

HYGEIA AT THE SOLITO

By O. HENRY

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If you are knowing in the chronicles of the ring you will recall to mind an event in the early nineties when, for a minute and sundry odd seconds, a champion and a "would be" faced each other on the alien side of an international river. So brief a conflict had rarely imposed upon the fair promise of true sport. The champion merely smote his victim, turned his back upon him, remarking, "I know what I done to dat stiff," and extended an arm like a ship's mast for his glove to be removed.

Which accounts for a trainload of extremely disgusted gentlemen in an uproar of fancy vests and neckwear being spilled from their Pullmans in San Antonio in the early morning following the fight; which also partly accounts for the unhappy predicament in which "Cricket" McGuire found himself as he tumbled from his car and sat upon the depot platform, torn by a spasm of that hollow, racking cough so familiar to San Antonian ears. At that time, in the uncertain light of dawn, that way passed Curtis Raidler, the Neches county cattleman. May his shadow never measure under six feet two. The cattleman, out this early to catch the southbound for his ranch station, stopped at the side of the distressed patron of sport and spoke in the kindly drawl of his ilk and region. "Got it pretty bad, bud?"

"Cricket" McGuire, ex-featherweight prizefighter, tout, jockey, follower of the "ponies," all round sport and manipulator of the gum balls and walnut shells, looked up pugnaciously.

"G'wan," he rasped, "telegraph pole. I didn't ring for yer."

Another paroxysm wrung him, and he leaned limply against a convenient baggage truck. Raidler waited patiently, glancing around at the white hats, short overcoats and big cigars thronging the platform. "You're from the north, ain't you, bud?" he asked. "Come down to see the fight?"

"Fight!" snapped McGuire. "Puss-in-the-corner! 'Twas a hypodermic injection. Handed him just one like a squirt of dope and he's asleep and no tanbark needed in front of his residence. Fight!" He rattled a bit, coughed and went on: "No more dead sure t'ings for me. Put my last cent on and could already smell the sawdust in dat all night joint of Jimmy Delaney's on Thirty-seventh street I was goin' to buy. And den—say, telegraph pole, what a gabadoo a guy is to put his whole roll on one turn of the gaboozum!"

"You're plenty right," said the cattleman, "more especially when you lose. Son, you get up and light out for a hotel. You got a mighty bad cough."

"Lungs," said McGuire comprehensively. "I got it. The croaker says I'll come to time for six months longer—maybe a year if I hold my gait. I wanted to settle down and take care of myself. Dat's why I speculated on dat 5 to 1, perhaps. I had a thousand iron dollars saved up. If I winned I was goin' to buy Delaney's cafe. Who'd 'a' t'ought dat stiff would take a nap in de foist round—say?"

Curtis Raidler interrogated an enormous gold watch and laid his hand on McGuire's shoulder. "Come on, you're going down to my ranch,"

thirty miles between the station and their destination.

"Well, here we are at home," said Raidler cheerily.

"It's a devil of a looking place," said McGuire promptly as he rolled upon the gallery floor in a fit of coughing.

"We'll try to make it comfortable for you, buddy," said the cattleman gently. "This'll be your room in here. Any thing we got you ask for it." He led McGuire into the east room. The floor was bare and clean. White curtains waved in the gulf breeze through the open windows. A big willow rocker, two straight chairs, a long table covered with newspapers, pipes, tobacco, spurs and cartridges stood in the center.

A wide, cool cot bed stood in a corner. McGuire spun a nickel.

"T'ought I was lyin' about the money, did ye? Well, you can frisk me if you want. Dat's the last simoleon in the treasury. Who's goin' to pay?"

The cattleman looked steadily from under his grizzly brows into the huck-leberry optics of his guest. After a little he said simply: "I'll be much obliged to you, son, if you won't mention money any more. Folks I ask to

Ride! I couldn't s'idestep a jab from a five-year-old kid. That's what your ranch has done for me."

It was Chad Murchison, a cowpuncher from the Circle Bar outfit, who first suggested that McGuire's illness was fraudulent.

"His arm," said Chad, "is harder'n a diamond. He interceded me to what he called a shore perplexus punch, and 'twas like bein' kicked twice by a mustang. He's playin' it low down on you, Curt. He ain't no sicker'n I am."

One day about noon two men drove up to the ranch, alighted, hitched and came in to dinner, standing and general invitations being the custom of the country. One of them was a great San Antonio doctor, whose costly services had been engaged by a wealthy cowman who had been laid low by an accidental bullet. He was now being driven to town. After dinner Raidler took him aside, pushed a twenty dollar bill against his hand and said:

"Doc, there's a young chap in that room I guess has got a bad case of consumption. I'd like for you to look him over and see just how bad he is."

"How much was that dinner I just ate, Mr. Raidler?" said the doctor bluntly, looking over his spectacles. Raidler returned the money to his pocket. The doctor entered McGuire's room, and the cattleman waited, ready to reproach himself in the event the verdict should be unfavorable.

In ten minutes the doctor came briskly out. "Your man," he said promptly, "is as sound as a new dollar. His lungs are better than mine. Respiration, temperature and pulse normal. Chest expansion four inches. Not a sign of weakness anywhere. Of course I didn't examine for the bacillus, but it isn't there. You can put my name to the diagnosis."

The branding season was at hand, and the next morning Ross Hargis, foreman of the outfit, was mustering his force of some twenty-five men at the ranch ready to start for the San Carlos range, where the work was to begin. By 6 o'clock the horses were all saddled, the grub wagon ready and the cowpunchers were swinging themselves upon their mounts, when Raidler bade them wait. He walked to McGuire's room and threw open the door. McGuire was smoking.

"Get up," said the cattleman, and his voice was clear and brassy.

"How's that?" asked McGuire, a little startled.

"Get up and dress. I can stand a rattlesnake, but I hate a liar." He caught McGuire by the neck and stood him on the floor.

"Say, friend," cried McGuire wildly, "are you bughouse? I'm sick—see? I'll croak if I got to hustle. What've I done to yer?"—he began his chronic whine. "I never asked yer to—"

"Put on your clothes," called Raidler. McGuire tumbled into his clothes.

"Take this man," said Raidler to Ross Hargis, "and put him to work. Make him work hard, sleep hard and eat hard. You boys know I done what I could for him, and he was welcome. Yesterday the best doctor in San Antonio examined him and says he's got the lungs of a burro and the constitution of a steer."

"Aw," said McGuire, looking intently at Raidler with a peculiar expression. "The croaker said I was all right, did he? Said I was fakin', did he? You put him on to me. You t'ought I wasn't sick. You said I was a liar. Say, friend, I talked rough, I know, but I didn't mean most of it. If you felt like I did—aw! I forgot—I ain't sick, the croaker says. Well, friend, now I'll go work for yer. Here's where you play even."

He sprang into the saddle easily as a bird, got the quirt from the horn and gave his pony a slash with it. "Cricket," who once brought in Good Boy by a neck at Hawthorne—and a 10 to 1 shot—had his foot in the stirrups again. McGuire led the cavalcade as they dashed away for San Carlos, and the cowpunchers gave a yell of applause as they closed in behind him.

But in less than a mile he had lagged to the rear and was last man when they struck the patch of high chaparral below the horse pens. Behind a clump of this he drew rein and held a handkerchief to his mouth. He took it away drenched with bright arterial blood and threw it carefully into a clump of prickly pear. Then he alashed with his quirt again, gasped "G'wan" to his astonished pony and galloped after the gang.

That night Raidler received a message from his old home in Alabama. There had been a death in the family. An estate was to divide, and they called for him to come. It was two months before he returned. When he arrived at the ranch house he found it well nigh deserted save for Ylaro.

"By the way," said Raidler, suddenly remembering, "that fellow I sent along with them—McGuire—is he working yet?"

"I do not know," said Ylaro, "but I think that fellow McGuire he dead much time ago."

"Dead!" said Raidler. "What you talking about?"

"Verree sick fellow, McGuire," replied Ylaro, with a shrug of his shoulder. "I think he no live one, two month when he go away."

"Shucks!" said Raidler. "He humbugged you, too, did he? The doctor examined him and said he was sound as a mosquito's knot."

"That doctor," said Ylaro, smiling, "he tal you so? That doctor no see McGuire."

"Talk up," ordered Raidler. "What the devil do you mean?"

"McGuire," continued the boy tranquilly, "he getting drink water outside when that doctor come in room. That doctor take me and pound me all over here with his fingers"—putting his

hand to his chest—"I not know for what. He put his ear here and here and here and listen—I not know for what. He put little glass stick in my mouth. He feel my arm here. He make me count like whisper, so—twenty, treinta, cuarenta. Who knows," concluded Ylaro, with a deprecating spread of his hands, "for what that doctor do those verree droll and such like things?"

Within a very few minutes the cattleman was mounted and away. In two hours and a quarter Raidler, from a gentle swell, saw the branding camp by a water hole in the Guadalupe. Sick with expectancy of the news he feared, he rode up. The only being in the camp was the cook.

"Everything all right in camp, Pete?" he managed to inquire.

"So, so," said Pete conservatively. "The boys—all well?"

Pete was no optimist. Besides, inquiries concerning the health of cowpunchers were not only superfluous, but bordered on facetious. It was not like the boss to make them.

"What's left of 'em don't miss no calls to grub," the cook conceded.

"What's left of 'em?" repeated Raidler in a husky voice. Mechanically he began to look around for McGuire's grave.

"Sure," said Pete—"what's left. Cow camps change in two months. Some's gone."

Raidler nerved himself.

"That—chap—I sent along—McGuire—did—he—"

"Say," interrupted Pete, rising with a chunk of corn bread in each hand. "That was a dirty shame sending that poor sick kid to a cow camp. A doctor that couldn't tell he was graveyard meat ought to be skinned with a cinch buckle. Game as he was too. It's a scandal among snakes. Lemme tell you what he done. First night in camp the boys started to initiate him in the leather breeches degree. Ross Hargis busted him one swipe with his chaparreras, and what do you reckon the poor child did? Get up, the little skeeter, and licked Ross—licked Ross Hargis, licked him good; hit him plenty and everywhere and hard. Ross 'd just get up and pick out a fresh place to lay down on ag'in."

"Then that McGuire goes off there and lays down with his head in the grass and bleeds. A hem'ridge they calls it. He lays there eighteen hours by the watch, and they can't budge him. Then Ross Hargis, who loves any man who can lick him, goes to work and damns the doctors from Greenland to Poland China. And him and Green Branch Johnson they gets McGuire in a tent and spells each other feedin' him chopped raw meat and whisky."

"But it looks like the kid ain't got no appetite to get well, for they misses him from the tent in the night and finds him rootin' in the grass and likewise a drizzle fallin'." "G'wan," he says. "Lemme go and die like I wanten. He



"CLOSE TO THE GROUND—THAT'S WHERE THE MEDICINE IN THE AIR STAYS."

my ranch don't have to pay anything, and they very scarcely ever offers it. Supper 'll be ready in half an hour."

"Where's the bell?" asked McGuire.

"Bell for what?"

"Bell to ring for things. I can't—see here," he exploded in a sudden weak fury. "I never asked you to bring me here. I never held you up for a cent. I never give you a hard luck story till you asked me. Here I am fifty miles from a bellboy or a cocktail. I'm sick. I can't hustle."

Raidler went to the door and called. A slender, bright complexioned Mexican youth came quickly. Raidler spoke to him in Spanish:

"Ylaro, it is in my mind that I promised you the position of vaquero on the San Carlos range at the fall rodeo."

"Si, senior, such was your goodness."

"Listen. This seniorito is my friend. He is very sick. Place yourself at his side. Attend to his wants at all times. Have much patience and care with him. And when he is well or—

and when he is well instead of vaquero I will make you mayordomo of Rancho de las Piedras. Esta bueno?"

"Si, si—mil gracias, senior."

Ten minutes later Ylaro came from McGuire's room and stood before Raidler.

"The little senior," he announced, "presents his compliments" (Raidler credited Ylaro with the preliminary) "and desires some pounded ice, one hot bath, one gin feez-z, that the windows be all closed, toast, one shave, one Newyorkheral, cigarettes and to send one telegram."

Raidler took a quart bottle of whisky from his medicine cabinet. "Here: take him this," he said.

Thus was instituted the reign of terror at the Solito ranch. For a few weeks McGuire blustered and boasted and swaggered before the cowpunchers, who rode in for miles around to see this latest importation of Raidler's. He was an absolutely new experience to them. He explained to them all the intricate points of sparring and the tricks of training and defense. He opened to their minds' view all the indecorous life of a tigger after professional sports. His jargon of slang was a continuous joy and surprise to them. He was like a being from a new world.

Nearly two months after his arrival he began to complain that he felt worse. It was then that he became the ranch's incubus, its harpy, its Old Man of the Sea. A flush on his prominent cheek bones each afternoon might have revealed a symptom and percussion might have established the fact that McGuire was breathing with only one lung, but his appearance remained the same. The air—the man's only chance for life—he commanded to be kept out by closed windows and drawn curtains. The room was always foul with cigarette smoke.

The attitude of the invalid toward the cattleman was something like that of a peevish, perverse child toward an indulgent parent. When Raidler would leave the ranch McGuire would fall into a fit of malevolent, silent sullenness. When he returned he would be met by a string of violent and stinging reproaches.

One day Raidler said to him: "Try more air, son. You can have the backboard and a driver every day if you'll go. Close to the ground—that's where the medicine in the air stays. Try a little bossback riding now. There's a gentle pony."

"What've I done to yer?" screamed McGuire. "Did I ever double cross yer? Did I ask you to bring me here? Drive me out to yer camps if you wanten or sick a knife in me and save trouble."

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"LICKED ROSS HARGIS, LICKED HIM GOOD," said I was a liar and a fake and I was playin' sick. Lemme alone.

"Two weeks," went on the cook, "he laid around, not notice nobody, and then—"

A sudden thunder filled the air, and a score of galloping centaurs crashed through the brush into camp.

"Illustrious rattlesnakes!" exclaimed Pete, springing all ways at once. "Here's the boys come, and I'm an assassinated man if supper ain't ready in three minutes."

But Raidler saw only one thing—a little brown faced, grinning chap springing from his saddle in the full light of the fire. McGuire was not like that, and yet—

In another instant the cattleman was holding him by the hand and shoulder.

"Son, son, how goes it?" was all he found to say.

"Close to the ground, says you," shouted McGuire, crunching Raidler's fingers in a grip of steel. "And dat's where I found it, heat' and strengt', and tumbled to what a cheap skate I been actin'. Tanks fer kickin' me out, old man. And, say, de joke's on dat croaker, ain't it? I looked t'rough the window and see him playin' tag on dat dago kid's solar plexus."

"You son of a tinker," growled the cattleman. "whyn't you talk up and say the doctor never examined you?"

"Aw, g'wan," said McGuire, with a flash of his old asperity. "Nobody can't bluff me. You never ast me. You made your spiel, and you t'rowed me out, and I let it go at dat. And, say, friend, dis chasin' cows is outer sight. Dis is de whitest bunch of sports I ever traveled with. You'll let me stay, won't yer, old man?"

Raidler looked wonderingly toward Ross Hargis.

"That cussed little runt," remarked Ross tenderly. "Is the Jo-dartin'est hustler and the hardest luttin' in anybody's cow camp."



"FIGHT!" SHAPPED MCGUIRE. "PUSSE-IN-THE-CORNER!"

said the cattleman, "and stay till you get well. Six months 'll fix you good as new." He lifted McGuire with one hand, and half dragged him in the direction of the train.

"What about the money?" said McGuire, struggling weakly to escape.

"Money for what?" asked Raidler, puzzled.

Passengers on the southbound wondered at the conduct of two such antagonists. McGuire was five feet one, with a countenance belonging to either Teobama or Duffin. Bright, heady of eye, bony of cheek and jaw, scarred, toughened, broken and reknit, indestructible, grisly, gladiatorial as a hermit, he was a type neither new nor unfamiliar. Raidler represented the nation of the west and south. Few accurate pictures of his mind have ever been made.

At Rincon, a hundred miles from San Antonio, they left the train for a bossback. In this they traveled the

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A LOCAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Published every Friday,
Morrison Building, Genoa, N. Y. E. A. Waldo.

Subscription.
One year \$1.00
Six months50
Three months25
Single copies05

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Notices of entertainments, socials, sales, etc., inserted once free for more than that a slight charge will be made.
Obituaries, five cents per line. Cards of thanks twenty-five cents.

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

Friday Morning, Aug. 4, '11

RESULTS WITHOUT STONE.

Good Roads Being Built by Using Drags and Concrete Culverts.
There isn't a perch of surface stone in Scotland county, Mo., but its inhabitants do not despair of getting good roads. Not only have the county commissioners voted for a poll tax of \$6 this year, but many farmers have volunteered to drag the roads.
In the county are 1,200 miles of dirt roads. Concrete culverts are replacing the plank bridges which have been in use since the county first was organized. Big crops have been raised in the county this year, and many farmers have paid their poll tax in cash rather than work on the roads. Nearly all of the money which has been received from this source is being spent by the county commissioners in building modern concrete culverts.
More than half of the roads in the county lie flat. The roads have been built with good drainage and are in condition that is good compared with what they were before they were graded. It has been estimated by merchants of Memphis, the county seat, that the new effort for good roads has added \$5 to the value of every farm which adjoins the improved roads.

Tarring Shell Roads.
An experiment is being made by Street Commissioner Cray of St. Augustine, Fla., with a tar binder on the shell paving on South St. George street. The results of the test proved to be entirely satisfactory, and it may solve the problem of making the shell pavement more lasting at slight expense. Six hundred square yards were treated at a cost of 4 1/2 cents a yard. The surface was first scarified and then graded to a crown. While the shell was in this loose condition gas tar was applied, and the street was then rolled with the steam roller. There is every indication that the street will now shed the water better in rains and that the gas tar will act as a binder, preventing the shell from grinding up and blowing away.

WHEN TO DRAG.

Begin in the spring when the frost has left the ground and the road begins to dry, but while yet muddy.
Drag immediately after very prolonged rain throughout the season.
Drag in the fall just before the ground freezes.
Drag in the winter if the frost leaves the ground. It will freeze smooth.
Do not drag a dry road.
A Christmas Suggestion.
A book cover makes a good Christmas present for the girl who is apt to be accompanied by her book. The covers come in natural linen.

A King Who Left Home

Set the world to talking, but Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says he always keeps at home the King of all Laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—and that they're a blessing to all his family. Cure constipation, headache, indigestion, dyspepsia. Only 25c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

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If you are not doing as much business as you should
There's Something Wrong
with your method of attracting trade.
Try a Campaign of Catchy Advertising in This Paper.

BEAUTIFYING THE HOME GROUNDS

Something Americans Should Give More Attention To.

USE TREES, SHRUBS AND VINES

Map Out Area Where Decoration Will Do the Most Good and Then "Get to Work"—Try to Hide All Objectionable Buildings.

The appropriate use of trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants in the adornment of city, village, suburban or country home grounds gives a charm and beauty which are interesting and pleasing to the passerby as well as to the occupant of the home, says L. C. Corbett, horticulturist. Plants are a means of expressing restfulness and beauty. Their gradually changing aspect with the succession of the seasons brightens their pleasing effect and relieves monotony.

The changes which occur in the life of vegetation during the year have caused man to speak of the stages of human existence as the "spring," "summer" and "autumn" of life. The leaf, the branch and the flower, as well as the general form of the plant, manifest a grace and beauty which art endeavors to copy. While art cannot take the place of nature it nevertheless plays an important part in teaching us to see and appreciate the beauties of nature. After the eye has been trained to see and the mind to interpret the beauties which the eye beholds then association with nature produces its greatest effect.

In the artificial adornment of grounds by means of plants nature is our best instructor. From her we learn the uses of grass, flowers, vines, shrubs and trees and how to combine them to the best advantage. By growing together for ages the various classes and species of plants have developed forms, habits and requirements which enable them not only to live and thrive in harmony, but actually to assist one another.

Man should first provide for his necessities, then for comforts and finally for pleasures. In a new country such as ours the expenditure of time and means for the adornment of grounds has naturally received too little attention. The people have been necessarily concerned with acquiring lands and buildings. But a stage of development has now been reached when Americans should give more attention to the embellishment of their home grounds. The first essential in the adornment of a home area is the formation of a suitable plan. In making this plan the principal things to be considered are the size of the area, the amount which the owner feels able to expend for the purpose, the climatic conditions, the soil, the exposure, the peculiarities of the site and the style of treatment, whether formal or natural.

Small places, consisting of an acre or less, situated among others of like dimensions can only be appropriately improved in a formal style. On the other hand, large suburban places or country seats should, in order to maintain unity and harmony with their surroundings, be treated in the natural style.

It is impossible to develop a forest, a park or even a grove on an area less than an acre in extent, and it is equally impossible to maintain fountains, terraces, sheared trees, hedges and carpet bedding over an area of several acres. Hence the two general styles of landscape gardening have been developed. One of these may be adopted or both may be combined to suit the circumstances.

Before a tree or shrub is placed in its permanent location an outline map of the area to be treated should be made. This map should locate all existing structures, indicate the direction in which most pleasing outlooks are to be had and also the contour of the ground to be beautified. The aim should be to hide by means of trees and shrubbery all objectionable buildings or portions of the place and also to shut from view all unsightly objects maintained by neighbors, to locate the trees and shrubs so as to allow an uninterrupted line of vision where the outlook is pleasing and to locate the plantings on large estates as to afford the greatest protection from winds and undesirable surroundings.

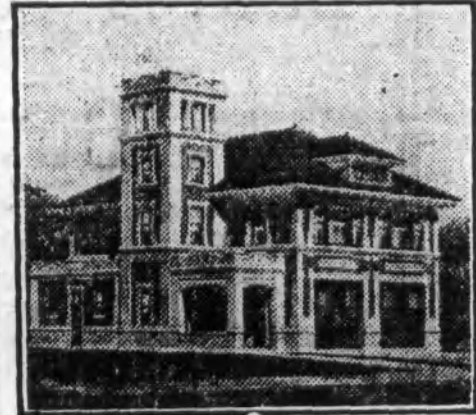
"THE LITTLE WORKERS."

Seventeen Chicago Children Banded Together to Clean Neighborhood.
Can anybody imagine seventeen boys and girls of tender age promising to stop gum chewing? Well, it is true, and that is only one of the reforms—though the most remarkable—that the west side of Chicago is undergoing.
In addition to resisting the allurements of gum, these seventeen young west siders, banded together as the Little Workers, are sworn to cleanse the name and fame of their neighborhood by these means:
Cleaning back yards.
Planting flowers and vegetables.
Replanting and caring for front lawns.
Picking up all loose bits of paper.
Watering all the trees.
Seeing that garbage is placed in closed boxes.

FIRE HOUSES WITH CELLS TO HOLD POLICE PRISONERS

Hamilton, O., Has Two Up to Date Stations, Costing \$12,000 Each.

The illustration shows one of the new fire houses recently completed at Hamilton, O. It is equipped with a hose wagon, two horses and four men. Hamilton has two of these fire stations, each costing \$12,000. The fund



ONE OF HAMILTON'S FIRE HOUSES.

for building them was raised by the chamber of commerce, made up of local business men. The stations, besides housing the fire equipment, contain two steel cells, each for detaining police prisoners.

DO SOMETHING.

Do something for somebody, somewhere,
While jogging along life's road;
Help some one to carry his burden
And lighter will grow your load.
Do something for somebody gladly.
"Will sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others
Your own are less hard to bear."
—Macey Monthly.

THE SWITZERLAND PLAN.

Question of How to Handle Children Easily Solved.

In the overcrowded quarters of every city where working people live there are always many small children who are allowed to run the streets without proper oversight. The great question with the authorities is how to handle them and prevent them as far as possible from becoming criminals. Switzerland has solved the problem, partly at least.

In the city of Basel, for instance, "guardian schools," organized and supported by the state, are open every day, and from the middle of November till the middle of March every evening. They can hardly be called schools, but rather recreation classes. Under the teacher's direction the children play games, tell stories, sing, embroider, sew, and so forth. In good weather they are taken outdoors for games or walks. Each class has about thirty-five children in it, just enough for the teacher or guardian to handle comfortably. The state provides all the materials for the games and work.

A BEAUTY CONTEST.

Washington Suburbanites Offered Prizes For Best Looking Homes.

The Suburban Citizens' association of Washington has taken a good step toward the adornment of the suburbs by determining to give prizes to those persons in the neighborhood who at the end of the season present the best appearing lawns and gardens. The president of the association has announced that "the basis of competition is to be on the laying out of the ground and permanency rather than a display of annual flowering plants."

The exterior appearance of the houses is also to be weighed as one of the factors in the competition. This friendly neighborhood rivalry in the care of grounds and houses will insure to the benefit of every neighbor, prize losers quite as much as prize winners. The value of property depends a good deal on the neighborhood character, and property values are higher in an attractive than in an unattractive neighborhood.

Trade at Home.

The building up of a community depends to a large extent upon the successful establishment and patronage of stores and tradespeople to supply the residents with the conveniences which have now become an indispensable part of modern life. By supporting the local stores those who have invested in homes enhance the value of their own property by advancing general prosperity. The shortsighted policy of spending money with the big advertising concerns which do not contribute a iota to the taxes of the town or city is neither wise from a general or personal economic point. As a rule, things are often bought at sales which are not actually needed and therefore would be dear under any circumstances. The home store, as a rule, gives prompt service, reasonable prices and, when necessary, convenient credit—factors which more than offset an occasional bargain secured at the cost of a trip to the city and added expenses, which more than offset the difference of cost. A prosperous mercantile community is one of the healthiest factors in a city or town. Help to build one in your own vicinity.
—Hudson Magazine.

Parks For Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., is to have small parks in all the congested districts of the city.



Points for Mothers

The Shy Girl.
Only those who have themselves passed through the same experience can appreciate the trials of the really shy girl. Some girls are shy when first entering a room or on being introduced to a stranger, but recover their self possession within a short time, but that is not the kind of shyness to which reference here is made. The really shy girl is a victim of nerves. She may be an exceedingly capable young lady, but she shrinks within herself at the bare idea of publicity, even the limited publicity of a drawing room. Such a girl needs sympathetic treatment, but unfortunately she does not always receive it. Some people laugh at her and make her worse, whereas others bestow upon her a kindly, encouraging smile, and thus assist her wonderfully in passing through a trying ordeal. It too frequently happens that such a girl is pushed forward—thrust into the full glare of the light, so to say—for the purpose of making her accustomed to a crowd of strangers. The idea is that she will have the bashfulness knocked out of her very quickly and be transformed into a cool, collected young woman. That is a great mistake. A truly shy girl suffers agonies under such an infliction, and she is more determined than ever to keep in retirement.

Children Like Flowers.

"Children are the flowers of life and the mother a gardener who trains them into beautiful blossoms or useless weeds."
When Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the world famous prima donna, gave voice to this interesting opinion she smiled in pardonable appreciation of the garden which she had raised. It is a product of which any woman might well be proud, consisting of six sturdy boys and two lovely girls.
"A little baby is like a delicate flower," continued the singer. "We mothers are only gardeners raising either blossoms or weeds."
"What are the rules for human gardening?" she was asked.
"The same as apply to nature," she smiled in response. "Plenty of sunshine and fresh air are needed in the successful rearing of children and flowers. My boys, and the girls, too, have lived out of doors almost entirely. In the winter the windows of their bedrooms are opened wide, no matter how cold it is. In the summer those who are still here at home with me are, out in the open air all day. They ride their ponies, play tennis and croquet, and George Washington plays baseball! They have been brought up on the simplest foods—good milk, fresh eggs, juicy meats and few sweets."

Little Travelers' Toys.

A lady while traveling about Europe with three small children devised a plan for their entertainment which proved successful, says Good Housekeeping. A selection of their favorite toys was made, and these were packed together in one of the strong small straw suit cases. This was left in the exclusive care of the largest child. In this way the playthings were all together, and the children themselves were responsible for their safe keeping. When they grew tired of traveling they could open the suit case and take out what they desired without a long and wearisome hunt through various articles of clothing. If any of the toys were broken new ones were added to the collection. For such a scheme it is convenient to include one of the flat folding backgammon boards, not only to play backgammon or cards upon, but because it can be used as a small table.

Country Entertaining.

While in the country the children will need some entertainment, as even the novelty of gathering wild flowers and running "wild" will wear off after awhile. One excellent way of entertaining them, or, rather, of teaching them to entertain themselves, is to have them make a bathing place for birds. This may be done by placing a shallow trough partially in the ground and keeping it filled with fresh water. It is astonishing how soon the feathered people will find this luxury and how merrily they will enjoy it. One seems to tell another, and soon the birds' pool will afford entertainment for many hours each day to the children who watch the happy bathers. They will thus become acquainted with the air folk and will be more eager to learn of their lives and their haunts.

The Child's Plate.

Thin white oiled paper spread under the child's plate at the table and extending a little way beyond will protect the tablecloth. This will not be noticeable, especially if it is bought in sheets and the pieces are cut and laid smoothly on the cloth. When a piece of paper is soiled it may be thrown away or burned and a fresh piece substituted.

Children's Faults.

Don't keep on harping about a child's faults; don't keep on telling him how naughty and stupid he is; it doesn't do any real good, for it will awaken resentment in his heart. Use love and patience, and never lose your belief in a child.

Foster, Ross & Company
THE BIG STORE

To the Public---Greeting:

Monday night inaugurated the closing of the Auburn Dry Goods Stores at six o'clock every evening in the week, with the exception of Saturday. This movement we have been heartily in favor of at all times, believing our employes entitled to the shorter working day, and that it was custom and not necessity that induced the merchants to keep open Monday evenings. We believe the buying public will not be at all inconvenienced, as our store will be open Saturday nights, so that those who find it necessary or desirable to shop in the evening will have an opportunity of doing so. We are sure our friends and customers will heartily endorse this move, as we have already had many expressions of approval, and the benefit of a shorter working day Mondays for our employes we believe will be expressed in a better service rendered. We avail ourselves of this opportunity of voicing our appreciation of your patronage, which has helped give us the largest Spring and Summer business we have ever enjoyed, and assure you we will spare no effort to deserve a continuance of your favor.

Yours very truly,

Foster, Ross & Company.

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

We Thank You

for your most generous patronage during our Pre-Inventory Sale. To those that did not get in, we state that we have put the regular prices back on all lots except Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits. We will continue to sell these at cut prices during August. While our assortment is much smaller, you can still find a Suit at money saving prices.

All Straw Hats selling at \$1.00 to \$8.00 are now half price. Come quick, they won't last long.

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

Paid your Subscription Yet?

ITHACA TRUST COMPANY
110 N. TIOGA ST. ITHACA, NEW YORK

107 N. Tioga St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Notice the Men Who Are Our Directors.

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| CHARLES D. BOSTWICK
Assist. Treas. Cornell University | WILLIAM H. STORMS
Cashier of this Company |
| FRANKLIN C. CORNELL, Jr.
Adm. Estate of Franklin C. Cornell | FRED J. WHITON
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President Ithaca Gas Light Co. |
| FORDYCE A. COBB
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| CHARLES E. TREMAN
Treasurer Treman, King & Co. | |

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

SUBMARINE SHIPS

Life Aboard These War Craft Is a Sequence of Discomforts.

TORTURE FOR THE NOVICE.

Between Choking For Air and Suffocating From the Fumes of Gasoline the Agony is Excruciating—Added Terrors When Caught in a Storm.

Submarine boats have been developed to the point where they can cover on their own power a radius of 800 miles in effective fighting trim. In storm and calm the submarines are capable of navigating the seas with credit to their inventors and constructors. With a fleet of these vessels stationed in the vicinity of any of our large coast cities it would be difficult for battleships to get within effective striking distance.

The first impressions received on descending into the hold of a submarine are those of discomfort and suffocation. The accommodations for a crew of thirteen seem about right for half a dozen. One is in too close proximity to whirling machinery, too, to enjoy the sensation.

On all sides are arranged electrical devices and machinery to operate the draft and the torpedoes. A thin shell of steel separates the visitor from the torpedoes, and the outside water is so close that one can almost feel its moisture.

When under way on the surface the submarine bums and trembles. The fumes of gasoline are almost suffocating. There is no escaping from them. Some of the men contract what is called "gasoline heart." If under water too long the fumes make one sick and dizzy.

A novice cannot remain in a submarine under water for any great length of time without suffering excruciating torture. In time, however, one gets used to it, and a trip may be one of enjoyment.

But it is when the submarine dives that the most unpleasant symptoms come. There are ten compressed air tanks supplied, and these furnish sufficient air to keep the crew alive a good many hours.

But did you ever live on compressed air? If not it will be a new sensation, especially if you are fifty feet below the surface of the water. There is a tingling sensation all over the body, a pounding of the eardrums and possibly a sense of nausea.

As the air is automatically regulated from the compressed air tanks one gets his share of the oxygen, but sometimes the supply may vary. It certainly does in different parts of the ship. One may be choking for lack of good air in one part and be exhilarated by a too abundant supply in another.

Sometimes when the engines are running to charge the batteries the fumes of the gasoline become so strong that men are rendered unconscious. They must be taken up on deck then to get a whiff of fresh air.

For this reason the batteries are only charged when above the water. But in time of war it might be necessary to charge them while running below. Then, indeed, the man aboard the submarine might envy the aerial navigator flying above the sea with his abundance of fresh air to breathe.

Cooking under water is a pretty uncertain and disagreeable work. The only appliance for this purpose is a small electric heater. This is just about big enough to heat water to make a cup of coffee and nothing else. The crew have their food cooked aboard the tender.

The submarine is built on the principle of economizing space in everything. There is no room for anything except the actual necessities. Every inch of space is given over to machinery. This is everywhere compact and efficient, but multiplied so often that one wonders what it is all for.

There is machinery for running the boat, for guiding it under water, for controlling it when it dives, for compressing the air tanks, for operating the torpedoes and even for regulating the power of vision above and below water.

When caught in a storm in a submarine life is really not worth living. It consists of a series of intense struggles to prevent death by being battered against steel walls or to keep from becoming involved in whirling wheels and dynamos. If you survive the ordeal you conclude that it is not necessary to wait for war to find hades. It is with you all the time.—Harper's Weekly.

Quicker.
"How are you makin' out?" asked one Pullman porter.
"Well, I used to think I was doin' pretty good," replied the other, "but after seein' a train held up by a road agent the other day I feel a good deal like throwin' this old whiskbroom away and gettin' a revolver."—Washington Star.

Modern Children.
"How old are you, Elsie?"
"Nine years."
"And you, Erna?"
"I am twelve."
"Really twelve? You are wonderful well preserved!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Glad He Left.
Actor—There was a thunder of applause when I left the stage. Bored Friend—Serves you right! You shouldn't stay on so long!

What the stars are to the firmament kind deeds are to the earth.

WE SHOULD GROW MORE RYE.

It Makes the Finest Bread in All the World.

Rye is a grain that seems to have been neglected by the American farmer. We grow only about 24,000,000 bushels a year, while Russia raises nearly 700,000,000 bushels.

It is the finest thing known to be grown for green manuring on lands deficient in humus. It contains more



HER RYE BREAD WILL BE JUST AS PRETTY.

protein than wheat, and its health or "fuel value" is nearly twelve calories per pound.

The black bread or "pumpernickel" of Germany is made from it, and it is recognized as the finest army ration in the world.

Rye is often affected by ergot and is said to be harmful to animals, but the fact that man has used it for centuries with no evil result seems to be proof that the grain is wholesome.

At any rate, it is, when properly milled and baked, the foundation of the finest food, especially for children, that can be imagined.

A REAL RAT TRAP.

A neighbor of mine placed an iron kettle partly full of bran, buckwheat and meat scraps, with a board approach convenient for the rats to walk up to the kettle until they were accustomed to feed there. Then the contents were removed and the kettle was filled to about the same depth with water, with a little bran sprinkled over for a blind. Fifteen rats were found in the kettle the next morning. If any escaped they left the barn in a hurry.—Farm Journal.

Orchard and Garden.

Thin fruit trees if they need it; this is a better paying method than propping branches.

Placing a small heap of rich stable manure around the base of each tree in the young orchard will prove to be a little time and labor well spent.

It is a fine plan to have the materials always on hand for making Bordeaux mixture and then to mix up a spray and use it when you have a spare hour.

If trees need water pull the soil away from around the roots, give each tree a painful and after it soaks in replace the earth. No use to apply water to the surface of the ground around the tree.

If you observe that the shoots on your trees grow only five or six inches every year you may know that the soil needs to be enriched. The growth ought to be from fifteen to thirty inches every season.

Tent caterpillars are bad pests when they get on some of your pet trees. Watch out for them and when seen burn them with a torch. A kerosene soaked rag wrapped around the end of a pole will do for a torch.

Cultivate the spring set strawberry bed regularly and often. Keep the soil loose and mellow and let no weeds get a foothold. After enough runners have rooted out of surplus ones the same as if they were weeds.

If your apple trees are affected with scab be sure to spray with the boiled lime sulphur mixture just before the buds burst, and always before a rain, because the spores of blight can be carried by the wind to other trees.

Place a two pound paper bag over each bunch of grapes when the fruit is the size of small shot. This protects the grapes from insect and bird injury and insures extra choice clusters. Fasten the mouth of the bag close about each stem with a pin or wire or string.

When picking blackberries get them out of the sun as soon as possible or they'll turn red in spots and not be so salable. Hurry them into the crates and then into a cool cellar until time for shipping or selling. Fill the boxes full and pack neatly in clean packages. If you want a fancy price make the crates look attractive.

The People's Cash Store

Our aim is to satisfy our customers

Ladies' Oxfords

Boys' Oxfords

Men's Oxfords

and several styles in high shoes are selling at very low prices. These goods must be closed out to make room for fall goods. Call early while we have a good assortment.

George S. Aikin,

KING FERRY, NEW YORK.

School Superintendents.

On Tuesday, Aug. 15, the school directors elected at the town elections last February will convene in the five districts of Cayuga county to select a district superintendent for each district. The directors for Dist. No. 4, of which Genoa is a part, will meet in Genoa village.

The term of office of the present school commissioners, expires on December 31 and the new superintendents will then take charge of school matters in their respective districts.

The candidates were required to pass a very rigid examination, and in addition a candidate must have in his possession, or be entitled to receive, a teacher's certificate authorizing him to teach in the public schools of the state without further examination. Beside this certificate, the applicant must also pass an examination on the supervision of agricultural courses and on the teaching of agricultural subjects.

The law provides that a district superintendent shall not engage in the practice of any profession or be employed in any other business during the time he serves as superintendent. It is also provided that when this officer is not engaged in the clerical and administrative work of his office he shall devote his whole time to the inspection of schools under his supervision.

According to statistics collected by the state department of education, the expense of carrying into effect the new system of public school supervision will be approximately \$306,000, or \$156,000 more than the cost of the old system. There are to be 204 district superintendents, each of whom will receive a salary of \$1,200 and \$300 additional for expenses. When the system is finally in working order, it is the intention to discontinue the teachers' institutes, which, it is estimated, will mean a yearly saving of \$60,000.

Under the present system there are 114 school commissioners, to each of whom \$1,000 is paid yearly by the state, in addition to \$200 for expenses. The average number of schools in a supervisory district throughout the state is fifty one, and the average number under the supervision of a school commissioner is about 100.

There will be two school commissioners in Cayuga county affected by the law. They will be replaced by five superintendents.

The office of school commissioner was created in 1856, having been made to take the place of town superintendent of schools. According to officials of the state department of education, the results achieved by school commissioners, though excellent, have never realized the idea of the ardent advocates of the system.

"Can you tell me, my boy," said the prim teacher, "why the race is not always to the swift?" "Yes'm," said the little boy, promptly. "It's because sometimes their tires bust."—Baltimore American.

The Pickling Season

will soon be here and you will be looking for Spices. I have them and I guarantee them pure.

Mustard Seed, Celery Seed, Ginger Root, Scharine, Whole Cloves, Allspice, Black Pepper and pure Cider Vinegar, besides having the Mixed Spices, bulk or in packages.

There are some of those good Cod Fish left yet and the Mackerel are splendid. Have you tried them? Arm & Hammer Soda special for the week at 5c per pound.

Purple Trading Stamps given on all trade, at

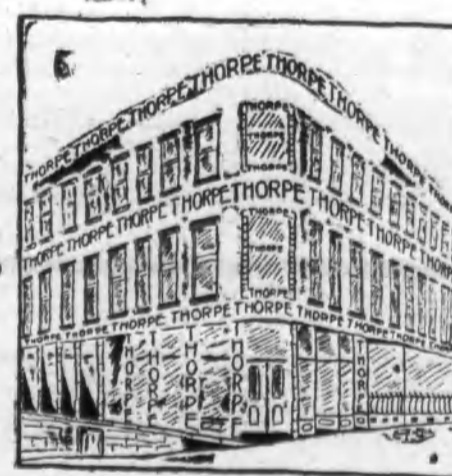
The Spot Cash Store, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

Edwin B. Mosher.

FREE PRIZES.

The word THORPE is contained on this building not over forty times—count the exact number of times the word THORPE is contained on the building—send your answer at once to THORPE'S BIG NATIONAL BUSINESS SCHOOL—Corner North & Genesee Sts.—Auburn, N. Y., neatness of answer counts—first three prizes each a term at THORPE'S day—night—or home study—second prize a gold watch—third prize \$5 in gold—other prizes.

We run these contests instead of employing solicitors thus giving the benefit to the students winning the prizes. Your neighbors win why don't you try?



Summer Clearance Sale

Stock must be lowered as I have no room to carry over the goods. Will commence sale on MONDAY, JULY 31, giving big discount on

Shirt Waists, Corsets, Gloves, Dresses, Hosiery, Combs, Muslin and Knit Underwear, Hamburgs, Laces, Ribbons, Etc.

Secure the best selections by calling at once. Can save you money.

Mrs. Frank Brill,

King Ferry, N. Y.

Village and Vicinity News.

—Aug. 17 has been announced as the date for the Venice picnic.

—The Genoa Ladies' Aid society meets this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Wm. Loomis.

—Earl Lohman of Cortland has been spending the past week with his friend, Leland Singer.

—Mrs. Addie Miller has been spending two weeks at North Fair Haven with A. J. Parker and wife.

—Master Vernon Alling of Auburn returned home with his grandmother and aunt, Tuesday, to spend ten days.

—Miss Hazel Brogan went to Auburn Wednesday to begin her work as stenographer in the office of Garrett & Simpson.

—The Cortland County fair dates are Aug. 22 to 25. The fair this year, it is expected, will eclipse all previous exhibitions.

—Mrs. B. J. Brightman, with her sister, Miss Anna Lisk, is visiting relatives at Romulus and other places in Seneca county.

—Chas. K. Gibson left Tuesday morning for Groton where he will be located with his brother in the clothing and shoe business.

—Mrs. Geo. Crowthers and children of Syracuse were Sunday guests at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Holden.

—Mrs. Cora Green and C. P. Hunter returned home Tuesday, after spending several weeks at the home of their sister at Fayette, Seneca county.

—Miss Elizabeth Leonard of Cambridge, Mass., is spending a few weeks at the home of her father, W. E. Leonard. Ruth Leonard is also at home for a time.

—At the Presbyterian church the Sunday morning theme will be "Right Doing vs. Wrong Doing." Endeavor service at 6:45, and a short talk by the pastor in place of the regular evening service. All are invited.

—James F. Ross of Auburn, of Foster, Ross & Co., was elected grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of the state of New York at their meeting last week. He was given a rousing reception by members of that order on his arrival home Friday evening.

—It is reported that the Lehigh Valley railroad contemplates, in the near future, electrifying the Ithaca-Auburn branch of its road along the east shore of Cayuga lake, also that the company will provide a steamboat service on Cayuga and Seneca lakes between Ithaca and Watkins.

—Recently, according to the Commercial, a Buffalo minister gave out from the pulpit that on the following Sunday he would discuss a family scandal. When Sunday came the church was filled until standing room was at a premium. He talked about Eve being beguiled by the serpent.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

—Genoa W. C. T. U. held its annual meeting on Tuesday afternoon on the lawn at the home of Mrs. Counsell. Reports were given of the year's work and officers were elected for another year. A picnic supper was enjoyed and two members, who are ill, were remembered by a plate of some of the good things. Those members who were absent should remember that the annual dues should be paid at once to Mrs. A. V. Sisson, the treasurer.

—The third annual outing of the Supervisors and ex-Supervisors association of Cayuga County will be held at Koenig's Point on Owasco lake, on Tuesday, Aug. 8, 1911. The steamer, City of Auburn, will leave the dock at Island Park at 11 o'clock a. m. sharp. Boats returning to Island Park every hour during the afternoon. Business meeting at 2 o'clock p. m. All the supervisors, ex-supervisors, their families and friends are cordially invited. A good time is assured.

—Mrs. Anthony Decker of Skaneateles is a guest of her son, Charles Decker.

—Miss Jennie Banker went to Meridian Saturday to visit her brother, B. D. Banker and wife.

—Miss Bernice Hagin of South Lansing is a guest of her cousin, Mrs. Ai Lanterman, this week.

—Next week, Aug. 9, 10 and 11, it is stated that there will be showers of meteors in the eastern heavens, plainly visible in this section.

—Arthur Waldo and mother, Mrs. J. E. Waldo, of New York were guests at Mrs. Elizabeth Waldo's, last Thursday and Friday.

—The annual regatta of the Lakeside Yacht Racing Association will be held at Kidders, on Cayuga lake, the second week of August.

—Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Avery of Earlville are visiting Genoa relatives this week. They spent last week at the home of the former's sister in Owego.

—An ice cream social will be held at the home of Benton Brown, North Lansing, on Wednesday, Aug. 9. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—Mrs. A. H. Smith who went to Auburn to attend the funeral of Mrs. J. G. Atwater, remained to spend a little time with her brother, Jesse G. Atwater.

—The marriage of Bert Moseley of Lake Ridge to Miss Lizzie Taylor of Detroit, Mich., took place recently, at the home of Rev. C. F. Whitcomb of Lake Ridge, who is the grandfather of the bride.

—Geo. L. Smith, aged 72 years, died at his home at Smith's Basin, Washington county, Saturday night. He was appointed assistant postmaster during Buchanan's administration and since 1861 had been postmaster.

—Among the bequests to public institutions by the will of the late Mrs. Osborne of Auburn were \$25,000 to the W. E. & I. Union in that city, \$20,000 to the George Junior Republic, and \$10,000 to the Auburn Home for the Friendless.

—Mrs. Frances Graham, vice president of the State W. C. T. U., is expected to attend the Tompkins County annual convention to be held in the First M. E. church in Ithaca, Sept. 26, 27. Prof. Samuel S. Dickie, another temperance worker and orator of note, will also address the convention.

—The Hewitt-Allen Co., of this village has been incorporated with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. The company will do a general coal and lumber business. The directors are O. D. Hewitt and Chas. Hewitt of Locke, G. M. Stoddard and W. Nelson Allen of Groton.

—Mrs. Millard Green has returned from a visit in Stroudsburg and other points in Pennsylvania.—Groton Journal

—The two school commissioners of the county with Pomona Grange Master Gould and County Deputy Botsford met in Auburn July 25 and selected the two Cayuga county boys who will attend the State fair as guests of the state agricultural society. Charles Hicks of Venice and Charles Riley of Sennett were chosen, the selections being made on the merits of the letters of application written by the candidates.

—We haven't seen the paper, but we understand that Dr. J. W. Skinner is circulating a subscription paper to secure funds to grade the Presbyterian church grounds, and that quite a large sum has been secured for this purpose. It is certainly a much-needed improvement and one that will greatly add to the appearance of the church property and the street, as well. Some men have promised work with their teams, and this will help as much as money. We are willing to give our mite to assist in the work, and it is hoped that enough money can be raised to properly drain and fill in the grounds, and make new walks, if possible.

—A. Kline of Syracuse has been spending the past week in town.

—Mrs. Kellogg Austin of Owasco is a guest of Mrs. Chas. Decker Arthur W. Baker was a guest at D. C. Hunter's the first of the week.

—Virginia Bush is visiting at the home of her brother, Robt. Bush, in Auburn.

—Mrs. Clara Whitten has been spending the week with Mrs. Thomas Sill.

—Miss Gertrude Hinman of Boston, Mass., is visiting at Mrs. Martha Gilkey's.

—Mrs. Wm. N. Conger of Owego is visiting her aunts, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Warfield.

—Mrs. Fred Conger and daughter Lillian of Owego are guests of Mrs. D. C. Mosher.

—A party is announced for Sept. 8th at East Venice hall with music by McDermott's orchestra.

—Albert Chaffee and daughter attended the Chaffee reunion, last Saturday, near Atwater's.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Arnold of Seneca Falls were over Sunday guests of Genoa relatives.

—Miss Lena Gilkey, who has been spending several weeks in Indiana, is expected home to-day.

—A son was born to Attorney B. C. Mead and wife of Auburn on July 29. He will be known as B. C. Mead, Jr.

—Emma Bush returned last week from South Lansing where she spent a few weeks. She also visited in Ithaca.

—Miss Alice Grey of Merrifield and Mrs. H. Burke and daughter Cora of Auburn spent the past week at John Connell's.

—An editor out West was asked why he didn't buy an automobile. "I'll tell you," he said, "I have nothing to mortgage to buy it with."

—Mrs. Dolphia Mead, Miss Amelia Slade and Mrs. D. C. Brown of Moravia spent a day last week as guests of Miss Augusta Howell.

—Wireless telegraphy is proving to be a great benefactor. It is estimated that already it has been the means of saving 6,000 lives and \$12,000,000 of property.

—The twenty-one lodges in the 30th Masonic District are planning to attend a big field day at Koenig's Point, Owasco lake, Saturday, Aug. 12. A large program of land and water events is being arranged.

—Rev. J. F. Humphreys has resigned the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Ludlowville to take effect the last of September. He will go to Oswegatchie, St. Lawrence county, as pastor of the Presbyterian church.

—The marriage of Jas. H. McDermott of King Ferry to Miss Harriet Lund of Rochester took place on Wednesday, Aug. 2, in St. Mary's church, Rochester. After a wedding trip, they will reside at King Ferry. Thomas McDermott of Genoa attended the wedding.

—Bridge Erector Hatch states that work will be resumed on the bridge shortly. The iron parts of the bridge, which came from a distance, have arrived at Groton and are being fitted at the shops there. As soon as they are finished and brought to Genoa the bridge will be completed.

—In every village, in every community, there is a man who spends so much time in criticising his neighbors, as well as the public officials, that he is unable to get at the work of cleaning out the gutters or his own back yard. His conceit is only surpassed by his assurance.—Ex.

—The overturning of the excursion steamer Sirius in the Grass river, St. Lawrence county, on Tuesday, with a loss of seven lives, was an appalling disaster. No charge of negligence is brought against the captain as he is a temperate man and perfectly familiar with the river. He has been a pilot and boat master for twenty years. The Sirius was 62 feet long with 12 foot beam, and had 55 passengers on board.

DIAMONDS

WHERE?—WHEN?—and WHY? The place to buy diamonds is at HOYT'S because we pride ourselves upon our reliability and no one should buy a diamond of any one in whom they have not full confidence. Diamonds from 1 to 2 1/2 carats of Blue Wesselton color, American cutting. Stones include both perfect and slightly imperfect. We offer these diamonds at less than market value to-day, because we belong to a wholesale firm and guarantee to sell all goods of the same quality for less money than you would pay elsewhere. Any jewelry we sell we guarantee—trash cannot be guaranteed by reliable dealers—a word to the wise is—or should be—sufficient.

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

Mrs. Martha B. Taylor.

Martha Brooks Taylor, widow of the late Henry Taylor of Genoa, died at the home of her son, Lewis A. Taylor, at East Venice on Thursday afternoon, July 27. Death was due to old age, she having suffered from no particular disease. Funeral services were held at the place of death on Sunday at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. O. D. Moore of Venice Baptist church, officiating. Burial was made at East Venice.

Mrs. Taylor was born in Otsego county and was 89 years and four months of age. At the age of six years, she came to the home of her relatives, George Young and family at East Venice, and she lived with them until her marriage to Henry Taylor. Four children—two sons and two daughters—were born to them. For about twenty years their home was just east of Genoa village and the death of Mr. Taylor occurred here.

For the past four years, after the death of her daughters, Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Taylor had lived with her son at East Venice. She is survived by the son, L. A. Taylor, and by three grandchildren and six great grand-children. Among those in attendance at the funeral were B. A. Arnold of Seneca Falls and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sharp of Genoa. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Taylor belonged to a long-lived family, her mother having attained the age of 100 years, lacking 26 days.

Reunion of 111th New York.

The 111th New York Reunion will be held Aug. 28, 1911, at the home of General and Mrs. MacDougall in Auburn, N. Y. It will probably be our last meeting with them. All come and rally around the General and the old brigade battleflag, which will be present. Headquarters at the Court House. Give name and date of death of any comrade since last reunion. Robert L. Drummond, Secretary.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Poultry wanted at the Carson House, Genoa, Monday evening, Aug 7, and Tuesday morning, Aug 8, until 10 o'clock. Hens 11c, chickens over 2 lbs, 14c; under, 16c; ducks, 10c; turkeys 18c.
S. C. HOUTGALING, Auburn, R. D. 5. Both phones.
To close out quick, one Syracuse reversible sulkey plow, at cost 52w2 S. S. GOODYEAR

FOR SALE—3 dairy cows, 7 shoats 1 brood sow.
J. S. CALDWELL, King Ferry, N. Y.

FOR SALE—New stock of best out side paint. Call and see for yourself S. S. GOODYEAR, Atwater, N. Y.

Good cow for sale.
J. H. SMITH, Lansingville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—2 new milch cows with calf by side. J. G. ATWATER & SON, 52tf Genoa, N. Y.

FOR SALE—46 breeding grade ewes and 58 lambs. H. L. SHAW, 52w3 Atwater, N. Y.

FOR SALE—House and lot in the village of Genoa, N. Y., on the Auburn and Ithaca Short Line R. R., about half way between the two cities. Pleasantly situated on Main St. Piano and some household goods. Inquire of Louisa G. Benedict, Administratrix 52tf

FARM FOR SALE—Farm of 80 acres, 2 miles east of King Ferry village. For particulars inquire of William McCormick, King Ferry. 51w3

Highest market price for cattle, lambs, calves, hogs and poultry. 51J1 WESLEY WILBUR, King Ferry.

FOR SALE—Good horse, kind and gentle for lady to drive; platform wagon, covered buggy, cutter, pleasure sleigh, harnesses, robes, and other articles. A. J. Harbut, Genoa. 47tf

New York, Auburn & Lansing R. R. Co.

ITHACA-AUBURN SHORT LINE

TIME TABLE NO. 11. IN EFFECT DEC. 4, 1910

SOUTHBOUND--Read Down			STATIONS			NORTH BOUND--Read Up		
27	23	21		22	24	28		
Daily	Daily	Daily		Daily	Daily	Daily		
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		
6 26	1 40	8 30	AUBURN	11 09	5 05	8 50		
6 34	1 54	8 45	Mapleton	10 54	4 51	8 36		
6 44	2 04	8 56	Merrifield	10 43	4 41	8 26		
6 53	2 13	9 05	Venice Center	10 34	4 32	8 17		
			GENOA	10 19	4 18	8 03		
			North Lansing	10 08	4 08	7 53		
7 17	2 37	9 31	South Lansing	9 55	3 55	7 40		
7 35	2 50	9 50	ITHACA	9 20	3 25	7 05		
8 00	3 15	10 15		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		

Additional Trains between Ithaca and Rogues Harbor leave Ithaca 7:00 a. m., (daily except Sunday) 9:20, 11:15, (daily except Sunday) 12:15, (Sunday only) 2:00, 3:25, 5:15 and 7:05 p. m., 9:00 p. m., (Saturday only.)
Returning leave South Lansing for Ithaca 9:50 a. m., 2:50 p. m., 3:55, 7:35 p. m. Also leave Rogues Harbor at 7:40 a. m., (daily except Sunday) 11:50 (daily except Sunday) 12:50, (Sunday only) 5:50 p. m., 9:35 p. m., Saturday only.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of GENOA

GENOA, N. Y.

We Are Still Growing

Over three hundred accounts with deposits of over

\$54,000.00.

J. D. Atwater, Pres. Fox Holden, Vice-Pres.
Arthur H. Knapp, Cashier.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS IN ALL THE LATEST IDEAS.

Let us show you our Embroideries, Laces, Waists, Kimonas, Colored Hose, Fancy Collars, Ties, Jabots, Belts, Knit and Muslin Underwear, etc.

MRS. D. E. SINGER,
GENOA, N. Y.

The Entire Line

of Tailoring Co. Suits to measure are reduced from \$2.50 to \$10 per suit. NOW IS YOUR CHANCE to get a suit made to measure almost as cheap as a ready made suit. Be sure to come in and learn the prices.

GENOA CLOTHING STORE,
M. G. SHAPERO.

Auburn's Shop for Women

Opp. Court House, 149 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Signor Manufacturing Co.

Our Manufacturers Cost Sale

At this time each season we close out our entire stock of Dresses, Kimonos, Petticoats and Aprons.

Also all our surplus stock of goods consisting of Lawns, Poplins, Batistes and Madras by the yard, all at Manufacturers cost prices.

REMEMBER—You buy here direct from first hands. We sell under all others.

Location---Opposite Court House.

OUR ESTABLISHMENT WILL
CLOSE AT NOON
WEDNESDAYS

During the month of August.

We request that on these Wednesdays you will do your shopping in the morning hours so that our store force may enjoy their half holidays during the warm weather. We will close at noon Wednesday, Aug. 2nd.

Rothschild Bros.
ITHACA - N. Y.

Farm and Garden

BOOKSHELF FOR MOTHER.

Any Boy Handy at Carpentering Can Do It and Wait For Christmas. In almost every household there is some one who is handy with tools, says the American Agriculturist.

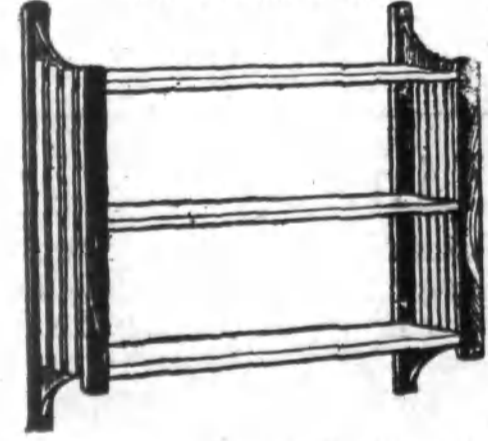
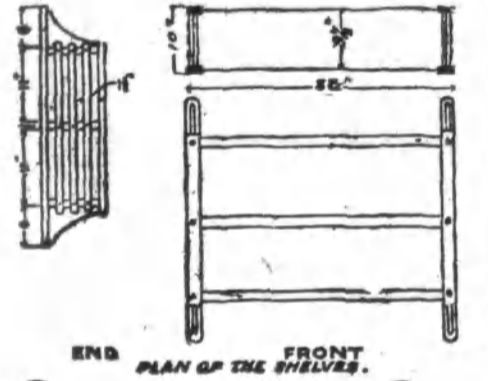
To prove its assertion it prints the following story by James B. Duncan and a picture that shows the result of painstaking effort.

A bookcase large enough to hold 100 books is an adornment to any household, and the youngster who is clever enough to gather in some nice bits of pine wood and then tackle the tool box in the barn will be sure to have something extra from mother in his Christmas stocking.

Here are the rules to follow: In the use of all edge tools, if you would avoid cracks and splitting, be patient and do not attempt to remove wood too rapidly, although the tools should be always kept with perfectly sharp edges. There is much marking out to do, and as this must be accurately done a good sharp pencil should always be at hand. In sandpapering it is best to wrap the paper around a block, as the result is more uniform than when the paper is supported by the hand alone.

The three shelves, which are identical in every particular, should be smoothly finished, giving particular attention to the ends, as these are visible through the side strips. In order to fit around the four corners of the uprights, the four corners of these must be notched out. These uprights, after having been cut to length, smoothly finished and the corners rubbed down very lightly with sandpaper, should have the location of the shelves marked on them and then have the holes bored for the screws. From half inch wood cut out four brackets of such a length as to fit closely between the two uprights of each end. Six little side strips, measuring one-fourth by one inch, are required, which should be flat on top and pointed at their ends.

In assembling make a hole in the corner of each shelf and carefully try



A PRESENT ANY BOY CAN MAKE FOR MOTHER.

the screws so as to make sure that they will not split the shelf when driven home.

Place the brackets in position and secure them by glue and a small wire nail at two of the corners. In attaching the side strips use nails with large ornamental heads in the desired finish. To conceal the heads of the screws in front similar nails should be driven in as close to the screws as possible and directly above them. If preferred wooden buttons may be set over the head of each screw and held by means of glue. In order to hang these shelves a small hole should be bored in the upper ends of each of the back uprights.

These shelves require the following pieces of dressed lumber: The shelves, three pieces 1 by 9 1/2 by 37 1/2; back uprights, two pieces 1 by 2 by 35; front uprights, two pieces 1 by 2 by 24 1/2; side strips, six pieces 1/4 by 1 by 24 1/2.

Poultry Pickings.

Eggs should be graded and the small and ill shaped used for cooking purposes. None but the brightest and best should be placed upon the market or used for incubation.

Pigeons are becoming more popular and game birds are getting scarce. Pigeons require very little attention when preparations are made for them. Squab raising is profitable when followed intelligently. Why not try a few pigeons?

Great care is necessary in collecting eggs intended for incubation. The poultryman should always know the parents of the offspring, and for this reason a record should be kept of both hens and cockerel. This is the only way to breed good fowls.

Beginners at poultry keeping tend to overfeed their chickens during the winter—too much grain and too little animal food and green food. Fowls require each of these three kinds of food all the year round in order to keep in vigorous health, and if they are overfed or underfed with either one there is apt to be a loss in vitality that shows itself in the reduced egg production.

HUSTLING IN THE PEAS.

On Progressive Farms the Traction Engine Hauls Them to the Cannery. Not the smallest part of the labor connected with raising peas for the cannery is getting the crop to the factory. The ordinary way, of course, is the wagon. But where great quantities are canned peas are shipped di-



JOY RIDE FOR PEA VINES.

rect to the factory located at a convenient point.

The picture above gives an idea of how the traction engine, which on some farms stands idle most of the year, can be put to good use as an auxiliary in the work of moving unhulled vines.

Take your oldest son into partnership with you and let some of the responsibility of managing the farm fall upon his shoulders. This will please him, and if he is an ambitious, industrious boy he will accelerate his interest and pride in the work of the farm. But do not forget that partnership means that your son is to share the profits as well as the responsibility. Without the profits his interest will hardly increase.

MESSAGE YOUR CROPS.

Experiments Abroad Show That Plants Love Electricity. There is a field of wheat near Evesham which is like no other field of wheat in England, says the London Graphic.

Up north, at Balmakewan, however, there is a field of oats which looks very much like it. On both these fields there are rows of rough telegraph poles, about seventy yards apart and some hundred yards between the rows.

On the top of each pole is an insulator ten times the size of those seen on ordinary telegraph poles. The insulators carry the usual telegraph wire, and extended between the rows there are strands of thin wire, fastened to the telegraph wire, about ten yards apart.

Very soon there will be a difference, perfectly visible to the passerby, between the part of the crop which is below the wires and the part which is not. The difference is due to discharges of electricity from the curious network. It is connected to a wire which runs to a little shed and from that shed to a dynamo at the farm.

But it is what happens in the little shed that matters. The current from the dynamo is transformed to high tension and rectified by Sir Oliver Lodge's well known valves. They look rather like glass fire extinguishers, and they glow in various tints.

There are about twenty-one miles of wire on the induction coil. The shed it is easy to produce in the shed the lightings and cracklings associated with wireless telegraphy, nothing ordinarily happens but a slight sizzling and a much greater generation of ozone than is pleasant.

The field wires are kept running at the high tension of 100,000 volts. Walking below the network bareheaded one feels a sensation as if brushing against spider webs.

For five years now this "crop shocking" has been going on. The result seems to have been in the case of wheat at Evesham an increase in crop of from 25 to 30 per cent. Last year the increase was not more than 23 per cent, but the electric discharges had been much weaker than in previous years. At Balmakewan there has been a marked difference in oats.

Experiments have also been conducted with strawberries and tomatoes at Evesham, again with encouraging results as to yield. One year the electrified strawberries were found to be much sweeter than usual.

Any one who has a dynamo or access to an electric cable could begin experiments in electrification on between five and ten acres at an expenditure of about \$500. To deal with sixty acres the expenditure would be about \$1,000. Apparently what electrification does is to give the plants a kind of electrical massage. That was Sir Oliver Lodge's phrase. The discharges are not needed on fine, sunny days, but in dull weather they take the place of sunshine.

Of course the whole problem of the nutrition of plants is obscure. It is perfectly clear that this discharge of high tension electricity has done something to the crops treated, but what exactly is in some doubt.

So far there is no evidence of shocked plants suffering from premature exhaustion due to overwork. Indeed, there is some reason for believing that the effect of electrification is to give the plant tone and go.

An American worker has shown that electrical discharges help the microorganisms of the soil, so electrification may be doing something in that direction too.

For the Children

Chinese Sunday School Scholars.



© 1911, by American Press Association.

This interesting group of little Chinese children was photographed at the recent meeting in San Francisco of the national Sunday school convention. There was a large number in the group, but only a portion can be seen in the picture. It is ample, though, to give a good idea of their unique appearance in a gathering of Christian children. They assembled to do honor to the national organization, of which they are proud to be a part. They are students at a school established by the Presbyterian church for their benefit and are said to be diligent and obedient scholars.

A Trick Game.

Jennie loved to spring new games on her friends when they came to see her, so she eagerly awaited a little crowd the other day, all members of her class, who invited themselves up after school. This time the new game was called "it" and "it" was a mystery to all the guests but three. These three were allowed to remain in the room with Jennie, while the others were sent into the next room.

In the game of "it" each one is called in in turn and is allowed to ask questions, and as soon as one catches on to "it" she becomes one of the inner circle, and the next one is called in.

"It" is really the person who sits on your left, but before "it" is discovered much fun is experienced.

All in the playground must sit in a circle and must not change their positions during the progress of the game. When the player is called in he is told to ask a question of whomsoever he may please, and the person must answer correctly.

For example, "Is it white?" As everybody present is white, the answer is necessarily "Yes."

The questioner then asks any question, such as "Is it thin?" If the one on the left of the questioner is thin the answer is in the affirmative. The questioner then asks another, "Do you also think it is thin?" And if the one seated on her left is stout she answers "No." And thus the questioner is mystified and must continue until he guesses "it."

"It" should be announced as a trick game.

Counting Out Rhymes.

Here are some counting out rhymes familiar to old as well as young:

Intra, mitra, coutra corn.
Apple seeds and apple thorn;
Fire, brier, limber-lock;
Three geese in one sock.
One flew east; one flew west;
One flew over the cuckoo's nest.

The one who was touched at the last word was "it" and had to catch the others in the game of "tag."

Another rhyme is as follows:
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven.

Still another:
Enl, menl, minl, mo,
Catch an Indian by the toe.
If he hollers let him go.
Enl, menl, minl, mo.

The Duckbill.

When English travelers brought home from Australia descriptions of the duckbill no one believed them, but the story was true all the same. It has the body of an animal covered with glossy hair, and it has the bill of a duck. Its feet are made for swimming and burrowing. Although its ears do not show, it can hear perfectly. Its voice resembles the growl of a small puppy. When asleep it rolls itself into a ball.

Preserving Plants.

In order to preserve the colors of plants it is necessary to kill the specimens quickly, and this can be effected by plunging them for a few seconds in boiling water. If a plant is allowed to die slowly the colors of its leaves and flowers will gradually fade.

America's First White Child.

The first white child born on United States soil was the granddaughter of White, the governor of Roanoke Island. She was christened by the name of Virginia Dare, and her birthday was on Aug. 18, 1587.

Mid-Summer Sale.

We have a few more buggies to close out at prices that take. Studebaker wagons wear the longest because only the best of material are used in their construction; the proportions are correct and the workmanship thorough and painstaking. If you want a buggy, democrat or lumber wagon now is your chance; we also have a fine line of single harness that cannot be duplicated in Cayuga county for the money.

Corn and oat feed and corn meal our own make.

Whole corn, bran, midds, dairy feed, oyster shell, grit, meat scrap and alfalfa meal.

And when it comes to baking you should use either Pillsbury or Gold Medal flour for your bread and Golden Star for pastry.

Feed and flour delivered without extra charge.

J. G. ATWATER & SON
Clear View and Genoa, N. Y.
Dealers in Lumber, Coal, Feed, Farm Implements

NOTHING IN IT

That is, in using a RUBBER STAMP when well printed letter heads give such a Business Air to your Business. LET US PRINT YOUR STATIONERY.

CORPORATIONS.

The greatest danger menacing Republican institutions today is the overbalancing control of city, state and national legislation by the wrongful use of the wealth and power of public service, industrial and financial corporations. The influence which rules may be traced to the close association of political and corporate power. It is a complete system. It defrauds the people, defeats legislation in the public interests and passes laws for the special interests. The only power that can save the government from these corrupting interests is direct nominations, the initiative and the referendum and the recall. They are all expressions of the citizens' desire to wrest legislation from corporate control and restore it to the people.—Senator La Follette.

Thirty Years Together.

Thirty years of association—think of it. How the merit of a good thing stands out in that time—or the worthlessness of a bad one. So there's no guesswork in this evidence of Thos. Ariss, Concord, Mich., who writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for 30 years, and it's the best cough and cold cure I ever used." Once it finds entrance in a home you can't pry it out. Many families have used it forty years. It's the most infallible throat and lung medicine on earth. Unequaled for la-grippe, asthma, hay-fever, croup, quincy or sore lungs. Price 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. S. Banker, Genoa, F. T. Atwater, King Ferry.

Try a Special Notice in THE TIMES. They bring quick returns.

THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

THE FLOWER GARDEN

By BYRON WILLIAMS

EVERY woman should have a flower garden, not alone for the blossoms it yields nor for the added beauty to the landscape, but because working in the soil, in the sunlight, in God's out of doors, is tonic to the nerves and peace to the worried mind.

But every woman does not know how properly to prepare a flower garden. It is true that one may grow some flowers merely by tucking the ground with a crooked stick, strewing the seeds broadcast and letting Nature do her best. This is not satisfactory; this is merely a makeshift for a posy bed. Growing flowers, like everything else worth doing, is worth doing well.

If you will follow a few simple instructions you can become a real flower enthusiast, for the bed prepared will give big results and afford ample bouquets.

In the beginning remember that most flower seeds are tiny particles. You would not plant a bean under a clod of dirt as large as your head and expect the bean to do much. Neither should you plant flower seeds in coarse, cloddy ground for the same reason.

To begin at the beginning, spade into your soil a good fertilizer, being careful to turn over the ground and mix it well with the fertilizer. If you have some wood ashes strew them on the surface before starting to spade. Having spaded the bed, rake off all the stones, pulverize all the clods, pack down with a board and then rake.

It is plain to you that the richest and finest soil should be on the surface, that the tiny seeds may find a ready root bed. Having prepared the bed, do not scatter your seeds broadcast lest when the tiny shoots appear you cannot tell them from weeds.

Lay a board on the bed, stand on the board, make a very shallow drill, say a half inch deep, and drop your seeds at regular distances. When the drill is filled move the board over it and start another drill. By standing on the board you will press the dirt over the seeds just placed. Every time you move the board place two sticks in the edges of the bed to mark where the row is. It is a good plan to slip the flower package over the top of the stick to remind you later what each row contains. If you are methodical keep a register of how many rows are pansies, how many calendulas, etc.

When the bed is finished do not rake lightly over the top of it. The weight of your body on the board will cover the seeds sufficiently. If you disagree with this sprinkle a bit of loose dirt over the rows, but remember that many a flower seed has failed to be a flower because it has been buried under too much soil.

It will be necessary with some flowers to thin out the young plants. Here



JOY IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

is a mistake the amateur almost always makes. She thinks it a pity to disturb the tiny plantlets and leaves them to crowd and fight each other for supremacy. It is a great, crying fact which every flower lover should know that a few plants, well cared for and given plenty of room and cultivation, will entirely surpass a lot of crowded, sparse slips trying to find room.

If you want fine flowers you must cultivate the soil. Many a flower bed has been ruined by too much water and too little cultivation. Don't be afraid to scratch among your flowers. One of the little hand scratchers is convenient, and how it does open the soil for the tonic Nature has ready for her little friends, the flower roots!

Never-water-flowers during the heat of the day. Watch for suckers and slugs. The aphids may be killed with almost any spray, even cold water being effective, but tobacco liquid gives the best results. You can buy the nicotine mixtures at any dealer's.

Some pests must be smothered; others must be strangled or poisoned. Whole oil soap will answer in cases where a coating over the insect is desired, but it is bad smelling stuff, and I have had much better success with bordeaux mixture or nicotine.

Keep your perennials and your annuals in separate parts of the garden. Perennials are always satisfactory because they need so little attention after they are once planted. Some of these will not bloom the first year, but will last a long time after once becoming firmly established.

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 Herbert L. Myers, late of town of LeRoy, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, one of the administrators of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of January, 1912. Dated June 20, 1911. FRANK F. DIXON, Administrator.

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. Cobb, late of the town of LeRoy, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, one of the administrators of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of LeRoy, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of January, 1912. Dated June 20, 1911. WALTER L. CORRY, CLARA E. COBB, Administrators.

Amasa J. Parker, Attorney for Administrators.

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 H. Downing, late of the town of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrators of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of September, 1911. Dated March 1, 1911. MARY H. SILL, GEORGE T. SILL, Administrators.

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 H. Downing, late of the town of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrators of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1911. Dated April 14, 1911. P. W. FETTER, Administrator of estate of George H. Downing, dec'd.

Robert J. Burritt, Attorney for Administrator, Court House, 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 James Smith, late of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1911. Dated April 25th, 1911. J. WALLACE SKINNER, Executor.

Amasa J. Parker, Attorney for Executor, 119 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an Order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of William Vaughn, deceased, formerly of Auburn, New York, and now of the city of Portland, Oregon, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to Benjamin C. Mead, Esq., the attorney of the undersigned administrator of said deceased, at his office, 136 Genesee Street, in the City of Auburn, Cayuga County, New York, on or before the 1st day of November, 1911. Dated April 25th, 1911. ALICE VAUGHN, Administrator.

Benjamin C. Mead, Attorney for Administrator, 125 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To Nelson Holden, Joel Coon, Emily Post, Betsy Wager, Minerva Hall, Sarah Carter, Mary Hunt, Francis Alvord, Charles Hall, George Hall, Sidney Hall, Clara Hall, Margaret Algard, Lewis Coon, Morris Coon, Emily Rayce, Finitte Kavanaugh, Frank Gibbs, Willard Lawton.

Send Greeting: Whereas, George N. Coon of Venice, Cayuga Co., N. Y., has lately applied to our Surrogate's Court of the County of Cayuga for the proof and probate of a certain instrument in writing, dated the 25th day of August, 1910, purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Angeline Holden late of the Town of Genoa in said county, deceased, which relates to both real and personal estate.

Therefore, you and each of you are cited to appear in our said Surrogate's Court, before the Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at his office in the Court House, in the City of Auburn, on the 15th day of September, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and attend the probate of said Last Will and Testament.

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

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Wood, in, Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at the Surrogate's office in the City of Auburn, this 25th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

WALTER E. WOOD, Clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

Robert J. Burritt, Attorney for Petitioner, Office and P. O. Address, Court House, Auburn, N. Y.

A Good Scheme.

An exchange says that the experiment is being tried in some of the Minnesota rural schools, of having the pupils cook their own lunches each day, instead of eating cold ones. The children will take turns in bringing materials, and soups, chowders, cereals and vegetables will be cooked under the supervision of the teacher, enough at a time to supply the whole school.

Attack Like Tigers.

In fighting to keep the blood pure the white corpuscles attack disease germs like tigers. But often germs multiply so fast the little fighters are overcome. Then see pimples; boils, eczema, salt-rheum and sores multiply and strength and appetite fail. This condition demands Electric Bitters to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to expel poisons from the blood. "They are the best blood purifier," writes C. T. Budahn of Tracy, Calif., "I have ever found." They make rich, red blood, strong nerves and build up your health. Try them. 50c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, F. T. Atwater's King Ferry.

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

If You Want the Best Flour for Pastry Buy the Silver Spray.

If you want the best all around flour for bread or pastry, buy the Silver Spray.

Made from the choicest winter wheat. We are going to make the price \$1.35 per sack.

Can sell you a spring patent for \$1.65 per sack.

Every sack of our flour is warranted to give satisfaction or your money refunded.

All goods delivered to any part of the village without extra charge.

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Get Your Money's Worth.

The best grades here cost no more than others charge for inferior goods.

I do not sell on commission I buy my goods direct from the manufacturer and save the jobber's profit.

Sewing Machines.

Carry four makes in stock.—the Singer, Eldredge, New Goodrich and New Royal. They are as good as can be found and sold on a full guarantee. Needs for all machines 1c each.

Pianos.

I have five makes in stock and can get almost any kind desired at a much lower price than the same instrument is offered for elsewhere. Buy here and save the teacher's profit.

VIOLINS, MANDOLINS, GUITARS, BANJOS.

Sheet Music, 1 cent a copy.

Silverware.

The famous 1847 Rogers goods are sold here lower than any other dealer charges.

Watches.

I sell a 15 Jewel movement in a Boss case at the price you pay elsewhere for a 7 jewel movement in a cheap case. Plenty of time to pay. Come in and let us talk it over.

Mondays and Saturdays in store.

F. B. PARKER, Main Street, Moravia.

Lightning! Lightning!

Have your buildings rodged with National Pure Copper Flat Cable and protect them and your lives from destruction. Do it now.

S. S. GOODYEAR,
Goodyears, N. Y.

Ready-to-wear Reductions.

We still have some very desirable styles of

Silk Waists Wash Waists Summer Dresses
Silk Skirts Wool Skirts Cotton Skirts
Silk Coats Wool Coats
Linen Coats
Suits

all of which we offer at the same low prices that have prevailed during the past two weeks.

Buy now, while they will give you good service this season

BUSH & DEAN,
ITHACA, NEW YORK.

The Scrap Book

Corrected.
They've added a new story to the many about Nat Goodwin since that eminent actor was subjected to cruel and unusual punishment by the court in forbidding him to marry again in New York state. It is related that he was recently in a game of poker with Robert Hilliard.

Mr. Hilliard raised.
Mr. Goodwin raised back.
Mr. Hilliard raised back.
Mr. Goodwin raised back.
Mr. Hilliard called.
"What have you, Nat?" asked Mr. Hilliard.
"I have four queens," said Mr. Goodwin.
"Wrong," said Mr. Hilliard. "You had four queens, Nat."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Expectation.
O thou arch-cheat, with bright illusion shod,
Thou shameless herald of fictitious joy,
Full many an hour my trusting heart did toy
With thy delusive hopes, deceitful god!
And many a mile with thee I fondly trod,
Expecting rich delight from promise broad.
But now I know thee for a lying boy
And swear thou shalt not any more annoy
My daily peace nor conjure in my breast
Sweet hopes and fancies that can never be
Converted into fair reality.
So get thee gone, false imp, and let me rest.
Content to wait unmoved and patiently,
Since joys we look for least oft prove the best.

—L. E. F. Barry.

The Most Worthy One.
The late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia was a diplomat of the first order and was possessed of a full share of Celtic wit and kindly humor.
Before the Catholic Standard and the Catholic Times were combined to form one publication there were keen rivalry and much controversy between their proprietors and readers as to which was the more truly representative Roman Catholic organ in Philadelphia. Each sought eagerly to gain the official indorsement of the archbishop. On one occasion a prominent layman tried to trap him into a statement as to which of the two publications he preferred.

"Well, I will give you my opinion," said the archbishop deliberately. "It is certain that the Standard is far ahead of the Times, and it is equally certain that the Times is much above the standard; therefore I prefer to regard as most worthy the one which is thus proved to be superior."

His Huge Sense of Humor.
Uncle Joe Cannon's capacity for tempering his wrath with humor, even when he is wrathful, prompted one congressman to remark:

"In every walk of life a sense of humor is a help and a blessing. At the same time even this may exist in excess. I, for my part, shouldn't care to have so great a sense of humor as a British soldier I once heard about. This soldier was ordered to be fogged. During the fogging he laughed continually. The lash was laid on all the harder, but the rain of blows only seemed to increase his delight.

"What are you laughing at?" the sergeant finally asked.
"Why," the soldier chuckled, "I'm the wrong man."

A Hard Case.
"Percy French told me on one occasion," says Mr. Ramsay Colles in his book, "In Castle and Courthouse," "that he was staying in the country at a house where the landlady professed to give bed and board for 25 shillings a week. 'I assure you,' said French gravely, 'I was there a week before I discovered which was the bed and which was the board.'"

A Concurrent Opinion.
Hon. John O. Bell, attorney general of Pennsylvania, tells the following story:

In many of the interior counties of Pennsylvania there are lay judges who assist the law judges in disposing of miscellaneous cases. Several years ago there was introduced into the legislature a bill to abolish the office of lay judge. Judge Blank, himself a lay judge, appeared before the senate judiciary committee at Harrisburg, which was considering the matter.

His argument was this: "There is before your august body a bill to abolish the office of lay judge. I am in favor of its passage. For ten years I have been a lay judge myself, sitting day by day with a judge learned in the law. But he does all the work, and I have no show. In all these years I have only once been asked for a concurrent opinion, and that was last week, when, after listening to two lawyers argue an equity case for three days, my colleague turned to me and said, 'Judge, don't these go darned long winded lawyers give you a pain?'—Metropolitan Magazine.

Improving on Horsepower.

In Venezuela many years ago a wealthy agriculturist was appointed minister of marine. Being a hard worker, he asked at once for particulars of the fleet. The secretary brought him particulars about the only warship. The details gave length, tonnage and horsepower. At this last the minister stopped the secretary and bade him write down quickly an order to the chief of customs, "Take out these 120 horses at once, and I will send you good mules in their places," explaining that mules were much more economical both as regards food and ability to withstand fatigue.

A FRANK OPINION.

It Relieved the Man and Startled the Railroad President.

During the ninth annual dinner of the Traffic Club of Pittsburg President George F. Baer told this story:

Now, I do not altogether agree with your toastmaster that the public has any great respect for the ability of railroad magnates. I think they do possibly overrate their capacity. I had a very peculiar experience last summer. I was sitting on my porch in Reading after dinner, smoking a cigar, when up the walk came a very tall man with a carpetbag in his hand. He stopped at the bottom of the steps and said, "Be you the president of the



WALKED DOWN THE STEPS AND TURNED

Reading railroad?" I drew up my shoulders and said I was. Then he walked up the steps and said, "What is the price of a ticket from here to Niagara Falls and back?" I said pleasantly: "My dear friend, I do not know. You will have to go down to the ticket office. Do you know where it is?" He said "Yes," picked up his carpetbag, looked at me and said, "You are the president of the Reading railway and don't know the price of a ticket to Niagara Falls and back?" Well, I said I didn't. Then he walked down the steps and turned and, gazing at me for a moment with a look of mingled pity and contempt, said with a sneer, "You are a hell of a railroad president!"

A Stab For John.
At 3 o'clock one morning Mr. Young crept softly up the stairs after a night of dissipation at the club. All was still in the house, but unfortunately as he opened the door of the bedroom he stepped on the tail of the cat. A penetrating screech resounded through the house. "John," said the wife, awakening, "don't you think it's rather late to be singing? The neighbors might complain!"

Two Spells.
In one of the interior counties of New York state there lives an aged Scotchman who by native shrewdness has made a fortune and has done it without the slightest bit of education. One day he and an acquaintance were talking, when the latter said to old Duncan:

"Say, Duncan, you don't know enough to go in when it rains. Why, you can't even spell bird."

"B-u-r-d," muttered old Duncan.
"I tell you, you don't know anything. Why, if you had to spell to make a living you'd have been dead years ago. I'll bet you a hundred right now you can't spell bird."

"I'll take you," quickly replied Duncan.
After the money was put up Duncan said:
"B-i-r-d."
"That ain't the way you spelled it the first time."
"I wasn't betting then."

Sigbee and the Burglar.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning of the birthday of young Charlie Sigbee, son of Admiral Sigbee. Charlie rushed into the admiral's room, grasped him convulsively by the shoulders and blurted into his ear:

"Wake up! Wake up! There's a man in the house!"

The admiral, true to his martial instincts, leaped out of bed, grasped his deadly marine revolver, batted his eyes in expectancy of a bloody encounter and asked his son:

"Where is he?"
"Here he is," said Charlie, with all the effectiveness of melodrama. "I'm twenty-one today."—Popular Magazine.

Paid the Form.

They were four innocent girls, dressed in snowy white. Each carried a big card, on one side of which was a large letter. As they filed on to the stage of the great Sunday school gathering they held the cards with the lettered side toward themselves, but reversed them one by one as each repeated a verse beginning with the letter of the card which she held in her hands.

When all four had spoken there was to be displayed the word "STAR." But when they had said their verses and turned their letters to the gaze of the audience they were surprised at the unprecedented roar of laughter with which they were greeted instead of the anticipated hum of pleased comment and the clapping of hands.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D. D.

THE GOD OF THE FIRE.
Text, "I am come to send fire upon the earth."—Luke xii, 49.

See the disciples start! No wonder! The Prince of Peace a firebrand! Queer teaching. Fire's the agent of death, not life. The world gasps with horror at San Francisco's holocaust. Mother's earliest admonition to children is not to play with matches. The clang of the iron throated fire bell in the night arouses man in terror. Middle ages put the devil in authority on lake of fire; Dante describes those infernal regions in bloodcurdling strain; Dore sketches them with livid brush. If the devil is ruler of the region of fire, how strange to read that our God is a God of fire! Isn't that an anomaly? No. Fire is the chosen sign of God from flaming sword at paradise to flaming tongues at Pentecost. Every new epoch initiated with fire. Pillar of fire in wilderness; fire at dedication of tabernacle; Shekinah fire burning continually in temple. The figure is woven into our daily speech. Ardent natures, enthusiasm that kindles, passions that burn. We complain of coolness, icy reserve, cold manner.

No vegetation above timber line on Pike's peak—too cold. "The utter absence of heat and life in the arctic makes our existence intolerable," observes Nansen. All animal and vegetable life depends on fire and heat for creation and development. Flowers, bees, birds, mankind, thrive in the sun. "Say, auntie," I call to the old black mammy working in her garden, "why don't you plant your garden on this side the house? Then us white folks could see it from the road." "Humph," she grunts, "some preachers got religion 'n not much else. Maw'n's sun straks this po'ch an' in de afternoon de flower bed. Nuthin' grows on that nawth side. Grown's too cold. Seeds got to have wa'm'th to grow." The sun shines, blossoms come, harvest fields bow their heads with golden grain, orchard branches weighted with fruit. I know a church that needs warmth. Chill of worldliness is there. Sermons are beautiful, but it's the frigid beauty of winter landscape. Altars are there, but fires are out. Wish some Elijah would challenge them to prove "the God that answereth by fire." A cook stove in the church basement doesn't always mean spiritual warmth.

Fire Means Testing.
Know America's greatest extravagance apart from drink? Fire! Last year more than half the value of all the year's building. Millions go up in smoke. "Loss covered by insurance." Never! Any more than lost sleep or lost years can be recovered. But while fire destroys it reveals much. When the quake and fire were over in Frisco what revelations! Vanity and dishonesty in building lay bare. Pretentious ornament and flimsy construction everywhere. "Say, Jim, see that man going there? That's Smith, the builder. All his buildings stood!" There's a eulogy! I'd rather be Smith than commander of a battleship fleet. Chinatown had a cleansing, first time in fifty years. Stand at the kiln door of Trenton pottery. "Why do you need such heat?" "To bake the impurity out of the clay." I peer in at the men moving like figures in Dante's "Inferno" at Steelton. "Why such great blast furnaces?" "No steel without removal of baser metals and alloys." Fire either changes or destroys.

Beacon Fires of Triumph.
"I came to bring a sword," says Christ. Sometimes it's the fire of battle. "There's a time of war and a time of peace," says Solomon. "War is hell." Indeed, but many a movement for the betterment of humanity has gone forward on a powder cart. Many a fearful wrong has been stopped only by fire and sword. The record of the sixties tells when surrender of Lee was announced throughout the north, and many portions of the south peace fires were lighted. Men and women shed tears of joy about them. No more rifles belching forth fire, no more rifle barrels spitting tongues of flame. Now only campfires of peace. Two years later England was burning beacon fires of jubilee in honor of her queen. From Malvern Hill the signal was given; in eight minutes it flashed from every hill all the way to the lake country in Cumberland. If Christ came to bring fire and a sword He also came to bring peace.

When Christ went home the fire of the Spirit was sung earthward. Kindled in upper room at Jerusalem, it soon spread through the city, then Judea and Samaria. Presently Asia Minor was blazing through that other firebrand, Paul, the Christian. Soon the sparks fly across the archipelago into Macedonia, then into Greece itself. By and by Rome is visited by the gospel fire, then from Europe across the Atlantic to America, everywhere "his ministers a flame of fire," telling the story with words that glow and burn and kindle. At the last the world itself to be destroyed by the fire of his judgment. Any piece of safety? Out on the prairie, no rain for many weeks, tall grass parched and dry, careless herdsman drops a match; in instant the wind fans it; five minutes later it is a wall of fire twenty feet high. Frontiersman caught. Outrun it with swiftest horse? Never! Quickly at his feet he starts another blaze. Flat on that burned grass he safely waits. Over 1,800 years ago the fire of God's wrath swept over Calvary. On its bleak rock we will safely stand on day of world's doom.



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GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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,
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No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.
The great political campaigns are now at hand, and you want the news accurately and promptly. The World long since established a record for impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-A-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily.
THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 166 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE GENOA TRIBUNE together for one year for \$1.65.
The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.

Farmers, Take Notice!
any of you have old plow points, throws in the old junk pile. Now I can draw them out for a small cost to you and some have told me they have worked better than when new. Now is the time to get your wagons and farm tools repaired, wood work and irons repaired at Huson's, Genoa, N. Y.

Mrs. Fones and the Brass Key

How She Discovered Her Husband's Secret

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"Goodby, dear," said Henry Fones as he kissed his pretty wife farewell. "Expect me home on Friday," and he dashed for the elevator. Pauline waved him a last goodby from the window, five stories above the sidewalk, and then proceeded to set her house in order.

In due course she reached the bedroom, where the belongings of her husband were scattered from one end of the apartment to the other. She was hanging up a blue serge coat when a brass key tumbled from a pocket and struck the polished floor with a challenging ring.

"What a funny key!" thought Pauline as she picked it up and examined it closely.

"What a curious key!" she remarked after awhile. "I wonder what door it fits." Whereupon Pauline Fones, who was ordinarily the least curious of young women, deliberately tried to fit that key into every keyhole in the apartment, not even omitting the chifoniers and the refrigerator.

Mrs. Fones was baffled in her effort to find a keyhole to fit the brass key, and now she sat down, warm and rather out of sorts, to examine the thing. It was of quaint design, with a long slender shank terminating in a twisted handle. Complicated, indeed, must be the lock which this key fitted. Perhaps it was the key to some piece of furniture in the railroad office, where her husband was assistant to the claim agent, and so she laid it aside and tried to forget all about it.

But all sorts of unwelcome thoughts crowded her brain as she went to and fro, and she could not repress a shudder each time she passed the shining key.

Before she sat down to a solitary luncheon Pauline determined to banish the specter of suspicion that haunted her now, to her own dismay. She carried the brass key to the clothes press and dropped it in the pocket of the blue serge coat with a little laugh at her own foolishness in distrusting such a simple, open minded man as Henry was. As she withdrew her hand her fingers touched a bit of paper, and Pauline blushed as she found herself drawing out several yellow telegrams fastened together with a brass clip.

She read the first message, that on top of the pile, and sank down upon the nearest chair with a frightened cry. Her suspicions had not been groundless. What was this dreadful thing her husband had done—was about to do?

The message stood out clearly—nay, it blazed in her dismayed eyes:
J. Henry Fones—Sending body today. Wire if you can use it. Fair condition.

The other telegrams referred to the same greivous subject; other bodies had been sent, some in "fine condition," others "badly broken," still others "bad, beyond repair."

The first one, however, bore the date of the day before, and her husband's sudden departure for a vague "out of town" destination furnished a clew to the messages. Her husband had appeared embarrassed when she pressed him for a reason for his sudden departure; now she recollected that these mysterious absences had been occurring with greater frequency as the spring advanced.

He had been looking haggard and careworn of late, and he had complained of being dead tired day after day. Was all the mystery to be disclosed by the finding of the brass key and the incriminating telegrams? She must find Henry at once and beg him, persuade him, to cease this horrible traffic in— Pauline shuddered and closed her eyes.

But not for long. She was a plucky little woman, and now that her eyes were opened she lost no time in seeking her husband.

Her first act was to telephone his office and casually inquire where a telegram would reach the assistant claim agent. The reply made her heart beat faster as she hastily dressed herself to go out:

"Mr. Fones is at Cliffedge—you can reach him today or tomorrow by wire if it is a personal matter."

"It is personal," said Pauline.

Cliffedge—of all places! That little summer resort on the shore where she and Henry had hoped to build a cottage some day. What was he doing there, unless—unless this awful business was transacted in that peaceful spot?

Quite convinced that her husband was temporarily insane, Pauline purchased a ticket for Cliffedge and hastened to the side of that unfortunate man. In her hand bag were the brass key and the bunch of telegrams.

It was a brief half hour's ride to Cliffedge, and she was glad to leave the stuffy coach and emerge into the crisp, salt laden air of the seashore. A short ride in the long stage, a hesitating inquiry of the red faced driver, and she was set down at the end of a long plank walk that skirted the beach.

"Foller that walk and you'll find Mr. Fones down to his cottage—it's the last one in the row and sets off by itself," advised the driver as he whipped up his horse and left her standing there,

a forlorn little figure weighted by a terrible secret.

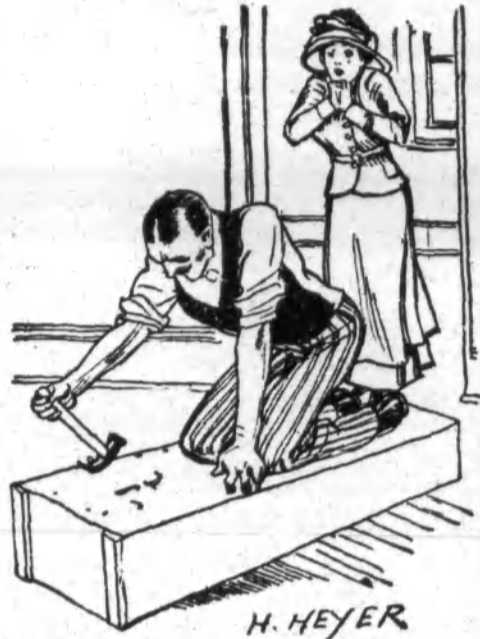
The cottages were empty, for it was the month of May and the season had been backward, but the last cottage in the row bore unmistakable signs of occupancy.

It was the sweetest cottage—the very cottage she and Henry had dreamed of building. She had seen the plan in her favorite magazine and cut it out and pasted it in a little scrap book she had compiled from various advertisements of house furnishings and illustrated articles on seaside homes.

Now it was before her. What malevolent distemper had prompted her husband to select her house of dreams for this dreadful secret of his? She crept around to the front door, which faced the sea, and was relieved to see that newspapers were pinned up at the windows. She pulled out the brass key and thrust it in the lock.

It fitted perfectly, and the bolt shot easily back. The door yielded to her light pressure, and she entered a small living room.

She stepped softly across the floor and paused. Within a second room was her husband, coatless, hatless,



H. HEYER

"HENRY, IS THERE A BODY IN THAT BOX?" kneeling on a long, narrow pine box, from which he was jerking nails with a clawed hammer. His head was bent, and he had not heard her quiet entrance.

All at once Pauline was cool and collected. "Henry," she said evenly, "is there a body in that box?"

Mr. Fones sat back on his heels, his mouth wide open, a guilty expression in his eyes. "Polly!" he gasped.

"What are you doing here?"

"Henry, is there a body in that box?" repeated his wife calmly.

"A—a—what?" demanded Henry Fones, aghast.

Pauline's voice was unwavering. "A body!"

Henry arose and went around the box and placed a loving hand on her shoulder. "Polly, what is the matter? Are you ill?" he queried anxiously.

"Henry Fones," she quavered all of a sudden, "how could you do it? I have discovered everything!"

"Everything?" repeated her husband sheepishly. "And I believed I had covered my trail pretty thoroughly. I didn't want you to know, dearest."

"I should think not!" cried Pauline hysterically. "Oh, Henry, you must fly at once, but first do get rid of the—bodies!"

Henry Fones shook his wife vigorously. "Polly Fones, are you crazy with your talk of bodies? What do you mean?" he demanded sternly, and it was with this tone of his that brought Pauline back to herself.

"I have found all these, Henry," she said, bringing out the batch of telegrams. "All your dreadful secret."

Mr. Fones scanned them carelessly. "What about 'em?" he demanded.

"What do they mean, Henry?" She pointed accusingly to the fatal word in each message.

For one instant he stared, puzzled, then he threw his head back in a roar of laughter that echoed through the little house. "Bless your dear heart, Polly," he said at last, wiping the tears from her pretty eyes, "you've been a railroad man's wife for three years and don't know that it means freight car bodies. Some of them have been in wrecks and need repairing, and others are worn out. When they take the trucks from under them the upper part is called the 'body.' Oh, lordy, what a lot of incriminating evidence you've piled up against me!" He folded her in his arms and kissed away her chagrin. He magnanimously forgave her for her lack of faith in him; he explained to her that the numbers at the end of the message signified the serial number of the car and was its mark of identity.

Then she told him about the brass key and asked the question which had been hovering on her lips for several minutes. "What are you doing here, Henry Fones?" and Henry Fones promptly explained.

"It's the House of Dreams, dear—it's my surprise for our wedding anniversary, the 15th of June. I've worked every spare moment since the outside was completed to get it ready for you. I borrowed three days from my vacation in order to run down here, and now I am discovered! Don't smother me, quite, Polly, darling! Oh, I almost forgot—the first question you asked me, dear. This long box contains—don't shudder—window shades!"

"I feel like Bluebeard's wife," smiled Pauline as she gave the brass key to her husband.

"Look there, Polly, read that," returned Henry, holding the brass key close to her eyes.

There on the slender shank something was engraved in fine lettering. "House of Dreams," it said.

All at once the lettering was hidden by the happy tears that fell from Pauline's eyes.

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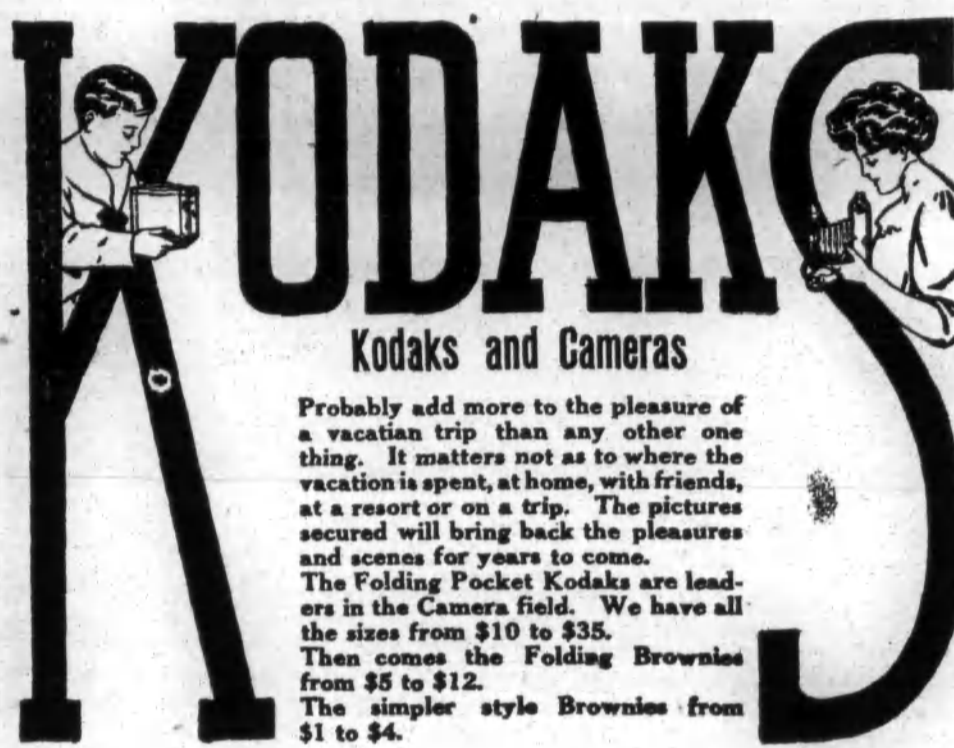
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