to 33 who successfully completed the course. This year, the professors who will have special charge of the instruction will be Prof. Arthur S. Hoyt, D. D., who will give a course on "Some Essentials of Bible Teaching;" Prof. Herbert Alden Youtz, Ph. D., who will give a course on "Studies in Christian Doctrine;" Prof. John Q. Adams, A. B., who will give a course on "The Background of the Gospels;" and Prof. Jacob R. Street, Ph. D., who will give a course whose aim will be to apply in a practical way the principles and facts developed in the courses of a year ago on "The Child" and on "The Mind." It will endeavor to show how the school of the church may be more efficient.

These courses are open to all laymen who desire to attend. The classes will be held every Wednesday evening until the courses are finished.

Am again located at the old stand and ready to repaint wagons, etc. Bring your cutters and bobs at once. A. T. VANMARTER, Genoa.

19w4

#### Announcement.

We wish to say to our good friends of Genoa that our stock is now complete and we are ready for your Holiday trade. We can truly say you will find the best assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Cut Glass, Umbrellas and Silverware Novelties ever shown in Auburn, and we will consider it a great pleasure to show you, even if you do not buy; but we advise you to come early, at the old stand, 92 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Wm. O. CROSMAN, the Jeweler.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

### 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

H. E. ANTHONY, M. D. MORAVIA, N. Y.

Office hours 7 to 8:30 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m.

Miller 'Phone. Bell 'Phone. Special attention given to Diseases of the Eye and FITTING OF GLASSES.

DR. G. J. BOWKER, Veterinary Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.

MILLER 'PHONE.

R. W. HURLBUT, Real Estate, Loans, &c. Farms and Village Property.

P. O. Locke, N. Y.

We Buy, Sell or Exchange

### FARMS

Send me a list of what you have to sell. Call or drop a card.

J. W. Mullen, Real Estate, 84 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y., Ground Floor.

#### A Thoughtful Gift.

Tom went out to buy a pair of gloves for his sweetheart's Christmas present and to make a purchase for his father. Of course, he got things mixed, as they always do in stories, and the young lady received a pair of heavy woolen men's socks with the following note:

Dear Helen: Please accept these in consideration of my love for you. Oh, that I were to be the only one to see them when you wear them. If you find any difficulty in getting them on, blow in them.

Yours affectionately, Tom.

—Success Magazine.

#### Allen's Lung Balm

will cure not only a fresh cold, but one of those stubborn coughs that usually hang on for months. Give it a trial and prove its worth. 25c, 50c and \$1.

### No Rest Day or Night

"I would lay awake for hours without any apparent cause, or dream terrible dreams which would bring on extreme spells of nervousness. After taking Dr. Miles' Nervine and Tonic for awhile I could sleep well, and the nervous spells have left me." MISS ALMA HUG, R. R. No. 4, Canal Dover, Ohio.

Without sleep the nervous system soon becomes a wreck, and the healthful activity of all the organs obstructed. Restful, body-building sleep accompanies the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine because it soothes the irritable nerves, and restores nervous energy. When taken a few days according to directions, the most restless sufferer will find sleep natural and healthful. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

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# THE LOVE PHILTER OF IKEY SCHOENSTEIN

Wedding Bells Rang, Though the Potion Went Astray.

By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

The Blue Light drug store is downtown, between the Bowery and First avenue, where the distance between the two streets is the shortest. The Blue Light does not consider that pharmacy is a thing of bric-a-brac, scent and ice cream soda. If you ask it for pain killer it will not give you a bouillon.

The Blue Light scorns the labor-saving arts of modern pharmacy. It macerates its opium and percolates its own laudanum and paregoric. To this day pills are made behind its tall prescription desk—pills rolled out on its own pill tile, divided with a spatula, rolled with the finger and thumb, dusted with calcined magnesia and delivered in little round pasteboard pill boxes. The store is on a corner about which covets of ragged-plumed, hilarious children play and become candidates for the cough drops and soothing syrups that wait for them inside.

Ikey Schoenstein was the night clerk of the Blue Light and the friend of his customers. Thus it is on the east side, where the heart of pharmacy is not grace. There, as it should be, the druggist is a counselor, a confessor, an adviser, an able and willing missionary and mentor whose learning is respected, whose occult wisdom is venerated and whose medicine is often poured, untasted, into the gutter. Therefore Ikey's corniform, bespectacled nose and narrow, knowledge-bowed figure was well known in the vicinity of the Blue Light, and his advice and notice were much desired.

Ikey roomed and breakfasted at Mrs. Riddle's, two squares away. Mrs. Riddle had a daughter named Rosy. The circumlocution has been in vain—you must have guessed it—Ikey adored Rosy. She flattered all his thoughts. She was the compound extract of all that was chemically pure and official. The dispensary contained nothing equal to her. But Ikey was timid, and his hopes remained insoluble in the menstruum of his backwardness and fears. Behind his counter he was a superior being, calmly conscious of special knowledge and worth. Outside he was a weak-kneed, purblind, mortician-cursed rambler, with ill fitting clothes stained with chemicals and smelling of socotrine aloes and valerianate of ammonia.

The fly in Ikey's ointment (three welcome, pat trope) was Chunk McGowan.

Mr. McGowan was also striving to catch the bright smiles tossed about by Rosy. But he was no outfielder, as Ikey was. He picked them off the bat. At the same time he was Ikey's friend and customer and often dropped in at the Blue Light drug store to have a bruise painted with iodine or get a cut rubber plastered after a pleasant evening spent along the Bowery.

One afternoon McGowan drifted in in his silent, easy way and sat, comely, smooth faced, hard, indomitable, good natured, upon a stool.

"Ikey," said he when his friend had fetched his mortar and sat opposite, grinding gum benzoin to a powder, "get busy with your ear. It's drugs for me if you've got the line I need."

Ikey scanned the countenance of Mr. McGowan for the usual evidences of conflict, but found none.

"Take your coat off," he ordered. "I guess already that you have been



"WE'VE BEEN LAYIN' PIPES FOR THE GET-AWAY."

stuck in the ribs with a knife. I have many times told you those dagoes would do you up."

Mr. McGowan smiled. "Not them," he said, "not any dagoes. But you've located the diagnosis all right enough. It's under my coat, near the ribs. Say, Ikey, Rosy and me are goin' to run away and get married tonight."

Ikey's left forefinger was doubled over the edge of the mortar, holding it steady. He gave it a wild rap with the pestle, but felt it not. Meanwhile Mr. McGowan's smile faded to a look of perplexed gloom.

"That is," he continued, "if she

keeps in the notion until the time comes. We've been layin' pipes for the getaway for two weeks. One day she says she will. The same evening she says nixy. We've agreed on tonight, and Rosy's stuck to the affirmative this time for two whole days. But it's five hours yet till the time, and I'm afraid she'll stand me up when it comes to the scratch."

"You said you wanted drugs," remarked Ikey.

Mr. McGowan looked ill at ease and harassed—a condition opposed to his usual line of demeanor. He made a patent medicine almanac into a roll and fitted it with unprofitable carefulness about his finger.

"I wouldn't have this double hand-cap make a false start tonight for a million," he said. "I've got a little fat up in Harlem all ready, with chrysanthemums on the table and a kettle ready to boil. And I've engaged a pulp pounder to be ready at his house for us at 9:30. It's got to come off. And if Rosy don't change her mind again"—Mr. McGowan ceased, a prey to his doubts.

"I don't see then yet," said Ikey shortly, "what makes it that you talk of drugs or what I can be doing about it."

"Old man Riddle don't like me a little bit," went on the uneasy suitor, bent upon marshaling his arguments. "For a week he hasn't let Rosy step outside the door with me. If it wasn't for losin' a boarder they'd have bounced me long ago. I'm makin' \$20 a week, an' she'll never regret flyin' the coop with Chunk McGowan."

"You will excuse me, Chunk," said Ikey. "I must make a prescription that is to be called for soon."

"Say," said McGowan, looking up suddenly—"say, Ikey, ain't there a drug of some kind—some kind of powder—that'll make a girl like you better if you give 'em to her?"

Ikey's lip beneath his nose curled with scorn of superior enlightenment, but before he could answer McGowan continued:

"Tim Lacy told me he got some once from a croaker uptown and fed 'em to his girl in soda water. From the very first dose he was ace high and everybody else looked like 30 cents to her. They was married in less than two weeks."

Strong and simple was Chunk McGowan. A better reader of men than Ikey was could have seen that his tough frame was strung upon fine wires. Like a good general who was about to invade the enemy's territory, he was seeking to guard every point against possible failure.

"I thought," went on Chunk hopefully, "that if I had one of them powders to give Rosy when I see her at supper tonight it might brace her up and keep her from renegeing on the proposition to skip. I guess she don't need a mule team to drag her away, but women are better at coaching than they are at running bases. If the stuff'll work just for a couple of hours it'll do the trick."

"When is this foolishness of running away to be happening?" asked Ikey.

"Nine o'clock," said Mr. McGowan.

"Supper's at 7. At 8 Rosy goes to bed with a headache. At 9 old Parvezano lets me through to his back yard, where there's a board off Riddle's fence, next door. I go under her window and help her down the fire escape. We've got to make it early on the preacher's account. It's all dead easy if Rosy don't balk when the flag drops. Can you fix me one of them powders, Ikey?"

Ikey Schoenstein rubbed his nose slowly.

"Chunk," said he, "it is of drugs of that nature that pharmacutists must have much carefulness. To you alone of my acquaintance would I intrust a powder like that. But for you I shall make it, and you shall see how it makes Rosy to think of you."

Ikey went behind the prescription desk. There he crushed to a powder two soluble tablets, each containing a quarter of a grain of morphia. To them he added a little sugar of milk to increase the bulk and folded the mixture neatly in a white paper. Taken by an adult this powder would insure several hours of heavy slumber without danger to the sleeper. This he handed to Chunk McGowan, telling him to administer it in a liquid if possible and received the hearty thanks of the back yard Lochinvar.

The subtlety of Ikey's action becomes apparent upon recital of his subsequent move. He sent a messenger for Mr. Riddle and disclosed the plans of Mr. McGowan for eloping with Rosy. Mr. Riddle was a stout man, brick-dusty of complexion and sudden in action.

"Much obliged," he said briefly to Ikey. "The lazy Irish loafer! My own room's just above Rosy's. I'll just go up there myself after supper and load the shotgun and wait. If he comes in my back yard he'll go away in an ambulance instead of a bridal chaise."

With Rosy held in the clutches of Morpheus for many hours deep slumber and the bloodthirsty parent waiting, armed and forewarned, Ikey felt that his rival was close indeed upon discomfiture.

All night in the Blue Light drug store he waited at his duties for chance news of the tragedy, but none came.

At 8 o'clock in the morning the day clerk arrived, and Ikey started hurriedly for Mrs. Riddle's to learn the outcome. And, lo, as he stepped out of the store who but Chunk McGowan sprang from a passing street car and grasped his hand—Chunk McGowan, with a victor's smile and flushed with joy.

"Pulled it off," said Chunk, with elysium in his grin. "Rosy hit the fire escape on time to a second, and we was under the wire at the reverend's at 9:30. She's up at the flat—she cooked eggs this mornin' in a blue

kimono. Lord, how lucky I am! You must pace up some day, Ikey, and feed with us. I've got a job down near the bridge, and that's where I'm headin' for now."

"The — the — powder?" stammered Ikey.

"Oh, that stuff you gave me!" said Chunk, broadening his grin. "Well, it was this way. I sat down at the supper table last night at Riddle's, and I looked at Rosy, and I says to myself: 'Chunk, if you get the girl get her on the square. Don't try any hocus pocus with a thoroughbred like her.' And I keeps the paper you give me in my



CHUNK MCGOWAN SPRANG FROM A PASSING STREET CAR.

pocket. And then my lamps fall on another party present, who, I says to myself, is fallin' in a proper affection toward his comin' son-in-law, so I watches my chance and dumps that powder in old man Riddle's coffee. See?"

**Women and Eating.**

"Considerable fun has been poked at women for their choice of viands in public eating places," said a trained observer, "but I've noticed that even there they are more sensible than men in some respects. Three large, middle-aged women were taking luncheon near my table the other noon. The largest woman, who was dressed in black, called for two portions of broiled fish and bread and butter. There was an abundance for the trio, and when the fish course had been finished the waiter asked them if they would have something else.

"Nothing more," said the largest woman, who was paying the check, and she said it in a determined sort of way that brought the repast to an abrupt close. You might have thought that they were never going to have anything more to eat as long as they lived.

"Now, if a man invites friends to take luncheon with him he orders twice as much as anybody wants and then keeps on ordering, through ice cream, coffee, crackers and cheese and cordials, for fear that he'll be set down as scrumpy. The guests of that largest woman couldn't have got another bite if they had sat up and begged for it."—Providence Tribune.

**The Doctor's Gift.**

Dr. Robert Glynn-Clobery, a delightful old character described in "Reminiscences of Cambridge," was a fellow of King's college, where he resided. During a long illness he attended a poor man, of whose family party a pert, talkative magpie made one, and as the patient observed that Dr. Glynn-Clobery always when paying a visit had some joke with the bird he thought that perhaps the doctor might like to possess it.

Accordingly, when the poor man was well again, with overflowing gratitude, but with no money to pay a bill, he thought he could do no better than make his kind friend a present of the magpie, and so the prisoner in its cage was conveyed to his rooms in King's college.

The bearer met with a kind reception, but was desired to carry the bird back with him.

"I cannot," said the doctor, "take so good care of it as can you, but I shall consider it mine, and I intrust it to you to keep for me, and as long as it lives I will pay you half a crown weekly for its maintenance."

**A Hard Working River.**

The hardest working river, the one most thoroughly harnessed to the mill wheels of labor in the United States, probably in the world, is the Blackstone. It is not a large river either. Its drainage area is only about 458 square miles, and in its power-producing section it is only forty-three miles long, a very Tom Thumb of a river as rivers go in America. Yet the doughty little stream produces 23,000 horsepower, fifty for every square mile of its drainage area. If you will figure out this amount of horsepower in terms of coal you will find that the busy little stream represents a capitalization of about \$25,000,000. This is twice the developed horsepower of any other important river.

Almost a hundred mills, catching with their whirling turbines its water almost from the very source in the city of Worcester, Mass., line its banks and grow in size and importance till in Woonsocket and Pawtucket, R. I., you have some of the largest of their kind in the country.—Technical World Magazine.

## WILLING TO STAY.

He Did Love a Little Game, No Matter Where He Played.

A man went to heaven, and after he had been there a few days he grew so lonesome that he told St. Peter he reckoned that he'd go down and take a look at the other place.

"But if you go down there you can't get back," said St. Peter.

"Well, I only want to go just to look at the place," said the man, so St. Peter agreed to give him a return pass if he promised to be back along toward night.

He agreed, took the pass and started off. When he reached his destination the first thing he saw was a party of old friends playing poker, but they wouldn't let him into the game because he admitted that he had no money.

"Well, I'll fix that all right," he said as he left them and wandered off through one of the corridors. Pretty soon he came back and threw a big roll of bills down on the table and demanded chips. They all looked in astonishment at the size of his pile and wanted to know where he got it, saying that they would not play with him unless he told them.

"That's all right," he said. "Give me the chips. I sold my pass."

**One Point Settled.**

A new family had moved into the house next door to the Townsends, and little Kitty Townsend on the back porch of her own home was cultivating the acquaintance of the little girl on the opposite porch, about ten feet away.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Florence," answered the newcomer.

"What's yours?"

"Katherine, but they always call me Kitty. The name of the folks that"



"YOU FOLKS DON'T DO THAT, DO YOU?"

lived there before you moved in was Jones."

"Our name's Thompson."

"Ours is Townsend. You didn't know the Joneses, did you?"

"No."

"They was awful for borrowing. They used to send over to our house once or twice every week and borrow a cupful of coffee for breakfast, and they never paid it back. You folks don't do that, do you?"

"No."

"She says they don't, mamma," called out Kitty, turning her head and speaking to somebody back of the dining room window curtain.

**Our Age of Chivalry.**

Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past so long as there is a wrong left undressed on earth or a man or woman left to say, "I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt." The age of chivalry is never past so long as we have faith enough to say, "God will help me to redress that wrong, or, if not me, he will help those that come after me, for his eternal will is to overcome evil with good."—Kingsley.

**The Intruders.**

Clang, clatter, bang! Down the street came the fire engines. Driving along ahead, oblivious of any danger, was a farmer in a ramshackle old buggy. A policeman yelled at him: "Hi, there! Look out! The fire department's comin'!"

Turning in by the curb, the farmer watched the hose cart, salvage wagon and engine whiz past. Then he turned out into the street again and drove on. Barely had he started when the hook and ladder came tearing along. The rear wheel of the big truck slewed into the farmer's buggy, smashing it to smithereens and sending the farmer sprawling into the gutter. The policeman ran to his assistance.

"Didn't I tell you to keep out of the way?" he demanded crossly. "Didn't I tell you the fire department was comin'?"

"Waal, consarn ye," said the irate farmer. "I did git outter the way for th' fire department. But what in tar-nation was them drunken painters in sech an all-fired hurry fer?"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Common Complaint.**

Aunt Mary met her little niece in the park and seized the opportunity to gather the latest news from Marjory's home. And she got it.

"And how is your papa, dear?" she inquired finally.

"Oh, papa is critically ill!"

"He is! Why, what is the matter?"

"I don't know—not much, I think. But he criticises me, criticises ma, and he criticises the cook and most every-thing. He is very critically ill. Ma says so."

## For Coughs—Take This

Do you know a remedy for coughs and colds nearly seventy years old? There is one—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Once in the family, it stays. It is not a doctor, does not take the place of a doctor. It is a doctor's aid. Made for the treatment of all throat and lung troubles. Ask your own doctor his opinion of it. Follow his advice. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

You cannot recover promptly if your bowels are constipated. Ayer's Pills are gently laxative; act directly on the liver. Sold for nearly sixty years. Ask your doctor all about them.

ORGANIZED 1865

### Cayuga County Savings Bank

INCORPORATED BY CHARTER OF GEORGE & STATE BANK

AUBURN, N. Y.

W. F. WAIT, President.  
W. H. MEAKER, Treasurer.

D. WADSWORTH, Jr., Vice-President  
E. D. METCALF, Vice-President

**INTERESTS PAID ON DEPOSIT**  
Loans Made on Approved Mortgages  
All Business Strictly Confidential.

## 1849 Auburn Savings Bank 1909

ASSETS \$5,582,166.15 SURPLUS \$454,490.07

PAYS 3-1-2 per cent. on Deposits

One Dollar will Open an Account in This Bank

Deposits in Savings Banks are free of Tax.

UNDER THE TOWN CLOCK.

DAVID M. DOWNING, President.  
Treasurer and Secy, WILLIAM S. DOWNER, Trustee.  
EDWIN R. FAY, DAVID M. DUNNING, GEORGE UNDERWOOD, NELSON B. ELDRIDGE, GEORGE H. NYE, WILLIAM E. KEELER, HENRY D. TITUS, HOBERT L. ROMIG, WM. H. SEWARD, JR., HENRY D. NOBLE, FREDERICK SEFTON, JOHN DUNN, JR., WILLIAM S. DOWNER

VERIBEST RUBBER ROOFING

R. L. TEETER, MORAVIA.

DEALER IN PIANOS, ORGANS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS GENERALLY.

WAREROOMS, 12 JOHN ST., AUBURN, N. Y.

TUNER—REPAIRER.

EMPIRE PHONE 1246.

PAID YOUR SUBSCRIPTION YET?

FREDERICK J. MEYER,

DEALER IN PIANOS, ORGANS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS GENERALLY.

WAREROOMS, 12 JOHN ST., AUBURN, N. Y.

TUNER—REPAIRER.

EMPIRE PHONE 1246.

CIDER APPLES WANTED.

WE WANT 10,000 BUSHELS OF CIDER APPLES AT OUR CIDER MILL AND JELL FACTORY.

Will pay the highest market price. Custom cider making every day. Custom jelly making every Saturday during the month of November.

Our equipment is new and up-to-date. Try our work; we will endeavor to please you.

C. J. WHEELER & CO., Genoa.

HARMONY OUGHT TO EXIST IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD. IT WILL IF HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE ALWAYS AGREED THAT HERE IS THE BEST PLACE TO BUY SHOES.

Thos. Brennan, 42 State St., Auburn.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE

and N. Y. World \$1.65



Published every Friday.  
Morison Building, Genoa, N. Y. **B. A. Waldo.**

**Subscription.**  
One year ..... \$1.00  
Six months ..... .50  
Three months ..... .25  
Single copies ..... .05

If no orders are received to discontinue the paper at the expiration of the time paid for, the publisher assumes that the subscriber desires the paper and intends to pay for it. No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

**Advertising.**  
Business notices with headings placed among regular reading matter, five cents per line, up to twenty lines, over that four cents. Local readers and special 3 cents per line for each insertion. No charge less than 10 cents. Rates for space advertising are reasonable, and the value of this publication as a medium through which the people of Southern Cayuga and Northern Tompkins may be reached, is unquestioned. Write for space rates.  
Notices of entertainments, socials, sales, etc., inserted once free; for more than that a slight charge will be made.  
Obituaries, five cents per line. Cards of thanks twenty-five cents.

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

**Friday Morning, Dec. 10, 1909**

**DR. J. W. SKINNER,**  
Homeopathist and Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.  
Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Cancer removed without pain by escharotic. Office at residence.

**Venice Town Insurance Co.**

**\$1,000,000 in Farm Risks.**

Office, Genoa, N. Y.  
Average Assessment since Organization of Company, in 1879, 6.78 1-2.  
Where can you do better?  
**Wm. H. Sharpsteen, Secy.**

**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.

**Don't Neglect Your Teeth**

If they need attention, **Come to us;** we guarantee our work to be the best; we make no charge for consultation and examination and our prices are within the reach of all.

Best Set Teeth on Red Rubber \$3.00  
A Good Set for ..... 5.00  
Broken Plates Repaired ..... 1.00  
Filled, Gold ..... \$1.00 up  
Filled, Silver ..... 75c up  
Cleaned ..... 75c  
Crown and Bridge Work \$5 per Tooth  
Vitalized Air for Extracting ..... 50c

**Red Cross Dentists,**  
67 Genesee St., (Cor North)  
AUBURN, N. Y.

**The Thrice-A-Week World**  
without a Rival in its Field, the Largest, Cheapest and Best Newspaper  
Published at the Price.

Read in every English-Speaking Country

It has invariably been the great effort of the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World to publish the news impartially in order that it may be an accurate reporter of what has happened. It tells the truth, irrespective of party, and for that reason it has achieved a position with the public unique among papers of its class.

The subscription season is now at hand and this is the best offer that will be made to you.

If you want the news as it really is, subscribe to the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World, which comes to you every other day, except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly.

**THE THIRCE-A-WEEK WORLD'S** regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and **THE GENOA TRIBUNE** together for the year for \$1.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

**CROUP** stopped in 20 minutes sure with Dr. Shoop's Croup Remedy. One least will surely prove. No vomiting, no diarrhea. A safe and pleasing syrup—50c. Druggists.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

**LITTLE FARMS BEST.**

**Irrigation Is Exact, but the Reward Is Great.**

**Slipshod Methods Won't Do if You Wish to Succeed by Irrigation. The Irrigation Farmer Must Have His Head With Him All the Time.**

By **MARK BENNETT.**  
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

**W**E never can know what percentage of farmers' farms are too large. It may be 98 or 99 per cent or possibly 99%. However, let us not dispute over a small difference of opinion.

A farm that probably is not too large is that little one in Glenn county, Cal., where the average farm is over a thousand acres. The area of this particular ranch is one acre. It is a mere baby, but a howling success. It has been much written about and affords us one of the most interesting examples in this country of what a single acre can do. Perhaps I should say it shows what a real farmer can do with a little scrap of land saved from the ash barrel of one of the big ranches that are strewn up and down the Sacramento valley.

Many of us carry in our pockets as a talisman a little medal no larger

than a gold dollar, with the Lord's Prayer engraved on one side. The prayer is all there, even though we must take a magnifying glass to see it. The little farm near Orland is not a prayer, but it is a mighty thing in a small space, and he must have been a good man who has made it the center of perennial interest that it is.

For nearly thirty years Samuel C. Cleek and his wife have cultivated this one acre farm, which not only has afforded them a living, but has enabled them to place a snug sum of money in the bank besides, all derived from the profits of their marvelous acre. Of course it is an irrigated farm, and of course they have the California sunshine and a long season to rely upon for results.

When Mr. Cleek cut this little chunk out of a big wheat ranch it was as dry as a bone, but he knew where to get water. His first investment was to put down two wells and equip them with two windmills. From that time forward that little acre has been about the busiest acre in California in productivity. Mr. and Mrs. Cleek have made it a place of beauty and fragrance and have not overlooked the profit side.



**MADE POSSIBLE IN THE DESERT BY IRRIGATION.**

It is really worth while to go somewhat into details to see just what Mr. Cleek does with his acre. The cottage and porch occupy 30 by 30 feet, the barn and corral, including poultry houses, 75 by 75 feet. Two windmill towers take 16 by 16 feet each. The garden is 46 by 90 feet. A citrus nursery is 90 by 98 feet. There are four bearing apricot trees, two oak trees, six fig trees, ten locust trees, one paradise tree, four bearing bread trees, thirty rosebushes, twenty geraniums, twelve lemon trees, one lime tree, eight orange trees, five pomegranate trees, six beds of violets, each 6 by 2 feet; one patch of Japanese bamboo, one bed of calla lilies, four prune trees, six cypress trees, fourteen stands of bees, four huge grapevines, one bed of sage, one large garden and flower seed bed, besides honeysuckle and a large number of other rare and beautiful plants and shrubs. Vegetables are planted here and there in spare angles. With the exception of flour and groceries the place produces what is required for the table. The large surplus that is marketed makes an income that one year amounted to \$400, which was put in the bank.

The Boggs ranch, which borders the west bank of the Sacramento river not far south of Mr. Cleek's one acre, used to contain 10,000 acres, but it has now been divided. A. W. Yerxa of Minneapolis bought the old homestead, with 500 acres, and makes more money out of it than Mr. Boggs did with his 10,000. One of the small divisions of the Boggs ranch is a seven acre piece owned by Mr. Burt at Princeton. Mr. Burt supports a family consisting of wife and five children and clears about \$100 a month besides. Like Mr. Cleek, he aims to make everything count, but does not go in for such intensive farming as the one acre farmer. Much of his place is devoted to small fruits. Of course all the fruit growing dis-

tricts of California are regions of small farms. An orange or lemon orchard of five acres well kept is a family fortune. An orchard of ten acres is a possession that means luxury to the owner. The care now bestowed upon a California orange grove is something quite beyond the comprehension of those who have not seen one. Every tree is like a trotting horse with a record—to be sponged, blanketed, rubbed down, caressed and called pet names till you feel as though it would follow you out of the orchard if you didn't give it a lump of sugar and tie it to a post.

Near Porterville, on the eastern slope of the San Joaquin valley, south of Fresno, is a Valencia orange grove of eight and a half acres that sold last winter for \$32,000 cash, or \$4,000 an acre. The crop of 1909 was expected to return to the purchaser, A. R. Willey, the well known metallurgist of Denver, at least half the purchase price. This orchard is an exceptional one, but illustrates, as many others do, what a small acreage will yield. Another famous little grove is owned by John T. Harrington at Colusa, a hundred miles up the river from Sacramento. He has 500 trees on six acres, and they are a sight to inspire angels. He gets 300 to 375 boxes per acre from the older trees, and so choice is the fruit that he has at different times sold his entire crop at \$3 a box.

But we cannot all grow oranges. They are but one of many crops suited to the small farm. Nor can one say just how large a farm should be. But it is a wise farmer who knows his limitations and will cultivate only so much of his farm as he can handle in a first class manner. Better let half of the farm lie fallow than to skim it all over indifferently and get quarts where bushels should be harvested.

The agricultural schools are teaching specializing in farm management. The farm boys are being taught the high art of poultry raising and marketing. The perfect onion field is one of many money making allurements seen in some of the college courses. Celery growing, sugar beet culture, bean raising and potato growing are other special farm industries that require only a small acreage for large results.

The advantages of a small farm are in the smaller investment, the nearness of every part to the farmer's point of personal observation, the smaller expense for fencing and maintenance, the development of the intellectual faculties rather than mere muscular capacity and other advantages that will occur to the reader. The big farm is a burden handed down from past generations. Scientific advancement in agriculture is reducing the acreage and increasing the results.

**Some Further Information.**  
The success of the Carey act lies in the fact that every acre under the Carey act proposition must pay its share of the burden of the development of the project—that is, building the canal, reservoirs and all other expenses connected with it. Every acre must pay its share of maintenance. Whether it is in cultivation or not it must pay its share of maintenance for the operation of the canal. The conditions of the contracts have been that only that land that was in cultivation bore the expense. But in the last four years all new contracts made state that every acre bears its share of the burden of operation and that it is at the rate of 35 cents an acre—that is the price.

Upon what are the different charges of construction upon the various projects based—on their construction charge or upon the desirability of the land? On the construction alone. The engineer is ordered by the state land board to make an exhaustive report showing the cost of construction, water supply and all those things, and upon that and other information which the land board can gather the price per acre is charged. That is the basis upon which these companies take up the work and agree to furnish water, putting it within half a mile, making it available within half a mile of any legal subdivision, and it is upon that that the board and the company agree upon the price upon a thorough investigation and report by the state engineer. The Carey act projects, as a whole, have been built upon this plan.

After the settler has received his patent from the state, subject to the lien of the water company, he can obtain a loan upon his entry secured by second mortgage. He has an equity in the land, of course. It may be all the way from \$10 up to \$100 and as high as \$300 or \$400 an acre.

**LEGAL NOTICES.**

**Citation.**

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To Thomas Osborne of Ashbury, Mo., Lewis Toan of Weston, Ohio, Narcissa Mulholland of Rockford, Ill., Mrs. Frances Pratt of Webster, South Dakota, Mrs. C. L. Miller of Flint, Mich., George W. Kelley of Saranac, Mich., Charles L. Kelley of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lewis O. Kelley of Saranac, Mich., Dennis Kelley of Marshall, Mich., Mrs. E. H. Ely of 715 Congress Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., Mrs. Edwin Wallington of Saranac, Mich., Mrs. Claude A. Frace of Ironwood, Mich., Dennis Kelly of Groton, N. Y., Nina Halsey of Groton, N. Y., Mary Brown of Groton, N. Y., William Miller of Groton, N. Y., Emma Doxtader of Ithaca, N. Y., Jennie Morse of Auburn, N. Y., Elizabeth Toan and Frank Toan, both residing at East Virgil, N. Y. Send Greeting:

Whereas, Samuel C. Bradley of Ledyard, N. Y., has lately applied to our Surrogate's Court of the County of Cayuga for the proof and probate of a certain instrument in writing, dated the 4th day of June, 1906, purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Orloff Bourne, late of the town of Genoa, in said county, deceased, which relates to personal estate only.

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 11th day of January, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and attend the probate of said Last Will and Testament.

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

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, [L.S.] Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at the Surrogate's Office in the City of Auburn, this 17th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and nine.

**FREDERICK B. WILLS,**  
Clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

**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 Jane Ann Helm, late of the town of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrators of said estate, at the residence of Elmer E. Helm, in the town of Seneca, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 28th day of May, 1910.

Dated Nov. 16, 1909.  
**DELECTA M. WILSON,**  
**ELMER E. HELM,**  
Administrators.

**Joel E. Jennings,**  
Attorney for Administrators,  
P. O., Moravia, N. Y.

**Notice to Creditors.**

By virtue of an Order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of George Coon, late of the town of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the Executor of said estate, at her residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 28th day of March, 1910.

Dated Sept. 18, 1909.  
**SARAH A. COON,** Executor.

**YOU ARE SURE OF FINDING JUST WHAT YOU WANT**

As a Christmas Gift for Gentlemen in our Holiday assortment, so why shop?

Come here early, the earlier the better, and such affordable prices as you'll find on our fine House Coats, Bath Robes, Mufflers, Neckwear, Gloves, Handkerchiefs and Silk Umbrellas will make buying and paying for a swell Christmas gift an easy matter.

**Mosher, Griswold and Co.**

Clothiers and Furnishers,  
87 and 89 Genesee St.,  
AUBURN, N. Y.

**Christmas Presents**



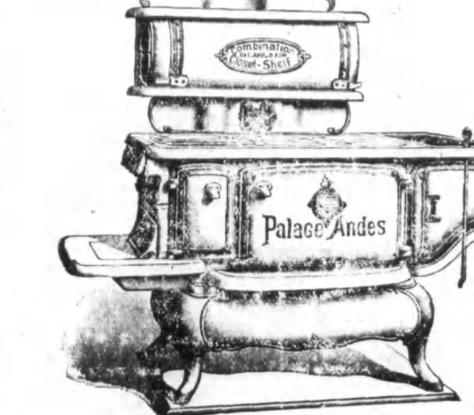
**Are Now In Order**

Your business is one of your best friends. Why not give it a suitable present—some new and attractive stationery, for instance, such as we are prepared to print for you at right prices?

**Car Load Buyers.**

We buy Andes Stoves and Ranges by the car load, thus securing the lowest cash prices. Just drop us a line or better yet, call on us for low cash prices on Andes Ranges.

Every Andes Range warranted to give satisfaction. Stoves delivered to Genoa.



**C. J. Rumsey & Co.,**  
Ithaca, N. Y.

**Sensible : Gifts.**

For Daddy.		For the Boy.	
A box of Hose	1.50 to 3.00	A Sweater	1.00 to 3.00
A warm Cap	.50 to 2.50	A Suit	2.50 to 12.00
A Sweater	1.00 to 6.50	A Cap	25c and 50c
Suspenders	25c and 50c	An Overcoat	2.50 to 12.00
Underwear	50c to 2.00	Fur Mitts	1.00 to 2.00
Gloves	50c to 5.00	A Tie	25c
A Hat	1.00 to 3.00	A Shirt or Waist	50c to 1.00

Any of these will please the recipient, for they are true gifts, and if bought here the quality can be depended upon.

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

**ITHACA TRUST COMPANY**  
110 N. TICCA ST. ITHACA, NEW YORK

As the child learns to walk by falling, so does the man succeed by failure.

**Provide for Your Children.**

As you watch the children in your home, creeping to-day, walking to-morrow, and just learning to talk the childish prattle, do you realize that in a few short years they must be prepared to enter upon the serious work and duties of life?

The proper home training means a great deal to the child's future. Good habits formed in youth make the man stronger.

The value, uses and care of money, is one over which habit has great control in every person. A growing child who possesses a growing bank account is forming habits of thrift. The ability to save, to spend less than one earns, is one of the first requirements in the make-up of the successful business man.

We would urge you to see that your children have an interest account with this bank. Start with \$1.

**INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.**

**We Want You to Come In**

and look at our Harness. We have some fine bargains in heavy team Harness. Also single Harness. You can't begin to duplicate them for the price; fully guaranteed too!

Feed Biles' Union Grains or Fourex. It's a square meal for the cow.

Isn't it about time you tried our Flour? It's good.

**J. G. ATWATER & SON,**  
GENOA, N. Y.

SMITH'S

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SMITH'S

# HOLIDAY GOODS

## Useful : Gifts

For Mother, Father,  
Brother and Sister.

Shoes  
Slippers  
Hosiery  
Handkerchiefs  
Neckwear  
Raincoats  
Umbrellas  
Suspenders  
Table Linen  
Heatherbloom Skirts  
Arctics  
Gloves  
Mittens  
Mufflers

## Ready

This store is ready as never before to demonstrate to you its usefulness, in providing for your choosing unmatched showings of HOLIDAY GIFT GOODS.

No matter which way the buyer is inclined, be it to useful and practical gifts or to ornamental gifts we can suit you with our immense stock and help you save money on your purchases. Many people have made a practice of doing their Christmas buying at this store for years, and they claim it is to their advantage to do so. The time of every Holiday shopper will indeed be well spent in looking through our bright, fresh selections of up-to-date gifts.

Silk Shawls  
Wool Scarfs  
Silk Scarfs  
Waistings in Holly Boxes  
Dinner Sets  
Suit Cases  
Chamber Sets  
Lamps  
Water Sets  
Fine China  
Furniture  
Rugs  
Caps  
Sweaters  
Sweater Coats  
Bed Blankets  
Comforts  
Phonograph  
Records



### Fancy Waistings and Dress Ging'ms

We have hundreds of patterns in these goods; while you might be surprized it is a fact nevertheless.

A complete line of Fancy Waistings in domestic and imported goods in pretty Holly boxes, makes a very desirable Christmas gift.

Christmas Umbrellas, a large assortment to select from.

### Christmas Handkerchiefs

We have hundreds of beautiful Handkerchiefs and a whole page could be used in an attempt to itemize and describe the various qualities and kinds of Handkerchiefs carefully selected for your Christmas shopping.



### Ladies' Neckwear

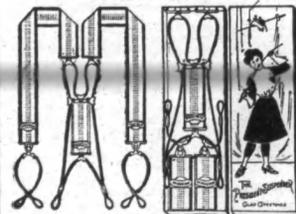
Well liked Christmas gifts. Every woman loves pretty neckwear. There are hundreds of styles here at every price from 25c up. We have everything that's new and acceptable in Neckwear novelties for women. Many are in holiday boxes, selling at 25c and 50c

### Fancy Linens For Christmas Gifts.

Each year sees a greater tendency toward the more practical in gift giving, and fancy decorative linens are becoming decidedly popular and attractive. The housewife or prospective bride will appreciate nothing better than a pretty linen set or separate piece.

We are showing a very varied and interesting assortment of fancy linens, and invite your most careful inspection

### President Suspenders Men's Hosiery in Holiday Boxes.



Men's silk lisle half hose in black, navy, gray and tan. These are put up in attractive holiday box, four pairs to a box, for 67c and 1.00

President Suspenders in

For the Holidays No extra charge holiday boxes.  
Box top Lithographed in 7 colors  
Three Posings in every dozen

### Heatherbloom and Sateen Skirts.

Exceptional values in ladies' skirts; a sateen skirt, well made, a bargain 98c  
An excellent quality heatherbloom skirt \$1.87



## Mammoth 10 Cent Counter

### TOYLAND

A toy exhibit alike interesting to old and young, greater and more elaborate than any previous holiday time. We want you to view the wonderful array of things that will go into Santa Claus pack when he starts his round Christ-eve. Everything is here to make children happy.

We Show In Endless Variety

Novelties  
Drums  
Nested Blocks  
Games  
Rocker Horses  
Wheelbarrows  
Train of Cars  
Children's Desks  
Teddy Bears

Bicycles  
Air Guns  
Wagons  
Doll Carriages  
Xmas Stockings  
Xmas Tree Trimmings  
Doll Houses  
Books  
Iron Toys

All kinds of Dolls 5c up  
Doll Chairs  
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Rubber Balls  
Tool Chests  
Set of Dishes  
Doll Cradles  
Printing Outfits  
Horns

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Lemons  
Celery  
Nuts  
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## AN UP TO DATE SANTA CLAUS

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

**P**AUL FLETCHER was in the drawing room waiting for Lida to come. Lida lived with her brother, and every time Fletcher called to see her either the brother's wife or his children were in the room, so there was never a chance to say anything to her alone.

At last, however, his opportunity had come. It was the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Safford and the children had gone to her mother's for several days.

Now, with Lida left at home with the two servants and her brother not coming till evening, Fletcher could say to her those things he had been longing to say, but which he could not bring himself to write in a letter nor to declare before the assembled family.

At length, after what seemed a very long waiting, some one was coming. He stood up and looked eagerly toward the doorway. The portiere was thrust aside, and in walked Teddy—Teddy, who, in Fletcher's opinion, was the worst pill in the whole box as far as staying power and keen observation were concerned.

"Hello, Teddy," he said, not very cordially. "I thought you had gone to spend Christmas with your grandma."

"I didn't go," said Teddy.

"Do you expect a visit from Santa Claus tonight?"

"Oh, I s'pose so," wearily. "I'd just like to see him, though." His manner grew more animated.

"Why, what would you do?"

"I'd tell him what I think of him."

"And what is that?"

"Oh, that I think he's a fraud! Pretending he comes in a sleigh when the ground has been bare for a month! And reindeers too! Who does he think is going to believe that? Why doesn't he come on a bicycle?"

"His fur overcoat would be rather in the way," said Fletcher gravely. "And



SANTA CLAUS STOOD BEFORE HIM.

he's pretty old, too, and maybe does not know how to ride, and, besides, how would he bring the presents?"

"What's the use of presents, anyway? I never have anything that's any good."

"I think you have the blues today," said Fletcher, and then he did not speak again, though Teddy tried to draw him out.

He seemed to be in a brown study, and nothing roused him till Lida came in, and even then he did not say much and stayed only a short time.

It was in the evening that a card was brought to Teddy. On it was written "Santa Claus." Teddy's eyes sparkled. "Tell him to come in," he said grandly.

A moment later Santa Claus stood before him, a tall, fur clad figure with flowing hair and beard. Teddy shook hands and introduced the guest to his aunt.

"Did you find it good sleighing?" Teddy asked. "And how are the reindeers?"

"I did not come on runners, young man," said Santa Claus. "Perhaps you did not know that there is no snow on the ground."

"Bicycle?" asked Teddy.

"No; I came in a motor carriage."

"A motor carriage?" cried Teddy incredulously. Then he ran to the window and looked out. "It is, Aunt Lida," he said excitedly, coming back. "You can see it just as plain out under the electric light."

"I did not bring you any presents," said Santa Claus, "as I heard you did not care for them, but I would like to take you for a little ride, if your aunt will go too. I came early," glancing at the clock, "so that I can get back and attend to the boys and girls who like to have presents."

"Of course we will go," said Teddy promptly. "I have never been in a motor carriage."

In a few moments the three were on

their way, well protected from the cold, bracing air by an abundance of furs and wraps. There was no moon, but after the lighted streets of the town were past the stars shone down on them brightly.

Teddy was wild with delight, and his tongue ran on rapidly. At length there were occasional pauses, then longer ones interrupted by disjointed remarks. Finally there was total silence. Fletcher bent over so that he could see the child's face; then he looked at Lida and smiled.

They went on for a little in silence. Fletcher was trying to compose his speech.

"I don't know how to say it," he burst out desperately at length. "I keep forgetting how I look, and if I say it the way I want to it will be perfectly ridiculous. And yet I must say it, for I may never have another chance."

She was looking at him, her startled eyes dark and luminous in the starlight.

"Perhaps you do not need to say it," she said gently.

"Do you mean that you understand without my telling you?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she answered very low.

When they reached the house Fletcher took Teddy in his arms and carried him in. He laid him gently on the couch in the hall and turned away, thinking the child still slept.

"I can stop only a moment," Fletcher said. "Is it late?"

At that instant Teddy sat bolt upright, staring about him wildly. He caught sight of his father in an adjoining room.

"Oh, papa!" he cried, his voice ringing out clear and shrill. "Oh, papa, Santa Claus is kissing Aunt Lida!"—Boston Herald.

## THAT CHRISTMAS PIE.

Confession of the Sinner Who Doctored the Mince-meat.

It had been our family custom to put brandy in all the mince pies and to put in at Christmas time a sufficient amount to enable the partakers thereof to detect that there was really something in it. It often went so far as to deserve the remark of my grandfather that we put mince pie in our brandy. With this as the family precedent, imagine the consternation when it was learned that Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins, our new minister and an avowed teetotaler, had accepted mother's invitation to Christmas dinner. A vote was taken at the family table (we were a democratic household, and it was decided that out of respect to our guest the brandy would be omitted from the big mince pie.

Now, each of us in his heart of hearts felt that the pie would be improved if just a wee bit of brandy were added. So I, for one, resolved to do the deed. Accordingly I sought out the big stone crock in which reposed the mince-meat and poured in what I thought was a moderate quantity of brandy.

It's wonderful how true is the adage about great minds running in similar channels, for every other member of the family, including my father, surreptitiously did the same thing. Later we figured that the mince-meat must have been treated to nigh unto a quart. Mother reserved her brandy until Christmas day, when, before the pie was baked, she added a generous amount of the strong stuff.

With hearts as high as the flaky pie crust itself we all watched mother carve that pie and serve it.

The Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins, because of an expressed fondness for pie, was given a big portion.

No sooner had we tasted of the fine dish than we discovered that that pie was nothing short of a small sized distillery. It was brandied as no other pie had been since the birth of time. You can imagine the cold chills which went round the festive board as we watched the Rev. Jeremiah begin to eat. I believe I actually shivered as the first forkful went mouthward.

The first mouthful was followed by a second and the second by a third. Finally he had finished the whole portion, and he settled back in his chair. We saw he was a bit embarrassed and expected a real old-fashioned temperance lecture right then and there.

The Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins cleared his throat, and, turning to mother, said: "Ah—my good sister, permit me to compliment you upon the excellence of this pie. It has a most delicious flavor. I confess I never tasted anything like it. Would you think me overbold if I asked for another piece?"—New York Mail and Express.

Bear Up Gracefully.

Don't take the tone that you are "cut up" if some one for whom you have nothing gives you a present. The thing is not supposed to be a matter of bargaining. Preserve a decent semblance of a Christmas spirit and repay the obligation, not by a tardy wayward gift, but in some other way at some other time, if you want to.

## THE IRON REINDEER

I'm up to date, and, be it said,  
I certainly this year  
Shall break and burn the ancient sled  
And cook the ancient deer.  
Those things are out of date for me;  
They're now a shattered dream.  
Oh, I'm as happy as can be  
About my brand new scheme.



FULL soon across the boundless plain,  
Beneath the Christmas stars,  
I'm going to travel on my train  
Made up of baggage cars,  
And they'll be simply stuffed with toys  
And other precious things  
For little girls and little boys  
For whom I spread my wings.

Oh, yes, in jigtime, down the track  
I'll gayly glide along,  
From home across the land and back  
To fill all hearts with song.  
And to my agent at each town  
I'll toss a bundle great  
Each artless child with joy to crown  
And make its heart elate.

I'll run along on schedule time,  
Through wind swept drifts of snow,  
My bell shall be the Christmas chime



Christmas in the Colonies.

'Twas the merry Christmas season, and the palms swung in the breeze Of the lovely hot December in an island over seas,  
And a meditative maiden of the kind called Philippine  
Sat and gazed, with pensive visage, on the sultry winter scene.

Well she knew that on the morrow all her folks would celebrate,  
Place a palm tree in the parlor, hang their anklets o'er the grate.  
On the heaped up Christmas table, groaning with its load, there'd be  
Appetizing bird's nest truffles and banana fricasee.

"Let me see," she murmured softly; "father 'll get his string of beads,  
Blue and yellow. I am certain they're the very kind he needs,  
For his old ones looked quite shocking, though he never seemed to care,  
And his new set's quite the sweetest thing a gentleman can wear."

"And for mamma there's the nose ring that I bought on Thursday week,  
With the handsome whalebone stickpin for insertion in the cheek,  
And little brother's boomerang! He'll be immensely pleased,  
That or a bamboo jumping jack are the things for which he's teased."

"And as for me, I only hope they've got the things I need—  
Just one or two nice costumes made of genuine coral bead,  
A toe ring would be lovely, and a piece of copper wire  
To wear around the instep make up all that I desire."

"Except, of course, some other things that every girl receives,  
Such as various kinds of dresses made of nicely ripened leaves,  
For surely," said the maiden as she smiled a scornful smile,  
"I'm not like those American girls who always think of style."  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Timely Caution.

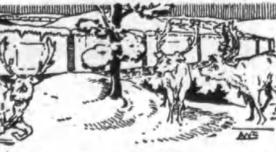
Don't give any one bric-a-brac or pictures unless you are morally sure you know his taste. Presents that must be displayed are apt to be a great strain on the affections. No matter how the receiver may hate them, he must father them and deface his rooms with them or insult the giver. Now, a book, for instance, even if the receiver doesn't like it and doesn't want it, can be tucked away among other books and forgotten, but an ugly vase we have always with us—at least till we can smash it.



That sets all hearts aglow,  
And I shall call, and not in vain,  
While stockingward I head  
My mile a minute flying train,  
"The Christmas Limited."



THE train's made up. Already I  
Am getting up the steam,  
While piling in the cars sky high  
The gifts of which you dream.  
The gifts of which you dream.  
With joy I stand upon my head  
And shout both far and near,  
"Goodby unto the ancient sled—  
All hail the iron deer!"  
—R. K. Munkittrick in Success.



Christmas With Stevenson.

Passengers aboard the steamship Lubbeck unexpectedly spent Christmas at sea in the year 1890, but the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous story writer, was among them made that a most memorable holiday. The Lubbeck was en route from Australia to Samoa. She broke a shaft and limped along several days under sail. "Mr. Stevenson," says the captain in relating the incident, "cheered everybody up by telling funny stories that were better, coming offhand from his lips, than most literary men could write if they worked over them for weeks. He knew, too, that it was only a question of a short time before he would die of consumption and that he could never again go home for more than a brief visit. It was simply wonderful what a difference that one man made among the passengers, and I guess almost all of us would gladly spend the time to make port under sail, with machinery disabled, if we could have a Stevenson aboard."

A Polish Custom.

Peasant lads in the villages of Poland have a pretty Christmas custom which affords great delight not only to themselves, but to the other villagers. This is called the procession of the star. At Christmas time the boys make a large hollow star, two or three feet between points, lighted from the interior. This is carried aloft at the end of a pole or staff. It symbolizes the star of Bethlehem. The three wise men of the East—Casper, Melchior and Balthazar—are impersonated by boys. Others in the party bear a little puppet show cabinet, in which are performed the drama of the Nativity and other Scripture incidents appropriate to the occasion. From house to house around the village this procession trudges in the snow at night singing carols, and the villagers present the boys with small coins as Christmas gifts.

Mistletoe on Apple trees.  
The growth of the mistletoe on oak is now of very rare occurrence, but it flourishes luxuriantly in many parts of England on the apple trees.

## SOME EARNEST HOLIDAY DON'TS

**D**ON'T think that you are too poor to keep Christmas. You can't be so poor as all that.

Don't spend so much on Christmas that you can't get even with the butcher and grocer until March.

Don't give presents that are a pleasure for ten minutes and a burden and a worry for ten years.

Don't, young women, buy neckties for your men folk; don't encourage them in being bigger guys than necessary.

Don't give a drum to the children of your enemy who works nights. A watchman's rattle is just as good, and it is cheaper.

Don't give your wife something she doesn't care for just because you want it yourself. This "don't" works the other way just as well.

Don't forget that a basket of fruit or a box of flowers is just as nice a present in many cases as something that will last a good deal longer.

Don't try to find the price marks on the gifts you receive. If the gifts are worth having they mean something above dollars and cents.

Don't forget the Bob Cratchits and the Tiny Tims—that is, unless you are unregenerate Old Scrooge, in which case forgetfulness can be explained.

Don't put off everything to the last, because you had better for the joy of your friends give nothing than wear yourself out and be as cross as two sticks when the blessed day comes.

Don't waste any of your pity on the long haired youths who lie at the bottom of the heap in football scrimmages. You will need all your pity for yourself in the rush at the holiday counter.

Don't check off each gift you receive against each present that you gave and calculate whether you made or lost. Christmas is not the time to be any smaller or meaner than you can help.

Don't oppress children who are satiated to sadness with toys already by giving them more. There are other ways of making them happy, or if there are not it is because they are spoiled with many pleasures and are the most pitiful beings alive. In that case let them try doing something for poor children, who are blessed in powers of enjoyment, and see if the capacity won't prove catching.

Don't neglect, if you are a woman, to lay in a stock of some simple things like handkerchiefs and sachet bags for unexpected emergencies if you like to meet various people with a reasonable token.

Don't set your own happiness up as the chief thing to be looked out for at Christmas time. Try to make other people happy and forget yourself, then you will be surprised to see how really happy you are.

Don't give a book to a man with a big library or a picture to the man who makes a specialty of the fine arts unless you know pretty well what he wants. Ten to one he'd rather do the buying of such things for himself.

Don't write your name or anybody else's on cards if you send them. No one can keep a lot of such truck, and it is often highly convenient just to send them on their travels to carry Christmas greetings to other people. And why not?—Buffalo Express.

Hawaiian Christmas.  
Birds are singing everywhere,  
Happy, merry Christmas!  
Flowers are showing beauties rare,  
Merry, happy Christmas!  
Here in ocean girdled home,  
Here in pleasant tropic zone,  
'Neath a glorious summer sun  
Cometh merry Christmas.

Day which giveth joy to all,  
Happy, merry Christmas!  
Poor and rich and great or small  
Merry, happy Christmas!  
Day when angel voices call  
Praise to him, the Lord of all,  
And peace, good will, to mankind fall  
On every merry Christmas.

Santa Claus comes here alway  
Every merry Christmas,  
Says the reindeer, sans the sleigh  
Of the lang syne Christmas.  
Here is neither frost nor snow,  
Here but pleasant trade winds blow,  
And a merry Christmas.

Hawaii's homes send forth today  
"A merry, happy Christmas!"  
To the loved ones far away,  
"A happy, merry Christmas!"  
May the God child's natal day  
Be a happy one alway.  
From sorrow free and every way  
A merry, merry Christmas!  
—Paradise of the Pacific.

For the Iconoclast.  
Don't let your little ones into the secret that Santa Claus is an impostor. Let them figure out for themselves how a fat man with a big pack can get into the parlor grate through the chimney of a modern house heated by steam. Imagination is a quality desirable to cultivate.

## OUR CHRISTMAS ON THE PLAINS

**I** NEVER shall forget our Christmas dinner in a construction camp in the year 1900, said a former Coloradoan. We were building a reservoir out on the plains about ten miles east of Pueblo. We had 150 men on the job, all white men.

We had a poor cook on the job and couldn't seem to find any other. As a result there had been men leaving every day and constant grumbling all the fall, and it came to a head Christmas day.

It was a beautiful, bright Colorado Christmas. The men were to work in the morning, have a turkey dinner at noon and lay off in the afternoon. The old man had bought three pounds of turkey per man—450 pounds. The birds had come out the day before.

About ten minutes after noon I heard a kind of an angry roar outside. I never heard anything like it before, and it made me jump. It meant trouble of some kind. I hurried out and saw a surging mob at the door of the cook tent. The men were all shaking their fists in the air and yelling with one steady, hoarse, prolonged yell. I went around behind the tent and slipped in. There stood the cook raging, fighting drunk, brandishing a meat ax and emitting a steady stream of profanity. In front of him surged the mob, just out of reach of the meat ax, crazy mad. I didn't blame them. They had come off work with their mouths all made up for turkey, and not a table was set, not a spark of fire in the stove and 450 pounds of turkey scattered over the section of alkali plain which formed the floor.

The battle was short. The men ran in behind the cook, tripped him and the minute he was down had a roo around him.

"Hang him, hang him!" they roared and started off with him to the meat pole.

In all my life I never was so scared as I was that day. I didn't care in the least whether the man was hanged, drowned or died in his bed. Yet civilization rose up in me, and I knew I had to save him. I ran like a deer to get around the crowd and reach the meat pole first, and all the while I



BRANDISHING A MEAT AX.

ran I was cursing the cook. When they got to the meat pole they found me on a box facing them with a gun.

"What do you want?" they roared.

"Get quiet," said I.

Those in front called out: "Shut up!" When they were still I said: "Boys, I'm sorry this thing has happened. It's my fault for not watching this fool closer. But we can wash those turkeys and have a good dinner yet if some of you'll turn in and help me. They aren't hurt any. As for this scum of a cook, I don't care any more about him than you do. But I'm in charge here and I can't let him be hanged. You can go ahead and hang him if you want to, but you'll have to kill me first. Now go ahead."

I walked, but no one stirred. There were plenty of guns in the crowd, but no one was ready to undertake the job of killing me. I gave them only a minute to think. Then I said to the man that held the rope, "Untie him." He did it. "Get out of here," I said to the cook. The fellow got up, white as death with fear.

Then I turned to the men and asked if there were any who had ever done any cooking, who would help me. Half a dozen volunteered. We washed the turkeys and put them on to boil. I never worked over anything in my life as I did that Christmas dinner. The men were still silent and sullen, and I didn't know but they'd hang me if the dinner didn't suit them. I tried desperately to remember all the cooking I'd ever seen my mother do, and thanked God when I found that one of the men could make pies and another soda biscuit. About 5 o'clock we had the best dinner the camp could turn out, boiled turkey, boiled potatoes, canned squash, canned corn, canned peaches, dried apple pie, hot biscuit and coffee.—New York Press.

### EUROPEAN TOWN PLANNING.

There is an increasing Distribution of Parks and Playgrounds.

It has taken so much space to give any idea of the scope of town planning in Europe that very little can be said about its physical results. In the newer quarters there is to be seen, first, a reasonably good provision of main thoroughfares well planned and well equipped. The tendency appears to be to plan these to fit more closely to the topography and the traffic requirements and less with a view to producing any particular preconceived type of architectural effect than formerly. An instance of the better regard for traffic requirements is the avoidance, so far as possible, of concentrating several lines of traffic upon a single point of intersection, as in the roads points characteristic of the earlier French plans and in the informal "knots" of streets often found in cities of accidental growth.

Second, there is an increasingly liberal and equitable distribution of small parks and playgrounds as well as numerous small intersecting squares and minor enlargements of the streets so arranged as not to interfere with the free movement of traffic. These are replacing the familiar but highly inconvenient and illogical circle or square so placed at the intersection of two or more important avenues as to block them and require a sharp detour. Washington is full of the latter, and some of them are charming to look upon, but the art of town planning has reached a point where it demands in new plans a better adjustment of the type of beauty to practical function.

I wish to point out that, although we have an immense amount to learn from Europe and especially from Germany in regard to town planning, it would be very foolish for us to copy blindly what has been done there. Apart from the differences in climatic, economic, social and political conditions between European countries and America, there is need for some caution lest we copy the mistakes.

The Germans recognized fifteen years ago that they had made mistakes in town planning. They have made other mistakes since. They are probably making mistakes now, but they are watching the results, and when they recognize a mistake they try to correct it. Here in America we seem to go on complacently perpetuating our old mistakes long after we have recognized them, preparing over again in our suburbs without material variation the same conditions that have given rise to results we deplore in the older parts of our towns.

How to change this helpless fatalism in our attitude toward the more fundamental factors of town growth is what we most need to learn.—P. L. Olmsted in Survey.

#### Dressing the Window.

Delicatessen goods lend themselves with greater facility to window display than do groceries, as a rule. They tempt the appetite. Compare the appetizing appearances of a bag of coffee and a bowl of salad, of a chest of tea and a fine piece of smoked salmon, of a can of tomatoes and a dish of smoked sausages, of a pyramid of breakfast cereals in cartons and a bowl of small meat pies, and our meaning becomes clear. The closer the grocer comes to the delicatessen window by the display of pickles and preserves in glass, dried fruit in dishes and smoked fish in baskets or plates the closer he will come to the solution of the problem of how to make his windows appeal to the appetite. Crackers should be more often seen in grocery windows, and coffee and tea in bulk should be less often seen there. It does not pay to trust too much to the public's imagination, as is done when a geometrical design is worked out in tin cans or cardboard cartons. Similarly a series of tapering pyramids of starch packages, even though of the edible kind, is putting strain upon the consumer's imagination which his interest in the display will not warrant unless a specially low price ticket is attached. There is not that intimate appeal to the appetite that is found in the appearance of the food itself in a condition ready for the table. Every man and woman responds in some measure to the appeal to the appetite, for in every man and woman there is, though not always in the same degree, the capacity of appreciation of appetizing food. To put it briefly, there is a gourmet hidden in every consumer.—Merchants' Review.

#### Surroundings Are Everything.

A farmer may not keep his own fences and buildings in good repair, but he is quick to notice signs of dilapidation about a village. He would rather drive three miles farther to a bright, tidy town than to do his trading where the surroundings remind him of neglect and bankruptcy. Merchants should understand this feeling and enter to it. A store made bright and cheerful by paint on the outside and a tasty arrangement of goods in the show windows will capture many a dollar that might go elsewhere. We like to deal with successful men, and we judge of a man's success by his surroundings. Plenty of soap and paint should be used if you would boom.

#### Why Some Towns Do Not Grow.

An insurance company has found that many towns and villages in a southern state are paying double rates for insurance because they are without adequate equipment for fighting fire. The extra cost in almost every instance would purchase the needed outfit and far more. It is no wonder that some towns stand still and its merchants fall asleep on their counters.

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#### A Roland For an Oliver.

A young Baltimore man, who is quick to see a point and somewhat of a wit himself, walked into a shop the other day and asked for a comb. "Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the attendant, all unconscious of his terms. "No," said the customer gravely, "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."—Baltimore American.

### RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

The determining factor in all that makes a man is within himself and not in mere privilege or opportunity.—Rev. P. A. Simpkin, Congregationalist, Salt Lake City, Utah.

**High and Holy Service.**  
Salvation is not mere salvage. Salvation is high and holy service. It is doing the will of God. It is a call to share in a divine purpose.—Rev. W. H. Stevens, Presbyterian, Huntingdon, Canada.

**Morality.**  
Morality is the biggest word save one in the English language. All the man made laws in existence should be expressions of the supreme moral law.—Rev. Leslie E. Learned, Episcopalian, Pasadena, Cal.

**A Need of the Age.**  
What this age needs is not men to decry the age and destroy ambition, but men who will give our ambitions proper direction and harness them to high purposes.—Rev. James S. Kittel, Reformed, Albany, N. Y.

**To Win Freedom.**  
Let every human being stand in the presence of God with naked soul that the true light of truth may shine in, and all men will be brothers and all will be free.—Rev. E. S. Hodgkin, Unitarian, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Source of Enthusiasm.**  
Enthusiasm is God in us. An enthusiast is one possessed by God. Christ is the type of the truly enthusiastic person, because he was possessed to do the whole will of God and because to do it delighted, thrilled and satisfied him.—Rev. E. L. Marsh, Congregationalist, Providence, R. I.

**Humanity's Goal.**  
The demand of the times is a new incarnation—the incarnation of the spirit and of the life of Jesus in the daily life of his disciples, and this recognized as the supreme end of all human endeavor and striving—the goal of humanity.—Rev. L. O. Rotenbach, Presbyterian, Brooklyn.

**Education and the Soul.**  
Education is not the enemy of faith. You have a right, a duty, to use your mind within your religion. Only do not make the fatal error of thinking that you must never trust the soul beyond the confines of cold intellectual calculation.—Rev. Richard W. Hogue, Episcopalian, Raleigh, N. C.

**Life and Love.**  
Life is a frail figure. She is wingless, her feet unfitted for the rocks. She lays her hand unflatteringly in the hand of Love. The figure of Love is graceful, but powerful. The skin is dark, the wings massive. There is a calm assurance of power. "Nothing in my hand I bring. Simply to thy cross I cling."—Rev. Arthur S. Phelps, Baptist, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Our Possibilities For Good.**  
We often place a low valuation on ourselves, although God has invested in us wonderful possibilities for good which it is for us to develop and from which we should return dividends to him. It may be that our word is the only word some man close to the brink can hear. The grasp of our hand may be the only grasp that can put new faith into some man whom discouragement has caused to distrust.—Rev. C. L. Tate, Methodist Episcopal, Washington.

**Friendliness.**  
We have not really changed so much. The universe may be larger, the demands may be greater, but the thing which is essential is the same. And throughout all generations there will be found in the human heart, swelling up, generation after generation, this great feeling of friendliness which unites us to God and which causes us to come into contact with the eternities which God shows us.—Rev. Edward M. Parrott, Jr., Episcopalian, Lake George, N. Y.

**Source of True Liberty.**  
Nothing ever gives true liberty but to know and do the right—the truth. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Those are not idle words. They are as definite and positive and inevitable as the law of gravitation. And how shall we know the truth, Great Teacher? The answer comes back, "By continuing in my word." And what does that mean? It means to live always up to the highest known motive; it means to begin right where you are and always do what is revealed to you as right and never do what is revealed to you as wrong—that is, continuing in his word, and that will bring you to a continuing knowledge of the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—Rev. Frank G. Smith, Congregationalist, Chicago.

**Look on the Bright Side.**  
One's mentality partakes of that upon which the mind thinks. One's emotions and purposes are put in action by meditation and conversation. Love, hate, vengeance, anger, all the emotions of the heart, are set aglow by thinking and talking. To seek, consider, enlarge upon the talk of the virtuous, the useful, is helpful. Look on the bright side, the hopeful side, the pure and wholesome side of human experiences and conditions. It is true there are evils. Sometimes we cannot avoid them. They protrude like jagged rocks. They advance like stealthy lions. The good is often coy and modest, while evil is bold and forward. Seek ye that which is good and let your soul delight itself in fatness. There is more good than evil. More people are well than are sick. There is more of sunshine than clouds. There is far more of gladness than of sadness. There is far more good than bad. But only an eye for the good will see the good.—Rev. Frank W. Luce, Methodist Episcopal, Cleveland, O.

### Alone in Saw Mill at Midnight

unmindful of dampness, drafts, storms or cold, W. J. Atkins worked as Night Watchman, at Banner Springs, Tenn. Such exposure gave him a severe cold that settled on his lungs. At last he had to give up work. He tried many remedies but all failed till he used Dr. King's New Discovery. "After using one bottle" he writes, "I went back to work as well as ever." Severe Colds, stubborn Coughs, inflamed throats and sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Croup and Whooping Cough get quick relief and prompt cure from this glorious medicine. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free, guaranteed by J. S. Banker, Genoa, F. T. Atwater, King Ferry.

**Progressive.**  
"There!" exclaimed the worldwide traveler after relating to his friend the thrilling half hour story of a perilous adventure on Mont Blanc. "That was a bit of hair raising, wasn't it?" "Rather," chimed in the friend. "I should just think! But, you know, you told me most of that story before." "Indeed!" exclaimed the traveler. "I'm very sorry, old man. When was that?" "Oh, four months ago!" carelessly replied the friend. "And in the four months since you have climbed to the top, succeeded a fainting guide, sustained a snowstorm on the summit, aided two benumbed strangers on the way down and guided an entire party to the foot."

**Rich Men's Gifts Are Poor**  
beside this: "I want to go on record as saying that I regard Electric Bitters as one of the greatest gifts that God has made to woman, writes Mrs. O. Rhine-vault, of Vestal Center, N. Y., "I can never forget what it has done for me." This glorious medicine gives a woman buoyant spirits, vigor of body and jubilant health. It quickly cures Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Headache, Backache, Fainting and Dizzy Spells; soon builds up the weak, ailing and sickly. Try them. 50c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

**German Mashed Potatoes.**  
A woman who has lived some time in Germany offers the following recipe as a German way to prepare mashed potatoes: Boil the potatoes in salted water. When they are almost cooked, peel, core and quarter one-third as many apples as there are potatoes. Add them and cook the whole till tender. Then mash thoroughly mixing in meanwhile a pinch of salt and a generous piece of butter. This dish is served at dinner instead of ordinary mashed potatoes. It looks exactly like the latter, but has a slightly tart flavor.—New York Tribune.

**Old English Customs.**  
The ladies of Edward IV's time dined at 11 in the morning and were in bed shortly after 8 at night. Perhaps none of the old English customs has undergone such a change as the number of meals taken a day and the times of retiring to rest.

**Looking One's Best.**  
It's a woman's delight to look her best but pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils rob life of joy. Listen! Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them; makes the skin soft and velvety. It glorifies the face. Cures Pimples, Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands. Try it. Infallible for Piles. 25c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

**A Pin Shower.**  
Fortunate is the bride who receives a pin shower. If only her friends confer beforehand, so that there will be no duplicates, and use a little intelligence in the selection of gifts, she will get no end of charming things. There are belt pins and batpins and stickpins and collar and veil pins, hairpins and watch pins, besides all sorts of useful pins, cubes of fancy toilet pins, papers of black and white pins and assortments of safety pins. To complete the collection there might also be a rolling pin.

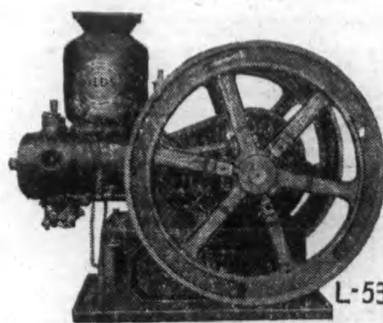
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If you have a valuable oil painting do not hang it anywhere where heat is liable to wrinkle the canvas.

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# FRUIT BY IRRIGATION.

Elements Depended Upon For Success In This Industry.

Clean Culture Practiced by Many Orchardists—Making the Ground Do Double Duty in Crop Production—Too Much Water Worse Than Too Little.

By MARK BENNETT.  
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

**W**HETHER or not irrigated fruit is better than fruit grown without irrigation will always be a debatable question. The element of personal opinion forbids its settlement. The best answer is that of the Californian who said, "It sells better." Nobody disputes him. His reply is not debatable. All the commission merchants and all the fruit venders corroborate him. Canned California peaches are sold at a stiff price in all parts of the world because they are liked by everybody who likes peaches, and the consumers will have them so long as their money holds out.

The luscious apples of the little Wenatchee valley are so good that an American citizen seldom gets a bite of one unless he buys it on the streets of Christchurch or Wellington, New Zealand, or Sydney or Melbourne. Much of the Idaho and Oregon fruit goes abroad by way of New York or Portland. One grower who has a young forty acre apple orchard at Twin Falls, Ida., said recently that he did not care whether he sold an apple in the United States or not.

Whatever may be said of the merits of eastern fruits, grown without irrigation, it has long been well established that by irrigation the crops are more regular, the fruit larger and of far better color. The qualities that make fruit readily salable are unquestionably supplied in liberal measure by

ing smudge pots in the orchards, and these have come into quite general use in locations where late frosts are a menace. These pots are supplied with crude oil and ordinarily are set one pot to each four trees. Tests show that the temperature of an orchard may be raised 8 to 10 degrees by this means at a comparatively small cost. One man can look after four to six acres during the danger period.

Alarm thermometers are placed in the orchards, and when the bells begin to ring all hands turn out to light the fires and to keep the pots replenished.

The errors of the past are being corrected by the new generation of orchardists. Instead of a great variety of apples, for example, the new orchardists put in two to four of the best selling varieties. Cross fertilization is accomplished by planting the different varieties in alternate groups, say four rows of one, then two or four rows of the other. It happens sometimes that the pollen may fall before or after the pistil of the blossom is ready for it. A sufficiently long pollination period is sought to insure the proper fertilization of the ovary. In the Hood river region the Arkansas Black is planted to insure a good setting of fruit on the Spitzenberg and Newtown trees. In southern Idaho the Jonathan and Rome Beauty are a team that pull together for big results. The Delicious is a new variety of exquisite flavor now being planted at Wenatchee and other places in Washington and Idaho. The first crops have sold at a high figure, in part due to their novelty. The orchardist who is in the business for money wants a sure cropper and an apple whose appearance will win immediate attention. The brightness of the Jonathan makes it a favorite in all markets, while the Rome Beauty, lacking in the fine aroma of the Jonathan, is also always marketable.

The best orchardists of the northwest, of whom Judge Freeman Wood of Boise, Ida., is one, insists upon clean cultivation. In a soil that will not pack this is possible. As many as seven or eight cultivations in a season



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**DISINFECTS.**  
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The negative is placed at the small end and the Bromide Paper at the large end, the lens is fixed at the proper distance inside to insure the proper focus. Three sizes:  
No. 2 for 5x7 enlargements, \$2.00  
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**SAFETIES AND OLD RELIABLES.**  
We have razors to suit every beard, light and wiry, or thick and heavy. We can help you pick the best suited to your wants.  
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Writing Fluids for all purposes, small bottles 5c and 10c.  
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All of these are guaranteed. The Sagar Five Year Water Bag has our Personal Guarantee that they will last five years. The price is \$2.50 and they are worth it.

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One quire paper and 24 envelopes to box.  
Parisian ..... 10c  
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Chiffon ..... 20c  
Vellum ..... 25c

## BURBANK'S SETTLEMENT AND FRUIT RAISED BY IRRIGATION.

the methods in vogue under irrigation. But it is not necessary to speak in anywise disparagingly of the many fine orchards and vineyards in the eastern states and the numberless well known and successful growers. There are no better table grapes grown than those produced along the shores of the central New York lakes and along the shores of Lake Erie and Ontario. Niagara peaches are favorites in the markets of Buffalo and Rochester. New York state apples are much sought in the markets of the middle west because of their firm flesh, good flavor and keeping qualities, but they somehow do not command the price of the apples of the northwest.

While eastern apples are lapsing into desuetude and the acreage is constantly decreasing, new plantings are being made in all the irrigating states. The industry, as a whole, is exceedingly prosperous in the favored regions where irrigation is possible. Along the Snake river, in southern Idaho, are dozens of new towns that promise to be important centers for fruit culture. Southern Oregon and eastern Washington are coming in for a share of interest in this new development, while California is busy all the while extending her irrigated orchard area.

Apple growing in California is confined chiefly to the coast valleys and is generally without much if any irrigation, but the interior valleys are producing wonderful crops of all other fruits, and irrigation is generally necessary for satisfactory results.

The conditions sought by fruit growers generally in the irrigating states are the same as in the east. Fruit trees in regions of frost do best on sloping lands. The cold air seeks the low levels. If an orchard is planted on a river bottom it is pretty apt to suffer from frost if late frosts happen. The tendency of most of the fruits is to blossom soon after the warm days begin in the spring. If freezing weather follows, the crops on the flat lands are ruined, because the flood of cold air comes down from the lands above. There are almost always currents of air on sloping lands, and orchards in such locations are far more apt to come safely through the late spring frosts. In the very large valleys of the west there are many flat land orchards that have been profitable because air currents seem to prevail on these plains despite their nearly flat character. The still, cold night after the trees have blossomed is the dread of the fruit grower.

The enterprising orchardists of California have hit upon the plan of plac-

are given. The cultivator is busy most of the time. Cultivation promotes oxidation of the soil particles, releasing the plant food to be taken up by the water, and also seals up the surface with a dust mulch which compels evaporation through the trees. An orchard treated thus requires but little water artificially. Such cultivation helps to keep down the codling moth or apple worm, although it does not take the place of light arsenical sprayings before and after blossoming and when the second brood is due. The fowl orchard furnishes hibernating places for the apple worm during the pupa state, while clean cultivation means a clean orchard.

The careful orchardist is also careful as to the amount of water allowed with each irrigation. He controls in a measure the juiciness, flavor and keeping qualities of his fruit by the care with which the water is applied. Too much water is worse than too little, and a systematic examination of the soil precedes each irrigation.

### Prices Soar in Washington.

Before the Washington Irrigation company sold the Sunnyside canal to the federal government in 1906 it had claims to 1,000 second feet of water and was calculated to irrigate 68,000 acres. The canal heads in the Yakima river below Union gap. It is fifty-seven miles long, but will be extended by the government to cover 84,000 acres. The price of land under the canal with water right ranges from \$75 to \$250 per acre. Lands having no water right can secure the water right for \$30 per acre or may rent water at \$2.50 per acre per year. The maintenance charge for all lands under the system is \$1 per acre annually. There is no public land available. The soil of central Washington, where the Sunnyside region is situated, is generally deep and rich, well suited to agriculture. The vast region was once a great lake bottom. In this region all the fruits except citrus and tropical varieties thrive well.

The average temperature is 55 degrees. Late spring frosts sometimes do serious injury to certain varieties of fruit, but complete destruction of the crop has never occurred. This portion of the Yakima valley has become one of the best known fruit districts. The average profit, according to statistics prepared by Walter N. Eranger, government manager of the project, is \$300 per acre on apple, peach and pear orchards eight years old, \$30 an acre on alfalfa, timothy and clover and \$100 an acre on corn, hops and potatoes.

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Veils, made up veils in chiffon, plain nets, etc., numerous styles and prices

**Gloves**

Always acceptable as gifts and easy to mail. If you wish to give a pair and do not know the size we have special certificates which you can send and which when presented at our glove counter, at any time, will be redeemed for gloves of the value represented by the certificate.

Our glove department is recognized as headquarters for all that is best in gloves

Women's Kid Gloves, 2 clasp glace "Frances" and 2 clasp suede "Princess." The best dollar kid gloves in America

Meyer's cape at \$1; Fownes cape at 1.50. None better "Beauty 2 clasp Glace 1.50; Reynier 2 clasp Suede 1.75. Fownes La Tosca 2 clasp 2.00 in Paris point on the new heavy embroidery

Women's silk and cashmere gloves, the best of values, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00

Misses' and Boys' Kid Gloves, 1.00 and 1.25

Men's Gloves. Ask to see our special 1.00 cape glove, just right for street wear and light driving, the best we ever saw at the price

Fownes cape gloves need no special comment, here at 1.50 a pair

Adler's lined and unlined Mocha gloves and a full range of heavy lined gloves

GOLF Cashmere Wool Gloves and Mittens for Men, Women, Misses' and Children.

**In the Art Department**

Fancy Work Baskets, 25c and 47c; Scrap Baskets, 25c to 3.00

Pyrographic Wood Blanks, Panels, Boxes, Tie Racks, Pipe Racks, Mirrors, Thermometers, Scrap Baskets, Tabourettes, &c., 5c to 1.75

Pyro Outfits, Gasopens 19c; Benzine Outfits 98c to 2.50  
Tinsel Sets, Jewels, Jewel Punches and other accessories for burnt wood work.

Pictures, metal framed with glass, 19c to 47c

Shirt Waist Boxes. Matting and cretonne covered, 1.50 to 7.50

Folding Screens, Silkolene and burlap filled, 1.50 to 6.50

Fancy Work Bags of Cretonne and Art Ticking, 19c to 98c

Pillow Tops, Tapestry and Lithograph, ready for pillows, 25c and 50c

Sofa Pillows. Silk cord and fancy ruffles, 69c to 7.50

Pin Cushions and Cushion forms, 25c to 1.98

Utility or Tourist Cases, rubber lined, 48c to 2.50

Doilies, Tray Cloths, Dresser Scarfs and a full line of Royal Society packages, to embroider

Holiday Boxes and Novelties in variety, 10c, 25c, 50c

Felt Pennants, specially wanted by High School Boys and Girls, 10c to 89c

Balsam Pillows, this year's picking, strong odor, 50c

Immense Assortment of Materials for Fancy Work

**Toyland Opened on Lower Floor**

Dolls Dressed and Undressed, Doll Furniture and other belongings, Games, Magic Lanterns, Mechanical Toys, Miniature Railways, Christmas Tree Ornaments, &c.

**In the China Department**

Haviland and other Dinner Sets and open stock.

Imported and Domestic Bric-a-brac  
Fine showing of beautiful Cut Glass, Carving Sets and Table Ware

**Holiday Gifts For Men.**

REPO pure silk SELF COLORED CRAVATS, all the fashionable shades. Each one in a fancy Holiday Box, 50c

"REPO" CRAVATS and INTERWOVEN HALF HOSE, perfectly matched in color, Packed one tie, one pair hose and one pair garters in Holiday Boxes, \$1 pr. box.

BRADLEY FITTED MUFFLERS. For Men and Women, each in separate box for Holiday Giving, 50c.

COMBINATION SETS. Beautiful patterns, Silk Suspenders, Garters and Arm Bands in fancy boxes, 50c and \$1 set.

**See the Line of Paris Novelty Four in Hands at \$1.00**

BATH ROBES. Best and biggest line we have ever shown. College Robes, Terry Robes and exclusive pattern Robes, made with hood or collar. Grand value \$3.89 to 10.00

HOUSE COATS. Beautifully tailored in neat, genteel patterns, double faced designs, trimmed silk frogs, \$5.00 to 10.00

FANCY HALF HOSE in silk, lisle and pure silk 25c to \$2.00 pair.

SWEATER COATS for Men and Boys, \$1.50 to 5.00

NEWEST SILK FOUR IN HANDS in separate boxes, 25c, 35c, 50c.

**Umbrellas.**

Umbrella selling is a great feature of the business here especially at gift giving time. We give them much attention and stand back of your purchase.

UMBRELLAS FOR WOMEN from the every day knock around at 50c up to the finest silk at \$12.

The New Directoire Mission handles are most in demand. We show a fine range in plain wood, silver and gold trimmed from \$1 up.

A splendid line of the more elaborate handles in pearl and silver, pearl and gold. Prices \$2.50 to 10.

MEN'S UMBRELLAS in all the grades from 50c up to \$8. Many new effects in handles.

Children's Umbrellas, 50c, 89c, \$1, 1.50.

Women's Colored Umbrellas, \$1.98 to 5.00

Engravings done free during this month.

A new thing this season is the "Name-on" Umbrella, so called because your name and address can be embroidered inside. Not visible from the outside and cannot be taken off. Apart from this feature, which costs nothing extra, the "Name-on" Umbrellas are close rolling and have a distinctive style. Prices range from \$2.50 to 5.00 in a large variety of handles.

**Ribbons.**

All sorts for all uses in a dazzling array of colors. Also a fine showing of Ribbon Novelties.

**Hosiery.**

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN. We carry one of the largest lines of these in Central New York. Prices run \$1.00, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and so on up to 6.00 pr.

LISLE HOSE in various weights, regular and out sizes, 25c to \$1.50.

COTTON HOSE, all the good sorts, all black, white foot, split foot, etc., regular and out size, 25c, 35c, 50c.

FOR CHILDREN, Cotton, Lisle, Silk, Wool, 12 1-2c up.

BUSTER BROWN guaranteed Hose for Boys and Girls, 4 pairs in a box, 1.00 a box, 4 months wear or new ones.

**Handkerchiefs.**

THOUSANDS TO CHOOSE FROM, 5c to 10.00, plain mull, plain linen and all the new effects in embroidery mederia.

WOMEN'S Initial Handkerchiefs, 12 1-2c to 50c

MEN'S Initial Handkerchiefs, 9c to 50c

CHILDREN'S Initial Handkerchiefs, (specially boxed) 25c a box.

**Ruchings**

A hundred different styles of Ruchings by the yard. See the special Christmas Boxes, six lengths in a box, 25c and 50c

Embroidered Collars in a number of new designs, 25c and 50c.

**Leather Goods.**

Traveling Bags and Suit Cases here in variety of leathers, sizes and qualities.

Bags, 3.00 to 18.00; Suit Cases 5.00 to 20.00

Fibre and Matting Suit Cases, 98c to 3.50

Small Rugs of various sorts and a fine collection of Carpet sizes at prices that will save you money.



## VILLAGE AND VICINITY NEWS.

—Miss Isabel Norman returned from Ithaca on Tuesday.

—Miss Hazel Adsit of Baldwinsville is visiting Miss Martin at Mrs. Singer's.

—Twelve pages this week and every page is full of interesting things for everybody.

—Misses Edith Hunter and Lena Gilkey recently spent a few days with friends in Auburn.

—Keep the dates of the Fire Protection fair and party in mind—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16 and 17.

—Miss May Holden spent the Thanksgiving recess with the Misses Stevenson of Ellsworth.—Union Springs Adv.

—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cayuga County Agricultural Corporation will be held in Moravia, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 10 o'clock.

You are invited to call at Hagin's Up-to-Date Grocery for your stocking fillers.

—Mrs. Frank Sellen has been ill for the past week, but is better. Her daughter, Mrs. Claude Sellen, who has been caring for her has returned to her home in Moravia.

—Tuesday night at Armstrong's hall, the Genoa basket ball team defeated Groton 25 to 9. The Genoa boys outplayed their opponents in every department of the game. There was quite a large attendance.

—In the absence of Rev. E. L. Dresser next Sunday, Rev. T. J. Searls of Wayne county will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian church Sunday morning. No evening service. All are cordially invited.

—William Hartnett of Auburn committed suicide in the Avery House, Auburn, on Friday last by taking carbolic acid. He was 60 years of age, and leaves three brothers, James, Edward and Lawrence, all of Scipio, and two sisters in Auburn.

Buy your Crockery at Mastin's. Every piece warranted not to crack.

—The East Genoa singing class, under the direction of Mrs. Bowen, will give a concert and carnival of all nations at the East Genoa church on Monday evening next, Dec. 13. Admission 10 and 20 cents. Half of the proceeds go to the church. All are cordially invited.

—Miss Mabel Boyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Boyer, was operated upon for appendicitis on Sunday last by Dr. H. B. Besemer of Ithaca. Miss Boyer had only recently recovered from an illness of pneumonia and came to the village on Friday. Miss Lena Gilkey is caring for her, and she is reported as doing well.

—Arthur S. Mead of Genoa with his brother, Asaph E. Mead of Greeley, Colo., and Wm. McAllister of Moravia left last week for the South, stopping in Washington a few days. Mr. McAllister went to Emporia, Virginia, to visit Wm. Eaton and family and the Messrs. Mead have gone to Florida to spend the winter.

—In the report of the meeting and supper of the Union Men's Club last week, we should have stated that the affair was given as a farewell to both Rev. Messrs. E. L. Dresser and F. L. Allen, as the former also terminates his pastorate here at the end of this month. We were not informed that it was in honor of both clergymen.

—The ladies are spending much time for the success of the fair to be held next week, and they deserve to be rewarded for their efforts by a large attendance and a good sum for the fund for which they are working. They are selling 25 cent tickets which entitles the buyer to an article which will make a pleasing Christmas gift. The one who sells the most tickets will receive a fine prize. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. Robert Armstrong or Miss Edith Hunter.

—D. W. Smith spent a few days in Syracuse this week.

—Oregon Medicine Co. at Academy hall Tuesday, Dec. 21.

—A. B. VanMarter of Moravia was in town a few days last week.

Santa Claus—"At Home"—at Hagin's Up-to-Date Grocery.

—The National Corn Exposition is being held at Omaha, Nebr., Dec. 6 to 18.

—Miss Rose Doan of Moravia visited her sister, Mrs. Layton Mosher, over Sunday.

—Miss Jennie Banker returned Wednesday from a three weeks' visit with Auburn friends.

—Mrs. Eliza Willis is recovering from her recent operation. The nurse left the first of the week.

Buy your foot-wear at Mastin's, big assortment; prices lower than elsewhere, all new stock.

—Mr and Mrs. Purdy C. Main of Locke have moved to Ithaca, where they will reside at 419 Utica St.

—Five men were killed and eleven others seriously injured by bullet shots in the 1909 Adirondack deer season which closed recently.

—Henry Jennings, who has been engaged in the mercantile business in Moravia for fifty-two consecutive years, is closing out his stock of goods.

—R. W. Hurlbut, real estate dealer, has sold the farm of James Heaton near East Venice to Gilbert Dean. Mr. Hurlbut has other good farms for sale and any one interested will do well to talk with him.

—If you have not remembered to pay your subscription yet this year, there is just three weeks left in which you can do it. When you come to town to do your holiday shopping, lay aside one dollar for the printer.

"This store has the Christmas smell," exclaimed a pleased caller at Hagin's Grocery.

—Farmers' week at Cornell will be held Feb. 7 to 12, 1910. A potato show will be a feature of the week. Every farmer is invited to make an exhibit of five potatoes of each variety he raises. Programs can be secured by addressing Farmers' Week, College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

—Of course you are planning to come to the fair and party next week at Armstrong's rink. The fair will be held Thursday afternoon and evening. Supper from 6 to 9 o'clock. It will be continued Friday afternoon, and Friday evening a party will be given. Fine supper and music by "Happy Bill" Daniels.

Buy the Century Rubber boot at Mastin's; every pair warranted not to crack.

—A new branch of the George Junior Republic was started last week at Grove City, Pa., by William R. George, founder of the Republic at Freeville, assisted by ten workers from that institution. "Daddy" George will remain at the new branch until it is thoroughly organized and ready for work. Grove City is about 50 miles from Pittsburg.

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

—G. L. Reynolds of Auburn, aged 84 years, recently won the world championship for fine writing in a contest which was participated in by thousands of penmen from all over the country. Mr. Reynolds wrote the sentence: "The fountain pen: You blow it to fill it" 1,250 times on one side of a postal card. He received as first prize a gold mounted, pearl handled fountain pen.

## And Now Genoa!

Don't go to Auburn, New York, or Europe for your Christmas gifts this year. You will find our prices lower than in those places and display as good.

Don't you know that A. T. Hoyt has everything any one could possibly wish in the Jewelry line for you? IT'S SO. Jewelry is the GIFT OF GIFTS because it is liked by everybody. Here is a list that may help you:

EDISON PHONOGRAPHS, GOLD WATCHES for Ladies and Gents, KINGS, BROOCHES.

FOR MEN  
Card Cases, Cuff Links, Shaving Sets, Brushes, Ebony Goods, Stag Horn Goods, Watch Charms and Chains, Brass Articles, Leather Goods.

FOR LADIES  
Music Rolls, Silver Trimmed Umbrellas, Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Brooches, Combs, Bracelets, Necklaces, Locketts, Shirt Waist Sets.

It is impossible to name the numerous articles, Beautiful Pictures, Lamps, Bake Dishes, Chafing Dishes, etc. And the prices—well—you will not ask WHAT to get, but WHICH to get when you see our display.

**A. T. HOYT, Leading Jeweler and Optometrist,**  
HOYT BLOCK, MORAVIA, N. Y.

—L. M. Smith of Syracuse spent Sunday with his parents, A. T. Smith and wife.

—The Oregon Indian Medicine Co. open a week's engagement in Genoa Dec. 21.

Where do the little ones go to buy candy? At Hagin's—sure. Enough said!

—The question of water supply this winter looks rather serious if rain does not come soon. Many wells are dry and some farmers are obliged to go quite a distance for water for family use and for their stock.

—Mr. Amos Main was taken very ill Wednesday night with hemorrhage of the bowels, and died yesterday (Thursday) afternoon at about 4 o'clock. As we go to press, no arrangements for the funeral have been made.

—Lent begins next year on Feb. 9, fifteen days earlier than last year, so that Easter Sunday will fall on March 27. This will be the second earliest Easter in a quarter of a century, that of March 25, 1894, being the nearest in that period.

Go to Mrs. D. E. Singer's for ladies' and children's sweaters, underwear, etc.

—William Smith, one of the Smith Brothers of cough drop fame, has just given the Poughkeepsie Young Men's Christian Association \$265,000. The Smith Brothers began making their famous cough drops on the kitchen stove. This is not the first gift.

—Miss Susie Inman, daughter of James Inman of Lansingville, and Herbert Batchelor, of Ithaca were united in marriage on Friday, Nov. 26, at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Lewis Inman, at Myers Rev. W. E. Smith of Ludlowville performed the ceremony.

—Nearly a billion postal cards are used yearly in the United States, and most of them are printed in Rumford, Me. From that town flows a stream of nearly three million every twenty-four hours. The logs from which the pulp and paper for these cards is made are cut in the woods of Maine.

—Here is the remarkable story of what one "shut-in" has accomplished: "Miss Lizzie L. Johnson, who has just died at Casey, Ill., had been for twenty-seven years confined to her room by illness. Yet, during the last seventeen years, by making and selling book-marks, she has raised over \$17,000 for missions, and has supported in foreign lands native Christian workers whose service has aggregated over a century and a quarter. In carrying on this enterprise, she attended to all the correspondence of a large business. The work will be continued by her sister."

—Academy hall was again filled to its capacity on Tuesday evening at the second of the series of entertainments given under the auspices of the Union Men's Club. Walden and Heverly entertained the audience with their skillful illusions, and wonderful escapes from all articles of detention. The chest mystery is as much a mystery as ever, and the two men accomplished the feat as advertised. Miss Edith Hunter at the piano furnished music throughout the entertainment. The next number in the course will be the Toronto Male Quartet on Jan. 17.

—Miss Pearl Norman is spending some time in Ithaca.

—All who are interested in the coming fair, especially the committees, are requested to meet at the home of the president, Mrs. J. F. Brown, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 14.

—United States food inspectors visited the hotel and boarding houses in Lockport last week. It is said that in nearly all of them it was found that oleomargarine is being used for butter, with no posted notice in sight, and where menu cards are used they read "butter," with no mention of a substitute. Hotel men say that with butter at 32 cents a pound they can not afford to use it, and dealers are stocking up with oleo, since the demand for it is on the increase. Notice has been given to all hotel and boarding house keepers that the oleo sign must be put up in their dining rooms or prosecution will follow.—Ex.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

WANTED—Second hand cutter in good condition; state price. G. W. SLOUM, King Ferry.

FOR SALE—Lumber wagon, hay rigging, mowing machine, hay rake, bobs, fanning mill, grindstone, half of a double harness, balance, plow, drag, cultivator, cheap at private sale. Also farm of fifty-three acres, one mile north of Genoa village, very reasonable. MRS. MARY CONNELL, Genoa.

WANTED—At once, a girl for North Lansing central. Inquire of R. Miller, North Lansing.

NOTICE—All persons wishing to take the train at Woods Mill will find a warm waiting room to drop into. FRANK H. WOOD, Woods Mill.

Deliver your turkeys, hens, chickens and ducks, on Mondays, to R. W. ARMSTRONG, Genoa.

We are not behind the times with highest cash prices for beef hides, horse hides and sheep pelts.

Highest market price for ducks and chickens any time; turkeys at holiday time. RAYNER & WEAVER, Genoa.

NOTICE—No hunting or trapping on my premises. CALVIN ATWOOD, East Genoa.

I will pay 11c for hens and chickens weighing over 4 lbs.; under 10c; 11 to 12c for ducks and geese turkeys 18c, delivered at the Carson House, Monday night, Dec. 13 or Tuesday morning, Dec. 14, before 10 o'clock. Young pigs and pork wanted. S. O. HODGETALING, Throopville. P. O. address Auburn, R. D. 5; Auto phone 20-1c.

Highest market price paid for all kinds of furs. S. WEAVER, Genoa.

Highest market price paid for beef hides, horse hides and furs of all kinds. Chickens, ducks and turkeys wanted at all times.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A pair of road horses, sound, kind and true; one large draft horse, weight, 1,400, 9 years old.

FOR SALE—2 second hand surreys.

New cider mill; make cider every day.

FOR SALE—Farm of 115 acres on Indian Field road, town of Venice, under good state of cultivation; near railroad, creamery, church and school. For terms write P. C. Storm, Sioux Falls, S. D.

FOR SALE—House and lot, good barn, on North St., in Genoa village, first house north of printing office. Terms easy. Oscar Tiff, Moravia.

We pay cash for poultry delivered Mondays and Tuesdays.

Quantity of wood for sale.

B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa.



## Our Holiday Programme.

Whatever else you don't do, see that the stockings this Christmas are filled with wholesome sweets. This store does not sell any Candy that it would be unwise to give the children. We let the cheap stuff alone. So you see, we've a good reason for inviting parents to come

here for your stocking fillers. We have spared neither time nor care in buying our Christmas Candies. You will find here the FINEST STOCK IN TOWN. Here are some of them:

- |                        |                             |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Schrafft's Chocolates, | Lowney's Chocolates,        |
| Royal Confections,     | French Creams,              |
| Sunshines,             | Cocoanut Fritters,          |
| Molasses Puffs,        | Buttercups,                 |
| Croquettes,            | Cut Rock,                   |
| Walnut Meats,          | Blanchd and Salted Peanuts, |
| Oranges,               | Tangerines,                 |
|                        | Figs,                       |
|                        | Dates,                      |
|                        | Christmas Candy,            |
|                        | Mixed Nuts,                 |

## Of Interest to Every Housekeeper--

This is sure—Housekeepers never had a chance to do Christmas buying from quite so complete a stock of eatables. Even our own past has been eclipsed. Because we've seen to it that only the WORTHIEST GOODS shall be offered any customer of this store. So that housekeepers who do their Christmas trading here will reap the advantage of our care in buying and of our ability to make close prices. Here are a few:

- |                              |                                |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3 lbs. Raisins, Malagas, 25c | Mince Meat, 20c lb.            |
| Figs, 20c lb.                | and going fast                 |
| Currants 10c lb.             | Large, juicy prunes 2 lbs. 25c |
| Citron 25c lb.               | Ketchup and Tomato             |
| Dates 10c lb.                | Sauce 10c; 15c, 25c            |
| Cranberries 3 qts. 25c       | Sweet Pickles 10c per doz.     |
| Jams                         | Preserves                      |
| Jellies                      | Conserves                      |

Tablets and Pencil Supplies—Just right for boy or girl.

## HAGIN'S UP-TO-DATE GROCERY

Genoa, N. Y.

**Winter is Here and With It**

Colder weather is liable to come almost any day. Are you ready for it?

Don't you need a good pair of

**FUR MITTENS?**

We have a full line of mittens for all kinds of work and it will pay you to look them over before buying.

**AIKIN & KING,**  
King Ferry, N. Y.

**Paid your Subscription Yet?**

**AUBURN TRUST CO.,**  
63 Genesee Street.

CAPITAL \$150,000 — SURPLUS \$150,000

Acts as Executor of Wills, Administrator of Estates, Guardian and Committee of Property, Executes all Trusteeships. It performs its duties with the greatest safety and least expense.

**DIRECTORS.**

Wilbur B. Barnes	J. S. Gray
George W. Benham	Patrick M. Herron
James C. Bishop	William E. Hishop
George W. Bowen	Ralph R. Kessler
John M. Brainard	Julius Kraft
Willard E. Case	Stanford G. Lyon
Chas. S. Caywood	Arthur W. Mori
Thos. F. Dignam	Henry D. Noble
Frank A. Eldridge	F. T. Pierson
Gordon S. Fanning	Franklin P. Taber
E. Edwin French	J. Reynolds White
Thomas H. Garrett, Jr.	Douglas A. White

33 per cent. allowed on all deposits. Money deposited the first six days in December draw interest from the first.

## LOCAL IMPROVEMENT

Value of Organized Effort In Beautifying a Town.

SIMPLE PROGRAM ADVISABLE.

What Betterment Societies With Successful Careers Have Undertaken at First—Excellent Objects For Which a Massachusetts Organization Stands.

There is a world of common sense and wisdom in the following remark, which was made concerning a Canadian town: "The lack of united effort retarded the beautifying of the place as a whole." Individuals working alone have accomplished much, but they inevitably need help. A community should have an organized effort, and when this conclusion has been reached by the conference steps should be taken to effect one.

The organization completed, what next?

A very simple program should be organized after a study of local conditions. Here are some of the "first things" undertaken by organizations that have had successful careers:

Enlisting the children in keeping the streets clear of papers and other rubbish.

The maintenance of rubbish barrels for the litter of the streets.

The caring for the space between the sidewalks and the curb and for the gutters themselves, that they may be kept clean and free from rubbish.

The elimination of weeds.

Co-operation with the tree warden, if there is one, or whoever may have charge of the trees. If there is no one in charge there is no more important first step than to have some one official charged with this duty.

Preventing telephone and electric companies from hacking off and mutilating the branches and tops of trees.

The enforcement of ordinances relating to expectoration, the throwing of papers and circulars on the streets.

Keeping the individual premises in good order, including the back yard.

The erection of window boxes and their proper maintenance summer and winter.

Having the city keep the streets between the curbs clean. If its officials don't know how, show them. Lots of organizations have, and it has meant a new era for the community. If you can only begin with a small block, do so, but make the beginning. That is the important thing.

Framingham, Mass., has an improvement association that will repay careful study. Here are some of the objects for which it stands:

To encourage the beautifying of private places, however limited in extent.

The betterment of parks and other public grounds.

The proper paving of streets and roadways.

Streets and roadside planting.

Improving street signs, poles and lights.

The removal of unsightly fences and buildings or concealing them by vines and shrubbery.

The regulating or removing of offensive billboards.

Regulating or limiting public dumping places.

The preservation of groves and other natural features.

To provide opportunity for the public discussion of all important questions the solution of which may affect the vital interests of our community.

Finally not only to create "a more beautiful Framingham," but to promote "all the higher interests of our town."

This program could be adopted in its entirety and the new society would not go far astray. Many successful organizations have created widespread interest through the maintenance of departments in the local papers, which almost without exception have been willing to co-operate in civic improvement. Such publicity has both an educational and a corrective value. The Framingham Tribune has been a great force, not only locally, but throughout the country, so effectively has the work there been done.

Another way to promote interest is to foster competition. Many communities now offer prizes for the best kept front or back yard, for the best garden, for the best kept lawn, for the most effective single bit of local improvement. Such contests stimulate interest not only among those who take part, but likewise among onlookers, who are very apt soon to become contestants themselves. Moreover, such methods create additional publicity which is always helpful.

Another effective way of increasing public interest is through lantern slides. These can be had so arranged as to show what has been accomplished in progressive communities, and then pictures can be secured to show what is allowed to remain unchanged or unimproved at home. The Municipal league of Los Angeles and the Seattle Post-Intelligencer stirred up the people of their respective communities by "showing up" the worst side of the cities and thus making them ashamed.—Designer.

### Keep Curbstones in Repair.

The town or the landowner that economizes in the matter of curbstones will sooner or later have to be extravagant in the repair of sidewalks. Faulty curbstones let the rainwater flow in and undermine the pavements and lawns, and a "stitch in time" in repairing curbstones will save hundreds of dollars in a single summer.

## Santa Claus

has been taking notes in Wait's store, and he says it's the best place to solve the "what-to-give" problem.

The following helpful information he gives out for the benefit of Christmas Shoppers:

The Furniture Department is filled with pieces especially suitable for Christmas gifts, such as rockers, Morris chairs, foot rests, lamp stands, parlor tables, library tables, couches, writing desks, music cabinets, book cases, carpet sweepers, &c., and there are special bargain prices on all heavy furniture, such as bedroom suits, sideboards, dining tables, parlor suits, &c.

The Rug Department is very popular, for people buy lots of rugs for gifts. Every kind of rug is here small or large. The prices are the lowest in the city.

**The Japanese Department is a Wonderland, and don't fail to visit it.**

The Japanese dishes, all imported from far Japan, include every kind of dish in popular use, as well as many unusually odd and artistic pieces of bric-a-brac. Every piece is pretty, costs very little and makes a gift sure to please.

Useful articles in Brass, handhammered or hand spun, in the dull finish, are found here. Among them are candlesticks, desk sets, smoking conveniences of every description, jardinières, fern dishes, &c. Five o'clock tea pots, chafing dishes and percolators may also be had.

Pictures, at all prices from 25¢ up. Many of the subjects are copies of the work of world famous artists.

Lamps, many beauties, for oil, gas or electricity. A handsome brass lamp sells for \$2.50.

Vantine's Candies and oriental delicacies and perfumes are found here in attractive Christmas boxes.

You can do your Christmas shopping in Auburn free for we pay car fare and return on every purchase over \$5.00. It always pays to try Wait's first.

**The H.R. Wait Co.,**

77 Genesee St., Auburn, N.Y.

The Wait Annex, 22 Dill St.

**SEEDS**

BUCKBEE'S SEEDS SUCCEED!

**SPECIAL OFFER:**

Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

**Prize Collection** (see 12 kinds: Tomatoes, 11 the finest; Turnips, 7 splendid; Beans, 2 best varieties; 10 Spring-dwelling; Beans—45 varieties in all.)

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE.

Write to-day; Mention this Paper.

**SEND 10 CENTS**

to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, together with my big instructive, beautiful Seed and Plant Book, which tells all about the best varieties of seeds, plants, etc.

H. W. Buckbee, 410 BUCKBEE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

### Won His Bet.

"Daddy," said a boy to his father, "I've got a pencil which will write green, purple, crimson or any color you like."

"No it won't—not the same pencil, my son."

"You daren't bet me a dime it won't, daddy."

"I'll give you a dime if it will," said the old man.

The youngster dived into his pocket, produced the stump of a common lead pencil and wrote on a piece of paper the words "magenta, green, crimson, purple," etc.

"There, daddy. Say it won't write any color you like now. Fork over that dime."

### Called His Bluff.

"Yes," said young Windig boastingly, "I pass most of my time between Chicago and New York."

"That's what your cousin told me," rejoined Miss Cayenne.

"My cousin!" replied Windig. "What did she say?"

"She said," replied Miss Cayenne, "that you lived in a little town in Ohio."—Chicago News.

### Soda Water.

Strange to say, what is called soda water contains not the least particle of soda.

## Embarrassed

**\$50,000 Manufactures Stock of Ladies' Furs, Suits, Coats, Skirts and Waists at**

**99 GENESEE ST., AUBURN, N. Y.,**

Is now in the hands of the Big Four Salvage Co. Creditors clamoring for their money. Stock must be sold and sold quick.

**READ THESE CRUSHING PRICES.**

SUITS	GOATS	SKIRTS	WAISTS	FUR SETS
AT	AT	AT	AT	AT
\$7.45	\$3.95	\$1.45	31c	\$2.95

Underskirts, 79c; Fur Coats \$9.37; Muslin Underwear at prices . . . that will move them . . .

**WHO WE ARE The Big Four Salvage Co.**

Are quick cash buyers of all kinds of merchandise; we handle stocks of all kinds and pay spot cash. Look for the Big Blue Sign.

Remember the number, 99 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

**WE PAY CAR FARE.**

## Christmas Gifts

And New Year remembrances will be our specialty for the next two weeks.

We have spent so much time and labor preparing for this occasion that we feel confident of pleasing you in quality, quantity and price.

Let us help you in selecting your presents, for we believe that you can shop here, get everything you want, and not spend over the amount you have set aside for your Xmas presents, and yet be better satisfied with your selection than ever before.

All we ask is inspection of our merchandise. It will appeal to you in its merits.

Come early and avoid the congestion of the last few days; you will get better assortment and better service.



**Rothschild Bros.**  
ITHACA - N. Y.

## Santa Clays

Is here and will stay until Christmas, distributing to the Boys and Girls of Genoa and vicinity the prettiest and most useful FOOTWEAR from here to the North Pole.

Every package of footwear, sold from now until Christmas will contain a surprise—a free gift—a Christmas souvenir sure to give lots of amusement to Boys and Girls.

Our Christmas Footwear consists of

**Slippers, Waterproof High Cut Shoes**

**in tan and black, Felt Shoes and Slippers,**

**Rubbers, Arctics, Gaiters, and Bed Slippers**

**in all sizes for Men, Women and Children.**

An exclusive selection of Queen Quality Hosiery—the finest and most fashionable hosiery for Men, Women and Children.

**D. A. HYNES,**

57 GENESEE ST., AUBURN, N. Y.

## Important Xmas News

By Robt. D. Louis, Jeweler.

We are ready for you with Xmas gifts for everybody with a stock of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware and Cut Glass, such as has never before been shown in Auburn.

If you do not know what to give, come here and you will wonder which to give, for our assortments are so great that the display is bewildering.

We always pay your car fare if you trade here.

Elgin and Waltham Watches. Cases gold filled and warranted 20 years, only \$8.75

**PALACE JEWELRY STORE,**

Robt. D. Louis, Prop., Auburn, N. Y.

## SKIRT SALE.

In order to reduce our Skirt stock we placed on sale Saturday, Dec. 4, for two weeks our entire stock of Skirts, including Silks, Voiles and Wools, in black and colors, at the following reduced prices:

Former Prices.	Sale Prices.
\$4.00 to \$5.00	\$2.50
5.00 to 6.00	3.50
6.50 to 7.00	4.50
7.00 to 8.00	5.00
9.00 to 11.00	7.50
11.50 to 13.00	9.00
15.00 to 16.00	10.50
17.00 to 19.00	13.00

This is a chance to buy a really good skirt at the price of a cheap one.

**BUSH & DEAN,**  
Ithaca, N. Y.



be the nicest Christmas that I have had since I was a wee bit of a girl." So Peter went away, and the princess, with her eyes shining like stars, danced back into the room and said, "Oh, let's play mariners!"

Jessie and Jenny had never heard of such a game, but the princess told them that she was a ship on the high seas and that they were to tell from her cargo what country she hailed from.

"I carry tea," she began. "Where do I hail from?"

"China," guessed Jenny.

"No."

"Japan," cried Jessie, with her little face glowing.

"No."

Then the little girls pondered. "It might be India," ventured Jenny, but the princess shook her head. Then Jessie cried, "It's Ceylon!" And that was right.

And after that Jessie brought a cargo of oranges from Florida and Jenny

girls?" she panted. "I saw the light, and it is so late." Then as she beheld the golden haired vision in pink and the gay tree and Peter in his trim livery she gasped, "Why, I believe it is fairies!" And she sat down very suddenly in Jessie's chair.

"You are the little mother," said the princess as she knelt beside her and put her arms around her and told her how she came to be there, and when she had finished she said simply, "And I have wanted my own mother so much this Christmas, and the little girls were so sweet that I knew I should love you."

"You poor little thing!" cried the little mother to the tall princess, and the beautiful lady put her head down on the other's shabby shoulder and wept, because in spite of her riches she had been very, very lonely in her big house.

And after Peter had gone they talked until midnight of Jessie and Jenny, and then they concocted great plans about the pretty things that the little mother was to make for the princess.

And in the morning Jessie and Jenny, waking in the early dawn, saw sitting on the footboard of the bed two Teddy bears, one with a flaring pink bow and one with a flaring blue bow, and the Teddy bears held out their arms sweetly and gazed at the happy little girls with twinkling eyes.

"Oo-oh!" cried the little girls, who had never seen a Teddy bear before. And that was the beginning of the most wonderful day of their lives, for all day the tree went "tinkle, tinkle," as they foraged in its branches for bonbons. And the chicken dinner was a delicious success. And in the afternoon they all took a ride in the princess' sleigh, with Peter driving on the box, and when at last he set them down on their own humble doorstep and lifted little Jessie in his arms the princess smiled at them radiantly from under her plumed hat.

"Remember, Peter will come for you every Saturday, and you are to stay at my house all day," she said.

"Oh, yes!" Jenny sighed, with rapture.

"And you are to come to my wed-

## A BIT OF CHRISTMAS

By C. E. WYMAN  
[Copyright, 1929, by American Press Association.]

It was Christmas morning and very, very cold. Every few minutes a trainman would come through the car, watching carefully a dial faced thermometer and stopping to turn screws of the heating apparatus in persistent attempts to keep the pointing finger at 70 degrees.

Despite the discomfort of close air, which was none too warm at best, the passengers in the main were joyous faces and didn't seem to consider the numerous packages and bundles an annoyance.

From a wayside station, which looked as if it had never been neighbor to any house where human beings lived, a poor little girl entered and dropped into a seat where an overcoat told that its owner was probably in the smoking car. The child did not notice this, and in her ignorance of travel it would have made no difference if she had. She might have been eight or ten years old, but that air of self reliance was hers which poverty's child often acquires very young, yet there was nothing forward or "bold" in her appearance. Her dress was of the scantiest—a thin cotton gown, barely concealing the lack of suitable underwear; a little worn shoulder shawl and a battered straw hat.

When the conductor appeared the hand which presented her half fare ticket was red with cold, but the small person lifted to him a wonderfully frank face and confidently informed him that she was going to grandma's for Christmas and that the package she clutched in her other hand contained cookies for grandma.

The conductor smiled down at her. A pitying smile it was, as he thought of his own well fed, well clothed children, with whom he expected to eat a late Christmas dinner when his run was over. The smile lingered on his face as he passed to the next seat and saw that its occupants had heard.

Two women sat in the seat, strangers to each other and as unlike as two persons made on the same general principles could be. One was tall, dignified, young, wrapped in costly furs, everything about her showing the person who never lacked money or leisure; the other, stout, jolly, elderly, comfortable—a kindly and well to do woman. The two had traveled miles and miles side by side with not a word passed between them.

Now both sat with eyes fixed on the forlorn bit of humanity in front of them. Suddenly the younger woman opened her traveling bag and took from it a soft gray shawl. It was at least two yards long and half as wide. Folding it together, she touched the little waif, saying in a low tone, "Stand up, my dear." The child obeyed wonderingly, and this woman in the costly furs placed the folded shawl around the small shoulders, crossed it in front and, bringing the ends to the back, pinned them securely.

"It is yours to keep," she whispered—"a Christmas present." Then, turning to the woman at her side, she said apologetically, "I really did not need it myself." There was a blink of tears in her eyes.

"Well, now," the older woman exclaimed in admiration, "you just set me to thinkin'! I'm really ashamed that I didn't think of doing something myself. Here, I've got two pairs of mittens for my grandson—just about her size—in my hand bag, and he can't wear out more than one pair this winter. Besides, I can knit another. It's nothing at all to knit mittens." She was busily unwinding the strings of an enormous silk bag, but her glasses were blurred, and her fingers were clumsy with haste.

"What's your name, little girl? Katie? Well, hold out your hands, Katie. My! Aren't they a good fit! There's another Christmas present to keep. And here's a frosted cake. Just eat it right now, Katie. Your grandma won't need it, with all those you've got in your bundle."

The child again obeyed. She did not say, "Thank you." Possibly she did not know how, but she seemed to glow all over, and her eyes returned thanks even if her timid lips did not.

"I'm proud to know you, my dear," the roly poly, comfortable woman said now to the young lady, for she had been saying to herself all the while: "You're the right sort. I can see that." "And I am proud to know you," the other responded, almost shyly offering her hand, which was quickly buried in a big, warm grasp. "We all long to be of service at Christmas time, you know."

At that instant the man of the overcoat sauntered in to receive his seat. He gave a low whistle of surprise at the happy little traveler next the window, glanced at the two women and comprehended the situation. His right hand made a quick dive into his trousers pocket as if to give some money. In another instant he withdrew it and reached up to the rack overhead and lifted down a large paper bundle. Taking the bundle across the aisle to an empty seat, he opened it and took out a smaller package from among many others. Untying this package, he brought to light a flaxen haired doll dressed in the latest style and resplendent in a large picture hat. This he placed in the little girl's arms, saying, "From my little daughter, who would rather you should have it." Then he lifted his hat courteously to the woman, took his overcoat on his arm and strode off to find a seat elsewhere. Rich little Katie!

It was the night before Christmas—and stormy. "Squash, squash!" went the wheels of the carriage in the mud. "Whew-ew-ew!" whistled the wind. And it blew Peter's hat out into the middle of the road. "Whoa!" yelled Peter and climbed down from his high seat. The princess poked her head out of the window. "What's the matter?" she asked. "My hat blew off," Peter told her, "and the wheel is stuck in the mud, miss." "Oh, Peter, Peter!" the princess chided. "You must get that wheel out of the mud at once." "Which is easier said than done," Peter grumbled. "It's that dark, I can't see my hand before me." "There's a light back there among the trees," the princess informed him. "Perhaps you could get some one to help you." "I'll go and see, miss, if you ain't afraid to stay alone," said Peter, after



"DID YOU EVER SMELL ANYTHING SO GOOD?" SHE ASKED.

some effort succeeding in quieting the plunging horses. "I am dreadfully afraid," she admitted shiveringly, "but I suppose you will have to go." Now, in the middle of the pine grove was set a little cottage. Peter knocked at the door. "Who's there?" asked a childish voice, and a little girl poked her head out of the square window. "Our wheel is stuck in the mud," Peter answered from the dark, "and I want to get a man to help me." "There isn't any man here," Jenny informed him. "There is only me and Jessie, and our mother has gone to nurse a sick neighbor, and she won't be home until morning."

So Peter went back to the carriage and reported to the princess. "I shall freeze out here," said the princess. "I will go up to the house and sit by the fire while you look for some one to help you with the carriage." She climbed out of the carriage, and with Peter in the lead she plodded through the woods, and the wind blew her long coat this way and that, and at last, wet and panting, she came to the little house.

And once more Peter knocked, and once more Jenny came to the window. Then she swung the door wide open, and so tall was the princess that she had to stoop to enter it. It was a dingy little room, and there was a dumpy black stove in the corner, with a bubbling iron pot that gave forth a most appetizing odor. "Oh, oh, how nice and warm it is!" said the princess as she held out her hands to the fire.

In all their lives the little girls had never beheld such a wonderful person, for the princess wore a long red cloak and a black velvet hat, with a waving plume, and her muff was big and round and soft, and she had a scarf of the same soft fur about her neck. Her hair was pale gold, and she had the bluest eyes and the reddest lips, and her smile was so sweet and tender that Jenny ran right up to her and cried, "Oh, I am so glad that you came!"

Jessie from her little chair echoed her sister's words. But she did not run, for there was a tiny crutch beside Jessie's chair in the square window. "And I am glad to be here," said the princess, whose quick eyes were taking in the details of the shabby room. "It's so nice and warm and cozy." "Isn't it?" said Jenny happily. "And we are getting ready for tomorrow." On a small round table beside Jessie's chair was a tiny cedar bush, and Jessie's fingers had been busy with

## THAT BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS

BY FRANK H. SWEET

(Copyright, 1929, by American Press Association.)

bits of gold and blue and scarlet paper. "We are going to pop some popcorn," Jenny explained, "and string it and hang it on the tree." "Oh, may I help?" the princess asked. "I haven't popped any corn since I was a little girl." Jessie clasped her thin little hands. "I think it would be the loveliest thing in the world," she said, "if you would stay." "Peter is going to find some one to help with the carriage, and I will stay until he comes back." And when Peter had gone the princess slipped off the long red cloak, and underneath it she wore a shining silken gown, and around her neck was a collar of pearls.

"And now if you will lend me an apron," she said, "we will pop the corn." But Jessie and Jennie were gazing at her speechless. "Oh, you must be a fairy princess!" gasped little Jessie at last. The beautiful lady laughed joyously. "Peter calls me the princess," she said. "He has lived with me ever since I was a little girl. But really I am just an everyday young woman and am going to spend Christmas with some friends in the next town."

She dismissed the subject with a wave of her hand. "And now to our popcorn," she said. Jenny brought a green gingham apron, and the princess tied the apron on, making a big butterfly bow of the strings in the back, and then she danced over to the dumpy little stove and peeped into the bubbling pot. "Did you ever smell anything so good?" she asked. "I am as hungry as a bear."

The little girls laughed joyously. "It's bean soup," Jenny said, "and we are going to have it for supper, with some little dumplings in it. I was afraid it wasn't nice enough for you." "Nice enough!" the delighted lady exclaimed. "I think bean soup and little dumplings are—um—um!" And she dug out her hands expressively. "I thought," Jessie remarked faintly, "that fairy princesses only ate honey and dew." "Which shows that I am not a true princess," said the beautiful lady, "for honey and dew would never satisfy me."

Jenny got out three little blue bowls and set them on a table that was spread with a coarse but spotless cloth. There were a crusty loaf and clover sweet butter, and last and best of all there were the bean soup and the bobbing little dumplings served together in an old mulberry tureen. It was really wonderful to see the princess in her shining gown at



AFTER SUPPER THEY POPPED THE CORN.

the head of the table, and little lame Jessie said: "You were just sent to us for Christmas. Why, it's just like—"

"The night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings were hung by the chimney In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there. The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads."

"But our stockings weren't hung yet, and we weren't in bed," said Jenny.

"It was too early for that," said the

princess, "but let's go on with the rhyme, just for fun. I see you know it all through, so you mustn't mind my changing it a little: "When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter Jenny sprang from her chair to see what was the matter. Away to the window she flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. When what to her wondering eyes should appear But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer! "Oh, no; I forgot! I mean— "When what to her wondering eyes should appear But a carriage stuck in the mud right out here And a little old driver, so lively and quick You must have thought Peter was dear old St. Nick."

The children laughed gleefully, and Jenny said: "We would have thought that, only we aren't going to hang up our stockings this Christmas at all. Jessie and I aren't going to get any presents, for mother hasn't been well, and she couldn't get any sewing. But she said we could make our Christmas merry, and we were to pretend that we had been to the big stores in the city and had bought things for the tree and dolls and everything." "That's a lovely way," said the princess gently, and she laid her hand, with its flashing rings, over Jessie's thin ones. "And we are going to pretend," Jessie said, "that our chicken is turkey."



"QUIETLY, QUIETLY, PETER," WARNED THE PRINCESS.

But we won't have to pretend about the mince pie, for mother has made a lovely one. "I wish I could help you eat the chicken," said the princess wistfully, "and I should like to meet your mother. I know she is lovely. And I haven't any mother, you know." "Oh!" said the little girls, round eyed with sympathy. And then the princess told them that all her life she had lived in a big, lonely house and she had always yearned for a cozy home and for a sister.

After supper they popped the corn, and just as they finished in came Peter. "I can't find any one to help, miss," he announced, "and it's snowing. I'll have to unhitch the horses and go back to town and get something to take you over in." "No," the princess demurred as she stood in the middle of the room with a heaped up dish of snowy kernels in her hand. "No, Peter, I'm going to stay here all night."

Peter stared, and the little girls cried, "Oh, will you?" And the princess said: "I really will. And, Peter, you can bring up the steamer trunk and my bag." "Won't your friends expect you, miss?" Peter inquired, as if awaiting orders. "I will send a note by you," was the calm response. And as the man went out she followed him and shut the door behind her. "Oh, Peter, Peter!" she whispered confidentially. "I am going to give them such a Christmas!"

"The little girls, miss?" "Yes. They are so sweet and brave! And I have the presents in my trunk that I was going to carry to the other children. But they will have so much that they won't miss them, and I shall spend my Christmas in a plain little house, but it will be a joyful house, Peter." "Yes, miss," Peter agreed understandingly. "I wish we had a big tree," said the princess regretfully. "Well, leave that to me, miss," Peter told her eagerly. "You just get them little things to sleep early, and I'll be here with a tree." "Oh, Peter, Peter—Santa Claus!" exclaimed the princess gleefully. "It will



THERE STOOD A WHITE FACED, SHIVERING LITTLE WOMAN.

brought a cargo of rugs from Persia, and there were cargoes of spices and of coal and of coffee and of fish and of grain and of lumber, and the princess finished triumphantly by carrying a cargo of oysters from the Chesapeake bay.

"One more," begged Jessie. "I carry a cargo of castles," said the sparkling princess. "Where do I hail from?" The little girls guessed and guessed, and at last the princess said: "That wasn't a fair one, really, for my castles are castles in Spain."

Then, with Jessie in her arms, she told them of her own castle building, and when she had finished she said, "And so your mother shall have all of my sewing, and that will keep her busy until spring."

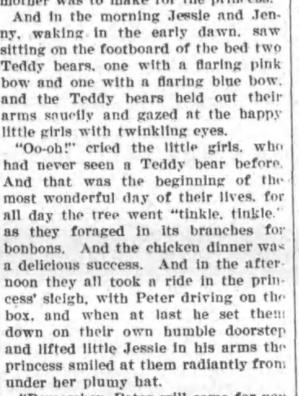
"Oh, you are going to be married and live happy ever after!" sighed Jessie rapturously. "It's just what a fairy princess should do." "And what you should do," said the princess, looking at the clock, "is to go to bed, bed, bed, so that you can wake up early in the morning."

She tucked them in and came back later in a fascinating pink kimono, with her hair in a thick yellow braid, and she kissed them both. But it was little lame Jessie that she kissed last. And then she went away like a glorious vision, and the little girls sank into slumber.

In the next room the princess opened the door cautiously, and there was Peter with snow all over him, and his arms were full of holly and mistletoe, and a great tree was propped against the doorpost. "Quietly, quietly, Peter," warned the princess, and Peter tiptoed in and set the tree up in the corner, and its top reached to the ceiling.

The princess opened the steamer trunk and took out two white Teddy bears, one with a flaring blue bow and the other with a flaring pink one, and then she took out a green and a yellow and a red and a blue fairy book and a beautiful square basket of candy, tied with holly ribbon, and then from the very bottom of the trunk she drew string after string of shining little silver bells, fastened on red and pale green ribbons.

"I was going to get up a cotillon for the children at the other house," the princess explained to Peter, "but these little folks need it so much more." The little bells went "tinkle, tinkle," as Peter hung them, and Jessie, dreaming in her little bed, heard the sound and thought it a part of her dream. And while Peter and the princess trimmed and whispered and laughed some one rattled the doorknob. Peter opened the door, and there stood a white faced, shivering little woman. "Oh, what has happened to my little



THE PRINCESS SMILED AT THEM RADIANTLY BENEATH HER PLUMES.

ding in the spring—all of you," said the princess gayly. "And see the prince!" said Jessie over Peter's shoulder. "And you are going to let me share a third of your mother?" "Yes, oh, yes!" from both of the little girls.

"Then you shall share a third of Peter," the princess called back as the smiling coachman drove her away through the glistening snow.

The Present Said "Papa!" In station K, in New York city, a young clerk who was sorting a sack of Christmas mail was amazed to see a package in the sack move. He carried the sack to the sorting table and dumped out the contents. Something suddenly exclaimed: "Papa! Papa!"

The frightened clerk examined every package carefully. In the one that moved he found a live kitten packed in a small bird cage. The kitten had a pink bow of ribbon at its neck, and attached to the ribbon was a card bearing the inscription: "A Merry Christmas from Uncle Jack."

Further investigation brought forth the fact that the cry "Papa!" came from a doll with blond curls that called "Papa!" each time it was squeezed. In moving the mail sack the postal clerk had frightened the kitten in one package and squeezed the mechanical doll in the other package. He was much relieved when he had unraveled the double mystery.

Revised For Christmas. "You say Jack writes he can't be here With you on Christmas day? Well, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' So the poets say." "It's not Jack's absence. What care I Because he can't be near? It's absence of the presents That I, of all, most fear."

For sake of up to dateness now We'll change this little rhyme. "Tis presents make the heart grow fonder. Just at Christmas time. —Walter Wellman.

Daddy's Christmas Dream. That Christmas comes but once a year Is rather sad for Willy. And likewise limits much the cheer Of Mabel, Maud and Milly. For they would welcome ten or twelve To shout around the shanty And in their stockings deep to delve For goodies left by Santy. But once a year is quite enough (Since buying's such a bother When times are panicky and tough) For these dear youngsters' father— In fact, poor daddy hopes the fates Will cause (to get a cheap year) The calendar to change its dates And Christmas swap with leap year. ROBERTUS LOVE.



# SANTA CLAUS

Is on his way and we are here to help him with Presents for the WHOLE FAMILY

FOR MOTHER

FOR FATHER

Nickle Tea Pot

New Robe, Whip

Coffee Pot

Warm Gloves

Tea Kettle

Nail Clip

A Dandy Roaster

Hammers

New Sterling Range Saws, etc.

FOR THE BOY AND GIRL

Sleds Skates Traps Flexible Flyers

Jack Knives

Pen Knives.

## Hagin Hardware Co.

Genoa, N. Y.

### DO NOT BUY

Some worthless trinket, but get something useful for a Christmas present.

We have made a special effort to secure some very useful articles, suitable for every member of the family, at very reasonable prices. Be sure and look over our line before you select your gifts. It will pay you

**W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES**

FOR MEN

\$5.00 \$4.00

\$3.50 \$3.00

\$2.50 \$2.00

BOYS' SHOES

\$2.50 \$2.00

\$1.75

FOR SALE BY

We are offering Special Inducements on Holiday Clothing for Men, Ladies or Children. Rubber Goods, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishings at a reduction.

NOTICE: M. G. Shapero will discontinue his trips on the road for this season after this week, and will be pleased to see you at the store where he will show you a beautiful line of HOLIDAY GIFTS.

GENOA CLOTHING STORE.

## M. G. Shapero & Son.

The Best Known Marshall's Clothing Known as the Best

### December

This is Santa Claus' own month and he has co-operated with us in collecting practical presents for practical people.

Don't miss seeing our Christmas display. It will interest you and help make it interesting for your friends.

Everything for Men and Boys' wear, adornment and comfort.

## L. MARSHALL & SON, Auburn, N. Y.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE and N. Y. World \$1.65

**A Revolutionary Puzzle.**  
These odd rhymes were written in the early part of the Revolutionary war—about 1776. If read as written they are a tribute to the king and his army, but if read downward on either side of the comma they indicate an unmistakable spirit of rebellion to both king and parliament. The author is unknown:

Hark, hark the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms  
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms,  
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine,  
Their ruin is at hand, who with the congress join.  
The acts of parliament, in them I much delight.  
I hate their cursed intent, who for the congress fight.  
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,  
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast.  
Who nonresistant hold, they have my hand and heart,  
May they for slaves be sold, who act the Whiggish part.  
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,  
Confusion and dispute, on congress evermore.  
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,  
I wish a nock and cord, to General Washington.

—National Magazine.

**The Dazzling Searchlight.**  
On a dark night no warship would be safe from torpedo attack but for the searchlight. The full moon lights up a torpedo boat so that it can be fired at when nearly a mile away. To produce the same illumination with the most powerful artificial light an electric arc of 100,000 candle power placed three-quarters of a mile high would be needed if the aid of mirrors were not available. But with this light and an ingenious arrangement of mirrors it is possible to surpass the moon. Searchlights are now made which throw light a distance of sixty-three miles, but objects can be seen only a few miles from the source of the light. The effect on the enemy is most demoralizing. When the bright beam is suddenly thrown on the eye the pupil contracts violently; when the beam is removed the eye can see nothing. If this be repeated a few times it takes all the nerve out of a man, so that only the best trained and most courageous can continue the attack.—London Answers.

**A Disappointing Witness.**  
Deacon Stephen Potter, one of the pioneers of Utica, N. Y., was a man of great eccentricity, but high moral character. "The deacon will speak the truth and shame the devil," was often said of him.

On one occasion a friend was engaged in a lawsuit in regard to some land a few miles from Utica. He held the land at a high price. During the trial he called Deacon Potter as a witness to prove how valuable the land was. The deacon was sworn and asked if he knew the land.

"Yes," he replied, "I know every foot of it."

"What do you think it worth, Mr. Potter?" was the next question.

The old man paused a moment and then said slowly, "If I had as many dollars—as my yoke of oxen—could draw on a sled—on a sled—on a sled—I would not give—a dollar an acre for it!"—Youth's Companion.

**Flag Proportions.**  
In the United States flag the width of a stripe is invariably half the length in inches of the flag's longest measurement. For example, in a flag ten feet long the stripes should be five inches wide. Accordingly the flag would have a width of five feet five inches, or thirteen times five inches. The field should be of navy blue bunting measuring seven stripes deep and extending two-fifths across the length of the flag. There should be forty-six stars on the field, arranged in six rows, beginning with eight, the two middle rows having eight and the last row eight and the other rows seven. The size of the star at its widest measurement should be such that one-half of its own width will separate it from the next star. Flags may be made in all sizes, but the above proportions should be preserved.—Philadelphia Press.

**Cat Exchange in Paris.**  
Paris has a cat exchange, a "bourse aux chats." This establishment is situated in a big chamber at the rear of a wineshop. Here are legions of cats of all sizes and colors, which are to be seen jumping and heard miaulant. It is said that the customers are by no means tender hearted old ladies, but for the most part furriers, glove-makers and cooks. A good sleek "matou" realizes from 2 1/2 cents to 20 cents. The skin has a number of usages, and the flesh, according to the story, finds its way into the stewpans of certain restaurants possessing more enterprise than scruple.—Chicago Journal.

**Two of a Kind.**  
Mrs. Boggs—I hate to have a man always complaining about some little thing. Now, my husband is continually harping on the lace curtains. Mrs. Woggs—Yes, and my husband has been kicking on our front door every morning at 8 o'clock for the past twenty years.—Puck.

**Kept Him Busy.**  
"You haven't had time to make any friends? Then you have lived in vain."  
"Not on your life. I've managed to make some bully enemies."—Cleveland Leader.

**A Hard Job.**  
Willie—Papa, there's a big black bug on the ceiling. Papa (busy reading)—Well, step on it and don't bother me.—Boston Transcript.

To make laws complete they should reward as well as punish.—Goldsmith.

**Seven Rules of Life.**  
Live upstairs if you wish to be in good health! "Up how many flights?" Only one flight of seven steps. I will describe them.

First Step.—Eat wheat, oats, corn, fruits, beef, mutton, plainly cooked, in moderate quantity and but two meals a day.

Second Step.—Breathe good air day and night.

Third Step.—Exercise freely in the open air.

Fourth Step.—Retire early and rise early.

Fifth Step.—Wear flannel next your skin every day of the year and so dispose your dress that your limbs may be kept warm. Bathe frequently.

Sixth Step.—Live in the sunshine. Let your bedroom be one which receives a flood of light and spend your days either out in the sunlight or in a room which is well lighted.

Seventh Step.—Cultivate a cheerful temper. Seek the society of jolly people. Absolutely refuse to worry and, above all, don't be afraid to laugh. Live above. Sickness cannot crawl up there. Disease prowls about in the basement. Rarely does it get upstairs.—Dr. F. G. Butler in Chicago Journal.

**The Shade He Wanted.**  
Delacroix, the painter, was walking out one day in Paris with a friend of his when he fell into a brown study.

"What is up with you now?" said the friend.

"I can't get a certain shade of yellow," replied the artist.

"What sort of yellow?"

Just then a cab drove past.

"The very thing!" the painter gasped out. "Stop, stop!"

"I am engaged," the cabby replied without stopping.

Delacroix started in pursuit and at a steep place in the Rue des Martyrs overtook the cab. Opening the door, he said in tones of entreaty to the passenger inside:

"Do please tell your driver to stop. I want your complexion for a painting on which I am at work. There is a color merchant close at hand. I shall not detain you above five minutes, and in acknowledgment of the service you render me I will present you with a sketch of my picture."

The bargain was struck. Delacroix got his yellow, and a few months later the "fare" received a sketch of his "Assassination of the Archbishop of Liege."

**Truth in Jest.**  
According to historical tradition, the conquest of Finland was foretold in jest that soon became earnest by its conqueror, Peter the Great, to his jester, Balakireff.

Balakireff had vexed the czar by too impudent a joke and had been summarily banished with the menacing injunction never to appear on Russian soil again. He disappeared discreetly, but one day not long after Peter, gleaning out of a window, saw his unmistakable figure and quizzical countenance jogging comfortably by, perched in a country cart. Impulsively he ran down to him and demanded to know why he had disobeyed.

"I haven't disobeyed you," was the answer. "I am not on Russian soil now."

"Not on Russian soil?"

"No. This cart load of earth that I'm sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it in Finland only the other day."

Peter laughed, but he said, "If Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian soil before long!" And he made good his words.

**His Examination Concluded.**  
In the evidence before a parliamentary committee concerning the opposition to a railway Hodge scored a point which accentuates a certain legal fiction with reference to skilled witnesses.

A Scotch farmer was giving his testimony in favor of the bill.

"Is it true," said the wily K. C. in his most searching style, "that you, sir, said to Mr. Guld that you were willing to give your evidence on the other side if they would pay you better?"

"Aye," said the pawky farmer, "and (after a pause) 'let me list pit the same question to ye—if ye had been offered a bigger fee, wad ye no have been on th'ither side yerse!'"

It is needless to say that the K. C. did not cross question the witness further.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Pipes Frozen by Warm Spells.**  
It is a curious fact that water pipes under ground will often freeze during the warm spell that follows a cold snap. The explanation made for this interesting phenomenon is that after a cold wave a large quantity of heat is taken from the ground in the work of changing the frozen moisture into water, and thus, on the principle of the ice cream freezer, the pipe is chilled, enough heat being taken from it to freeze it.

**Cause For Thanks.**  
"Alas!" sighed the tramp dramatically. "No matter where I turns, there's a hand raised against me."  
"Which shows you ought to be thankful fer one thing," said the farmer.  
"What's that?"  
"That it ain't a foot that's raised."

**Self Possessed.**  
Mrs. Manykida—There is one thing about our girls—they are always self possessed. Papa Manykida (grimly)—Yes, they're too self possessed. I wish they'd get some one else to possess them.

**List's Advice.**  
Being asked one day what one should do in order to become an efficient piano player, List replied laconically, "One must eat well and walk much."

## New York, Auburn & Lansing R. R. Co. ITHACA-AUBURN SHORT LINE IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1909.

SOUTH BOUND—Read Down			NORTH BOUND—Read Up		
27	23	21	22	24	28
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
P M	P M	A M	A M	P M	P M
6 20	1 00	8 20	10 50	3 30	8 50
6 34	1 14	8 34	10 36	3 16	8 36
6 44	1 24	8 44	10 26	3 06	8 26
6 53	1 33	8 53	10 17	2 57	8 17
7 07	1 47	9 07	10 03	2 43	8 03
7 17	1 57	9 17	9 53	2 33	7 53
7 35	2 15	9 35	9 40	2 20	7 40
8 00	2 40	10 00	9 05	1 45	7 05
P M	P M	A M	A M	P M	P M

Additional Trains between Ithaca and Rogues Harbor leave Ithaca 7:15 a. m. daily except Sunday, and daily at 11:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m. Saturday only, 8:30 p. m. and 10:00 p. m. Returning leave Rogues Harbor 7:48 a. m. daily except Sunday, and daily at 11:33 a. m. and 5:33 p. m. Saturday only, 9:03 p. m. and 10:33 p. m.

Pictures and Things for CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Jennings' Art Store, Auburn, N. Y.

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Pottery Casts Christmas Cards  
Calendars  
Pictures framed to order  
Artists' Materials

An interesting store to visit when you are in Auburn.  
Prices on all Art Goods moderate.

**Glazed Eyes.**  
Snakes may almost be said to have glass eyes, inasmuch as their eyes never close. They are without lids, and each is covered with a transparent scale much resembling glass. When the reptile casts its outer skin the eye scales come off with the rest of the transparent envelope out of which the snake slips.

This glassy eye scale is so tough that it effectually protects the true eye from the twigs, sharp grass and other obstructions which the snake encounters in its travels, yet it is transparent enough to allow the most perfect vision. Thus if the snake has not a glass eye it may, at any rate, be said to wear eyeglasses.

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## Christmas Presents



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Your business is one of your best friends. Why not give it a suitable present—some new and attractive stationery, for instance, such as we are prepared to print for you at right prices?

**A Famous Quotation.**  
A story about Keats is quoted by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson in his "Lives" of disciples of Aesculapius. Mr. Stephens, a friend of the doctor, once told him that one evening at twilight when he and Keats were sitting together in their student days, Stephens at his medical books, Keats engrossed in his dreaming, Keats called out to his friend that he had composed a new line—"A thing of beauty is a constant joy."

"What think you of that, Stephens?"

"It has the true ring, but is wanting in some way," replies the latter as he dips once more into his medical studies.

An interval of silence, and again the poet. "'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' What think you of that, Stephens?"

"That it will live forever."  
"A happy prophecy indeed!"

**The Forests on the Niger.**  
The insects of Africa are expert disease carriers, and they come in such numbers on the Niger that one hardly dares to use one's lamp or go too near a light of any sort at night. These forests on the Niger are deadly places for all their haunting attraction and take a big toll both of European and native life. Yet the first three days on the Niger, with all its mud and its smell and its mangrove flies and its frogs and its crickets, are enough to give the newcomer an inkling of the drawing power, the fascination, of what is probably the most unhealthy country in the world.—W. B. Thompson in Blackwood's.

**Dodging a Slander.**  
During a suit for slander brought in an Ohio town one of the parties was asked by the presiding magistrate:

"Is it true, as alleged, that you declared that Thomas Mulkins had stolen your pocketbook?"

"Your honor," responded the man, "I did not go so far as that. I merely said that if Mulkins had not assisted me in looking for the pocketbook I might have found it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Before and After.**  
She was a frivolous, fashionable young woman with beaux galore, but one man with only a small income seemed to be the favorite.

"You'll have to work hard before you win that girl," said his mother.

"And a good deal harder after you win her," answered his father, who knew what he was talking about.

**His Poems.**  
"May I offer you this little gift, Fraulein Kate?"

"Excuse me—I never take presents from men."

"But it is only a copy of my book of poems."

"In that case I will accept. I thought it was something valuable."—Fleegand's Blatter.

**The Place For It.**  
An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"