



From Nearby Towns.

Sherwood.
Feb. 21—The spring has already begun here.
Mr. De Frieze, wife and little son of Auburn have taken up their abode in town. He is to carry on the blacksmith business in place of Louis Houghton. The health of the latter is clamoring loudly for out-of-door employment.
Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Brewster will move to the house north of the village, owned by Samuel North.
The games of basket ball played at S. S. S. with the Sherwood team resulted as usual in the favor of the latter.

Several from here made a trip to Auburn last Saturday afternoon and evening to witness "St. Elmo."
Miss Grace Anthony of Poplar Ridge was the guest of Antoinette Ward last Thursday.
Mrs. A. B. Comstock spent several days last week with relatives in Seneca Falls.
Miss Caroline Putnam of Maryland is a guest at Emily Howland's.
Miss Anna Gould of Auburn is visiting at the home of S. G. Otis.
Miss Isabel Howland spent a few days last week in Syracuse, the guest of Miss Harriet May Mills.
W. G. Ward returned from Cohoes last week and spent Sunday and Monday at the home of his mother.
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ryan and family attended the Ryan-Shiels wedding last week.
Mrs. Geo. Baylor was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. John Cannon, one day last week.

C. J. Baldwin and wife and E. L. White and wife of Scipio were visitors in town Sunday.
Miss Antoinette Ward is spending the week in Scipio with her sister, Mrs. E. L. White.
Gaylord Baldwin, who was quite ill last week, is able to be out of doors to-day.
We read in the TRIBUNE that Mrs. C. P. Bowen is holding musical conventions in our sister villages. We are anxiously hoping that she will get as far as Sherwood and that we may again have the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Bowen and also have the benefit of her teaching.

King Ferry
Feb. 22—Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Ward have returned from Cohoes, and will occupy the Weeks farm recently purchased by Harrison Goodyear.
Geo. Ford was sick with the grip last week and H. W. Smith took his place at the creamery two mornings.
W. D. Weyant and family of Venice spent Sunday at his brother's, Fred Weyant.
Mrs. Warren Giltner spent Saturday with friends at Ludlowville.
E. S. Fossenden is having a bathroom built in his house.

Allen's Lung Balm
has been used successfully for years for deep-seated coughs, colds and bronchitis. Everybody should know about it. It is simple, safe and sure.

FOOD FOR A YEAR

- Meat..... 300 lbs.
- Milk..... 240 qts.
- Butter..... 100 lbs.
- Eggs..... 37 doz.
- Vegetables..... 500 lbs.

This represents a fair ration for a man for a year.

But some people eat and eat and grow thinner. This means a defective digestion and unsuitable food. A large size bottle of

Scott's Emulsion
equals in nourishing properties ten pounds of meat. Your physician can tell you how it does it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Book and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

Merrifield.

Feb. 22—Altogether too much snow lately, especially on the track of the Short Line, where, in some places the solid banks reached half way over the car windows. The railroad men have had a hard time.
James A. Gould is spending a few days in Albany.
Mrs. Irene Doran of Rochester was a recent guest at Rev. J. B. Doran's Miss Mayme Flynn visited relatives in Auburn last week.
Mrs. Arthur Shields and son Harold of King Ferry are spending a couple of weeks with her parents, Thomas Welch and wife.
Miss May Weeks and Miss Grace Chapman of Auburn were over-Sunday guests of F. B. Chapman and wife.

James Whalen and Mrs. Thomas Donovan are spending a few days in Cortland with their brothers, John and Joseph Whalen.
Mrs. Hall of Union Springs has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Gastin, and family for a few days.
The Misses Elizabeth and Rose Bowness visited the Sherwood Select School Tuesday, that being a holiday in their schools.
James Smart of Auburn will work the John Neville farm the coming season.
Mrs. Harriet Waring is spending a few days with her niece, Mrs. Lois Gould.

No services in the Baptist church Sunday, as the pastor, who resides in Fleming was unable to get through the drifts between Fleming and Scipio.
Little Henry Orchard is still very sick.
John Redman visited friends in Auburn over Sunday and Monday.
Mrs. Geo. Banks was called to Ledyard Friday night by the illness of her sister, Mrs. Ella Fowler.
The Short Line may be slow, but it seems to be too fast for some of our flocks who get left in Auburn and have to stay all night.

Elleworth.

Feb. 21—Mrs. M. L. Winn made a trip to Ludlowville Saturday last and returned with her daughter Allen, who has been spending a few days with her grandparents there.
Mr. and Mrs. Carter Husted have returned from a trip to Albany where they visited relatives. Mr. Husted also took a trip to New York where he secured a man to assist on the farm.
Mrs. A. Corey was quite ill the past week, but is convalescent.
Mrs. Margaret Leonard left Friday for New York City to be absent about ten days.
Dan Snushall returned last week from Scipioville.
Mr. and Mrs. Rogers of Cortland are guests of relatives in town.
Howard Smith of Poplar Ridge has rented the Howland farm on the Lake road. T. P. Smith, the present tenant, will remove to his recently acquired home at King Ferry.
Miss Susie Pine and brother Isaac have been at the home of Carter Husted during their absence east.
H. H. Bradley and wife took a trip to Auburn Tuesday of last week.
Mrs. Tilton, who has been with Mrs. Alonzo Chase the past few weeks, is in Aurora at present.
Our mail carrier, DeForest Davis, merits much praise for his faithfulness during all sorts of weather. He has not missed one day this winter.

Auctions.

Hiram Wallace will sell at public auction at his residence 1-2 mile north of Venice Center, Thursday, March 10, at 9:30 a. m. sharp, the following property: 3 horses, 4 cows, all kind of farm implements, 200 bu. oats, 50 bu. potatoes, 16 bu. seed buckwheat 160 bu. corn, &c., also some household goods. Stephen Myers, Auct.
J. H. Cruthers has postponed his sale to Friday, March 11.
Frank Brown's sale east of Genoa village postponed to Saturday, March 5.
A. J. Hurlbut, Ensenore, postponed to Tuesday, March 8.

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Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

Poplar Ridge

Feb. 22—The most snow in this locality in years. If it were not for occasional thaws we would not be able to get anywhere.
Mrs. Allen Landon and Mrs. Arthur Landon entertained about thirty friends very pleasantly at the home of the latter on Tuesday evening last.
Howard Mosher of Ludlowville and Miss Jane Stamp of Aurora were guests at Wilson Mosher's on Sunday.
Lamuel Oranson accompanied by his uncle, George Arnold of Delevan, Wis., made some very pleasant calls in this locality one day last week.
The S. S. S. had no school on Monday instead of Tuesday for the accommodation of both teachers and pupils.
Mrs. S. A. Haines is spending some time with her daughter in Genoa.
A number of changes as usual this spring. There is deficiency of houses to rent for all who would like to settle in our little hamlet.
We are sorry to lose Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mosher and wish them success in their new home.
Mr. Isaac Hazard will occupy Mr. Wheeler's house vacated by Mr. Mosher.
Thomas Tighe has sold his team of mules to parties near Seneca Falls. He delivered them at Auburn on Tuesday last. Fred Crouch went with him.

Venice Center.
Feb. 22—Those who have wished for an "old fashioned" winter are certainly getting the desire of their heart. For ourselves we think we would prefer to have it modified somewhat.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Brackenbury of Fleming were over-Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mosher.
It is said that Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Wyllie will move back to Auburn this spring.
Hiram Wallace has sold his farm to parties from Scipioville or vicinity.
The banquet and entertainment given by the men's club on Saturday evening last was a decided success in every way. It was estimated that over two hundred were served at supper, which was indeed a feast of good things. The entertainment given by Mr. Wm. Seybolt and sister Miss Pearl of Syracuse, with Mrs. Frank Wood at the piano, and which consisted of reading, singing of solos by Mr. and Miss Seybolt, and piano solos by Mrs. Wood was first class, and was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Dog Corners.

Feb. 23—James Smith is to have a new partner in his grocery business about April 1st.
Will Fitzgerald will work for Clarence Gale the coming season.
A. H. Batley has threshed his crop of alsike clover and reports a large yield of very fine seed. He expects to raise the crop exclusively on his farm as he finds it a very paying crop.
Will Crow is some better. He has been very sick with pneumonia.
Albert Crow will work the Jacobs sisters' farm the coming season, and also the Searing farm for another year.
O. W. Ely made a business trip to Genoa on Washington's birthday.
W. M. Cavanaugh is in very poor health this winter. He is being cared for by his son John at his home near here.
John Fox and son are to work the Andrew Allen farm the coming season.

Lansingville.

Feb. 21—The Ladies' Aid society will meet at the Grange hall on Thursday, March 2.
J. L. O'Hara has purchased S. D. Townsend's farm. His son Arthur will live there.
Robert Drum of Watkins is visiting his cousin, Floyd Gallow.
Miss Hattie Smith is visiting her sister, Miss Julia Smith.
Jerry Smith and wife of Lake Ridge and their cousin, Robert Ward of Dresserville, attended church at Lansingville Sunday.
Graham flour and corn meal at Smith's.

Five Corners.

Mar. 1—Monday of this week is the first time Fred Mann, our R. F. D. carrier, has missed a trip this winter, he got as far as Goodyears Corners and there he had to turn and go back. Commissioner Hollister took some men and went down and working until five o'clock. Tuesday morning they did the same so we had the mail Tuesday.
The highways are in a terrible condition all over.
Mrs. Lilly McBride spent last week with her mother, Mrs. Hannah Stevenson. She returned to Ithaca Sunday evening.
Miss Leona Northworth of Cortland is spending some time with her friends, Mrs. Wesley Ooon and Mrs. John Balmer.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Curtis made a business trip to Ithaca last week Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Goodyear by invitation entertained about seventy-five friends at their pleasant home last week Thursday. The day was one of pleasure, being spent with games and music and also some recitations by Mr. Jerome Berger, Mrs. Robert Ferris and Mrs. Ellwood Stoughton, they were all enjoyed by the company. A very bountiful repast was served in courses, and when each one took the hand of the host and hostess to bid them good night they expressed their thoughts of having spent a delightful day.
The Washington social which was held at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Todd was largely attended despite the stormy day. George and Lady Washington were there, one would not have thought they were 178 years old by their looks. They did seem quite feeble. They left some of the children and grandchildren at home. Mr. and Mrs. Jay Smith represented the great general and wife. It was a very enjoyable evening and a success financially.
Miss Leona Corwin started to go to the station Monday morning but the roads were so bad she had to come back, and will remain with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Corwin and grandfather, S. S. Close, until the roads are in better condition.

Rev. Geo. Nichols delivered a very fine sermon at the Presbyterian church here last Sunday. Those who were unable to hear it missed a rare treat.
Ezra Lasselle of Groton, who has been spending some time with his daughter, Mrs. John Palmer, is now spending some time with another daughter, Mrs. Oscar Hunt.
Chas. Egbert, wife and two sons of South Lansing were last Sunday guests of her parents, Robert Ferris and wife.
Clyde Mead visited friends at Aurora recently.
Gordon, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Palmer, has been seriously ill of congestion of the lungs. We are glad to note at this time that he is slowly improving.
Mr. and Mrs. James Curtis of Groton were last Sunday guests of his parents, George Curtis and wife.
Mrs. E. B. Stewart and three children came home last Thursday from a visit with relatives at Trumansburg.
Phineas Taplin returned last week from a visit to his sister, Mrs. Earl Hurlbut, at Groton.
Mrs. John Parr of Ithaca was a guest at the home of Geo. Crouch and wife last week.

Scipioville.

MARCH 1—There were no services in either church Sunday on account of the bad roads.
Mrs. Holt is visiting her son, L. W. Holt and family, at Union Springs for a few days.
The Epworth League held a social at the home of Wesley Houghton Friday evening, Feb. 25. There was a large attendance. They cleared \$13.
Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Atwater visited Mr. S. L. Atwater at King Ferry on Friday.
Mrs. Vosburg and daughter Hattie were callers in town Friday.
The Social Hour club met at the home of Mrs. Clarence Leeson Feb. 25. Miss Hattie Holley, the president being present. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Atwater Apr. 1. All members are requested to be present as they wish to elect officers for the coming year.
Mrs. Wm. McCormick visited her mother at King Ferry on Friday.
The Presbyterian Missionary society met with Mrs. Anthony on Friday.
F. C. Gifford was a visitor in town for a few days last week.

Indian Field.

MARCH 1—A lull to the blustering scene of last week. We hope the back-bone of the winter is broken.
Since last Tuesday we have missed the familiar sight of our Ithaca-Auburn Short Line more than we can well express. The roads too, are well nigh impassable, many going on foot to save the poor horse the danger of getting hurt. It is getting to be quite a serious matter when we can not get our mail for several days. Makes one feel as though they lived in the back-woods.
Harry Passaloff, who has been in the employ of W. B. Saxton for the past two seasons will again assist him on the farm for the coming summer. Harry has lately returned from a pleasant trip to New York and Long Island where he has been visiting relatives and friends. The weather is quite a lot milder there than it is here. He said he found fine skating on Central Park Lake.
The TRIBUNE job printing is first-class in every respect and prices are reasonable. Send for estimates.

Misses Ruth and Esther Haskins were last Saturday and Sunday guests of their aunt, Mrs. Carmi Chaffee.
Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Goodyear, daughter Cora and son Carl with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young and son Harold visited at Henry Dean's near Ludlowville last Saturday.
Mrs. Luella Berger spent a few days last week with friends in Ithaca.
Mrs. John Palmer spent Monday in Ithaca.
Fred Mann, our R. F. D. carrier, has not missed a trip up here this winter so far. He deserves much praise for his faithfulness.
Mrs. Lillian McBride has returned from Ithaca where she has been spending some time.
William Stanton and wife of North Lansing were in town on Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. George Crouch entertained about thirty friends last week Tuesday evening and also another company Thursday evening. Both evenings were very pleasantly spent with games and in a social way. A very bountiful repast was served and in the wee small hours the company dispersed to wade the snowbanks to each of their homes.
We learn that Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Cheesman are only going to spend a little while with their friends here and are then going to Auburn to remain some time. Probably will return by spring. Hope so, anyway.
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Palmer and Miss Teeter of Ithaca came Saturday night to visit his parents, Major Palmer and wife, expecting to return to Ithaca Sunday evening. But as there's many a slip between the cup and lip, so it was with them. They started for Atwaters station, but could not get there as the roads were drifted full. The ladies had to get out in 'the snow while the gentlemen took the horses from the sleigh and turned it around to come back. They enjoyed the trip. They returned to Ithaca Monday.

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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

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plants, vines and ornamentals at the Nursery of Geo. Pattington & Sons, Aurora, N. Y.
Apple trees 15c each
Cherry " 25c "
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C. L. W. Birch 50c each
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Also full stock in season of Cabbage, Celery and Tomato plants at lowest prices.
Geo. Pattington, Sr.
W. H. Pattington
Geo. Pattington, Jr.
Telephone, 28, C. Cay, Southern,
Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

Dancing School
I will change my dancing school at King Ferry from Wednesday to Saturday evenings. Pupils may enter at any time. School from 8 to 12. Private lessons by appointment.
MRS. J. D. MARTIN,
Ithaca Instructor.

Notice.
All persons having accounts with me are requested to settle on or before April 1. No accounts allowed to run more than thirty days thereafter.
GEO. NETTLER, Genoa.
31w2

Try our Job Printing.

Nervous Collapse

"I have traveled for thirty years continually. I lost a great deal of sleep, which together with constant worry left me in such a nervous state that finally, after having two collapses of nervous prostration, I was obliged to give up traveling altogether. I doctored continually but with no relief. Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic came to my rescue—I cannot describe the suffering which this Nerve Tonic saved me. Whenever I am particularly nervous a few doses relieve me."
A. G. C. LIBBY, Wells, Me.
There are many nervous wrecks. There is nervous prostration of the stomach, of the bowels, and of the organs. The brain, the kidneys, the liver, the nerve centers are all exhausted. There is but one thing to do—build up the nervous system by the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve Tonic. Its strengthening influence upon the nervous system restores normal action to the organs, and when they all work in harmony, health is assured. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

TRUXTON KING

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CHAPTER III

MANY PERSONS IN REVIEW.
TRUXTON KING witnessed the review of the garrison. That in itself was rather a tame exhibition for a man who had seen the fustest troops in all the world. A thousand earnest looking soldiers, proud of the opportunity to march before the little prince, and that was all, so far as the review was concerned.

Mr. King saw the court in all its glory scattered along the shady Castle avenue—in carriages, in traps, in motors and in the saddle. His brain whirled and his heart leaped under the pressure of a new found interest in life.

If Truxton King had given up in disgust and fled to Vienna this tale would never have come to light. Instead of being the lively narrative of a young gentleman's adventures in faraway Graustark, it might have become a tale of the smart set in New York, for, as you know, we are bound by tradition to follow the trail laid down by our hero, no matter which way he elects to fare. He confided to his friend from Cook's that he could never have forgiven himself if he had adhered to his resolution to leave on the following day.

"I didn't know you'd changed your mind, sir," remarked Mr. Hobbs in surprise.

"Of course you didn't know it," said Truxton. "How could you? I've just changed it this instant. I didn't know it myself two minutes ago. No, sir, Hobbs—or is it Dobbs? Thanks. No, sir, I'm going to stop here for a week or two. Where the dickens do these people keep themselves? I haven't seen 'em before."

"Oh, they are the nobility—the swells. They don't hang around the streets like tourists and rubbernecks, sir," in plain disgust.

"I say, who is that just passing—the lady in the victoria?" King asked abruptly.

"That is the Countess Mariane."

"Whew! I thought she was the queen."

Hobbs went into details concerning the beautiful countess.

"I was just going to ask if you know anything about a young woman who occasionally tends shop for William Spantz, the armorer," King finally asked.

Hobbs looked interested. "She's quite a beauty, sir, I give you my word."

"I know that, Hobbs. But who is she?"

"I really can't say, sir. She's his niece, I've heard. Been here a little over a month. I think she's from Warsaw."

"Well, I'll say goodbye here. If you've nothing on for tomorrow we'll visit the castle grounds and—ahem!—take a look about the place. Come to the hotel early. I'm going over to the gunshop."

He was whistling gayly as he entered the little shop, ready to give a cheery greeting to old Spantz and to make him a temporizing offer for the broadsword. But it was not Spantz who stood behind the little counter. Truxton flushed hotly and jerked off his hat. The girl smiled.

"I beg pardon," he exclaimed. "I—I'm looking for Mr. Spantz. I—"

"He is out. Will you wait?" She turned to the window, resuming the wistful, preoccupied gaze down the avenue.

"Beg pardon," he said politely. "I wanted to have another look at the broadsword there."

Very quickly—she noticed that she went about it clumsily despite her supple gracefulness—she withdrew the heavy weapon from the window and laid it upon the counter.

"It am not—not what you would call an expert," she said frankly.

"What's the price?" he asked, his courage faltering under the cool, impersonal gaze.

"I do not know. My uncle has told you. I am quite new at the trade. I hope you will excuse my ignorance. My uncle will be here in a moment." She was turning away with an air that convinced King of one thing—she was a person who, in no sense had ever been called upon to serve others.

"So I've heard," he observed. The bait took effect. She looked up quickly. He was confident that a startled expression flitted across her face.

"You have heard? What have you heard of me?" she demanded.

Mr. King was inspired to fabricate in the interest of psychological research. "I have heard that you are not the niece of old man Spantz." He watched intently to catch the effect of the declaration.

"You have heard nothing of the kind," she said coldly.

"Well, I'll confess I haven't," he admitted cheerfully. "It pleases me to de-



"WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD OF ME?"

A Story of Graustark

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

duce that you are not related to the armorer. You don't look the part.

Now she smiled divinely. "And why not, pray? His sister was my mother."

"In order to establish a line on which to base my calculations, would you mind telling me who your father is?" He asked the question with his most appealing smile, a smile so frankly impudent that she could not resent it.

"My father is dead," she said seriously, "and my mother is dead. Now can you understand why I am living here with my uncle? Even an amateur may rise to that. Now, sir, do you expect to purchase the sword? If not I shall replace it in the window."

"That's what I came here for," said he, resenting her tone and the icy look she gave him.

"I gathered that you came in the capacity of Sherlock Holmes or something else." She added the last three words with unmistakable meaning.

She was leaning toward him, her hands on the counter, a peculiar gleam in her dark eyes, which now for the first time struck him as rather more keen and penetrating than he had suspected before.

"I simply want to tell you—Mr. King—that unless you really expect to buy this sword it is not wise in you to make it an excuse for coming here."

"My dear young lady, I—"

"My uncle has a queer conception of the proprieties. He may think that you come to see me. Young men may chat with shopgirls all the world over, but in Edelweiss, no, unless they come to pay—most honorable court to them. My uncle would not understand."

"I take it, however, that you would understand," he said boldly.

"I have lived in Vienna, in Paris and in London, but now I am living in Edelweiss. I have not been a shopgirl always."

"I can believe that. My deductions are justified."

"My uncle is returning," she remarked suddenly. "I must not talk to you any longer." She glanced uneasily out upon the square and then hurriedly added, a certain wistfulness in her voice and eyes: "I couldn't help it today. I forgot my place. But you are the first gentleman I've spoken to since I came here."

When Spantz entered the door the girl was going listlessly from the window and Truxton King was leaning against the counter with his back toward her, his arms folded and a most impatient frown on his face. Spantz's black eyes shot from one to the other. "What do you want?" he demanded sharply.

"The broadsword. And, say, Mr. Spantz, you might assume a different tone in addressing me. I'm a customer, not a beggar."

The girl left the window and walked slowly to the rear of the shop, passing through the narrow door, without so much as a glance at King or the old man. Spantz was silent until she was gone.

"You want the broadsword, eh?" he asked, moderating his tone considerably. "It's a rare old!"

"I'll give you a hundred dollars—not another cent," interrupted King, not yet over his resentment. There followed a long and irritating argument, at the conclusion of which Mr. King became the possessor of the weapon at his own price.

"I'll come in again," he said indifferently.

"But you are leaving tomorrow, sir. I've changed my mind."

"Then you have discovered something in Edelweiss to attract you?" grinned the old armorer.

"I dare say you're right. Clean that sword up a bit for me, and I'll drop in tomorrow and get it. Here's 60 gavras to bid the bargain—the rest on delivery. Good day, Mr. Spantz."

"Good day, Mr. King."

"How do you happen to know my name?"

Spantz put his hand over his heart and delivered himself of a most impressive bow. "When so distinguished a visitor comes to our little city," he said, "we lose no time in discovering his name. It is a part of our trade, sir, believe me."

"I'm not so sure that I do believe you," said Truxton King to himself as he sauntered up the street toward the hotel.

Mr. Hobbs, from Cook's, was at his elbow, his eyes glistening with eagerness.

"I say, old Dangloss is waiting for you at the Regenetz, sir. What's up? Got you bean up to, sir?"

"Up to—up to, Hobbs?"

"My word, sir, you must have been or he wouldn't be there to see you."

"Who is Dangloss?"

"Minister of police. Haven't I told you? He's a keen one, too, take my word for it. I heard him ask for you."

He lost no time in getting to the hotel. A well remembered, fierce looking little man in a white linen suit was waiting for him on the great piazza.

Baron Jasto Dangloss was a polite man, but not to the point of procrastination. He advanced to meet the puzzled American, smiling amiably and swirling his imposing mustache with neatly gloved fingers.

"I have called, Mr. King, to have a little chat with you," he said abruptly.

ly. He enjoyed the look of surprise on the young man's face. "Won't you join me at this table? A julep will not be bad, eh?" King sat down opposite to him at one of the piazza tables in the shade of the great trailing vines. A waiter took the order and departed.

"Now, to come to the point," began the baron. "You expected to leave tomorrow. Why are you staying over?"

"Baron, I leave that to your own distinguished powers of deduction," said Truxton gently. He took a long pull at the straw, watching the other's face as he did so. The baron smiled.

"You have found the young lady in the gunshop to be very attractive," observed the baron. "Where have you known her before?"

"I beg pardon?"

"It is not unusual for a young man in search of adventure to follow the lady of his choice from place to place. She came but recently, I recall."

"You think I knew her before and followed her to Edelweiss?"

"I am not quite sure whether you have been in Warsaw lately. There is a gap in your movements that I can't account for."

King became serious at once. He saw that it was best to be frank with this keen old man.

"Baron Dangloss, I don't know just what you are driving at, but I'll set you straight, so far as I'm concerned. I never saw that girl until the day before yesterday. I never spoke to her until today."

"She smiled on you quite familiarly from her window casement yesterday," said Dangloss coolly.

"She laughed at me, to be perfectly candid. But what's all this about?"

Dangloss leaned forward and smiled openly.

"Take my advice—do not play with fire," he said enigmatically.

"You—you mean she's a dangerous person? I can't believe that, baron."

"She has dangerous friends out in the world. She is Olga Platanova. Her mother was married in this city twenty-five years ago to Professor Platanova of Warsaw. The professor was executed last year for conspiracy. He was one of the leaders of a great revolutionary movement in Poland. They were virtually anarchists, as you have come to place them in America. This girl Olga was his secretary. His death almost killed her. But that is not all. She had a sweetheart up to fifteen months ago. He was a prince of the royal blood. He would have married her in spite of the difference in their stations had it not been for the intervention of the crown that she and her kind hate so well. The young man's powerful relatives took a hand in the affair. He was compelled to marry a scrawny little duchess, and Olga was warned that if she attempted to entice him away from his wife she would be punished. She did not attempt it, because she is a virtuous girl. Her uncle, Spantz, offered her a home."

"Baron, are you sure that she is a red?" asked King.

"Quite. She attended their councils."

"She doesn't look it," upon my word I thought they were the scum of the earth."

"The kind you have in America are. But over here—oh, well, we never can tell."

"I'm much obliged. And I'll keep my eyes well opened. I suppose there's no harm in my going to the shop to look at a lot of rings and knickknacks he has for sale?"

"Not in the least. Confine yourself to knickknacks, that's all."

"Isn't Spantz above suspicion?"

"No one is in my little world. By the way, I am very fond of your father. He is a most excellent gentleman and a splendid shot."

Truxton stared harder than ever.

"What's that?"

"I know him quite well. Hunted wild boars with him five years ago in Germany. And your sister? She was a beautiful young girl. They were at Carlsbad at the time. Was she quite well when you last heard?"

"She was," was all that the wondering brother could say.

The baron left the American standing at the head of the steps, gazing

after his retreating figure with a look of admiration in his eyes.

Truxton fared forth into the streets that night with a greater zest in life than he had ever known before. A man with a limp cigarette between his lips was never far from the side of the American—a man who had stopped to pass the time of day with William Spantz and who from that hour was not to let the young man out of his



"TAKE MY ADVICE—DO NOT PLAY WITH FIRE," HE SAID.

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sight until another relieved him of the task.

CHAPTER IV.

TRUXTON TRESPASSES.

THERE was a sparkle in King's eyes as he struck out across town after breakfast the next morning. He burst in upon Mr. Hobbs at Cook's.

"Say, Hobbs, how about the castle today—in an hour, say? Can you take a party of one rubbernecking this morning? I want you to get me into the castle grounds today and show me where the duchesses dawdle and the countesses cavort."

"Of course, sir, you understand there are certain parts of the park not open to the public. The grotto and the playgrounds and the Basin of Venus—"

"I'll not trespass, so don't fidget. Hobbs, I'll be here for you at 10."

Truxton hurried to the square and across it to the shop of the armorer, not forgetting, however, to look about in some anxiety for the excellent Dangloss, who might, for all he knew, be snooping in the neighborhood.

Spantz was at the rear of the shop talking to a customer. The girl was behind the counter, dressed for the street.

She came quickly out to him, a disturbed expression in her face. As he doffed his hat she smiled left his lips. He saw that she had been weeping.

"You must not come here, Mr. King," she said hurriedly in low tones. "Take your broadsword this morning, and please for my sake, do not come again. I—I may not explain why I am asking you to do this."

"Just a minute, please," he interrupted. "I've heard your story from Baron Dangloss. Are you in trouble? Do you need friends, Miss Platanova?"

"The baron has told you all about me?" She smiled sadly. "Alas, he has only told you what he knows. But

it should be sufficient. There is no place in my life for you or any one else. There never can be. Do you question me? I can say no more. Now I must be gone. I—I have warned you. Do not come again."

She slipped into the street and was gone. King stood in the doorway, looking after her, a puzzled gleam in his eyes. Old Spantz was coming up from the rear, followed by his customer.

"Hello, Mr. Spantz! Good morning. I'm here for the sword."

The old man glared at him in unmistakable displeasure. Truxton began counting out his money. The customer, a swarthy fellow, passed out of the door, turning to glance intently at the young man. A meaning look and a sly nod passed between him and Spantz. The man halted at the corner below and later on followed King to Cook's office, afterward to the castle gates.

outside of which he waited until his quarry reappeared. Until King went to bed late that night this swarthy fellow was close at his heels, always a SWARTHY FELLOW

KEEPING WELL OUT OF THE DOOR OF

"I'll come in soon to look at those rings," said King, placing the notes on the counter. Spantz merely nodded, raked in the bills without counting them and passed the sword over to the purchaser.

Truxton picked up the weapon and stalked away.

A few minutes later he was on his way to the castle grounds, accompanied by the short legged Mr. Hobbs.

Hobbs led him through the great park gates and up to the lodge of Jacob Fraasch, the venerable high steward of the grounds. Here to King's utter disgust, he was booked as a plain Cook's tourist and mechanically advised to pay strict attention to the rules.

"It's no disgrace," growled Hobbs, redder than ever. "You're inside the grounds, and you've got to obey the rules, same as any tourist. Right this way, sir. We'll take a turn just inside the wall. Now, on your left, ladies and—ahem!—I should say—ahem!—sir, you may see the first turret ever built on the wall. It is over 400 years old. On the right we have—"

"See here, Hobbs," said King, stopping short. "I'm dashed if I'll let you lecture me as if I were a gang of hayseeds from Joshville."

"Very good, sir. No offense. I quite forgot, sir."

"Just tell me, old chap. Don't lecture. Hobbs, this is all very beautiful and very grand and very slow," said King, stopping to lean against the moss covered wall that encircled the park within a park, the grounds adjoining the grotto. "Can't I hop over this wall and take a peep into the grotto?"

"By no means!" cried Hobbs, horrified.

King looked over the low wall. The prospect was alluring. The pool, the trickling rivulets, the mossy banks, the dense shadows—it was maddening to think he could not enter.

"I wouldn't be in there a minute," he argued. "And I might catch a glimpse of a dream lady. Now, I say, Hobbs, here's a low place. I could jump!"

"Mr. King, if you do that I am ruined forever. I am trusted by the steward. He would cut off all my privileges!" Hobbs could go no further. He was prematurely agast. Something told him that Mr. King would hop over the wall.

"Go and report me, Hobbs; there's a good fellow. Tell the guards I wouldn't obey. That will let you out, my boy, and I'll do the rest."

(To be Continued.)

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SUFFRAGE DISCORDS.
Wm. Belmont's Ascendancy a Bone of Contention.

Unless all signs fall there are going to be serious ructions of some sort in the woman suffrage camp. So many are their woes that it would take too much time to enumerate them, but everything goes back to the national convention in Seattle last summer, when the national association voted to move its headquarters from the peaceful little town of Warren, in Illinois, to New York. As soon as this decision was reached the bird of peace spread its wings and took its departure to parts unknown. The western sisters murmured. The metropolis would swallow up the headquarters, they thought, and they would be left out in the cold. The New York suffragists also had their misgivings. The headquarters, they prophesied, would swallow New York.

From the point of view of the two classes of malcontents both these predictions have now happened. Complaints that the national office is absorbed with local affairs and oblivious to constitutional amendments and other issues pending in the west reach the east daily, and the local organizations on their part complain of encroachments on their preserves by the national office, while the state office is declared to be an equal sinner.

"There are upward of a score of counties in New York state that haven't even an organization," a local suffragist remarked tartly, "and yet the state officers spend the greater part of their time in New York."

The association of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont with these two organizations makes the situation acute. When the two bodies acceded to her proposition to make their removal to New York financially possible her capacity for leadership was not reckoned with. Now, as her figure has loomed larger and larger in the public eye, the query of Cassius, "Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he is grown so great?" has been repeated with suitable modifications. One of the specific complaints anent the relations of the suffrage organizations with this particular patron is that her financial contributions are always made for a specific purpose instead of being paid into the treasury to be expended as the executive sees fit.

The next meeting of the National Woman Suffrage association will be held in Washington in April, and all these issues are likely to come to a head there. The association elects its president every year, and a well known western woman is talked of as the probable nominee of the insurgent party. The present president, the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, has held office for eight years.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.
Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

We have the largest success in life when we remember that God is in all things.—Rev. A. T. Horn, Methodist, Chicago.

Look on the Bright Side.
We should look on the bright side. When our hearts drop it is because we weigh our troubles, but do not put our blessings into the balance. We magnify crosses and overlook joys that are not to be numbered.—Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder, Lutheran, New York.

Death Not a Tragedy.
There is no fact more beneficent than death. The tragic fact is not that people die, but that so many deaths are premature. To eliminate death from our life would be a stupendous calamity. It would cut us off from the career and destiny for which we are made.—Rev. Dr. John Reid Shannon, Methodist Episcopal, Washington.

Piety of Columbus.
We praise Columbus for what makes him admirable in the eyes of the world, but, above all, for that which the world little notes or values—his deeply religious spirit. As is highly fitting and even logically imperative, we give our tribute to his honor a distinctly religious character.—Rev. John B. Harney, Catholic, Racine, Wis.

Sympathy For the Fallen.
There are many warnings and illustrations of Sarabs who have fallen all about us, and their stories touch the true heart and call for heroic action and sympathy from every true child of God. To the fallen we can point to the Christ who saved the Magdalene; to the true we can speak the word of warning.—Rev. E. L. House, Congregationalist, Spokane, Wash.

Lincoln Helped by Religion.
In the darkest hours of the war—those before Gettysburg—Lincoln spent a night in the study of Henry Ward Beecher. What happened there none but those two great seers knew, but the president once said, "I have often gone upon my knees because there was nowhere else to go." Of the churches he said, "God bless all the churches, and blessed be God, who in our great trial giveth us the churches."—Rev. A. B. Beresford, Universalist Cincinnati.

Christianity and Philanthropy.
Christianity will convert the world when we preach and practically apply to society the new moral ideals of Jesus. The world seems to recognize that there is a vast difference between Christianity and churchianity, and if the church is willing by her silence to divorce Christianity from philanthropy and reform and the progress of civilization she must be content to occupy a small place and never dream of conquering the world.—Rev. Madison C. Peters, Presbyterian, New York.

Lacks Imagination.
The first serious limitation of this so called new religion is that it lacks imagination. Dr. Elliot has given us the floor plan of a house, very useful from the architect's standpoint, but by no means beautiful nor telling us the most important truth about the house. This new religion has not got out of the blue print stage. It is thoroughly reasonable, but is deficient in emotional elements. It is prose, not poetry. The masses will not care for it for the same reason that ten people read Robert Burns where one reads Matthew Arnold.—Rev. Dr. Clifton D. Gray, Baptist, Boston.

A Material Age.
We live in such a materialistic age that it is not surprising that material values and bulk and weight and size and display should smother the finer things of the spirit and of the mind and of heaven, but one learns in the long run that enduring values have to do with character more than with cash. The other choice is between self and God. It is the problem as to whether I shall measure my life by what the world brings to me or by what I shall be to God. He who lives to himself is dead, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.—Rev. Charles E. Guthrie, Methodist-Episcopal, Washington.

The Masterfulness of Jesus.
The question of my text, "What think ye of Christ?" now presses upon our consideration. The setting of this text is instructively suggestive. For some time in his discussion with the Pharisees they had been asking our Lord questions. His answers put the Sadducees to silence, and their confusion greatly gratified the Pharisees. It is now their turn to experience similar confusion from the celerity and dexterity of his replies. Never was there so skillful a debater as Jesus Christ. He was masterful in his clarity of thought, simplicity of speech and purity of motive.—Rev. R. S. MacArthur, Baptist, New York.

Evil Fears Righteousness.
Has the world of evil a different feeling toward sham and hypocrisy today from what it had in Jesus' time? Never has any age respected Jesus as our age does. Good people it stands in awe of. But how much does it care, do you think, for any modern, make believe follower of Jesus Christ? Instead of trembling, it chuckles. No; it is more serious far than that. It resents their attacks as a kind of insult. It spurns their interference and fairly despises them for their unreason and falseness. Christian pretenders have not so much as the respect of the evil world, much less its confidence or its fear. If, therefore, a follower of Jesus is only a pretender, not only has he resting upon him the wrath of God, the rejection of Jesus Christ and the distrust of those who are true, but also the despite of the wicked.—Rev. John Halcom Shaw, Presbyterian, Chicago.

London's Latest Craze.
Last year roller skating in London was the pastime of the moment. This year a novel and exciting feature has been added to it. At the Empress Skating rink at Earl's court a "skating switchboard" has been set up. This device, which, by the way, is the first of its kind, is a sort of sloping platform (very like that on which the switchback cars run up and down). This stretches from end to end of the building, and down it those who like new sensations glide merrily on their roller skates. Rather terrifying, but

Man on Dress.
Let him alone.
Don't argue with him.
His ideas are warped.
You can't please him at all.
If extravagant you are a fool.
If economical you are surely dowdy.
He will proudly assert that it's the woman, not the clothes.
You get yourself up to fit his ideas, and it will be a case of "sweet bells jangled."
He will point out all the handsomely (tastefully, he calls it) dressed women and wonder (in a rasping tone) why you look dowdy.

Use For Testing Tubes.
A stock of common glass test tubes is a convenience for women who have table centerpieces or other low decorations to arrange now and then. An attractive dinner table in a small apartment utilised recently the fern dish with pink carnations mingled with the ferns and moss. The flower stems were immersed in the test tubes, which had been sunk into the earth of the dish. The candle shades of the table were, of course, the same shade as the flowers.

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MAINE'S WORTHY MASTER.
Mr. Stetson Tells of the Work of the Grange in the Pine Tree State.
C. S. Stetson was born in the town of Greene, Androscoggin county, Me., June 10, 1853. He was educated in the common schools, Monmouth academy and Kent's Hill seminary in Maine. He has held a few minor public offices. He joined the grange about eighteen years ago. He served as lecturer, overseer and master of his subordinate grange and for several years held the same position in Pomona. He was a deputy under his predecessor nine years and was elected master of the state grange in December, 1907.

There are now 455 subordinate granges and 28 Pomona's in the state of Maine with a total membership of about 60,000. State Master Stetson

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The Pilot Fish.
A little fish about which many interesting fancies cluster is the pilot fish. Aelian tells us that pilot fishes were supposed to be kindly disposed toward sailors and therefore liked to approach ships, which they continued with and guided until they reached land. They were deemed sacred to Neptune, the god of the ocean, who protected them from designed injury; consequently a man who had ventured to eat one soon afterward lost his son by drowning. Apollo was said to have changed a fisherman named Pompius, who had crossed him in his love, into a pilot fish and condemned him for all eternity to the task of gratuitous pilotage. He is also said to be a pilot of sharks and is said to warn the latter away from baited hooks and other dangers and lead them to food. There really does exist a strange bond of friendship between the huge shark and this little member of the mackerel family, which are often to be seen traveling together, although the pilot fish's supposed care to warn its companion of impending danger and to provide food, for it is a fallacy pure and simple.

An English Election Trick.
Corruption at elections in England took many curious forms in olden days, but there have been few more ingenious plans for securing the election of the desired candidate than that practiced at Seaford in 1790. It was doubtful which way the polling would go unless a receiving officer could be found willing to pass some twenty-six persons who still wanted seventeen days to complete the six months' residence required by law. Accordingly it was arranged that the candidate should insist on all the six oaths demanded by statute being administered to each voter individually, and this, together with the time spent in dealing with every frivolous objection raised by counsel, made it impossible to poll more than four votes a day, so that the twenty-six were duly qualified by the time their turn came to vote.

The Tramp's Reason.
The late Joseph Dorsey of San Jose, the famous detective whose best feat was the capture of Canon Bernard after a chase from Alaska to Cape Horn, used to impute his success to his knowledge of men.
"A detective," he would say, "should know the habits of every class. Then no disguise can deceive him. All men, even the most unmethodical, have their habits. Even the tramp has his."
"You great big lazy loafer," I said to a tramp one December day, "you ought to be in jail!"
"Yes, Algie," the tramp replied as he pretended to fix a monocle in his eye. "Yes; I know it's the correct thing for our set at this season, Algie; but, deuce take it, it's such a mild winter, don't you know?"—Kansas City Star.

An Indirect Hit.
A patient who was suffering from a scalp wound was recently admitted to a hospital. "How did this happen?" asked the resident surgeon.
"The wife bit me on the head with a stone," was the answer.
"It's the first time I ever heard of a woman hitting anything she aimed at," the doctor observed jocosely.
"Oh, she didn't aim it at me! She was throwing the stone at our neighbor's fowls, and I was standing behind her!"—London Graphic.

What a Change!
"He used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel before our marriage," said the little woman, with sad reflections.
"And does he do so now?" asked the bosom friend.
"No; he takes a drink."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Reduced.
"Old Jugglewort died at an advanced age, didn't he?"
"On the contrary, he died at a greatly reduced age. He was really twenty years older than he said he was."—Chicago News.

The Penalty.
Jinks—How much do you think a minister ought to get for marrying a couple? Filkins—Well, if wholly unacquainted with them, perhaps he might be let off with six months.

His Way of Putting It.
Sillucus—Do you believe there is honor among thieves? Cynicus—No; they are just as bad as other people.—Philadelphia Record.

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WATCHES AND Cream Separators

There are some sensible dairy farmers who buy \$1.-, \$5.- and \$10.- watches, because they serve the purpose of a watch and waste nothing while they last.

But would any of these sensible dairy farmers put their money into and carry a \$1.-, \$5.- or \$10.- watch if it cost them from 25 cents to \$1.- that they might otherwise save EVERY DAY to do so?

Most assuredly they would not.

Then why should any dairy farmer buy a cream separator of the \$1.-, \$5.- or \$10.- watch kind where his use DOES mean a WASTE of from 25 cents to \$1.- every day, in quantity and quality of product, that a DE LAVAL cream separator would SAVE?

THAT'S the all-important DIFFERENCE between POOR SEPARATORS and POOR WATCHES,—one's good enough while it lasts but the other wastes twice a day from the time its use begins.

A De Laval catalogue is a separator education to be had for the asking.

C.J. Rumsey & Co.
ITHACA, N. Y.

Farms For Sale

\$4,800—115 acres on the Indian Field road; good buildings, orchard.

\$3,750—87 acres; good land, large house, basement barn 36x50. 6 miles from Moravia in Sempronius.

109 acres in Sempronius, good land, good house, basement barn 32x50. Only \$2,650.

74 acres. House, basement barn, East Genoa, \$3,000. Live stock insurance.

J. W. Mullen, Real Estate,
45 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

New York
\$8.50 from Weedsport
\$8.10 from Syracuse
—Round trip by the—
West Shore R. R.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILWAY SYSTEM"

Thursday, March 10.
Return limit March 19. For time of trains and other particulars call on West Shore ticket agents or address H. Parry, General Agent, 377 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

FARMS

Have you a farm for sale?
Have you a farm to exchange for a hotel, or flour & feed mill?
Do you want to buy a farm for cash or easy terms?
Call and see me or write.

F. M. Colwell,
Real Estate Exchange,
133 Genesee St., Auburn.

Stubborn as Mules
are liver and bowels sometimes; seem to balk without cause. Then there's trouble—Loss of Appetite—Indigestion, Nervousness, Despondency, Headache. But such troubles fly before Dr. King's New Life Pills, the world's best Stomach and Liver remedy. So easy, 25c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. A. water's, King Ferry.

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

Friday Morning, March 4, 1910

Count the Times a Horse Rolls. To see a horse when out at pasture rolling on the ground and endeavoring to turn over on his back is a common sight; but how many people have noticed that in doing this he observes an invariable rule? The rule is that he always rolls over either at the first or third attempt—never at the second—and more than three attempts are never made. In other words, if the horse succeeds in rolling over at the first try, well and good—that satisfies him. But if the first attempt is a failure the second one always is. Then he either rolls quite over at the third or gives it up. He never makes a fourth. If horses are rolling on sloping ground they usually roll uphill. This is more easy of explanation than the strange custom regulating the number of attempts. As to this no adequate reason has ever been offered. Will those ingenious people who tell us why a dog turns around before lying down and why ducks walk behind each other in a string instead of abreast explain why a horse never makes four attempts to roll over and never succeeds at the second?—Exchange.

Diseases of Fear.

If you are afflicted with an unreasonable fear of anything do not waste time being ashamed of yourself; hurry at once to a doctor, advises a writer in Success Magazine. A writer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette has compiled a list of fear diseases from which it appears that everything, from screaming at mice to being afraid to go home in the dark, is a well recognized mental ailment. The tramp is in reality a sufferer from ergophobia, or fear of work, often complicated with aquaphobia and sapophobia, which make him shun the bathtub. Siderophobia and astrophobia cause timid ladies to go into the closet when it thunders and lightens. Any number of people have cat and dog phobias. Phantophobia is what you would have if you were afraid of your shadow, while an all around unqualified coward might be called a phantophobia. The list is long and includes every human weakness except the actress' horror of publicity.

A Useful Pest.

Despite the fact that the spider, next to the mouse, is most violently stimulating to feminine sensitiveness, it is an insect of a very good character. It feeds exclusively upon other freshly killed insects, and they are the kinds denounced by sanitary authorities, the housefly being its favorite quarry. His service in reducing the numbers of this pest is considerable, because the spider is always busy, and he is present in countless numbers, says Leslie's Weekly. The reason why he is not more frequently seen is that he is retiring in his habits and shuns human society quite as much as that shuns him. He seldom bites anything but food, and even when in self defense he does assert himself the result is no worse than a mosquito bite or a bee sting. The touching story of "The Spider and the Fly" was evidently intended to invite sympathy for the fly.

Buttered Side Up.

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins, the old time clockmaker of Concord, N. H., delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster. "One day," said the old man, "while I was taking breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniel's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were little boys with dirty faces and snarly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter. I complied with their request, little thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daniel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor, and the buttered side, of course, was down. He looked at it a moment, then picked it up and showed it to me, saying: "'What a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides; then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be up.'"

Comets of the Past Century.

During the nineteenth century 235 new comets were discovered as against sixty-two in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century also beheld a greater number of large and brilliant comets than did its predecessor. The finest of these were the comets of 1811, 1843, 1858, 1881 and 1882. In the year 1800 only one periodical comet was known, Halley's. Now many are known, of which at least seventeen have been seen at more than one return to perihelion.

Alabama's Capital.

When Alabama was a territory its capital was at St. Stephens, in Washington county. The convention that framed the constitution under which it was admitted into the Union was held in Huntsville, where the first legislature met in October, 1819, and the first governor was inaugurated. Cahaba became the seat of government in 1820. In 1825 the capital was removed to Tuscaloosa, and in 1846 it was again removed, this time to Montgomery.

Didn't Want to See Much.

"What are you wearing that monocular for?" asked the theatrical manager. "You paid to see the show?" "Yes," replied the young man, "but I can see all I want of this show with the monocular."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bloodhounds to Halt an Uprising. Storm swept Jamaica was in 1733 the scene of a rising of the negro plantation slaves. At first there were brushes between the soldiers of the island garrison and the insurgents, and lives were lost on both sides. Then the commander, General Walpole, brought him of having 100 dogs trained to track slaves brought from Cuba. These powerful and savage brutes, misnamed bloodhounds, were really of the mastiff tribe, says the London Chronicle. After being muzzled they were led to the position taken up by the malcontents. General Walpole sent a message to the slaves threatening to unmuzzle and unleash the animals if they did not surrender. The negroes, who had shown themselves to be by no means afraid of the bullets of the military, were now mad with terror. They threw down their arms and gave in. Remarks a contemporary historian of Jamaica, "It is pleasing to observe that not a drop of blood was spilled after the dogs arrived in the island."

Finding His Bride.

In one part of the canton of Ticino, in Switzerland, a very quaint marriage ceremony prevails. The bridegroom dresses in his "Sunday best" and, accompanied by as many friends and relatives as he can muster for the fete, goes to claim his bride. Finding the door locked, he demands admittance. The inmates ask him his business, and in reply he solicits the hand of his chosen maiden. If his answer be deemed satisfactory he is successively introduced to a number of matrons and maids, some perhaps, deformed and others old and ugly. Then he is presented to some large dolls, all of which he rejects with scorn, amid general merriment. The bewildered bridegroom, whose impetuosity and temper are now sorely tried, is then informed that his ladylove is absent and invited in to see for himself. He rushes into the house and searches from room to room until he finds her in her bridal dress ready to go to church. Then are his troubles over and his state as a benedict assured.

He Was Relieved.

The other day a person dropped down in an apoplectic fit immediately in front of a police station and was carried inside. A moment after a woman forced her way in through the crowd gathered around the door, exclaiming: "My husband! My poor husband! Clear the way and let in the air!" She then busied herself by taking off the man's cravat and performing other little offices until a surgeon arrived, when the patient gradually recovered his senses. On this the sergeant in charge observed that it was a happy relief for his distressed wife as well as for himself.

"My wife!" exclaimed the man. "Why, I am a bachelor!" On seeking for the woman it was found that she had disappeared and with her the watch and purse of the patient, which she had adroitly abstracted under the very eyes of the police.—London Tit-Bits.

A Touch of Nature.

He was the worst boy in school; she was the teacher. She was angered by his stubbornness; he was defiant. She took him to the hall for punishment. Angriily she administered the penalty, and—then somehow a great wave of pity for the boy swept over her. She looked at the worn coat of the little fellow. She thought of the frail body deprived of nourishing food. She thought of the hard and loveless home and of the starved soul of the poor kid. Tears sprang to the teacher's eyes as the boy waited for further punishment. Then he saw the tears. His own eyes grew moist and overflowed. Thinking of how the poor boy had no chance, in an impulse of love she put her arms around the boy, and they cried together.

That is religion. She and the boy both found it.—Morrell (Kan.) News.

To Make a Glass Cutter.

A glass cutter can easily be made with an ordinary mapping pen and a small piece of carborundum or carboride of silicon. Cut off a part of the nib to form a small tube. Fit a crystal or part of one of carborundum into the tube, take it out again and dip one end in cement and replace it. Next wind a piece of fine wire tightly around the tube and part of the handle and fix it in a notch cut in the latter. Put it aside for a day to allow the cement to harden. A glass cutter made thus will do its work as well as the expensive diamond and a great deal better than the ordinary wheel cutter.

Why He Is Disappointed.

"I am disappointed," said the doctor, "if I don't make a hundred dollars a day." "Oh, come off!" they cried. "What are you giving us? You know you never make a hundred dollars a day." "I know it," he assented plaintively, "and so I'm always disappointed."—New York Press.

Queer Custom.

Comanche Pote—Yeh, pard, I knowed 'im. He died with his boots on. Foreign Tourist—Deah me! How very singular! Is that one of your—awfads out here?—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted Her to Have the Best.

Nell—Rather conceited, isn't he? Belle—I should say. He said the best was none too good for me, and then he proposed.—Philadelphia Record.

It's usually when a man speaks without thinking that he says what he thinks.

—Philadelphia Record.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Highest market price paid for veal calves and hogs. F. MARBLE, Genoa 31st. FOR RENT—The east half of my residence and barn. 31st MRS MARY CONNELL, Genoa. FOR SALE—7 horses; will sell any 3, have use for only 4 1, 1,200 lb horse for \$100 1 6 year old, wt 1,200 for \$150. GEO. ARWOOD, East Genoa, 31st 3.

FOR SALE—Pair of black horses coming 5 years old, wt. 2,600 lbs., sound, kind and true. GEO CONNELL East Venice or 31st 2 Locke, R. D. 23. FOR SALE—Having unloaded two cars of horses Monday, Feb 21, I can offer some exceptional bargains in 1100 to 1600 pound horses for a short time at \$150 to \$225. Must make room for another consignment on the way Save money by coming here quick J. M. Griffin, 26 Water street, Auburn, N. Y.

FOR SALE—2 top buggies and a democrat wagon, nearly new. 30th WARREN COURSELL, Genoa. All persons having accounts with Thomas Sill are requested to call and settle on or before March 15, 1910 30th 2.

FOR SALE—Extra good work horse. ALANSON DOANE, Locke, N. Y. R. D. 23, Miller Phone. 30th 3. Good work horse for sale cheap. B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa. 29th.

FOR SALE—3 2 year-old heifers due in May; two brood sows due May 1; 45 bu potatoes; 39 cds. buzzwood; Will trade anything for anything. H. A. BRADLEY, King Ferry. 29th.

FOR SALE—2 second hand Portland cutters, in good order. 28th B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa.

FOR SALE—House, with barn, and about an acre of land, at Forks of the Creek. Inquire of Chas. Kratzer, 28th 4. Atwater, N. Y.

Fine Danish Cabbage at Hagin's. Lost—In Genoa village, Friday, Jan. 28, a gentleman's beaver collar. Finder please leave at TRIBUNE office. Liberal reward. 28th.

FOR SALE—Pair sorrel geldings, coming 5 and 6, and brown horse coming 9; these are all sound, kind and true and not afraid of autos 27th EARL LEGG, Genoa.

Three good work horses for sale. Inquire at Genoa creamery. 27th.

FOR SALE—Place of 32 acres, good buildings, 1/2 mile east of Genoa village; terms easy. Inquire of 27th MRS MARY CONNELL, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Small house and barn on Maple St. also a portion of the fair ground, containing about 5 acres. MRS. D. L. MEAD, Genoa. 26th 2.

WANTED—I will pay the highest cash price at your door for poultry of all kinds, prime butter, fresh eggs, fat lambs and veal calves. Let me know what you have to sell. 25th R. A. ELLISON, King Ferry. Cayuga Southern Phone, 4 H.

We are not behind the times with highest cash prices for beef hides, horse hides and sheep pelts. 18th MARBLE & SHAPIRO, Genoa.

Highest market price paid for all kinds of furs. S WEAVER, Genoa. 15th.

Highest market price paid for beef hides, horse hides and furs of all kinds. Chickens, ducks and turkeys—wanted at all times. 15th R. W. ARMSTRONG, Genoa.

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, Sion Falls, S. D. 5th.

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

We pay cash for poultry delivered Mondays and Tuesdays. 5th WESLEY WILBUR, King Ferry.

Old newspapers, tor shelves and putting under carpets, at this office 5 cents a package.

A Suggested Improvement. afe. Feedem (to star boarder)—Could you suggest any improvement in my menu? Boarder—Well, you might make the experiment of transferring the respective qualities of the coffee and the butter.—Baltimore American.

Death is but the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.—Beecher.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY For KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER

Backed by over 30 years of remarkable success in the cure of kidney, liver and blood troubles; Countless patients and the disease peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have prescribed Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. It has cured many cases previously abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, pain in back, cloudy urine with medicine, pain in passing water, constipation, skin eruptions, etc.? If so, do not delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, \$5.00 all druggists. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Bostons, N. Y., for sample.



Dr. David Kennedy Co., Bostons, N. Y., for sample.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations. Religion is the greatest dynamic in the world today.—Rev. H. Vanderwart, Reformed, Hackensack, N. J.

Holds a Better Place. The Bible does not hold the place it once did. It holds a better place.—Rev. Dr. Eakin, Episcopalian, Toronto.

No Greater Joy in Heaven. There is nothing in all the universe that can bring greater joy in the heavens than that one humble heart should repent.—Rev. A. H. C. Morse, Baptist, Brooklyn.

Our Duty. It is every man's duty to radiate hope and joy, like a band of music going down the street, flooding the whole atmosphere with melodies and harmonies.—Rev. J. B. Silcox, Congregationalist, Kansas City, Mo.

The Religion Needed. In the sphere of religion there is an open door—too much knowing, too little doing. We need a religion that means something, a religion that has and gives life, the religion that has upon it the image of Christ.—Rev. H. E. Rompel, Methodist Episcopal, Chicago.

Believing. Let every man believe all he can. Never surrender your old truth until you have it in some new form more vital and full of power. Poor indeed is a life when afflicted with a poverty of sustaining truth, but rich when great ideas shine in upon the soul like stars in a cloudless night.—Rev. Dr. Edward Yates Hill, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

Salvation. The supreme need of the world is salvation, not education. Give the educational part of the evangel, its system of ethics, to an unregenerated man and you stagger him. He simply cannot apply it to his daily life. But let the blood of Jesus be applied to his heart and the eternal miracle is once again performed.—Rev. Alexander S. Taylor, Reformed Episcopal, Chicago.

Happiness. The happiest people are not those who live on a mountain top, where they crown themselves with a coronet of stars, but rather those who seek the great shadows, the green pastures and the rippling waters at their feet. The fleecy clouds in the distance may look like the flowing robes of angels, but they often turn out to be nothing but fog banks, which bring only disappointment and death.—Rev. Dr. W. W. Bustard, Baptist, Cleveland, O.

Magnificent Mosaic. The Bible is the gathered consciousness of God in many souls. As flowers in the garden give us the science of botany, as stars in the firmament give us the science of astronomy, so does God consciousness give us the Bible. The Bible is a magnificent mosaic, all the parts of which are grouped about one centerpiece, and that centerpiece is Jesus Christ, the one perfect human manifestation of God.—Rev. Dr. John Reid Shannon, Methodist Episcopal, Washington.

To Make Religion More Vital. Give Jesus Christ the secret-most place in your soul and ever afterward carefully guard it, according him a claim upon your life which you yield to no other and punctiliously respect it, come what may or may not, wealth or poverty, social distinction or ostracism, and your religion will grow yearly more vital and positive, your faith be an increasingly precious and assured reality and your old age prove a glorious Indian summer, marked by a holy calm and alight with the reflected glow of paradise just beyond.—Rev. Dr. John Balcom Shaw, Presbyterian, Chicago.

Responsibility of God. It may sound overbold on our part, but we speak reverently when we say that we believe that God has not denied his responsibility, for we cannot otherwise understand the New Testament, the highest and fullest revelation of God by Jesus Christ. The careful and prayerful student and reader of the New Testament is bound to ask the question, Why this revelation of God? Our text not only contains and reveals this truth; it does more—it shows that God is diametrically opposed to and therefore does not permit evil. We wish to present the subject to you in three propositions: (1) God is responsible for the creature he made; (2) sin increased his responsibility; (3) God has discharged his responsibility.—Rev. George Lloyd Ferguson, Reformed Episcopal, Brooklyn.

The Beginning of a New Life. The very moment a man accepts Jesus Christ as his Saviour a new life begins. He wishes to be kind and unselfish and true. Such a man need not be told to be honest. He need not be told to be kind and thoughtful of others. He will need very little instruction in good citizenship. All of these valuable traits of character will grow as naturally as the fruit grows upon the tree. They will be forced out by the pressure of the life-within. No man need tell the peach tree or an apple tree or an orange tree to bear its own kind of fruit. The very nature of these trees makes this fruit to come out on the branches of the right kind and in the proper season. No man can pray to Jesus Christ and then wish to do wrong. No man can have family worship and be unkind and cruel to his family. The real social revolution which is going on quietly is that of the conversion of individuals. They become the leaven of the community in which they live. After the power of Christ has changed their lives they are the restraining influences in their communities. They are the examples in morals to others.—Rev. Dr. Johnston Myers, Baptist, Chicago.

Special Sale

Watch our counters for the special prices; we are putting on many articles. Some are less than half the regular price. We have several articles we are to close out at remarkably low prices.

AIKIN & KING, King Ferry, N. Y.

SALESMEN.

We are looking for bright, smart, energetic men to sell stock on easy payments. Write for terms.

Isthmus Fruit Company, 91 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

SPRING CLOTHING.

In marked contrast to other necessities, the clothing situation so far as this store is concerned remains about the same. Our price will be the same, the quality as good if not better than last season and the workmanship is up to our regular standard.

The spring line from \$15 to \$25 is all in and we will be pleased to show them whenever convenient to you.

C. R. EGBERT,

The People's Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher, 75 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

Security.

That is one of the first things a person thinks of when opening a bank account. Will my money be absolutely secure? Will I always be able to get it when I want it? Is there any possible doubt as to its safety?

As for our Banking Department, and the security it gives to its depositors, we can say this: The safety of every penny deposited therein is guaranteed not only by the capital and the resources of that department but by the personal pledge of the firm of Rothschild Bros.

While in ordinary banking institutions your deposit is only secured by double the capital of the institution, in our Banking Department every dollar is secured by the capital, the credit and the good name of the firm and we pride ourselves on the fact that although the responsibility is a great one, the security is greater. We pay 4 per cent interest. We are open long hours, 9 to 5:30 and until 9:30 p. m. Saturday.

Our ten day clause is the most liberal offered by any banking institution. Our Red Book tells the rest. Get one. They're free.

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Private Bankers. Ithaca, N. Y.

Vick's Seeds Yield Big Returns

To the Farmer because he is absolutely sure of profitable crops when he sows Vick's Seeds. To the Gardener because high grade garden truck commands highest prices in all markets.

Vegetables and Asters grown from Vick's Seeds are to be exhibited at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y., September 12 to 17, 1910. No entrance fee for this exhibit—just use Vick's Seeds. Ask for particulars.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The 61st edition gives much practical information for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. The Guide is bigger and better than ever. Contains an instructive article by Prof. Judson, of Cornell University. As always, it's the reliable authority on gardening. Your name and address on a postal will bring it. Write right now for a free copy.

SPECIAL OFFER.—One packet Vick's Daybreak Aster, one packet Vick's Branching Asters (mixed colors), and our valuable book "How to Grow Asters," all for 10 cents. JAMES VICK'S SONS, 143 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Venice Town Insurance Co.

Average Assessment since Organization of Company, in 1879, \$.78 1-2. Where can you do better? Wm. H. Sharpsteen, Secy. \$1,000,000 in Farm Risks. Office, Genoa, N. Y.

Temperance Topics

DELUSIONS ABOUT ALCOHOL.

Many of the most cherished beliefs concerning alcohol are delusions, pure and simple, and have not the semblance of a foundation in fact, according to Dr. Henry Smith Williams in McClure's Magazine. It had very generally been supposed that alcohol was a stimulant; that it promoted digestion and the heart's action, increased muscular activity, and even fortified the mind. Those who hold to such ideas have been living in a fool's paradise.

"The new evidence seems to show that, in the final analysis, alcohol stimulates none of these activities, that its final effect is everywhere depressive and inhibitory (at any rate, as regards higher functions) rather than stimulative; that, in short, it is properly to be classed with the anaesthetics and narcotics."

Bearing in mind the fact that more than 1,000,000,000 gallons of alcoholic beverages are consumed each year in the United States, the grounds for this new view should be of interest to every citizen.

Dr. Williams makes the general statement that, as regards digestion experiments show that while alcohol undoubtedly does stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, it also tends to interfere with their normal action; that ordinarily one effect neutralizes the other. As concerns the heart, "the ultimate effect is to depress, in large doses to paralyze, that organ. Most important of all, a regard-muscular activity, "the experiments show that alcohol does not increase the capacity to do muscular work, but distinctly decreases it."

Kurz and Kraepelin estimated that after consuming eighty grams of alcohol to a man for twelve successive days the working capacity of that individual's mind was lessened from twenty-five per cent. to forty per cent. Smith found that after the same period the power to add was impaired forty per cent., and the power to memorize was reduced seventy per cent. Forty to eighty grams of alcohol are equal to a half bottle or a bottle of ordinary wine. Professor Aschaffenburg, referring to these experiments, points out an obvious moral: "The so-called moderate drinker, who consumes his bottle of wine as a matter of course each day with his dinner—and who doubtless would declare that he is never under the influence of liquor—is in reality never actually sober from one week's end to another."

Rev. Mr. Aked's Greeting.

To the Liquor Dealers of this country—Greeting! We hate your trade with a perfect hatred, and we are the best friends you have! You waste our wealth. You cripple our trade. You poison the life of the nation. You debauch our manhood, cast our women beneath the feet of the trampling town, and eat up our children as though they were bread. And the worst wish we have for you is that we may see you happy and prosperous in a healthier and an honest trade. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that addeth thy vehem thereto, and maketh his drunk also. Thou art filled with shame and not glory. The cup of vengeance shall come round to thee, and foul shame shall rest upon thee."

To the Prohibitionists of this free land—Greeting! You are at war with the gin-mill and saloon, the crowning curse of our civilization. Yours is the flaming purpose of right. In your souls burn the cleansing fires that made your fathers great. The strength of the weakest one amongst you is as the strength of ten because your heart is pure. "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ."

Rev. Charles F. Aked, pastor of Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, in Pictorial Review.

Learn from Tennessee.

How the liquor men did crow when, in 1887, Tennessee defeated a Prohibition amendment by a vote of 145,197 to 117,504. Forgetting that a question is never settled at all until it is settled right, they persuaded themselves that Prohibition was disposed of for all time. The passing of a law practically equivalent to state-wide Prohibition in Tennessee should teach impressively the fact long known to Prohibitionists that this conflict is an irrepressible one. There are now nine States that are Prohibition so far as inter-state commerce in liquor and inside-the-state commerce in old party politicians will permit them to be.

A Bloody-Handed Murderer.

The saloon is a bloody-handed murderer. Recently in Berlin there were 148 suicides reported in two weeks. All directly traceable to the habit of strong drink. In Buffalo in one year, of six convicts for murder, five could be traced to the saloon, three of the murders having occurred in a saloon. Out of the thirteen manslaughter cases, ten were due directly to intoxication. Out of thirty-nine assaults, twenty-eight were the result of drink. Of 25,059 arrests, over 15,000 were for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The saloon is an abomination of Hell. It is the short route to death and disgrace.

SHERWOOD THE OPTICIAN
MAKES GLASSES THAT FIT WHERE OTHERS FAIL.
69 Genesee St. AUBURN, N.Y.

STEPHEN MYERS AUCTIONEER,
is ready to answer all calls for the sale of **Farm Utensils, Stock and Household Goods.** Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Prices reasonable. Residence Fleming, N. Y. P. O. address Auburn, R. D. 2. Hazard Phone.

SEEDS
BUCKEY'S SEEDS OFFER!
SPECIAL OFFER:
Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.
Prize Collection
10 lbs. finest; 7 splendid; 10 best varieties; 10 varieties—double—double—double—all GUARANTEED TO PLEASE.
Write to-day! Mention this Paper.
SEND 10 CENTS
to cover postage and receive this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, together with my big instructive, non-sensational Seed and Plant Book, tells all about the Seed varieties of seeds, plants, etc.
H. W. Buckeye, 410 BUCKEY STREET, ROCKFORD, ILL.

J. WILL TREE, BOOK BINDING
ITHACA.
Orders taken at THE GENOA TRI BUNK office.

Electric Bitters
Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.
FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE
It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Prevents itching, itching, itching. Gray hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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Fresh, Reliable, Pure Guaranteed to Please
Every Gardener and Planter should test the superior merits of our Northern Grown Seeds.
SPECIAL OFFER
FOR 10 CENTS
we will send postpaid our **FAMOUS COLLECTION**
1 pkg. 50 Day Tomato 25c
1 pkg. Princes Hatfield 10c
1 pkg. Self-seeding Celery 10c
1 pkg. Early Arrow-head Cabbage 10c
1 pkg. Pullman Market Lettuce 10c
Also 12 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds 25c
Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage and packing and receive the above "Famous Collection," together with our New and Instructive Garden Guide & GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO., 618 Rose St. Rockford, Illinois.



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STANDARDIZED
EASY AND SAFE TO USE
INEXPENSIVE.
KILLS LICE
ON ALL LIVE STOCK.
DISINFECTS, CLEANSSES, PURIFIES.
It has so many uses that it is a necessity on every farm.
CURES MANGE, SCAB, RINGWORM, SCRATCHES
Destroys All Disease Germs
DRIVES AWAY FLIES
FOR SALE BY
J. S. Banker, Drug'st., Genoa, N. Y.
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

THE GRANGE
Conducted by
J. W. DARRROW, Chatham, N. Y.
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

OLD DOCUMENT FOUND
Letter Written by Founder O. H. Kelly Forty-two Years Ago.

Formative Period of the Order When Our Present Subordinate Granges Were Called "Temples of Industry." Perfecting the Ritual.
The following letter was discovered some time ago by the editor of the Country Gentleman in clearing out a long forgotten package of papers:
Editors Country Gentleman—I enclose a slip for your consideration, and if it meets your views you shall be pleased to have you interested in the organization. We are receiving the most cheering encouragement from all parts of the country. Any suggestions from you to aid in perfecting the work will be most cheerfully considered. We earnestly desire that nothing be published until you can examine the ritual.
O. H. KELLY, Washington, Nov. 5, 1867.

The inclosed slip is as follows:
"A number of gentlemen engaged in agriculture and its kindred branches in different states are now perfecting a ritual for an Order to be composed wholly of persons, male and female, directly interested in agricultural pursuits. The Order will secure to its members all the advantages of Masonry; but, while that is speculative, this will be operative, its main object being to encourage and advance education in all branches of agriculture."

"The Order will have its 'lodges,' known as 'temples of industry' or similar appellation. The work in a 'temple' will be divided into four degrees. The ceremonies of passing from one degree to the other are made pleasing and instructive. Every tool used in agriculture has its appropriate lecture, the aim being to instruct practically and morally in every possible way and also add an interest to the most noble of all occupations, the cultivation of the soil."

"It is believed that by admitting the young folks of both sexes at fourteen or sixteen years of age it will have a tendency to instill in their minds a fondness for rural life and prevent in a great measure so many of them flocking to the cities, where all occupations are now crowded, and at the same time depriving the country of that class of young men so much needed there."

"The ceremonies in the degrees for the ladies are slightly different, but of the same nature and intended to lighten and render their household duties more pleasing."
"The whole, it is believed, will do much toward elevating our occupation as well as establishing a unity of sentiment among the farmers of the country and materially increase the circulation of publications devoted to the interests of agriculture and consequent increase of knowledge."

"Politics and religion are not subjects of discussion. Private work of the Order will occupy one evening each month. Public meetings for lectures and discussions are proposed to be held once a week. Libraries and museums—the latter to contain, among other things, samples of each year's crop of all cereal productions—are considered necessary appendages to each temple."
"It is designed to have at least one temple in each county, with one delegate from each to the state temple. These will send one delegate each to the national temple, which is to be the head of the Order. Persons holding office under government cannot be delegates to either the state or national temple."

"Should such an organization meet your approval and you see fit to offer any suggestions to enable the organizers to make further improvements before it is introduced to the public the same will be most cordially received and duly considered."

A Successful Grange Store.

It is generally recognized throughout the east that the Houlton (Me.) grange has gone a little further in the matter of successful co-operation than any group of farmers in New England. For several years the farm members of that grange have been doing very commendable work along co-operative lines. In this connection it is interesting to note the financial statement of the grange store, made July 11 last. It will be recalled that this store is only one of the several enterprises in which Houlton grange is interested. The report in question shows total assets of \$19,781. This is inventoried as follows: Goods on hand, \$12,986; cash on hand, \$6,289; due from wool, \$500, and due from grange, \$4. The liabilities approximate \$14,756, leaving an excess of assets over liabilities of \$5,025. This is a net increase for six months of over \$5,000.

It Costs Too Much.

Once in a while we run across a man who thinks it costs too much to belong to the grange. Sometimes the grange gets the notion that it will petition the state grange to have the yearly dues reduced. The lecturer of the Ohio state grange gives a wise answer to a questioner who asks if the present is not a good time to reduce grange dues. He replies that if it is not worth 10 cents a month to be a member of the grange, with all its benefits, particularly those derived through state and national legislation in the farmers' interest, then it is worth nothing. True enough!

LEGAL NOTICES.

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 James Townsend, 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, one of the executors of, etc., of said deceased, at the place of residence of John H. Streeter, in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of August, 1910.
Dated Feb. 1, 1910.
JOHN H. STREETER, ELISHA COOK, Executors.

James Lyon, Attorney for Executors, Auburn, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Orin Bourne, late of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of, etc., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Ledyard, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of August, 1910.
Dated Feb. 1, 1910.
SAMUEL C. BRADLEY, Executor.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Emily S. Groom, 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, etc., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of August, 1910.
Dated Feb. 1, 1910.
GEORGE G. CHASE, Executor.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an Order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of 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, etc., of said deceased, at the residence of Elmer Helm in the town of Scotia, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 30th day of May, 1910.
Dated Nov. 16, 1909.

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 Administrator of, etc., of said deceased, at her residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 30th day of March, 1910.
Dated Sept. 13, 1909.

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 Sarah A. 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 Administrator of, etc., of said deceased, at her residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 30th day of March, 1910.
Dated Sept. 13, 1909.

Supreme Court—Cayuga County.

Louisa E. Bonker, Plaintiff, vs. Sarah West, et al., Defendants.

In pursuance of an Interlocutory Judgment in partition in the above entitled action, entered in the Cayuga County Clerk's office, February 15, 1910, I, the undersigned Referee, for that purpose duly appointed, will sell at public auction at the front door of the Cayuga County Court House in the City of Auburn, N. Y., on the 2nd day of April, 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, the property described in said judgment to be sold, described as follows, viz.:

All that tract or parcel of land, situate in the Town of Springport, County of Cayuga, and State of New York, being a part of Lot No. 110 of the East Cayuga Reservation and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning on the Reservation line at the southeast corner of Zimri Allen's land, running thence south 24 degrees, west thirty-four chains and ninety-six links; thence south 70½ degrees, west seventeen chains and sixty links; thence north 24 degrees, east forty-one chains and forty-one links to the lands of said Allen; thence south 87½ degrees, east sixteen chains and sixty-one links to the place of beginning, containing sixty-two and eighty-eight hundredths of an acre of land. Excepting and reserving therefrom a parcel of about three acres conveyed to Frances E. Brewster by deed recorded in Cayuga County Clerk's office in Book 8 of Reservation Deeds at page 296.
Dated February 15, 1910.

HENRY D. PARSELL, Referee.
Amasa J. Parker, Of Counsel for Plaintiff, Auburn, N. Y.

Ladies' Tailored Suits For Spring 1910.
H. J. LINDSLEY CO.
9 South St., AUBURN, N. Y.

Do You Want Money?
Money loaned on real estate, furniture, horses, cattle, farming implements, notes and any other security. For quick attention to your needs and for courteous treatment, consult us.
F. E. CIERCE, 149 Genesee St., Opp. P. O., Auburn, N. Y. Former Lawton Office.

ITHACA TRUST COMPANY

OUR **Increased Capital Stock** NOW **\$200,000** gives to our depositors as security against any loss of their money a guarantee of over a **HALF MILLION DOLLARS**
The personnel of our board of directors assures a careful and conservative management of all money deposited with this company.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

The Farmers' Supply House



MR. FARMER
Remember this is the place to buy the Ontario Grain Drill, J. M. Dunham & Son all steel Roller, LeRoy and Syracuse Plows, also John Deere Gang Plows, Success Manure Spreaders, Cortland, Waterloo and Noyce Wagons both heavy and light; all kinds of Harness both heavy and light and a full line of Deering Machinery.

B. J. Brightman, Prop., Genoa, N. Y.

OLDS Hopper Jacket Portable Gasoline Engine.

THE RIGHT IDEA.
No leaky cooling tank or piping to keep in repair. The hopper jacket takes its place. Self contained in every respect. Outfit complete ready for work when received. No experiment. Ask the Olds users. Write for catalogue and guarantee.
John I. Bower, Agt., KING FERRY, N. Y.

Venice Town Insurance Co.
Average Assessment since Organization of Company, in 1879, \$.78 1-2. **Wm. H. Sharpsteen, Secy. \$1,000,000 in Farm Risks.** Office: Genoa, N. Y.

Our Big Mid-Winter Sale on all this week. Every dollar's worth of winter goods at one-half price. Best line of boys' \$2.50 shoes in the city for \$1.50. Ladies' Overgaiters reg. price 50c. at 25c. Ladies' Leggings reg. price \$1 at 60c. Children's Leggings 45c. Felt Slippers reg. price 75c at 40c. One call will convince you.
Thos. Brennan, 42 State St., Auburn.

OYSTERS IN SEASON

September 1st to May 1, 1910

MOTT'S ARE THE BEST

Solid Meats

Quality First Price Afterwards.

A trial is all we ask.

Mott's Fish & Oyster House

57 North St., Auburn, N. Y.

Opposite City Hall.

Ask your dealer for Mott's

Oysters.

Rag Carpet and Rug

WEAVING

Promptness and Satisfaction Guaranteed. We Furnish Warp.

E. A. Hakes, Opp. School

Lake Ridge, N. Y.

A Wrinkle Remover

Many women are wearing a prematurely old look through defective eyesight. There are wrinkles on her forehead which have no business there. When reading is an effort and the brow puckers, it is time to consult

Fred L. Swart

the eye-fitter, who will fit you with glasses that will make reading a pleasure and smooth out many a wrinkle. New location,

Cady Block, 10 South Street,

AUBURN, N. Y.

Incubators

We are agents in Cayuga and Tompkins counties for the famous Banta Incubators and Brooders. All sizes. Hot air, fire-proof lamp and every part fully guaranteed.

Call and look them over; none better on the market. Have given satisfaction for 16 years.

We have early tomato and cabbage seed for sale.

NEW SEED STORE

Smith Bros. Seed Co.,

34 Water St., - Auburn.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's

New Discovery

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.35 and \$4. SHOES

BOYS SHOES

\$2.00

\$2.50



THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

"SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES."

"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." - W. G. JONES, 119 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

FOR SALE BY

M. G. Shapero, Genoa, N. Y.

An Awful Eruption

of a volcano excites brief interest, and your interest in skin eruptions will be as short, if you use Bucklen's Arnica Salve, their quickest cure. Even the worst boils, ulcers, or fever sores are soon healed by it. Best for Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Sore Lips, Chapped Hands, Chilblains and Piles. It gives instant relief. 25c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

The Scrap Book

The Birdcage.

A prisoner was arraigned before the bar of justice charged with having dallied too long before another sort of bar and waxing too hilarious for the public peace.

"What were you doing drunk in the street?" asked the magistrate.

"Was I drunk?" was the reply in a tone of surprised innocence.

"The policeman says you were."

"Under oath?"

"Certainly."

"Perhaps he's right, but I was just going along with a birdcage in my hand."

The magistrate had a bottle set before the prisoner.

"Do you call that a birdcage?" he inquired.

"That's what you were carrying."

The prisoner picked it up carefully, removed the cork, took a smell and turned it upside down. It was as dry as he was.

"Well," he answered slowly, "it ain't a birdcage now, since them policemen has had a whack at it."

"Probably you are sober now and see things differently."

"That ain't it. It was a birdcage when I had it last."

"Possibly you can explain what you mean by a birdcage," suggested the puzzled court.

"Easy enough," smiled the prisoner.

"It had about a dozen swallows in it when they got it."

Opportunity.

Foolish is he who says that at his door I knock but once, a furtive moment stay,

Fearing lest he shall hear, then haste Glad to escape him—to return no more. Not so; I knock and wait and o'er and o'er

Come back to summon him. Day after day I come to call the idler from his play Or wake the dreamer with my vain uproar.

Out of a thousand, haply, now and then One, if he hear again and yet again, Will tardy rise and open languidly. The rest, half puzzled, half annoyed, return To play or sleep nor seek nor wish to learn Who the untimely, clownish guest may be.

—William H. Eddy in Atlantic.

A Tart Answer.

The Rev. John McNeill was holding a revival service at Cardiff, Wales, and announced that he would answer any question about the Bible. At once a note was sent up to him reading as follows:

"Dear Mr. McNeill—If you are seeking to help young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife."

That seemed a poser, and the audience waited with intense interest, tempered with amusement, to see how the good man would extricate himself. After a pause he said:

"I love young men, especially young inquirers for light, and I would give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."

Might Come in Handy.

A charming Louisville girl, the daughter of a minister, has always been famed for her habit of saving things because they may come in handy, and last summer the family told a story on her which she would give a good deal to suppress. She had been away at White Sulphur Springs and, being especially popular, had become the recipient of such a variety of souvenirs that before coming home she sent one trunk ahead in which she put many of the various trinkets for her smaller brothers and sisters and some summer frocks which had become too faded for wear. Her mother industriously unpacked the trunk and finally, when reaching the bottom, was transfixed to find several hundred poker chips and about half a dozen decks of cards. When her horrified father later demanded an explanation the daughter quite innocently and unconsciously said:

"Why, father, they were left in the room I was occupying by some former occupant, and I just took them because I thought they might come in handy."

And even the minister smiled at her explanation.—Louisville Times.

Satisfied.

One evening a very tall man went to the theater and took a prominent seat in the third or fourth row from the stage. Before the curtain rose a cry of "Down in front!" became general from behind. The tall man, finding the eyes of the entire audience turned toward him, felt obliged to do something, and so he proceeded to raise himself to a standing position in such a manner, however, as to convey an impression that there was no end to him. He was, in fact, nearly seven feet high, and when at last he had risen to his full height he slowly glanced around at the astonished audience and very deliberately remarked:

"Gentle, n, to satisfy you that I was sitting down I now stand up."

A burst of laughter and applause followed, amidst which the manager, with beaming face, came forward and conducted the gentleman to a private box.

FIRST AID.

A Case Where It Was Applied Not Wisely, but Too Well.

An extremely ludicrous incident occurred in a fashionable church on a recent Sunday. A young lady, evidently a stranger, of a naturally pale complexion, accidentally let her handkerchief fall on the floor. By repeatedly stooping to reach it furtively she attracted the notice of a gentleman in the pew behind, who thought she was about to faint.

With the best of motives, therefore, he took her gently under the arms and raised her up, greatly to her surprise. As she tried to release herself another gentleman went to her assistance, and before the young lady knew what was the matter they were moving her out into the aisle.

Naturally she was too much astonished to find words for protest, and they had managed to half carry, half lead, her some distance when she directed an appealing look to another gentleman in a pew, as if asking him to help also. He, too, promptly rose from his seat and helped to lift her up and carry her into the vestry room.

There, as the three officious but well meaning gentlemen were trying to force the now thoroughly exasperated lady into an armchair, she recovered her powers of speech, and the verbal explosion that followed, while it cleared away the misunderstanding, moved the very meek men who passed out of the vestry to mutter in unison, "Never again!"

Didn't Keep a Diary.

At an important trial in a London law court one of the witnesses was an Irishman who was decidedly hard to handle. She was particularly categorical as to her dates and told how "this happened at 4:27 on Tuesday, at last at 6:33 on Friday," and so on. At last the patience of the advocate was exhausted.

"My dear woman," said the exasperated counsel, "do you keep a diary?"

"No, sir," replied the woman, "a dramshop."

The Way It Helps.

When Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew Clark replied:

"Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work. For instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help."

"Indeed," said the patient, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?"

"No, ho!" said Sir Andrew. "But when I've had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

Have a Purpose.

Have a purpose. No one ever reached great things without trying for them. Thoughts of what is great, love for great ideals, daily acts done in a great spirit, prepare the hero's hour and bring it to him. Purpose makes or mars life. Purposelessness ruins life.

He Wasn't an Exception.

It was married men's night at the revival meeting. "Let all you husbands who have troubles in your minds stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasms. Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one. "Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone sinner, who occupied a chair near the door and apart from the others. "You are one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up; I'm paralyzed!"

The Abduction.

An Englishman from the rural districts who was on a visit to London drew up in a four wheeler opposite the British museum and, having alighted, timidly approached the cabman and tendered him 1 shilling and 6 pence as his fare.

Cabby, desiring a half sovereign among the coppers, whipped up his horse and drove frantically away. Hearing cries from the countryman,

who ran after the cab, he had an attack of deafness until, nearing Holborn viaduct, he was stopped by a policeman.

The countryman, much out of breath, soon came up with the cab, and cabby mentally bade goodbye to the half sovereign.

"I ain't got nothin' of his," said the driver, turning appealingly to the policeman.

"Yes, he hev!" yelled the flustered countryman. "Ye ran away wi' me grandmother!"

Sure enough, there was the old lady still in the cab and staring, pale with fright, at the crowd and policeman.

Saved a Soldier's Life.

Facing death from shot and shell in the civil war was more agreeable to J. A. Stone, of Kemp, Tex., than facing it from what doctors said was consumption. "I contracted a stubborn cold" he writes, "that developed a cough, that stuck to me in spite of all remedies for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. I now weigh 178 pounds." For Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Asthma, Hemorrhage, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough and lung trouble, it's supreme. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. S. Banker, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater, King Ferry.

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. 46tf Wm. Huson, Genoa.

Tons of Pins.

Nothing better shows the bigness of little things than the manufacture of pins. In England there are made each week between fifteen and sixteen tons of the small necessities, the materials being iron, steel and brass. The yearly production would amount to about 190 tons. The number of pins included in this great weight would make any ordinary figures seem insignificant—would, in fact, defy realization or comprehension. Germany also makes great quantities of pins, her production totaling about 144 tons a year. The United States makes great quantities of pins and imports many from England. Most of the latter country's output is manufactured in Birmingham by two firms, one of which has been in existence nearly a century and the other over a century.—Philadelphia North American.

Turner's Little Afterthought.

An English critic's reference to Turner's fine picture "The Wreck Buoy" reminds a faithful newspaper reader of a curious anecdote in connection with it. When Turner first sent this picture to the Royal academy it was hung among several brilliantly colored pictures. On vanishing day Turner found the effect of his dull gray rendering of a stormy sea altogether spoiled by its bright surroundings. Without a moment's hesitation he painted in the lighted buoy in the foreground, and its dab of crimson light showed so brilliantly in its gloomy setting that Turner's picture became the prominent one, and its rivals on each side were cast into the shade. It is curious, if true, that the most noticeable feature of the picture should have been an afterthought.—Boston Transcript.

Vary Annoying.

"It is annoying to wait for a train that's late."

"Yes, and it is even more annoying to wait for a train that was discontinued the week before."—Washington Herald.

Like Finding Money.

J. S. Banker, the popular druggist is making an offer that is just like finding money for he is selling a regular 50 cent bottle of Dr. Howard's celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia at half price. In addition to this large discount he agrees to return the money to any purchaser whom the specific does not cure.

It is only recently through the solicitation of druggist J. S. Banker that this medicine could be bought for less than fifty cents, he urged the proprietors to allow him to sell it at this reduced price for a little while, agreeing to sell a certain amount. The result has justified his good judgment for the sale has been something remarkable.

Anyone who suffers with headache, dyspepsia, dizziness, sour stomach, specks before the eyes, or any liver trouble, should take advantage of this opportunity, for Dr. Howard's specific will cure all these troubles. But if by any chance it should not, J. S. Banker will return your money.

They Like Fat Girls in Tunis.

A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriage unless she tips the scale at 200 pounds, and to that end she commences to fatten when she is fifteen years old. She takes aperients and eats a great deal of sweet stuff and leads a sedentary life to hasten the process. Up to fifteen she is very handsome, but at twenty what an immense unwieldy mass of fat she becomes! She waddles, or, rather, undulates, along the street. Her costume is very picturesque, especially if she be of the richer class. She is clothed in fine silks of resplendent hues of a bright red, yellow or green and wears a sort of conical shaped headdress, from which depends a loose white drapery. Turkish trousers and dainty slippers, the heels of which barely reach the middle of the feet, complete the costume.

Evolution of the Apple.

Apples are new in the economy of the world's use and taste. At the beginning of the last century few varieties were known, and we can go back in history to a time when all apples were little, sour and pucky—crab apples and nothing else. The crab apple was and is in its wildness nothing but a roebush. Away back in time the wild rose, with its pretty blossoms that turn to little red balls, apple flavored, and the thorny crab had the same grandmother.



Do You Want to Buy a FARM?

138 acres near King Ferry
148 " " Genoa
110 " " Genoa
170 " " Venice Center
105 " " " "
80 " " Genoa
75 acres near Venice
55 " " East Venice
50 " " " "
170 " " Scipio, near Owasco lake
65 " " Genoa
21 " " " "
300 " " Lake Ridge
103 " " " "

These are great bargains.
R. W. HURLBUT, P. O. Locke, N. Y.

=1910=

Is going to be another bumper year for the farmer. The up-to-date farmer is going to have up-to-date tools. When in town call and inspect the

Oliver Sulkey Plow, Superior Grain Drill, McCormick Binders, Mowers, Tedders, Rakes and Reapers.

We handle the only successful Manure Spreader on the market, the "Corn King." The machine you can change to spread from three to thirty loads an acre. Only one lever to handle, no complicated parts to be breaking to annoy the operator. We will put this machine in the field against all comers and you, Mr. Farmer, be the judge. These machines are all sold on their merits and guaranteed to do perfect work. We sell the I. H. C. Gasoline Engine, Blue Bell and Daisy Queen Separators.

R. W. ARMSTRONG, GENOA, N. Y.

Lion Wire Fence AFTER at Close Prices



You've tried out all the rest, you'll find the "Pillsbury kind" best.

If you want a double harness you cannot afford to buy without inspecting the bargains we are offering. Don't take our word for it, come in and see them. "QUALITY coupled to low price."

This very strong, low priced fence is king of "lock type" fences. Its smooth, firm lock holds the intersections. It cannot sag. Changes of temperature have no effect; so perfectly is it constructed of high grade galvanized wire. It is cheap in price, but gives splendid service.

Lion Fence is made to suit all purposes. Ask for Lion Hog and Sheep Fence, Lion Stock Fence, Lion Poultry Fence, etc., etc.

We bought heavily at inside prices and are giving our customers the benefit of this saving.

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Paid your Subscription Yet?

FROM THE CABBY'S SEAT.

Tale of a Brief Wedding Trip
With a Joke on the Groom.

By O. HENRY.
(Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

The cabby has his point of view. It is more single minded perhaps than that of a follower of any other calling. From the high, swaying seat of his hansom he looks upon his fellow men as nomadic particles of no account except when possessed of migratory desires. He is Jehu, and you are goods in transit. He you president or vagabond, to cabby you are only a fare.

He takes you up, cracks his whip, joggles your vertebrae and sets you down.

When time for payment arrives, if you exhibit a familiarity with legal rates you come to know what contempt is; if you find that you have left your pocketbook behind, you are made to realize the mildness of Dante's imagination.

It is not an extravagant theory that the cabby's singleness of purpose and concentrated view of life are the results of the hansom's peculiar construction.

The cock of the roost sits aloft like Jupiter on an unsharable seat, holding



"STEP IN, LADY," SAID JERRY.

your fate between two thongs of inconstant leather. Helpless, ridiculous, confined, bobbing like a toy mandarin, you sit like a rat in a trap—you, before whom butlers cringe on solid land—and must squeak upward through a slit in your peripatetic sarcophagus to make your feeble wishes known.

Then in a cab you are not even an occupant; you are contents. You are a cargo at sea, and the "cherub that sits up aloft" has Davy Jones' street and number by heart.

One night there were sounds of revelry in the big brick tenement house next door but one to McGary's family cafe. The sounds seemed to emanate from the apartments of the Walsh family.

The sidewalk was obstructed by an assortment of interested neighbors, who opened a lane from time to time for a hurrying messenger bearing from McGary's goods pertinent to festivity and diversion.

The sidewalk contingent was engaged in comment and discussion, from which it made no effort to eliminate the news that Norah Walsh was being married.

In the fullness of time there was an eruption of the merry-makers to the sidewalk. The uninited guests enveloped and permeated them, and upon the night air rose joyous cries, congratulations, laughter and unclassified noises born of McGary's obligations to the hymeneal scene.

Close to the curb stood Jerry, O'Donovan's cab. Nighthawk was Jerry called, but no more inebriated or cleaner hansom than his ever closed its doors upon point lace and November violets. And Jerry's horse—I am within bounds when I tell you that he was stuffed with oats until one of those old isidies, who leave their dishes unwashed at home and go about having expressmen arrested would have smiled—yes, smiled—to see him.

Among the shifting, sonorous, pulsing crowd glimpses could be had of Jerry's high hat, battered by the winds and rains of many years; of his nose, like a carrot, battered by the frolicsome, athletic progeny of millionaires and by contumacious fares; of his brass buttoned green coat, admired in the vicinity of McGary's.

It was plain that Jerry had usurped the functions of his cab and was carrying a "load."

Indeed, the figure may be extended and he be likened to a bread wagon if we admit the testimony of a youthful spectator who was heard to remark, "Jerry has got a bun."

From somewhere among the throng in the street or else out of the thin stream of pedestrians a young woman tripped and stood by the cab. The professional hawk's eye of Jerry caught the movement. He made a lurch for the cab, overturning three or four onlookers and himself—no; he caught the cap of a water plug and kept his feet. Like a sailor shaming up the ratlines during a squall, Jerry mounted to his professional seat. Once he was there McGary's liquids were

baffled. He scowled on the mizzenmast of his craft as safe as a steepjack rigged to the flagpole of a skyscraper.

"Step in, lady," said Jerry, gathering his lines.

The young woman stepped into the cab, the doors shut with a bang, Jerry's whip cracked in the air, the crowd in the gutter scattered, and the fine hansom dashed away cross-town.

When the oat spry horse had bedged a little his first spurt of speed Jerry broke the lid of his cab and called down through the aperture in the voice of a cracked megaphone trying to please:

"Where, now, will ye be drivin' to?"

"Anywhere you please," came up the answer, musical and contented.

"'Tis drivin' for pleasure she is," thought Jerry, and then he suggested as a matter of course:

"Take a thrip around in the park, lady. 'Twill be elegant cool and fine."

"Just as you like," answered the fare pleasantly.

The cab headed for Fifth avenue and sped up that perfect street. Jerry bounced and swayed in his seat. The potent fluids of McGary were disquieted, and they sent new fumes to his head.

He sang an ancient song of Killisnook and brandished his whip like a baton.

Inside the cab the fare sat up straight on the cushions, looking to right and left at the lights and houses. Even in the shadowed hansom her eyes shone like stars at twilight.

When they reached Fifty-ninth street Jerry's head was bobbing and his reins were slack. But his horse turned in through the park gate and began the old familiar nocturnal round.

And then the fare leaned back, entranced, and breathed deep the clean, wholesome odors of grass and leaf and bloom. And the wise beast in the shafts, knowing his ground, struck into his by the hour gait and kept to the right of the road.

Habit also struggled successfully against Jerry's increasing torpor. He raised the hatch of his storm tossed vessel and made the inquiry that cabbies do make in the park.

"Like shtop at the Cas-sino, lady? Geizzer r'freshm's, 'n lish'n the music. Ev'body shtops."

"I think that would be nice," said the fare.

"They reined up with a plunge at the Casino entrance. The cab doors flew open.

The fare stepped directly upon the door. At once she was caught in a web of ravishing music and dazzled by a panorama of lights and colors. Some one slipped a little square card into her hand on which was printed a number—34.

She looked around and saw her cab twenty yards away, already lining up in its place among the waiting mass of carriages, cabs and motorcars. And then a man who seemed to be all shirt front danced backward before her, and next she was seated at a little table by a railing over which climbed a jasmine vine.

There seemed to be a wordless invitation to purchase. She consulted a collection of small coins in a thin purse and received from them license to order a glass of beer.

There she sat, inhaling and absorbing it all, the new colored, new shaped life in a fairy palace in an enchanted wood.

At fifty tables sat princes and queens clad in all the silks and gems of the world. And now and then one of them would look curiously at Jerry's fare.

They saw a plain figure dressed in a pink silk of the kind that is tempered by the word "foulard" and a plain face that wore a look of love of life that the queens envied.

Twice the long bands of the clocks went round. Royalties thinned from



NEXT SHE WAS SEATED AT A LITTLE TABLE.

their al fresco thrones and buzzed or clattered away in their vehicles of state.

The music retired into cases of wood and bags of leather and baize. Waiters removed cloths pointedly near the plain figure sitting almost alone.

Jerry's fare rose and held out her numbered card simply.

"Is there anything coming on the ticket?" she asked.

A waiter told her it was her cab check and that she should give it to the man at the entrance. This man took it and called the number. Only three hansom stood in line. The driver of one of them went and roused

up Jerry, asleep in his cab. He swore jeopily, climbed to the captain's bridge and steered his craft to the pier. His

fire entered, and the cab whirled into the cool fastnesses of the park along the shortest homeward cut.

At the gate a glimmer of reason in the form of sudden suspicion seized upon Jerry's benighted mind. One or two things occurred to him. He stopped his horse, raised the trap and dropped his phonographic voice like a lead plummet through the aperture:

"I want to see \$4 before goin' any farther on th' thrip. Have ye got th' dough?"

"Four dollars?" laughed the fare softly. "Dear me, no! I've got only a few pennies and a dime or two."

Jerry shut down the trap and slashed his oat fed horse. The clatter of hoofs strangled but could not drown the sound of his profanity.

He shouted choking and gurgling curses at the starry heavens; he cut viciously with his whip at passing vehicles; he scattered fierce and ever



"I'VE GOT A FARE HERE THAT—"

changing oaths and imprecations along the streets, so that a late truck driver, crawling homeward, heard and was abashed. But he knew his recourse and made for it at a gallop.

At the house with the green lights beside the steps he pulled up. He swung wide the cab doors and tumbled heavily to the ground.

"Come on, you," he said roughly.

Jerry took her by the arm and led her into the police station. A gray mustached sergeant looked keenly across the desk. He and the cabby were no strangers.

"Sergeant," began Jerry in his old raucous, martyred, thunderous tones of complaint. "I've got a fare here that—"

Jerry paused. He drew a knotted red hand across his brow. The fog set up by McGary was beginning to clear away.

"A fare, sergeant," he continued, with a grin. "that I want to introduce to ye. It's me wife that I married at old man Walsh's this evening. And a devil of a time we had, 'tis thru. Shake hands wid th' sergeant, Norah, and we'll be off to home."

Before stepping into the cab Norah sighed profoundly.

"I've had such a nice time, Jerry," said she.

The Ice-man Likes June.

"People have an idea that we ice-men make a small fortune during July and August," said a big ice dealer, "but in reality we barely clear expenses during these two months. They are no better for us than winter. In the first place, the heat makes the loss from melting very appreciable. Then fully half of those persons who are good customers are away during the whole of the two months, while nearly all are away at least part of the time. Business thus falls off fully half, while it is carried on at greater expense because of the melting. In the winter, on the other hand, there is practically no waste, but many people do not take ice at all, while those who do have not the need for so much. The best months for the ice-man are May, June, September and October. In these it is warm enough to make people need ice, and at the same time most of the people are in the city. A piping hot May or a warm October are fine for us, for then we do a tremendous business, and where dealings are large we can afford a little melting."—Philadelphia Record.

Spies Everywhere.

"Everything blabs," said Emerson. "Be sure your sin will find you out," said Moses. "There is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known," said one wiser than both. All are statements of the natural law of exposure. Every scandal that comes to public hearing but illustrates this law. One secret sets a hundred tongues a-wagging. Dead men do tell tales. What is done in darkness is exposed in the glaring light of publicity. The right hand does find out if the left is smeared with blood or wickedness. Everything is headed for the surface. Nature is full of detectives who spy on us night and day, who peer within and without and in the end make full publication of what they find.—Detroit News Tribune.

New Light on Holmes.

Two old isidies wandering about the Public Library building in Boston the other day entered Bates hall and gazed interestedly at a bust of Oliver Wendell Holmes in black brooze.

"Well," one old lady remarked very audibly to the other one, "I never knew before that Dr. Holmes was a negro."—Success Magazine.

THE GRANGE

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

A LIVE INSTITUTION.

Center County Pomona Grange of
Pennsylvania Does Things.

It Has a Fire Insurance Company, Has Organized Its Own Fair Association and Operates a Patrons' Rural Telephone Company With Fourteen Branch Organizations and is Now Talking About a Grange Bank.

Thirty-four years ago Center county Pomona Grange of Pennsylvania was organized. During those years it has established several business enterprises such as those named in the heading of this article. First the Grange Fire Insurance company was organized in the spring of 1876, with an insurance of \$200,000, and was incorporated by the state under the laws governing insurance companies. The plans for its government were drawn by its own membership, so that there is not a rule or law that has not been devised and perfected by the county grange.

Its sole purpose is to insure the most humble as well as the most affluent member who has a home that the Order has pledged itself to protect. The company has now been in active operation for thirty-three years and carries an insurance of \$6,270,942 at an average cost of 21 cents per \$100 of actual insurance for thirty-three years, which is 12 cents less per \$100 than the average cost in all mutual companies doing business in Pennsylvania for the same period and from 2 to 7 cents less per \$100 than the average cost in all other companies doing business in Center county for the same length of time. The average cost in all mutual companies doing business in Pennsylvania for the last year was 49 cents per \$100 of insurance.

"Our company," says the grange editor of the National Stockman, "has paid to distressed Patrons who lost their homes by fire since its organization in 1876 \$159,445.23. It is doubtful whether any other fraternal organization has contributed a larger amount for relief of its distressed membership during the same period of time."

A Big Grange Fair.

In 1891 the county grange purchased twenty-eight acres of land at Center Hall, which were converted into a park, and now has one of the finest fair grounds in Pennsylvania. This association has no debt and pays all its fair premiums in cash. The county grange has also helped to organize and capitalize other business enterprises in the interests of the Order, besides holding stock in national banks that are worth in the market \$140 per share and ten shares in building and loan associations that are now worth \$77 per share. It also holds shares of stock in fourteen branch telephone companies.

Patrons' Rural Telephone Company.

Then the county grange took up another enterprise which has been carried forward with marked success. In 1905 it organized the Patrons' Rural Telephone company, which has now under its management fourteen branch companies, with an estimated paid up capital of \$6,000 under an incorporated company with an authorized capital of \$10,000, and has upward of 250 phones in use on its lines, giving service to its members at from \$5 to \$7 less per instrument than that given by the old line companies, all brought about in the short period of three years by the united and loyal support of the membership of the Order.

And, lastly, the grange is considering the organization of a co-operative grange bank.

What is the Grange?

Here is a good, short, comprehensive answer to the question which has been asked thousands of times and through all the forty-three years of its existence. "What is the Grange?" The grange is a fraternal organization of farmers to secure educational, social, financial and legislative benefits, national in scope, nonpartisan in politics, but truly patriotic; seeking to develop the highest standards of citizenship; nonsectarian in religion, but having its high ideals of morality founded on the teachings of the Bible; including in its membership not only the farmer, but his family; seeking to restore agriculture to the place assigned it by the Father of his Country as "the most healthful, the most useful and the noblest calling of man."

When Do Grange Dues Begin?

We are asked when a member should begin paying dues—at time of initiation or later. In New York he begins with the month succeeding the one in which he takes his first degree. The dues of charter members likewise begin the month following that in which the grange was organized. The subordinate grange does not pay dues to the state grange on a member until the quarter following that in which he was received into the grange, but does pay dues to the state grange on any names dropped during the quarter by demit or expulsion.

The Grange Did It.

It has been estimated by persons who have made a study of the subject that real estate values in rural districts have increased \$750,000,000 since the establishment of the rural free delivery system.

Do not Overlook the fact that Easter comes early this year.

Easter Sunday falls on the 27th of March.

Foster, Ross & Company

THE BIG STORE

The Rapid Accumulation of New Spring Merchandise Adds Interest to This Store Daily. A marked feature is the grand collection of

Charming New Cotton Fabrics

Silk effects play a prominent part in these Beautiful Tub Textiles giving a luxury of look and a worthiness of wear and at Wash Goods Prices.

Here are some of the leading things—
AT 12 1-2c, 15c, 19c, 25c AND 35c YARD

An attractive Display of the finest quality sheer white Batistes, Swisses and Muslins, Mercerized Madras, Waistings and Shirtings, all new, clean and perfect, in the most dainty and desirable patterns, stripes, checks, plaids and figures; light, medium and heavy weight.

AT 35c YARD

Grand showing of the finest quality Mercerized Poplin, absolutely fast colors, with a rich, permanent lustre; all in handsome shades.

AT 25c YARD

Full line of fine, extra heavy Mercerized Poplin, all the new colorings, the best cloth in the market at the price. Choice assortment of the new silk striped Repp, one of the handsomest cloths ever produced in cotton, beautiful shades and positively fast colors, only 25c yd.

AT 19c YARD

Something entirely new, mercerized Jacqueline, a very clever imitation of Rajah silk, in a full range of rich, desirable colors in light and dark shades.

AT 25c YARD

Fine collection of the best Mercerized Silk Gingham, finer and prettier than ever.

AT 15c YARD

A nice collection of fine quality sheer, fancy figured Ramona Batiste in both dainty and stylish designs and colorings.

AT 15c YARD

Full line of French linen finish Suiting, all in handsome shades. Fast colors and thoroughly shrunk.

At 15c yard. Ramie Cloth, a new and very stylish material for coat suits, extra heavy and durable.

FOSTER, ROSS & CO.

She Wasn't Afraid.
A crowd gathered on the street to watch a handsome fox terrier that was running about, nose in air. White froth was running from the dog's mouth.

"He's mad!" yelled a fat man.
The fox terrier stood in the center of the group with wide open eyes, either too mad or too frightened to move.

At this juncture the policeman arrived. A dozen voices began to tell him that the dog was mad; that it must be killed; that it had been snapping at the children; that it began to froth when it passed a pool of water, and how best to shoot.

A tall, quiet looking woman pushed through the crowd and started toward the dog. A dozen men yelled at her. Two or three men grabbed at her.

She picked the dog up and started out of the crowd. The policeman stopped her with:
"Madam, that dog is mad. He must be shot. Look at the foam coming out of his mouth."

"Foam!" she said contemptuously.
"That's a cream puff he was eating."
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Printing a Coin on Linen.
The print of a silver coin or medal may be made on silk or linen by dipping the fabric in a solution of nitrate of silver and stretching it over the face of the coin until the image is imprinted. The linen is sensitized by dipping it into a solution of nitrate of silver, made by dissolving sixty or eighty grains of nitrate of silver in one ounce of water. Wet the portion of the cloth which is to receive the impression in the solution and when nearly dry draw it over the face of the coin and tie it at the back. Expose to a weak light, and in a few minutes the raised design of the coin will appear on the linen. As soon as the print is dark enough remove and wash in clear water. When nearly dry iron it smooth with a warm iron, placing a piece of tissue paper over the print. In printing from the coin or medal it is advisable to paste a piece of paper on the reverse side, so that the silver will not come in contact with the sensitized fabric.

Tuning Forks.
The tuning fork was the invention of John Stone, royal trumpeter, in 1811. Though the pitch of forks varies slightly with changes of the temperature or by rust, they are the most accurate means of determining pitch. Tuning forks are capable of being made of any pitch within certain limits, but those commonly used are the notes A and C, giving the sounds represented by the second and third spaces in the treble staff.

Realism.
"Talk about your realism, this show looks awful natural to me."
"How now?"
"Six months have elapsed since the play started, and the housemaid hasn't done any housework yet."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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