

# The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXI. No. 12.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1911.

EMMA A. WALDO

## From Nearby Towns.

### Merrifield.

Oct. 16—The Baptist L. A. S. will meet with Mrs. Wm. Coulson, Sr., Wednesday afternoon of this week. There will be a concert in the Universalist church next Sunday at 8 o'clock.

It is expected that representatives of the Laymen's Missionary Movement will conduct the services in the Baptist church next Sunday at the usual hour.

Miss Anna O'Neill of Port Byron was the guest of R. B. Eaker and family four days last week.

Richard Neville and wife of Colorado have been spending their honeymoon in this vicinity visiting the several branches of the Neville family.

John Mather of Moravia is visiting his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Morgan.

A small blaze was started in the evaporator last Friday evening but it was discovered and extinguished by the night watchman, C. F. Wheat, before much damage was done.

Joseph Maher and wife are spending a week in Auburn. Mr. Maher has sold his farm and will move to Auburn in the near future.

Dr. Charles Atwood and George Wheat of Moravia were in town Saturday.

Mrs. Hulda Wheat is under the doctor's care.

Mrs. James Hartnett spent Thursday and Friday with friends in Auburn.

Miss Ethel Pope is ill at the home of her parents and under the care of Dr. Bowen.

Mrs. McDonald attended the funeral of Mrs. Flynn in Auburn last Friday.

John, Fred and Floyd Wheat of Moravia were Sunday guests of Mrs. Hulda Wheat and family.

J. A. Gould and wife are entertaining Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Hemans of Auburn for a few days.

Benjamin Baldwin of Geneva and Gaylord Baldwin of Auburn spent Saturday night and Sunday in town.

Miss Edna Gulliver of Fleming spent the week-end with Allen Hoxie and family.

Grove Page of Throopville visited Wm. Body and wife the past week.

Dr. Frank Kenyon of Auburn was a recent guest of his niece, Mrs. Joseph Wyant.

Miss Margaret Hogan of Auburn visited Miss Anna Grant the last of the week.

### East Venice.

Oct. 16—Mrs. Herman Taylor returned home Sunday after spending a few days with her aunt, Miss Fannie Hurlbut of Moravia.

Simeon Signor and wife spent Sunday at Casper Nettleton's.

Mrs. Eva Sickles and daughter Virginia have been visiting the past week at her father's, Mr. Eri Bowker of Mandans.

Mrs. Frank Whitten and Mrs. Jesse Whitten were in Auburn on business recently.

Clyde Conklin and wife were over-Sunday guests at Clyde Metzgar's, Groton.

Mrs. Fay Teeter spent a few days of last week at Ray Smith's, Moravia.

Lewis Lester and wife and Miss Cora Osborne were in Auburn Saturday.

N. G. Arnold and wife were Sunday callers at R. T. Doty's.

Mrs. Howard Bush and daughter Evelyn returned home Thursday, after spending a few days in Auburn.

Mrs. Abbie Rogers, who has been ill for a long time at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. T. Doty, passed away to-day. Miss Isabelle Norman has been caring for her for a short time.

Oct. 18—Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Sisson are attending the meetings of Presbyterian Synod in Auburn this week.

Willard Doty is expected to arrive home from Chicago to-day to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Smith of Cortland are guests at R. T. Doty's.

### Notice Farmers.

I am now prepared to pay the highest market price for calves, hogs, lambs, sheep, &c., delivered every Thursday at Genoa.

F. P. MARBLE, Genoa.

### Ludlowville.

Oct. 16—Dr. W. G. Fish has finished moving his goods from his recent home in this village to his new home in Ithaca.

Those who have commenced digging potatoes report a light crop.

Howard VanAuken has a position as fireman on the L. V. R. E., Lake Shore branch.

Mrs. Helen Morgan of Trumansburg is spending a few weeks with Mrs. I. A. Underwood.

Born, Oct. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Elmore Ludlow, a daughter—Helen Marie.

Miss Margaret Brooks of Ithaca is spending sometime on her farm.

Rev. W. E. Smith has left this place, having been appointed conference evangelist at the conference recently held in Syracuse. He has moved his family to Homer. The new minister, Rev. G. H. Winkworth, has occupied the pulpit two Sundays and is well liked.

A debate was held at the Union school last Friday evening for the benefit of the piano fund.

Mrs. Vincent McJerny is staying for a time at the Goodwin House.

Mrs. Henry Eberhardt of Warren, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Bailey.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Drake of Lansing Station on Oct. 5, a daughter, Helen. The family is well known in this place.

The property of the late Mrs. Benjamin was recently appraised.

Miss Lillian Clark is home from her school, ill with appendicitis. It was feared last week that an operation was necessary, but she is improving.

Mrs. C. O. Rhodes and son Everett of Groton, the Misses Minnie Myers and Augusta Shepherd of this place, Mrs. Wm. Starner and son Levi, and Rev. F. Allington and wife have all been recent guests of Mrs. I. A. Underwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Ford of Seneca Falls were week-end guests of Lansing friends.

Garfield Towaley is ill of pleurisy under the care of Dr. Allen.

Mrs. Wm. VanBurger recently fell down the cellar steps, bruising herself quite badly.

Pliny Baker has bought the Hartom and McKnight places and moved into the Hartom house.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Howell recently entertained J. J. Hartley of Wilmington, Del.

Sam Morey has sold a valuable cow to John I. Bower.

George Willis has moved from the Brown house on the creek road to North Lansing where he will live with his sister, Mrs. Israel Robinson.

Robin Towaley, formerly of this place, is now on the road with the Cifton Mallory Theatrical company. He is now in the northern part of the State and expects to tour the Eastern States with two weeks in New York city and Brooklyn and tour the West.

We have no blacksmith here now. Davis Osmun left with the workmen who built the railroad bridge at Myers.

Mrs. Blanche Hornbrook has returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives in New York city.

Mrs. J. C. Beebe recently visited her son Roscoe in Elmira.

Word has been received from Mrs. Anna M. Humphreys saying that they reached their new home safely and that her arm is doing nicely. Jesse Foulkes is helping them settle.

### Pine-Holley.

Isaac Pine of Ellsworth and Miss Harriet J. Holley of Union Springs were married Thursday afternoon, Oct. 12, at 4:30 by Rev. E. L. James, pastor of the Second Baptist church of Auburn, at the parsonage in East Genesee street. The couple were attended by Edgar H. Moss and Fannie K. Voeburg of Auburn. Mr. and Mrs. Pine will reside in Union Springs.

### It's Equal Don't Exist.

No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises; Sores, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Eczema; Salt Rheum. For Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands or Sprains it's supreme. Unrivaled for Piles. Try it. Only 25c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

### Five Corners.

Oct. 17—The West Genoa and Five Corners W. C. T. U. will hold their next meeting at Mrs. S. B. Mead's next Friday, Oct. 27. A business meeting will be held and a dinner will be served at 1 o'clock. A very cordial invitation is extended. A report of the late convention will be given at that time.

Miss Celia Dennis of New Hope has been spending a few days with her friend, Mrs. Clyde Mead.

Truman Smith and wife of Groton City spent this week Monday at John Palmer's. Mrs. Smith remained for a few days to assist in the care of her mother, Mrs. Hattie Bingham, who is very ill at that place.

Mrs. Will Ferris is at her parents home near Moravia for a few days.

Mrs. David Knox and daughter, Mrs. Will Haskins, are spending a few days with relatives near Trumansburg.

C. W. Keeler and wife of Moravia were last Sunday guests at Will Ferris'.

Ferris & Ferris are making some repairs on their barn.

Mrs. Delmer Singer of Genoa will be at the home of Mrs. Chas. Barger on Tuesday, Oct. 24, instead of Wednesday as heretofore, with her display of millinery goods.

The many friends of Mrs. Elwood Stoughton are pleased to learn that she is rapidly recovering from her long and severe illness.

Mrs. Martha French moved this week to Genoa where with her son Craig she will have rooms in the Hill house.

We are very sorry for the mistake which was made in the last week's items in regard to the benefit social for the family of M. J. VanNess. Your scribe understood it was under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of Belltown but later have heard it was not. We hope the ladies of the society will overlook the mistake. We ought all as a community feel interested in assisting at such a time. Even if it was under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid they ought not to feel indignant but go to the front and assist.

Misses Mattie DeRemer and Mary King of Ludlowville spent last Saturday with the former's parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ferris made a business trip to Ithaca this week Tuesday.

Mrs. Turk is moving to Syracuse this week where her husband has secured a position.

Paul Faba, James O'Daniels and Leroy Mann each fell out of apple trees while picking apples last week. Some of them were quite severely hurt. We hear of many similar accidents this fall.

Mrs. John Smith and two sons, Stanley and Raymond, from near Ithaca, visited at the home of Walter Hunt last Saturday and Sunday and also called on Mrs. Hannah Stevenson.

Miss Iva Barger of Ludlowville spent Friday and Saturday with her grandparents. Miss Florence Knox also spent Saturday night with Iva at the same place.

Master Lasele Palmer spent a week ago last Saturday at the home of Mrs. Bertha Signor, returning home Sunday.

### Tectorium.

Tectorium, a substitute for glass, is prepared by applying a varnish to a finely meshed iron wire fabric. The varnish consists principally of good linseed oil, in which the vertically hanging wire fabric is repeatedly dipped up to as many as twelve times.

### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Sage.

Oct. 16—Mrs. Fama Smith is having the roof of her sitting room raised for a sleeping room.

Mrs. Ernest Teeter received a vacuum cleaner for her birthday present.

Miss Leah Clark, teacher at Sage, spent the Sabbath at her home near Esty's.

Rev. Frank Allington was returned again this year. All are glad to have him another year.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris and daughter Alberta spent a few days last week with relatives at Newfield.

Ernest Teeter, wife and daughter, Mrs. Clarence Snyder and son Leon, spent Sunday with Mr. Teeter's nephew, Wm. Teeter at East Venice.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Parkins, Oct. 8, a son.

Mr. Tracey expects soon to move to South Lansing. For several years Mr. Tracey has operated one of the most up-to-date farms in the county.

Mrs. John Maloney expects to spend the winter with relatives in Ohio.

Jacob Teeter of Ithaca has been spending some time with W. E. Davis. Mr. Teeter has sold his trotting horse to parties in Ithaca.

Word received from Miss Mary Teeter, who is in a hospital in Rochester, states that she is improving.

### King Ferry.

Oct. 17—Chester King and family and Mortimer King, all of Cleveland, Ohio, have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. King.

Mrs. Sara Ryder will occupy her home during the winter months with Miss Rebecca Mead for companion.

The first of a series of entertainments to be held in the Presbyterian church during the winter was held Oct. 12 and was greeted by a large attendance. The entertainment was very fine and greatly enjoyed.

F. T. Atwater and son have recently placed a new lighting system in their store.

Frank Burgett of Binghamton has been visiting his brother, J. E. Burgett.

Dr. F. A. Dudley, being in very poor health, is spending some time at Ithaca.

Wm. Murphy of Moravia made a business trip in this section last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Emmons of Ithaca spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wicks of Truxton visited his brother, Melvin Wicks a few days since.

The game officers ought to be looking after the Sunday hunting.

A new barn is being erected on the Ledyard Stewart farm.

### Ellsworth.

Oct. 17—Dan Snushall spent Sunday in Sciopville.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gould entertained S. Berrels and wife of Auburn Sunday. Mrs. W. Berrels was a guest at Mr. Farmer's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Corey were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Moshier in Merrifield Sunday.

Isaac Pine of this place and Miss Harriet Holley of Union Springs were quietly married in Auburn, Oct. 12.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bench have a little daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Myers have a little son.

The Cayuga Lake Grange held their regular meeting at the home of the W. M., H. E. Bradley, Thursday evening last with a full attendance.

The meetings during the summer have not been attended, but now the busy season is over they will be continued.

The grape harvest at Eagle Cliff vineyard finished last week. They have all been sold in bulk this year.

Carter Husted packs for the city market yet.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Streeter have a housekeeper from Syracuse, at present.

### Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to those who so kindly assisted us during the sickness and death of our beloved wife, mother and sister; also to Rev. T. J. Bearis for his comforting remarks and to the choir for their beautiful singing.

DANIEL MARBLE, FRANK P. MARBLE, EDWARD MARBLE, MRS. ELLA EDDY.

### North Lansing.

Oct. 17—Dana Singer, who recently suffered severe injuries by falling from a tree, has had a very severe attack of pleurisy, but is much better, while very weak. Dr. Willoughby of Genoa has charge of the case.

Mrs. Esther Hill of Groton has been visiting Mrs. Mary Small.

Mrs. Martin Stowell's brother is staying with her for a short time. During the winter the hour for preaching will be 1 o'clock instead of 2 o'clock p. m. Sunday school will follow the preaching service.

Al Lanterman returned Monday to the store.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Smith of Groton City spent Sunday night at Mrs. Small's on their way to Five Corners.

Daniel DeCamp is better. Charles Osmun is sick.

Invitations are out for Jay Miller's wedding, but as he goes to Florida for his wife, few from here, if any, will attend.

Mrs. Dorothy Wilcox is suffering from a broken shoulder bone, as the result of a fall to-day. While about the house, she tripped her foot in some way, and fell.

### The Best Investment for \$1.75

There is no other way to spend \$1.75 and get so much lasting pleasure for every member of the family as for a year's subscription to The Youth's Companion.

For the boys there are the fine articles by experts in athletic sports on the best practice in football, the knack of pitching, new "kinks" in swimming and sprinting—everything that interests the active, high-minded boy. For the girls there is encouragement for all wholesome activities indoors and out, from dainty dishes to dainty dress. For the household there is good advice about gardening, handy contrivances, ways of stretching the nickels and dimes.

This reading is all in addition to the ordinary treasury of stories, articles by celebrated men and women, the unequalled miscellany, the invaluable doctor's article, the terse notes on what is going on in all fields of human endeavor.

It will cost you nothing to send for the beautiful Announcement of The Companion for 1912, and we will send with it sample copies of the paper.

Do not forget that the new subscriber for 1912 receives a gift of The Companion's Calendar for 1912, lithographed in ten colors and gold, and all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1911 free from the time the subscription is received.

Only \$1.75 now for the 52 weekly issues, but on January 1, 1912, the subscription price will be advanced to \$2.00.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at THE TRIBUNE Office.

### In Genoa Until Nov. 1.

All who wish anything in my line of work can call at Dr. Skinner's barn until Nov. 1. After that, I will be at the residence of Clinton Backus at Union Springs.

WARREN A. COUNSELL, Genoa, N. Y.

### Climbs to St. Bernard's Pass.

The Groton Journal of last week contained the following concerning the travels of G. P. Conger, well known in Genoa: "A postcard has been received from G. P. Conger, formerly of Groton, who is now in Europe on a traveling fellowship won while he was a student in Union Theological Seminary in New York.

The card was written from Chamouix, on Sept. 22. He says that on the 20th he climbed up to the Great St. Bernard Pass, through which Napoleon went in 1800. Mr. Conger says he had been on a trip to Munchen, Oberammergau, Innsbruck, Toblach, Verona, Padua, Ravenna, Florence, Pisa, Pavia, Milan, Zermatt, Great St. Bernard, Martigny, and Chamouix."

"I am now waiting for the clouds to roll by," he says, "so I can see Mt. Blanc. I then go to Geneva and Paris, in which latter place I am to enter the university and stay at least until Christmas, possibly then going to Oxford and Glasgow."

## Dr. J. W. Whitbeck.

### DENTIST

Genoa, N. Y. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, Corner of Main and Maple Streets.

Dentistry done in all branches; best of materials used; satisfaction guaranteed.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain by Sleep Vapor, administered by a physician, also the best Hypodermic. Charges reasonable as elsewhere, consistent with good work.

No Extracting of Teeth after dark.

M. KEMPER WILLOUGHBY, M. D. GENOA, N. Y.

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

Miller 'Phone. Special attention given to diseases of digestion and kidneys.

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

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

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

DR. J. W. SKINNER, Homoeopathist and Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.

Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Cancer removed without pain by escharotic. Office at residence.

### Veterinary and Dentist

Joseph Mosher, V. S., D. V. S. GENOA, N. Y.

Office over Peck's Hardware. Miller Phone.

### R. W. HURLBUT,

Real Estate, Loans, &c. Farms and Village Property.

P. O. Locke, N. Y.

### FIRE!

E. C. HILLMAN,

GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE. Levanna, N. Y.

Agent for the following companies: Glens Falls, The Home, Fire Association of Philadelphia, The Sun of London, The Queen, and The Spring Garden.

Regular trip every thirty days.

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

Genoa, N. Y.

Rev. T. J. Searis, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

11 a. m., Preaching service. 12:30 p. m., Sunday school. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. 7:30 p. m., Evening worship.

Mid-week Service, Wednesday evening at 7:30. A Cordial Welcome Extended to all.

### J. WILL TREE,

BOOK BINDING ITHACA.

Orders taken at THE GENOA TRIBUNE office.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

### Motherhood

is the highest type of womanhood.

Scott's Emulsion

is the highest type of curative food.

The nourishing and curative elements in Scott's Emulsion are so perfectly combined that all (babies, children and adults) are equally benefited and built up.

Be sure to get SCOTT'S—it's the Standard and always the best.

ALL DRUGGISTS

# CHATTANOOGA



## A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY BY F. A. MITCHEL.

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You will find everything provided for you. You may not consent at once, but doubtless she will in time. Now I must have pen and paper."

"You are a good man, stranger. You treat us fair. Hadn't you better send the letter when you get no'th?"

"No. I must write it tonight. I am by no means safe; my neck is still in a halter."

The man led the way to his bedroom, where the old woman was sleeping. There he produced writing materials, and Mark wrote an order which, whether he lived or not, insured the future of his two friends, his preservers among the "poor white trash" of Tennessee.

In the morning, after the pork and corn bread meal of the country, the travelers again got into the carriages. While they were standing before the gate prior to departure Mark saw Souri out by the well-house. He went there to bid her goodbye.

"Souri," he said, "I wish there was some way in which I could show you the gratitude I feel toward you. When I think of my fate, had you not appeared in the nick of time to save me by your wit and daring and sacrifice, I feel that I would like to make some corresponding sacrifice for you."

"Laws, I didn't do nothin'. Besides"—she leaned over the well and looked down into its depths—"you uns and me is too differ. You uns is a gentleman, and I air poor white trash."

There was an inexpressible melancholy in her tone.

"Souri," Mark went on, "I have made an arrangement with your father to make a lady of you. I can't make such a sacrifice for you as you have made for me; that is impossible; but I can do this if you will act with me and consent to the plan. I shall be off in a moment, and before I go I want you to promise me that you will consent. I am still in danger, and you must grant me this as perhaps a last favor."

The girl burst into tears.

"Promise."

"I don't keer what I do."

"Do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

With a pressure of the hand he turned away, and stalking to the gate got into the carriage beside Laura. Daniel and Mrs. Fain had started. Mark followed, and had gone but a short distance when he heard Jakey calling to him. He pulled in the pony and waited for the boy to come up. Jakey was holding something out to him, which, as he drew nearer, Mark recognized as the red silk handkerchief.

"Souri sent it ter' y'."

"Tell her that I'll never part with it."

"N I got the squirrel gun," said the boy.

"All right, Jakey. Keep it to remember me by."

Mark grasped the boy's hand and then drove on. Laura Fain leaned back on the cushions in silence.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THOMAS GREEN AND WIFE.

MARK designed driving to Anderson, some twelve miles from the Slacks' house, whence he knew there was a road leading up in the mountains through a place called Altamont, some twenty miles farther, to McMinnville. He was informed by people he met on the road that Altamont had been recently occupied in force by the Union troops. With luck they might reach the Union lines, which would doubtless extend several miles from Altamont, that afternoon.

"Within six hours," said Mark, "I shall either be safe among Union soldiers or on my way back to Chattanooga."

Laura shuddered, but said nothing.

Mark found a very different condition of affairs at Anderson from what he had found along the road. The Confederates had some cavalry force there and more at Dunlap, five miles north. On the road he heard that General Bragg was at Dunlap, but with no troops save cavalry.

"I see it all," said the spy to himself. "The wily fox is confronting our forces with a handful of cavalry, while the two divisions of Cheatham and Withers are marching north behind him, and the main force has gone to Knoxville by rail on a still farther east. No wonder our generals are puzzled and watching a line from Battle creek to Cumberland gap. If the Lord will only let me get through to carry this information, I'll never ask to live to go on another such expedition."

The party were stopped near Anderson by a picket. Mrs. Fain produced her pass and stated that the two behind were in her company. The officer took no especial care in reading it, and when Mark and Laura came up they got safely through without question.

Mark was now anxious about the picket which must be passed in a few minutes on the road leading west from Anderson. Mrs. Fain was still ahead, and he hoped that all would go as well as at the picket just passed. Not a word was spoken between him and Laura; both dreaded getting out of An-

derson, but once past the next picket they would breathe easier.

When they reached it Mrs. Fain had been passed through and gone on. The officer in command, however, had read the pass carefully. He had not noticed any mention of Mark in it.

"Where's your pass?" he asked.

"Didn't the lady ahead show it to you?" asked Mark.

"Her pass didn't include you."

"Didn't it?" Mark feigned surprise.

"No."

"Oh, I forgot; mine and my wife's is separate," and he drew out the pass of "Thomas Green and wife."

Meanwhile Laura had turned white as a cloth. The officer read the pass, and would doubtless have let them go had he not noticed Laura's agitation.

"You'll have to go back to headquarters and get Major Tallaferrero's order on that. He commands at Anderson."

Mark remonstrated. He argued that he would become separated from Mrs. Fain; he urged his wife's desire to reach her sick father. All in vain. He was told that the headquarters were only half a mile down the road and he would lose but little time. He made a virtue of necessity and drove back with apparent good nature.

The commanding officer had gone to Dunlap, five miles away, to pay his respects to General Bragg, and would not be back for an hour or two.

Mark resolved to report his absence to the officer of the picket post, in the hope that he would not be compelled to wait. He drove to the picket and used his tongue persuasively, but to no purpose. The more anxious he seemed the more resolved grew the captain.

There seemed to be nothing to do but return and await the arrival of the commanding officer. Mark reluctantly turned the horse's head and drove back to headquarters. Laura's heart sank within her.

It was sunset when Major Tallaferrero, a pleasant looking man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, rode up to the door and entered the office.

"Major Tallaferrero?" asked Mark.

"At your service, sir."

"Major, I have been detained by the officer at the picket, who wants your name on my pass. My wife's mother has gone on, and her daughter is very anxious to join her. It is extremely unfortunate for us to get so far separated from Mrs. Fain."

"Fain, of the Fains of Chattanooga?"

"The same."

"I have heard of the family, but have never had the pleasure of meeting any member of it. One of my friends is engaged to Miss Fain. I have just parted from him at Dunlap."

Mark and Laura cast a quick glance at each other—a glance of terror on the part of Laura.

"We are fortunate in falling into your hands," said Mark, "and I beg you will not delay us a moment." And Mark handed him the pass.

"Certainly not." And the major took up a pen to write his indorsement. First he read the pass carefully. He was thinking of what his friend Fitz Hugh had told him of the Fains. He was under the impression that there was but one daughter.

"Mr. Green," he said, looking up from the pass, "hadn't you better stay here over night? The road is mountainous and infested by guerrillas. It is positively dangerous to travel."

"By no means. What would Mrs. Fain think of our not joining her on the road?"

"It is dangerous for her as well as you. I'll send a messenger after her and advise her stopping at some farmhouse. I'll do better than that. I'll send a corporal and half a dozen men to insure her safety till morning."

There was something in the man's tone, polite as it was, that indicated to Mark that he was held for further information.

"As you please, major."

"And I shall insist upon your accepting my hospitality. One connected in any way with my friend Fitz Hugh must not want for any comfort I can supply."

The house occupied by Major Tallaferrero belonged to a family who had gladly given up a portion of it for the safety insured by the presence of a commanding officer. The major was given a room down stairs for an office, and a bedroom up stairs. When it was decided that Mark and Laura should remain he gave Mrs. Green, as he called her, the use of the latter for the purpose of arranging her toilet before supper.

When Laura was up stairs Mark was looking out of the window of the major's office. He saw the men ride off to overtake Mrs. Fain. To his consternation another cavalryman, with a letter in his belt, mounted his horse and dashed down the road.

Laura came down at that moment, and Mark said to her anxiously:

"I am detained on suspicion. I shall be taken back to Chattanooga," and he pointed to the courier.

The color left Laura's cheeks. They had got so near to safety, and now, after so many dangers, the end was at hand. She could scarcely sustain her-

self as she tottered into the room occupied by the office.

This is the letter the courier bore northward. It was addressed on the envelope to Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh, near Dunlap:

Anderson, Aug. 29, 1862.  
My Dear Cameron—A man purporting to be Thomas Green, with his wife, formerly a Miss Fain of Chattanooga, is here, desiring a pass to the Union lines. There is something suspicious about the man. The couple are separated from the wife's mother, and the father lies very ill at Nashville. I dislike to detain them, and I do not regard it safe to pass them. Can you help me out of the difficulty? Yours very truly,

WALLACE TALLAFERRERO.

Major Tallaferrero soon joined Mark and Laura in his office, and offering his arm to Laura led the way to the supper room. His treatment of both was most deferential, but it failed to deceive either that they were prisoners.

There was a strength of nerve in Mark that would not break while there was hope. He chatted with the host or jailer, whichever he might be called, with ease, and at times with gaiety. Not so Laura. The situation was too frightful for her to endure without some manifestation of anxiety. She ate nothing. She did not hear what was said to her, and her eyes plainly showed the troubled spirit within.

Mark made no reference to her condition till after supper. Then, when all three went out on to the veranda, he said to her:

"Come, let us take a stroll. You have been traveling all day, and this delay troubles you. A walk in the air will revive you."

Mark assumed with such apparent carelessness that he was free to walk about where he liked that Tallaferrero had not the will to stop him.

The road led straight from the house a short distance and then entered a wood. As soon as they were concealed behind the trees Mark stopped suddenly and turned to Laura:

"My God, this is terrible!"

"You are lost!" said Laura faintly. She could scarcely speak the words.

"I? Yes, I. But you—what have I led you into? Why was it not over on that morning when it was intended: Then you would not be implicated; now your good name is—"

"No one will trouble me," she gasped.

"But you—they will drag you—"

"You have protected me—a spy. Not only that—that is nothing in comparison with having passed as my wife. There is a blight."

"I can bear it."

"There is but one way out of this disgrace. You must be married before we return to that house. And to whom?"—his voice changed from a rapid, excited tone to deepest gloom—"to one who must die on the scaffold. At any rate you will be free. You will be a widow."

Laura stood, the very impersonation of despair.

"All I can do to atone for this," Mark went on rapidly, "and it is nothing—is to make you my wife, since I have passed you as such. Laura, will you marry me?"

She looked at him earnestly. Her eyes were big with deep emotion. There was a look in them that he could not understand.

"No!"

"Then I can do nothing for you."

"I will marry only the man who loves me, and whom I love."

"Oh, Laura," he said, "if your heart were only mine, then it would be different. I love you so well, I worship you with such fervor that I would go back to that dreadful jail without a word could I place you where you were before you met me. But you—"

Laura burst into a torrent of tears. This man, who had so suddenly appeared in her life; who had won her sympathy; who had compelled her admiration; who had absorbed her whole being into his daring, chivalrous, reckless nature—this man loved her, and he was doomed.

With a cry she threw her arms around his neck.

"Laura, sweetheart," said Mark, caressing her, "we have but little time. We know not whom we shall have to face. My true character must soon be known. Will you give yourself to one who will doubtless tomorrow be claimed by—"

Pale as ashes she put her hand over his mouth that he might not speak the word "death."

"Will you? Speak!"

"Yes, now, quick; what can we do?"

"Marry ourselves."

"How?"

He grasped her hand. There was a ring upon it—a plain gold band. He took it off, and putting it on her finger again said:

"I, Mark—"

"Is it really Mark?"

"Yes, I am Mark Maynard, I, Mark, take you, Laura, to be my wife. Do you take me to be your husband?"

"I do."

"Then we are man and wife in the sight of God—"

"And for man we care not."

"Man and wife under the law. We are really married."

Scarcely was this hurried ceremony over when a cavalryman came riding toward them to watch Mark.

There was nothing left for them to do but return to the house. As they walked Mark whispered:

"I feel again all the confidence I have ever felt. I must live to make you happy. Be ready for anything that may happen, my darling, my wife. I shall doubtless play some bold game; I don't know what, but it will be bold. If I leave you suddenly, meet me (should I succeed in my attempt) within the Union lines. If not, we will meet—in heaven."

### CHAPTER XV.

#### FLIGHT.

IT was nine o'clock in the evening. Major Tallaferrero and his guests were sitting in his office room chatting. A clatter of horses' hoofs was heard at the front of the house and some one dismounted. In another moment there was a tramp of cavalry boots in the hall; all turned to the open door—and there stood Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh.

For a moment he regarded Mark and Laura sternly; then advancing a few steps he bowed low to Laura.

"Captain," said the major rising, "I suppose it is useless to deny to this lady and gentleman that I deemed it my duty to make sure of their identity before allowing them to pass. The family to which they claim to belong is known to you; therefore I sent to you for information. I see you have answered my inquiry in person. If you vouch for them I shall be happy to pass them in the morning, and shall apologize for their detention at the same time—my excuse being the cause we serve."

All eyes were fixed on Fitz Hugh. Mark's and Laura's with ill concealed anxiety.

"This was Miss Fain," said Fitz Hugh. "She would not be traveling as any man's wife unless she were married to him. If you detain them, you must do so on your own responsibility."

Both Mark and Laura drew a sigh of relief.

"I have no desire to detain them," said Tallaferrero, "after what you have said, but it is altogether too late for them to proceed tonight. The only amends I can make for discommoding them is to make them comfortable. Mrs. Green, your room is ready for you."

"Captain," said Mark, "may I beg a cigar? I usually smoke at this time of night."

"Here are cigars, gentlemen," said Tallaferrero, producing a box.

"If you smoke, captain," added Mark, "I shall be pleased with your company."

"With pleasure."

All lighted cigars, and Mark and Fitz Hugh strolled out on the veranda.

"Captain," said Mark as soon as they were outside, "I have never met a man whom I have so admired, so honored, as you, and yet I have robbed you of your love. This last act of kindness to her and to me, so well indicating your magnanimity, is more than I can bear. I cannot accept anything more, even for her sake. I cannot stay here to be shielded by you and behind her skirts. I am about to leave this veranda and fly to the Union lines. Thank God, I have met one who is the soul of honor, in whose charge I leave my wife. Consider her under your care. She will doubtless need all you can give her, for I never expect to see her again. I shall doubtless be captured before tomorrow noon. If you were not my enemy, if you had not been my rival, I would love you as a brother."

Without waiting for a reply Mark left the veranda, and in another moment was lost in the darkness.

Captain Fitz Hugh stood as one petrified. Should he keep the secret—Laura's secret? He leaned against a pillar of the veranda and passed his hand over his brow.

He could not stab Laura; he could not even betray the man who had left her in his care. He did nothing.

Half an hour had elapsed when Tallaferrero, who had been busying himself with some papers, began to wonder what had become of the two men. He got up and went out on the veranda.

"Where's Green?" he asked quickly.

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, gone half an hour ago."

"What does this mean, Cameron?"

"It means that I have been keeping from you what I can keep no longer or I would. This man Green is a Federal spy."

"Cameron—my friend—great God—are you a traitor? There is something back—tell me, quick!"

"Twice before he has crossed my path. He was taken and tried at Chattanooga. I was detailed to defend him. I had never seen him before. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, but escaped."

"When I met him again it was at the Fain's house. Laura Fain, the woman upstairs, then my betrothed, but now—his wife, was concealing him."

"Well?"

"I saw that she was infatuated with him. She claimed him for her guest."

"Well, go on."

"I could not honorably inform on him."

"Oh, Cameron—what absurdity—what idocy—what—"

"This afternoon you sent for me. I came. I saw the man I had seen twice before—with my—with the loveliest, the noblest of all women—his wife."

The major only stared at his friend; he had no words to express his feelings, his sympathy.

"When we came out here he told me that he would accept nothing further for himself at my hands; that he would not shield himself behind a woman's skirts. He walked away before me."

"And you?"

"I permitted him."

Tallaferrero shuddered. He knew that his friend by his act had placed himself in a terrible position.

"Cameron," he said, "do you know you are liable to be shot for this?"

"I do."

"I always told you," the major went on anxiously, impatiently, "that your notions of honor were absurd, quixotic."

"The highest sense of honor is never quixotic. It is best fitted for a Chris-

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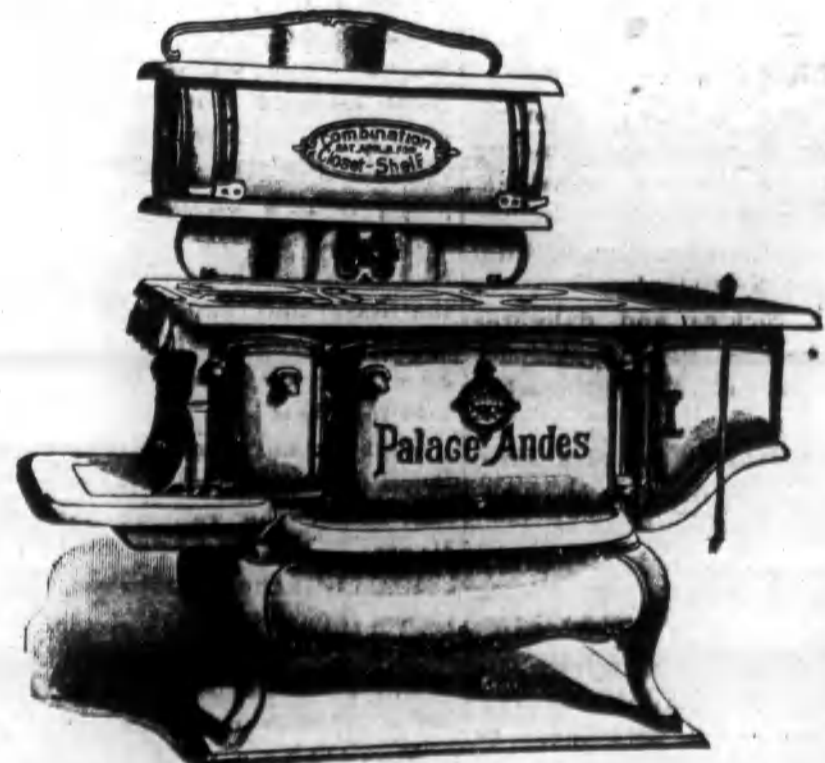
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[Continued on opposite page.]

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Friday Morning, Oct. 20, 1911

**CHATTANOOGA**

By Captain  
**F. A. MITCHEL**

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[CONTINUED]

"Hah, a soldier and a gentleman."  
"And do you expect me to let this go?"  
"No. Protect yourself—the cause. Head after him. It is I who have conspired at his escape, not you. You must not suffer."  
"The cause alone is enough."  
"Orderly," he called to a man standing by the gate.

The soldier approached and stood at attention.  
"Go tell Captain Heath that the man who was here this evening has gone, and I want him followed and brought back. Tell him to send by all the roads."

The man saluted and went away.  
"Cameron," said the major, after giving the order, "God grant that this act of yours may not be known. It will not be, for I am the only one who knows of it, and it will never pass my lips."

"I am responsible for my act, and if it becomes known I trust I shall have courage to meet the consequences like a man. The young wife who was left in my charge I leave in yours. I would gladly protect her myself, but I prefer to spare her the pain of being under my protection. If her husband is taken and she needs me, send for me."

As soon as he had gone Tallafarro called a negro woman, and told her to go to the lady's room and ask her (if she had not gone to bed) to come to him, as he had a communication to make.

"Madam," said the major deferentially, "your husband has gone."  
"Where?" asked Laura, with a blanched cheek.

"He walked away in the presence of Captain Fitz Hugh, who would not detain him or inform me that he had gone till he was obliged to do so."  
Laura clasped her hands and mutely breathed a blessing on the man who had spared her husband for her sake. "How long has he been gone?" she asked.

"More than half an hour."  
"Have you ordered his pursuit?"  
"I have."  
"And he has a start of—"  
"Thirty minutes."  
"You'll never take him. He bears a charmed life."

"And now, madam, what can I do for you? My friend charged me to see that you have every attention."  
"I will go on and join my mother."  
"Tonight?"  
"Tonight—now."  
"Your phaeton shall be at the door in a few minutes. You must accept my escort. There will be a guard besides."

In ten minutes Laura, Major Tallafarro seated beside her, six stalwart cavalry men in gray about her, was on her way to join her mother.

Mark knew the direction of the roads leading from Anderson, and believed that he could avoid the pickets. Making his way over a space covered with bushes and a low growth of timber, he struck the road by which he had come that day at a point beyond the vedette. Then half a mile's run brought him, out of breath, to a house. The occupants were not asleep, and Mark succeeded by persuasion and threats in getting a horse to take him to Slack's, promising to send it back the next day with liberal pay for its use.

He arrived at Slack's shortly before midnight, and his horse fell exhausted in the yard. Slack received him with a shotgun pointed through the cracks of the door. Mark made himself known and asked for his uniform and his arms. The old man got them for him, and taking them to the stable Mark put them on. Then he went to the stall where his horse stood. The mare knew her master when he threw his arms about her neck and seemed as glad to see him as he was to see her.

"Ah, Madge, my darling! Once on your back, old girl, and the devil may catch me if he can."  
He lost no time in putting the bit in

her mouth and strapping on the saddle. Then, putting his foot in the leather covered stirrup, he lifted himself into his seat.

For the first time in ten days Mark felt the comfort of being in the saddle with his arms about him.

A few steps took him out of the barn; then, turning his horse's head in the direction from which he had approached the place with Souri, he rode away among the trees. Before going a hundred yards he stopped and listened. Some sound had caught his ear. It was the gallop of horsemen. He waited, dreading a neigh from his own horse, which he patted to hold her attention. The horsemen passed on down the road.

"Hide on, brave boys," said Mark; "if you're after me, the faster you go in that direction the better I'll like it." In the light of the waning moon he tramped over the shadows of leaves as on a "crazy quilt." He crossed the Sequoia by the ford over which Souri had guided him, and took care not to head too far down the stream, as he had done before. Then he crossed the creek near the fallen log. He struck the road by which he had left Jasper just south of the fork at which Souri had halted him. Without hesitating a moment he struck out at a brisk canter over the left of the two roads—the one leading to Tracy City.

Mark had never experienced such sensations as now. On his own feet, his carbine slung on his shoulder, his pistol at his side, on the road to the Union camps, a wife whom he adored to join him in case he should arrive safely—why should not the spirit within him fairly glow with hope?

And never had the beautiful Madge borne her rider with such evident exhilaration.

**CHAPTER XVI**

THE BALL IS OPENED.

MARK reached Tracy City at sunrise. He did not dare to go through the place, so he skirted it, and once above it rode along the mountain plateau over a road leading directly north. He was now familiar with the country. Arriving at a place called Johnson's, he struck off to the right to the woods, where two roads join, leading from there to Altamont.

Mark struck the main stem a few hundred yards from the junction. As he rode up a slight rise on to the road, he cast his eye to the right. There, standing at the fork, was a Confederate cavalry vedette.

He saw Mark as soon as Mark saw him. Shouting to the rest of the picket post, he dashed forward.  
"Now for it, Madge!"  
The animal knut by his tone that there was work to be done, and although she had been out since midnight she began the race with vigor.

On sped the Union soldier, followed at a few hundred yards' distance by the Confederate, and half a mile behind by several others of the picket post. Mark was within range, but his pursuers did not care to draw rein in order to fire, doubtless fearing that if they should fall to bring him down by the bullet he would escape.

Madge did nobly, and had she not been riding up a mountain side for three or four hours would have easily distanced her pursuers. As it was, the man who followed first was gaining rapidly. Mark knew that he must either dispose of this fellow or be taken. Coming to a slight bend in the road, he rode a hundred yards beyond to a place where his pursuer must suddenly appear around the trees. Reining in his horse, he faced about and stood still with his carbine at an aim. As soon as the man appeared Mark fired.

The Confederate fell from his saddle, and his horse made off into the woods.

Mark turned and was soon again flying forward. He judged that he could not be very far from the Union pickets between him and Altamont. Looking ahead he saw a horseman standing in the road. Whether he was Union or Confederate he did not know, but there was no way to escape the remainder of his pursuers except by keeping right on and trusting to meeting a friend. As he rode on he noticed that the horseman was a forage cap.

This looked well for the Confederates nearly always wore hats. Then he could see that the man's body had a dark hue. It must be blue. At last he came near enough to discern yellow facings.

There was a whistling of bullets by his ears; he turned his head and saw that his pursuers had halted. They had evidently seen the Union picket and fired a farewell volley at the fox tye.

Private Mark Malone was within the Union lines; his mission was ended. Mark was taken to the officer in command at Altamont. On the way from the picket line he was informed that the place was occupied by McCook's division. When he reached headquarters he made himself and his mission known, and in a few minutes a cipher telegram was on its way to General Thomas at McMinnville.

Bragg at Dunlap yesterday with no force except a few cavalry. Cheatham and Withers marching north. The main army gone by rail from Chattanooga on the twenty-eighth to Knoxville.

PRIVATE MARK MALONE.  
Ten minutes later the spy was sound asleep on a camp cot in a tent belonging to one of the staff.

Mark had had no sleep for twenty eight hours, and for much of that time he believed that he would be retaken and hanged. Now he slept a deep sleep. Hour after hour went by, and though bugles called and drums rattled he slumbered on. He dreamed that he was at Chattanooga. He was standing on the scaffold. Soldiers surrounded him. The noise was adjusted about his neck. He heard the sound of the ax as it cut the rope. He awoke with a cry.

Laura Fain—no, Laura Maynard—his wife—was standing beside him. She sank down by the cot, and in a moment they were in each other's arms. Neither spoke. Neither wished to do aught but leave tears—tears of an exquisite happiness—to flow on silently.

For a time Laura saw in Mark's face only a reflection of her own happiness. He was feasting his eyes upon her, passing his fingers through her dark hair or smoothing it back with his hand, while he covered her face with kisses.

Suddenly a thought seemed to come between her and him.  
"What is it, darling?" she asked anxiously.  
"I was thinking"—said Mark. "But no; I will not think of that."  
"Tell me."  
"I was wondering—Laura, did you love him?"  
Laura cast down her eyes.  
"Love? Was it love?" She asked the question of herself. "It was a summer breeze, while this—"  
"This?"  
"Is a tempest."  
Drawing her to him, before imprinting a kiss, Mark added to her smile: "A 'wild west wind.'"  
"You are thinking of your Shelley," she said. "I shall love him too, now, since it was he who betrayed you to me."  
"And I shall love him the more because he betrayed me—and made me"—He did not finish. He was thinking of the morning in the garret when in her imperious way she had claimed that saving his life had made her its owner. She remembered it, too, and smiling finished for him:  
"And made me your lyre even as the forest is to the west wind?"  
Her caresses prevented a reply for a time. When there was a pause Mark exclaimed wonderingly:  
"Oh, woman, why must you so often deny to the worthy that which you may give in such abundance to one whose only recommendation is an ability to catch your fancy?"  
Again there came into his face the expression of a thought which seemed for the moment to carry him away from her.  
"What is it now?" she queried anxiously.  
Mark smiled. "You will laugh at me when I tell you."  
"Then you must be laughed at."  
"I was wondering if, when I get back to headquarters, the general will want me to go right away on another mission."  
Her arms were about him. She drew a little away and fixed her black eyes upon him. They shone like those of some savage but beautiful animal about to be bereft of her young.  
"If you go again," she said fiercely, "into the presence of such a death I will go with you."  
Mark made no reply, except to throw his arms about her neck and draw her to him again. Her fierceness was with him her chief charm. Then he made an effort to rise.  
"Stay where you are," she said in the same imperious tone in which she had given the order once before when he threatened to leave the garret; "you shall lie there till you promise that you will be a spy no more."  
"Let me up," cried Mark, smiling at her earnestness.  
"Lie still!"  
"Come, sweetheart," he said pleadingly, "let me get up, and I'll say with Hotspur to his Kate, 'When I'm on horseback I'll swear I love thee infinitely.'"  
"Mark was on his back, his arms pinioned. He was powerless. He was surprised at Laura's strength.  
"Promise."  
"Never."  
"Promise."  
"Why so? I know I shall be dying to get again in a week."  
"Then you shall lie there till the war is over."  
"But I thought you told me once that if you were a man you would be all I have been."  
"So I would. And you, being a man, might continue to be so were you the husband of any other woman; but mine, never!"  
Mark looked into her eyes and knew that his career in the secret service had ended.  
The arrival of Laura the night before at the farmhouse where her mother had stopped, and awaited her coming

anxiously, their resumption of their journey the next day, during which Laura confessed all to her mother, their safe arrival within the Union lines, the finding Mark at headquarters, may be passed over in a few short phrases.

Mark's meeting with his mother-in-law was, to say the least, embarrassing. Mrs. Fain received him with the same dignity that had characterized her throughout, but without her former cordiality. As yet she knew nothing about his connections, and she disdained to ask. But Mark had satisfied Laura, and the information she transmitted to her mother was in a measure mollifying.

That afternoon the party that had ridden into Anderson the day before rode out of Altamont in the direction of McMinnville. To all outward appearance the situation was the same, but really how different! Yesterday Mark was in imminent danger, while Laura was in a state of terror. Then they rode with scarcely a word. Now language was inadequate to convey all they wished to express.

In the evening the party drew up before General Thomas' tent at McMinnville.

Mark went inside.  
"General," he said, "you received my telegram?"  
"I did."  
"Had you not received the information before?"  
"If we had, why should we be here?" There was a brief pause.

"I have brought something besides information, general. May I introduce a party waiting outside?"  
"Certainly."  
Mark went out and brought in Laura and her mother.

"General, permit me to introduce my wife."  
The general looked at the blushing Laura, then at her mother, then at Mark, in undivided astonishment.

"I thought you had been on a scout," he said.  
"I have."  
"And courted and wed at the same time?"  
"Yes, general."  
"Be seated, ladies. Now explain all this."

Mark gave an outline of his adventures, his listener's eyes opening wider as he proceeded. When the recital was finished the general called out:  
"Orderly!"

In a twinkling a man was standing in the tent waiting an order.  
"Send for Chaplain Gadsden."  
"Yes, sir."  
"I am a trifle uncertain about that wedding," remarked the general. "I think we'd better have it done according to the regulations."

All smiled save Mrs. Fain, who maintained a rigid and dignified silence.

While they were waiting for the chaplain the general wrote a telegram to Mr. Fain, at Nashville, announcing the arrival of his wife and daughter. He did not mention the son-in-law.

The chaplain came, and the bride and groom were wed again—this time with ample witnesses, for the whole staff had been ordered to "report in person at headquarters to witness marriage ceremony." The general gave the bride away, and after the benediction, offering his arm to Mrs. Fain, led the way to another tent where a collation of foraged viands—forged unbeknown to the general, and consisting principally of cold chicken—was served.

While the party were refreshing themselves, word was received from Nashville that Mr. Fain was out of danger and impatiently awaiting his wife and daughter.

After communicating this pleasant bit of information, the general, turning to Mark, said:  
"I shall need you hereafter on my staff. I have learned from your colonel that there is a vacant lieutenantcy for you in your regiment, and I will issue an order detailing you for duty with me. But this rank need be only temporary. The army is about to be divided into army corps, and my troops will constitute one of them. Under the recent law fixing the staff of corps commanders I shall nominate you for inspector general, with rank of lieutenant colonel, to be appointed by the president."

For the first time since she had been apprised of the fact that her daughter was a wife Mrs. Fain looked happy.

"General," said Mark, "while I appreciate the honor you so kindly bestow upon me, I would prefer, were it not for my wife, to remain in the secret service. She certainly deserves the distinction you offer, and I accept it for her. I rejoice at the prospect of being near you, and shall not be averse, now, since I have so much to live for, to a service not connected with a constant reminder of hemp rope."

At this juncture an aid-de-camp entered and handed the general a telegram. He cast his eye over it and said:  
"The ball is opened. Nelson is fighting the advance of Bragg's army at Richmond, Kentucky."

THE END.

The Secret Elopement.  
He—We had best elope about 2 in the morning. I will bring my motor to the next corner, and— She—Oh, couldn't you make it a little earlier, dear? Pa and ma do so want to see us off, and I don't like to keep them up so late.

Her Added Weight.  
Mrs. Benham—I am getting stouter all the time. Mr. Benham—Yes; when I got married I little realized that I was getting a wife on the installment plan!

Find the place where God wants you, and when you have found it burn to the socket.—Hastings.

There was a whistling of bullets by his ears; he turned his head and saw that his pursuers had halted. They had evidently seen the Union picket and fired a farewell volley at the fox tye.

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"I was thinking"—said Mark. "But no; I will not think of that."  
"Tell me."  
"I was wondering—Laura, did you love him?"  
Laura cast down her eyes.  
"Love? Was it love?" She asked the question of herself. "It was a summer breeze, while this—"  
"This?"  
"Is a tempest."  
Drawing her to him, before imprinting a kiss, Mark added to her smile: "A 'wild west wind.'"  
"You are thinking of your Shelley," she said. "I shall love him too, now, since it was he who betrayed you to me."  
"And I shall love him the more because he betrayed me—and made me"—He did not finish. He was thinking of the morning in the garret when in her imperious way she had claimed that saving his life had made her its owner. She remembered it, too, and smiling finished for him:  
"And made me your lyre even as the forest is to the west wind?"  
Her caresses prevented a reply for a time. When there was a pause Mark exclaimed wonderingly:  
"Oh, woman, why must you so often deny to the worthy that which you may give in such abundance to one whose only recommendation is an ability to catch your fancy?"  
Again there came into his face the expression of a thought which seemed for the moment to carry him away from her.  
"What is it now?" she queried anxiously.  
Mark smiled. "You will laugh at me when I tell you."  
"Then you must be laughed at."  
"I was wondering if, when I get back to headquarters, the general will want me to go right away on another mission."  
Her arms were about him. She drew a little away and fixed her black eyes upon him. They shone like those of some savage but beautiful animal about to be bereft of her young.  
"If you go again," she said fiercely, "into the presence of such a death I will go with you."  
Mark made no reply, except to throw his arms about her neck and draw her to him again. Her fierceness was with him her chief charm. Then he made an effort to rise.  
"Stay where you are," she said in the same imperious tone in which she had given the order once before when he threatened to leave the garret; "you shall lie there till you promise that you will be a spy no more."  
"Let me up," cried Mark, smiling at her earnestness.  
"Lie still!"  
"Come, sweetheart," he said pleadingly, "let me get up, and I'll say with Hotspur to his Kate, 'When I'm on horseback I'll swear I love thee infinitely.'"  
"Mark was on his back, his arms pinioned. He was powerless. He was surprised at Laura's strength.  
"Promise."  
"Never."  
"Promise."  
"Why so? I know I shall be dying to get again in a week."  
"Then you shall lie there till the war is over."  
"But I thought you told me once that if you were a man you would be all I have been."  
"So I would. And you, being a man, might continue to be so were you the husband of any other woman; but mine, never!"  
Mark looked into her eyes and knew that his career in the secret service had ended.  
The arrival of Laura the night before at the farmhouse where her mother had stopped, and awaited her coming

anxiously, their resumption of their journey the next day, during which Laura confessed all to her mother, their safe arrival within the Union lines, the finding Mark at headquarters, may be passed over in a few short phrases.

Mark's meeting with his mother-in-law was, to say the least, embarrassing. Mrs. Fain received him with the same dignity that had characterized her throughout, but without her former cordiality. As yet she knew nothing about his connections, and she disdained to ask. But Mark had satisfied Laura, and the information she transmitted to her mother was in a measure mollifying.

That afternoon the party that had ridden into Anderson the day before rode out of Altamont in the direction of McMinnville. To all outward appearance the situation was the same, but really how different! Yesterday Mark was in imminent danger, while Laura was in a state of terror. Then they rode with scarcely a word. Now language was inadequate to convey all they wished to express.

In the evening the party drew up before General Thomas' tent at McMinnville.

Mark went inside.  
"General," he said, "you received my telegram?"  
"I did."  
"Had you not received the information before?"  
"If we had, why should we be here?" There was a brief pause.

"I have brought something besides information, general. May I introduce a party waiting outside?"  
"Certainly."  
Mark went out and brought in Laura and her mother.

"General, permit me to introduce my wife."  
The general looked at the blushing Laura, then at her mother, then at Mark, in undivided astonishment.

"I thought you had been on a scout," he said.  
"I have."  
"And courted and wed at the same time?"  
"Yes, general."  
"Be seated, ladies. Now explain all this."

Mark gave an outline of his adventures, his listener's eyes opening wider as he proceeded. When the recital was finished the general called out:  
"Orderly!"

In a twinkling a man was standing in the tent waiting an order.  
"Send for Chaplain Gadsden."  
"Yes, sir."  
"I am a trifle uncertain about that wedding," remarked the general. "I think we'd better have it done according to the regulations."

All smiled save Mrs. Fain, who maintained a rigid and dignified silence.

While they were waiting for the chaplain the general wrote a telegram to Mr. Fain, at Nashville, announcing the arrival of his wife and daughter. He did not mention the son-in-law.

The chaplain came, and the bride and groom were wed again—this time with ample witnesses, for the whole staff had been ordered to "report in person at headquarters to witness marriage ceremony." The general gave the bride away, and after the benediction, offering his arm to Mrs. Fain, led the way to another tent where a collation of foraged viands—forged unbeknown to the general, and consisting principally of cold chicken—was served.

While the party were refreshing themselves, word was received from Nashville that Mr. Fain was out of danger and impatiently awaiting his wife and daughter.

**Farmers!**

Here's the Money Maker.

The Chatham Mill. The secret of big crops is planting pure seed; the way to get such seed is to use the Chatham Mill. It's the greatest farm machine on earth; it cleans, grades and separates all at one operation. It puts an end to the dealers kicking on your grain when delivered to the market, runs easy and handles from 60 to 100 bushels per hour. Set up and ready for operation at our store. Call and see them; we also have a full line of farm wagons, the Betendorf, Studebaker and Troy. Machinery and machine extras of all kinds. Single and double harness, whips, stable and cover blankets, in fact we carry everything to make the farmer happy.

FEED OF ALL KINDS  
Whole corn, corn meal, corn and oat feed, wheat feed, oats, State bran, oyster shell, grit, beef scrap, alfalfa meal. All feed made at our own plant and delivered free of charge any where in the village. Pillsbury, Gold Medal and Star Pastry Flour. If you haven't tried it better do it now.

J. G. ATWATER & SON  
Dealers in Lumber, Coal, Feed, Farm Implements, Etc.

**LADIES!**

Having purchased the stock of Mrs. Frank Brill, I am prepared to show you a Full and Complete Line of

**Ladies' and Children's Furnishings.**

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.  
Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Corsets, Laces, Ribbons, Hamburgs, etc.

Mrs. DeForest Davis,  
King Ferry, N. Y.

**French's Market? Yes!**

You will always find a full supply of  
Choice, Fresh, Salt  
and Smoked Meats  
constantly on hand.

Cash paid for Hides and Poultry.  
Mrs. Price's Canning Compound.

S. C. FRENCH, Genoa, N. Y.

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**My Specialties :::**

are the best that my long experience in the business can select in the different lines.

- Sweet Orr & Co.'s Pantaloon and Overalls.
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- Eureka Blend Nol Japan Tea
- Havemeyer & Elder Granulated Sugar
- Yours for the business. Purple Trading Stamps
- SPOT CASH STORE.

**Edwin B. Mosher,**  
Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

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

**NAMES AND FACES.**

**Douglas Marked the Men He Wanted to Know Again.**

"Stephen A. Douglas had the most remarkable memory for faces of any man in public life," declares a correspondent. "Upon the occasion of a visit to Washington on election day in 1880 the late Colonel John W. Forney was discussing the election of Garfield over Hancock with Colonel Harmon of Detroit. Colonel Harmon had been mayor of Detroit and prominent in national politics. Harmon and Forney got to talking about earlier politics, and Harmon related the story of a meeting with Douglas in New York. Douglas had been nominated in Baltimore by one faction of the Democratic party. Breckinridge was chosen by the other faction in Charleston. When he heard of his nomination Douglas was in New York. He entered the Astor House, then the headquarters for all politicians and the principal hotel in New York, and immediately was surrounded by his political admirers. Among them was Colonel Harmon. The latter, according to the story he told me, put forth his hand and congratulated Douglas on his nomination.

"Thank you, Colonel Harmon," replied Douglas.

"Harmon was amazed that Douglas should have remembered his name, for he had met the 'little giant' but once, fifteen years before, and then for but a brief period. After a time he returned and asked Douglas how he was able to call him by name.

"My dear colonel," said Douglas, "whenever I meet a man I want to know again I put a mark on him and I never forget."—Washington Post.

**THE BRITISH CABINET.**

**How Its Secret Documents Are Protected and Printed.**

Each member of the cabinet is supplied with a key which fits the lock of a certain dispatch box retained by the prime minister. At any particular crisis, when important papers reach Downing street, the premier, after perusing them, places them in the dispatch box and hands the box to a special messenger, who takes it round to each member of the cabinet in succession. Each member opens it with his key and relocks it after he has read the documents it contains. In this way the papers are prevented from falling into the hands of strangers or members of parliament who are not in the cabinet.

Now and again it is found necessary to print copies of a "secret" which comes up for discussion at a meeting of the cabinet. The document is cut up into many small pieces and distributed among a goodly number of compositors in the government printing works, each of whom sets up his little piece, and the little piece may represent only a dozen lines of type. When all the fragments are in type a highly trusted official collects both the copy and the type and puts the latter together. The printing of the document is then done in secret under the eyes of this official, and the men who work the printing machine are forbidden to handle any of the paper after it is printed upon.—National Magazine.

**Reverse Methods in India.**

Lady Wilson, the wife of an eminent Anglo-Indian official and long resident in India, in her book, "Letters From India," says: "It amuses me to notice the way the Indians reverse the order in which we do things. For instance, at home men take off their hats when they come into a house; Indians keep on their turbans, but take off their shoes. We beckon with the palms of our hands turned inward; they beckon with their turned out. My ayah lays my slippers in a row with the toes pointing toward me. The cook begins to read his Hindustani book of recipes from the last page backward and writes his accounts from right to left. When the native carpenter uses native screws he screws them in from right to left and saws inward, which makes one nervous."

**A Poser.**

A verbatim fragment from the law courts: King's Counsel (examining witness)—Did you know—you did not, but I am bound to put it to you—on the 25th—it was not the 25th really; it was the 24th; it is a mistake in my brief—see the defendant—he is not the defendant really; he is the plaintiff—there is a counterclaim, but you would not understand that—yes or no? Witness—What!—St. James' Gazette.

**A Strict Grammarian.**

"You think a great deal of your husband, don't you?" said the visiting relative. "You have the wrong preposition," answered Mr. Meekton's wife, with the cold tones of the superior woman. "I think for him."—Washington Star.

**The Spirit That Wins**

Griggs—I admire Parker immensely. He has a hard time making both ends meet, but he's game from the word go. Briggs—Game! Why, Parker looks upon the struggle with the wolf as a mere sporting event.—Boston Transcript.

Advertise in the TRIBUNE

**HER ENGAGEMENT.**

**It Started Conflicting Emotions at Work in Her Mother.**

Mrs. DeGroff drew a deep sigh when her daughter told her that she had become engaged to Mr. Bobbles.

"I suppose it's foolish of me to feel so bad about it," she said, wiping her eyes, but I can't help it. I know it's a woman's destiny to be married, dear, and I have always hoped that you would marry and be happy. But a mother can never lose a daughter without feeling deeply on the subject. She can never help regarding it as an awful loss—a tragedy. She cannot give up her little girl, even to the best man that ever lived, without the deepest reluctance."

"But, mother, dear, I shall come and see you often. And you mustn't cry as if it were going to happen right away. You will have time to get used to it."

"Will I? How soon are you to be married?"

"Not for nearly a year. Bob thinks that."

"Not for a year? What on earth does he mean by putting it off that long? I don't believe he intends to marry you at all, the smirking young snip! If he did he'd insist on having the wedding right away. And I shall tell him so. You bring him to time, Clara. You tell him that he'll either marry you next month or never. Huh! I'll show him!"

**MAKING UMBRELLAS.**

**The Way These Necessary Articles Are Put Together.**

In most umbrella factories the task of turning out ribs and stems is left to other factories making a specialty of those parts. These are sent to the manufacturer, and the man whose work it is to assemble the parts inserts a bit of wire into the small holes at the end of the ribs, draws them together about the main rod and adjusts the ferrule.

In cutting the cloth or silk seventy-five thicknesses or thereabouts are arranged upon a table at which skilled operators work. In one department there are girls who operate hemming machines. A thousand yards of hemmed goods is but a day's work for one of these girls. The machines doing this job attain a speed of some 3,000 revolutions a minute. After the hemming has been done the cloth or silk is cut into triangular pieces with a knife, as before, but with a pattern laid upon the cloth. The next operation is the sewing of the triangular pieces together by machinery.

The covers and frames are now ready to be brought together. In all there are twenty-one places where the cover is to be attached to the frame. The handle is next glued on, and the umbrella is ready for pressing and inspection.

**The Medicine of Generosity.**

Generosity has wonderful power in curing trouble which by any other means would seem incurable. The story is told of a poor blind woman in Paris who put 27 francs on the plate at a missionary meeting. A friend remonstrated, "You cannot afford so much out of your small earnings." "Oh, yes, I can," she answered; "I've figured it out and know just what I can afford to give." When asked to explain she said: "I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work at nights?' They replied, 'Twenty-seven francs.' So," said the poor woman, "I found that I saved so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to send light to the dark heathen lands."—Christian Herald.

**John Bascom, D. D., LL. D.**

[An appreciation by William L. Mead of Ludlowville, city editor of The Hartford Times, in that paper.]

The Rev. Professor John Bascom, perhaps one of the best known members of the faculty of Williams college, whose death occurred at his home in Williams-town, Monday evening, came of a long line of preachers and teachers. His father, the Rev. John Bascom, was one of the early Calvinists who carried the gospel into the central part of New York state, having been settled at Genoa, Cayuga county, early in the last century, and it was in that little hamlet, midway between Auburn and Ithaca, that his son, who was destined to become celebrated in educational circles, first saw the light, May 1, 1827.

For at least seven generations there had been a preacher in the family, and it was not strange that after graduation at Williams in 1849, with the degree of Master of Arts, the subject of this sketch should turn to Andover and supplement the college training by the teachings of the famous seminary. His honorary degrees are doctor of laws from Amherst and doctor of divinity from the University of Wisconsin.

He became president of the University of Wisconsin in 1874, after having been for nineteen years professor of rhetoric at Williams. He remained at the head of the Wisconsin institution until 1887, shortly thereafter returning to Williams college as professor of political economy and continuing in the Williams faculty until his death. Dr. Bascom was one of the most popular professors at Williams.

His broad views of life, his ripe scholarship and his charming personality won him the esteem of students and faculty alike. He found time apart from his work in the classroom and in the pulpit to write several works of commanding interest on science, psychology and political economy, as well as illuminating treatises of a strictly religious character. Professor Bascom was a consistent Prohibitionist.

He had stood at the front in many local contests against rum-selling and more than once he had been his party's nominee for high office in Massachusetts. He was a man of profound convictions, yet of such rare personal traits that he could hold very positive views on political questions, affecting, as he believed, the most important problems of life, and still retain his personal friendships with those who believed in other methods for restricting a great evil.

Professor Bascom's sisters, Mary, Cornelia and Harriet, while less famous as educators, were none the less teachers of prominence in their respective fields. Miss Mary Bascom, after graduating from the famous Troy Female seminary (now the Emma Willard school), became a teacher in that institution, as did also her sister, Cornelia.

Miss Harriet Bascom married a prominent citizen of Dallas, Texas, and for a time interrupted her teaching, but she afterward assumed that work in a little village in the lake region of New York state, where she died.

Miss Cornelia Bascom at her home in Ludlowville gave to many youths the inspiring ambition which started them on professional careers, many becoming ministers of the gospel, and in not a few instances she gave of her scanty worldly possessions as lavishly as she showered her intellectual attainments. It was Dr. Bascom's custom so long as his sister lived to spend part of his vacation each summer at his early home.

**Lots of Hunting.**

The talk had turned upon hunting and by and by one of the adult visitors, noting Jamie's rapt and eager look, remarked cheerily:

"Well, sonny, I don't suppose you've had a chance to do much hunting yet?" "Not many kinds, but lots of it," explained Jamie. "I've never hunted bears or lions, but I've hunted granny's spectacles most all over the world!"—Chicago Record Herald.

**A Sticking Business.**

"Well, Mrs. Smith, and how's your husband?"

"Oh, he's doing well, thank you, mum. He's got a job at the glue factory now."

"Ah, well, I hope he'll stick there!"—London Mail.

**Hair Stealers.**

It was unsafe for English children to walk out alone in 1595, lest they should be robbed of their hair for wig-makers.

Contentment is natural wealth. Luxury is artificial poverty.—Socrates.

**LIFE.**

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—Sir William Temple.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—Samuel Johnson.

Doest thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.—Edward Gibbon.

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Our aim is to satisfy our customers

**Special Values in Fall and Winter Goods.**

Men's Fine Gray all wool Shirts at \$2.00 each.  
Special Values in Men's Sweater Coats, prices 50c, \$1, 1.75  
Men's Outing Flannel Night Shirts in all colors at 50c, \$1.00  
Special values in Men's all Wool Underwear at \$1. Also light and heavy fleeced at 50c each.  
Special values in Men's Socks in light and heavy weight at 15c each, 2 for 25c.

**George S. Aikin,**  
KING FERRY, NEW YORK.

**Sherman's : Millinery**  
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All Goods Marked in Plain Figures. We want to please you. If you get a hat you don't like bring it back.

**ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.**

**Sherman's Millinery,**  
129 Genesee Street, Auburn, N. Y.  
Successors to H. Bartle & Co.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

Poultry wanted at the Carson House, Genoa, Monday night Oct. 23 and Tuesday morning, Oct. 24, until 10 o'clock. Brown Leghorns and Black Minorcas, hens and chickens, 8c per pound; White Leghorns, hens or chickens, 9c; hens and chickens over 4 lbs each 10c to 11c; ducks 10c to 11c; geese 10c. Young pigs wanted.

80 HOUGHTALING, Both phones, R D 5, Auburn, N. Y. Cider apples wanted to ship the first of the week; 25c per hundred. w1 S. S. GOODYEAR, Atwater.

We will grind cider Tuesdays and Saturdays during November. 5th COUNSELL & SNYDER, King Ferry.

FOR SALE—Mare with foal, also bay work horse. 11w3 T. ALONZO MASON, Genoa.

Will start cider mill Saturday and will make Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Jelly made also. 11w4 C. J. WHEELER, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Piano and some household goods. LOUISA G. BENEDICT, Administratrix, Genoa, N. Y.

FOR SALE—One full-blood Holstein bull, 7 months old, one good work horse cheap, also one brown mare with foal, will sell or exchange for good roadster. J. G. ATWATER & SON.

FOR SALE—At bargain prices, large stove wood or coal, good horse, platform wagon, carriage, cutter, pleasure sleigh, harnesses, robes, etc. 50M A. J. HURLBURT, Genoa.

NOTICE—Will trade some new top buggies for road horses. B. J. BRIGHTEMAN, Genoa, N. Y.

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

**Free--Chances on a Big Prize--Win.**

The right way is the only way—the only way is the right way—THORPE is both—THORPE education is right—the only way to be sure of the right business education in Auburn is to go to THORPE—the man with the education. First three prizes each a scholarship at THORPE'S Day--Night--or Home Study.

Second Prize	Third Prize
a	\$5
Gold Watch.	In Gold.

Place in the above squares figures which when added either way the sum will be fifteen. Write out your answer and send it now to the Contest Department of Thorpe's Big National Business School, Auburn, N. Y. Floors 2 and 3. Cor. North and Genesee.

**HORSES**  
**==:FOR = SALE:=:**

I have left for the West to purchase another lot of horses which will arrive and be on sale at my stable

**Saturday, November 4.**

This stock will be the same high class stock I always handle but the price will be about \$25 less per head than usual. Every horse as represented or no sale and money refunded.

**J. M. GRIFFIN,**  
26 Water St., Auburn, N. Y.

**THE GENOA TRIBUNE and Tribune Farmer, \$1.55.**

## Village and Vicinity News.

—Miss Dora Addy of Ithaca is a guest of Mrs. D. C. Mosher.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Tift of Ithaca were recent guests at D. W. Gower's.

—Mrs. Jane Thome of Cortland has been a guest at F. C. Hagin's this week.

—Mrs. Bert Gray has recovered from an attack of tonsillitis the latter part of last week.

—John Sullivan of Auburn and friend, Dr. Myers, were week-end guests at John Sullivan's.

—It is reported that there are more wild geese on Cayuga lake at present than ever before known.

—The home paper makes an acceptable gift to some far-away friend. Did you ever think of it?

—Miss Iva Loomis and Mr. Jay Dougherty of Port Byron spent Sunday at the home of Wm. Loomis.

—Mrs. C. J. Foster spent several days in Ludlowville last week, being called there by the illness of her niece.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Bruton attended the services of the unveiling of the cross and tablet at Gully Brook last Thursday.

—Mrs. Hattie Wallace of Auburn returned home Saturday afternoon after a visit with her cousin, Mrs. J. S. Banker.

—Mrs. E. H. Shangle was a guest at W. A. Counsell's Saturday and Sunday, and also visited other friends in this vicinity.

—Mrs. Chas. Egbert and son Leslie and Miss Mildred Lanterman of South Lansing were guests at Al Lanterman's Saturday last.

—Mrs. Sarah Raymond of Moravia is spending several weeks with her sister, Mrs. S. J. Hand. Mrs. Hand was recently quite ill, but is recovering.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chester King of Cleveland, Ohio, who have been visiting his parents at King Ferry, were last Friday guests at James Mulvaney's in Genoa.

—Miss Agnes Conklin spent the week-end at her home in Dryden. She was accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. E. Ives, who will remain there through the winter.

—John Smith and wife of East Genoa and Frank Huff and wife of Genoa returned Saturday evening from a ten days' trip to New York city. Mrs. Huff was a delegate to the O. E. S. convention.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Counsell and daughter expect to move to Union Springs Nov. 1, where Mr. Counsell will be employed by Clinton Backus. We are sorry that the family are to leave Genoa since they have been residents here. Mrs. Counsell has assisted in every good work and in every possible way when called upon. Especially will she be missed in the church and the W. C. T. U.

—Next Sunday morning at the Presbyterian church, the pulpit will be filled by a representative of the Laymen's Missionary movement, who will speak in the interests of the big convention which is soon to be held in Auburn. A general invitation is extended to everybody to attend this service, but it is especially requested that all men of this vicinity be present. The convention which is known as the Cayuga County Laymen's Missionary convention, will be held Nov. 3, 4, 5, and it is expected that there will be a very large attendance from all parts of the county. At the big banquet in the Armory at which it is expected 1000 men will be seated, J. Campbell White, general secretary of the Laymen's Missionary movement, who is one of the greatest speakers along his line in the United States, will be heard. Mr. White has just returned from an extended summer tour in the Orient, where he visited China, Japan and Korea.

—E. A. Seymour and family spent Sunday in Marcellus.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Counsell of King Ferry were Sunday guests at W. A. Counsell's.

—Mrs. Mary Hunt, Miss Clara Hunt and Mrs. H. LaMay and son of Auburn were Sunday guests of Mrs. Thos. Sill.

—Miss Kathrine McCormick of Syracuse was an over-Sunday guest of Mrs. John Bruton, south of the village.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Parke Minturn of Lansingville, Oct. 11, 1911, a daughter—Ruth Mary Weight six pounds.

—The hour for preaching service at the East Genoa church has been changed to 3 o'clock. Sunday school at 2 o'clock.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Banker and Mr. and Mrs. Longley of Meridian motored to Genoa Sunday and were guests at J. S. Banker's.

—Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Brnold, Sr., spent last week visiting Venice and Genoa relatives, returning to their home in Seneca Falls on Monday.

—Wesley Houghton, wife and little daughter of Scipioville were Sunday guests at the home of Mrs. Houghton's cousin, Mrs. D. C. Hunter.

—Mrs. L. V. Smith of Cortland spent Friday afternoon and Saturday with Genoa friends. Mr. Smith was a guest at John Smith's at East Genoa.

—THE TRIBUNE will be sent from now to Jan. 1, 1913, for \$1. If you are not already a subscriber, now is the time to hand in your name.

—Rev. Robt. T. Jones, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church of Ithaca, will be the preacher at Wells College on the second Sunday of November, the 12th inst.

—Richard C. S. Drummond of Auburn will be the speaker at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning. The church should be filled and the men especially should be present.

—Moravia item: Last Friday evening Joseph Wood was "surprised" at his home on South Main street, the occasion being his 72d birthday. Twenty relatives and neighbors called and left as many postcards. Supper and games were enjoyed.

—The new All Saints church, to be built at Kidders on Cayuga lake to replace the one destroyed by fire in June, 1910, is to be made of concrete blocks, and will be about the size of the former building. The corner stone was laid on Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 3:30 p. m.

—West Groton items: Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Sellen will leave on Wednesday for their home in Pomona, Calif., after a summer's visit at W. B. Sellen's. \* \* \* Mrs. D. M. Harbaugh left West Groton on Monday for her home in Kansas City. She has been the guest of her brothers, H. J. and W. B. Sellen for the summer.—From Groton Journal.

—Mrs. Wm. Starner received a postcard shower last Saturday in remembrance of her birthday. It would appear more like a deluge than a shower, however, as she received 80 cards. They came from friends in Michigan, Hannibal, N. Y., Auburn, Ithaca, Groton, North Lansing, Ludlowville, Five Corners, Atwater and Genoa. Mrs. Starner wishes to thank all who so kindly remembered her with cards. It was not only a great surprise, but a great pleasure to be so bountifully remembered.

—The annual convention of the Tompkins County Sunday School association will be held in the Methodist church of Dryden on Thursday, Nov. 2. Prof. Henry S. Jacoby of Cornell is president of the association and John R. Crawford is corresponding secretary. Three state officers are to be present: Rev. S. M. Johnson, superintendent of teacher training, Miss Elizabeth Harris, superintendent of elementary work, and F. H. Beckwith, one of the field workers. Each one will give addresses and conduct conferences.

—Miss Pearl Norman has been visiting Lansing and Groton friends.

—Sacred concert at Scipio Universalist church Sunday afternoon, Oct. 22, at 3 o'clock.

—McDermott's orchestra furnishes the music for the dancing party at King Ferry to night.

—Mrs. Nellie Chatterton of Cortland was here last Friday to attend the funeral of Mrs. D. Marble.

—Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Searls attended the Synodical meetings in Auburn Wednesday and Thursday.

—Miss Sadie Nolan is spending some time in New York. Florence Turney is assisting at E. F. Keefe's.

—The residence of Titus VanMarter is greatly improved by new siding, new windows and the whole newly painted.

—The result of the vote by which the women of California are given the ballot, was received with rejoicing by suffragists everywhere and was the occasion of many celebrations.

—Mrs. Samuel Jeffrey, who is ill with typhoid fever at the city hospital, has snffered a relapse. Her daughter, Miss Helen Jeffrey, who has been ill at the hospital with the same disease, has recovered sufficiently to be removed to her home, 320 Elm street.—Ithaca News, Oct. 17.

—Mrs. S. A. Haines returned to Genoa Saturday evening from her trip to Wisconsin, where she has been spending some time. On Sunday W. J. Haines and family of Ledyard and Thomas Tighe and wife of Poplar Ridge were guests at Titus VanMarter's to visit with Mrs. Haines.

Silver Spray Flour at \$1.85 per sack at Genoa Mill.

—From the Locke Courier: Mrs. Smith P. Minturn is passing a few days in Aurora visiting her mother, Mrs. Jane Gale, who is quite ill. \* \* \* Miss Mary Sellen and Robert Dills of Union Springs, were guests at O. D. Hewitt's, Sunday. \* \* \* Harry Mattoon of Newark Valley, has rented the rooms in the Searles block lately occupied by Mrs. Helen Spaulding, and with his family will soon move therein. Mr. Mattoon has accepted a position with George Englehart.

—The death of Mrs. Abbie Rogers occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Reuben T. Doty, at East Venice on Monday. The deceased had been in poor health for a year before her death, but remained at her home in Moravia until the first of June, when she came to the home of her daughter. The cause of her death was tuberculosis of the bowels. Her age was 73 years. The funeral was held at the place of death, Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock with burial at East Venice. Rev. James M. Hutchinson of Rochester officiated.

Representatives of the Mills Hair-dressing and Corset shop of Ithaca, N. Y., will be at the Carson House, Genoa, on Wednesday, Oct. 25, to buy human hair, or to take it in exchange for corsets or toilet articles. Orders also taken for hair goods. 12w1

**Forks of the Creek.**  
Oct 18—The people are taking advantage of these nice days.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Bower of the Lake Road visited at Geo. Ellison's Tuesday.

O. Loucks and granddaughter of Ithaca were in this place Sunday. A. S. Reeves and wife visited at Harry Powers' Sunday.

Mrs. Philips of Auburn has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Jay Boyer, for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Reeves visited there also Sunday.

Mrs. Carrie Bethel and daughter Hazel are visiting at Geo. Ellison's.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Arnold were calling on friends in this place Saturday.

Bert Hand does not improve as fast as his friends wish he might.

Mrs. Maria Starner was very much surprised on her birthday. Her friends and neighbors gave her a postcard shower and she received nearly two hundred cards. Mildred Metzgar spent Saturday and Sunday at O. C. Bill's.

## How About Your Evenings?

If you only had the new attachment on your phonograph so you could play the four minute records you could be refreshing your brain and entertaining your family and friends at the same time. You fully realize the new attachment puts a new instrument into your home at very little extra expense. Bring your phonograph to HOYT'S at once—have it cleaned and looked over free of cost and the new attachment put on. The long evenings are here and we must be entertained and every one looks forward to the evenings when they have an Edison phonograph and a few 4-minute records—where could you find more delightful entertainment than in your own home with an Edison phonograph.

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

### Suicide by Hanging.

Spencer Addy, well known in this vicinity, ended his life by hanging in the barn on the farm between Moravia and Locke where he lived, Tuesday morning. Despondency due to ill health was probably the cause. Mr. Addy worked the farm for Mr. Ingly of Moravia, the owner. He went about his work as usual and the members of the family had not noticed anything in his actions to arouse suspicion. After his son, Bert Addy, had left home for the milk station the father started for the barn saying he intended to drive the cows to the pasture. This he failed to do.

When the son returned from the milk station later he and his sister, Mrs. Leslie Jones, went to the barn and were horrified to find their father hanging. He was cut down immediately and still showed signs of life. Dr. House of Locke was hastily summoned but he arrived too late to be able to render any assistance. Coroner Atwood of Moravia was called. Mr. Addy was 51 years of age the day before he committed the deed. Besides his wife he is survived by one son and one daughter. He was born in Pemperden, Eng., and came to this country 24 years ago, settling in East Genoa. Three years ago he moved to the Ingly farm where he had since resided.

### A Decided Success.

The concert given last Friday evening in the Presbyterian church at Scipioville by the choir of Central church, including Miss Lucy Taylor, soprano; Miss Jessie Ouykendall, contralto; A. L. Hemingway, tenor; Charles G. Adams, bass; Wm. Adams, accompanist, assisted by Geo. M. Gordon, baritone, and Miss Alice Montgomery, reader, was attended and enjoyed by one of the largest audiences that was ever crowded into the church. The edifice was packed, extra seats having been placed in every available spot to accommodate the crowd.

Nearly every number on the program received an encore. The popular participants were all in fine voice and maintained their excellent reputation.

The church netted over \$60 as the results of the concert. A rising vote of thanks was extended all those who participated. A bountiful supper was served to the out-of-town guests at the home of James Hitchcock, and an appetizing luncheon was served at the close of the concert at the same home. Mr. Trumpeter of Levanna perfected the arrangements for the concert for the benefit of the church.

### His Boast.

Epitaph for a drunkard: "He could drink or let it alone."—Toledo Blade.

### Card of Thanks.

We wish to most sincerely thank our neighbors, friends and societies for their kindness, assistance and sympathy, so bountifully given in our recent sorrow.

MR. F. H. HIGHLAND,  
MISS ELANOR HIGHLAND.

### HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

Oil the Human Machinery.  
A system which is lacking in the natural oils must have those oils supplied. Oil baths, oil taken internally and food which is rich in oils are necessary to establish the normal condition again. Drink at least ten glasses of cool water every day, and exercise enough to open the pores and help the skin to become more active. A cup or two of hot milk will prove helpful, and it should be sipped slowly to get the best effect.

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

ITHACA-AUBURN SHORT LINE  
TIME TABLE NO. 11. IN EFFECT DEC. 4, 1910

SOUTH BOUND—Read Down			STATIONS			NORTH BOUND—Read Up		
27 Daily	23 Daily	21 Daily		22 Daily	24 Daily	28 Daily		
P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	P M		
6 20	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		
7 07	2 27	9 20	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.

#### Note the Growth of the Bank in Seven Months

1st month over 170 accounts.	Deposits over	\$85,000
2nd " " 225 "	" "	\$88,000
3rd " " 265 "	" "	\$43,000
4th " " 300 "	" "	\$84,000
5th " " 325 "	" "	\$87,000
6th " " 350 "	" "	\$84,000
7th " " 380 "	" "	\$79,000

YOUR ACCOUNT WELCOME.

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

## Underwear Season at Hand.

I have selected the best values of underwear for men, women and children of the season; the kind that don't shrink and good wearers. A big stock of sweaters for men, women and children, the latest style and colors. Nobby up-to-date hats and caps.

Some fine Suits of Rochester tailor make in the most up-to-date styles and colors. A big line of raincoats and overcoats. Fresh line of Douglas shoes from \$2 to \$4 for men and boys.

Suits made to measure with great satisfaction.

### M. G. SHAPERO.

## LADIES!

I will be at Mrs. Chas. Barger's Five Corners, on Tuesday, Oct. 24, and at McDermott's hotel, King Ferry, Thursday, Oct. 26, with a complete line of MILLINERY.

Pleased to see all ladies, and will do my best to serve you well.

### MRS. D. E. SINGER,

GENOA, N. Y.

THE people of this vicinity are just as hard to please as any—and just as quick to appreciate a good article.

### The Best Feed of All Kinds.

Corn, Corn Meal, Cracked Corn,  
Dairy Feed, Bran and Mids, Gluten,  
Cotton Seed Meal, Alfalfa Meal.

### Chick Food

Meat Scrap, Bone and Meat Meal, Cracked  
Bone, Oyster Shell, Grit

## Famous Silver Spray Flour

Gold Medal, Ceresota, Superlative, Regal,  
Wm. Penn, etc.

### The Genoa Roller Mills.

### J. MULVANEY, Prop.

## HOW TO MAKE A TOWN BEAUTIFUL

Public Spirited Men and Women Can Work Wonders.

### HAWORTH A GOOD EXAMPLE.

New Jersey Municipality Transformed In a Few Years by the Untiring Efforts of Its Citizens—Sensible Officials Are Imperative.

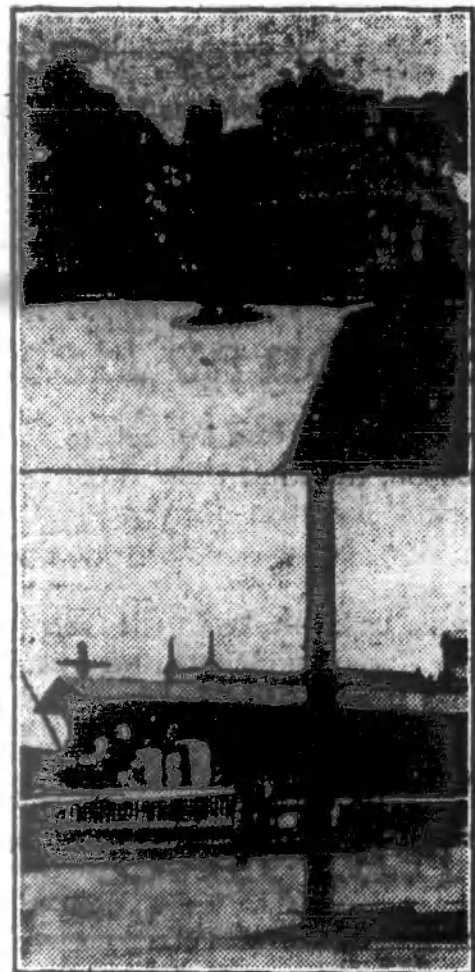
Striking results toward town improvement have been accomplished in a short time by the Haworth (N. J.) Beautiful society.

Perhaps the example of Haworth when the way is pointed out may be followed by other similar places. It is a community not of the rich nor of the poor, but is a collection of homes of moderately circumstanced New York business and professional men. The government is the borough form so popular in New Jersey, where the mayor and six councilmen regulate public affairs.

The Haworth beautiful movement, which has attracted no little attention, was organized by a few ladies and gentlemen who pledged themselves to the carrying out of the ideals expressed in the object of the society, which, according to its constitution, is as follows:

The object of the society is to arouse and keep alive a spirit of civic pride that will constantly tend to make and keep Haworth a beautiful, healthful and interesting place in which to live.

The mayor of the borough was elected president of the society and has



DIFFERENCE IN STATIONS AT HAWORTH AND A NEIGHBORING TOWN.

been its most enthusiastic member. It was provided that the management should be vested in a board of nine directors of three classes, three being elected each year for a period of three years, they to elect a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer. Among the permanent committees provided for the most important was a committee described as follows:

An outdoor art committee, whose duty it shall be to promote by action and influence the establishment of sanitary and beautiful conditions in and about the community, particularly by fostering an interest in the planting and preservation of trees, vines, flowers and shrubs and the beautifying of our homes, highways and public places.

It must be confessed that the support of the society at the start was limited to a small number of enthusiasts, and until they demonstrated by good works visible to everybody's eye what even a few devoted people could do the society did not gain in membership.

The first job tackled was the problem of making an attractive entrance to the town at and surrounding the railroad station. Flower beds and shrubs were set out, and an unsightly piece of land, partly public and partly railroad property, near the tracks opposite the station, was taken in hand, filled in, graded and drained and then put into lawn, flowers and shrubbery.

The spirit has taken permanent root in Haworth, the membership of the society has grown and is growing, and the people generally are co-operating loyally with it.

#### City to Do Its Own Paving.

The street and sewer directors of Wilmington, Del., have rejected all bids of contractors for paving, believing that the city can do its own work much cheaper and at least as good work as the private contractors. Each of the three directors is a thoroughly experienced business man, and with the municipal paving plant in operation they should be able to save the city considerable money.

#### Commission to Protect Trees.

Because of the destruction of trees in many parts of Indianapolis, Ind., by insects Mayor Shank is considering the wisdom of appointing a tree commission to make a thorough study of and make recommendations for the elimination of the pests.

## WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

Encouraged Decorative Houses and Obtained "Community Gardens."

Lonsdale, N. Y., mill village in Rhode Island, started for the benefit of the children of the mill districts by private enterprise.

Miss Bartlett, daughter of the late Admiral and Mrs. Bartlett of Lonsdale, had seen something of the lovely little English villages, with their cottages embowered in greenery and flowers, during her travels abroad and was moved to wonder on her return why the mill villages in this country could not be made to put forth bloom and verdure somewhat after the same fashion.

As one step toward obtaining the results Miss Bartlett offered a prize to the tenant who brought about the most improvement around her domicile. Already one row of brick tenements gives evidence that this seed fell on fertile ground, for there is a riot of vines climbing over the ugly walls, and geraniums and old-fashioned flowers make a border of scarlet and green and other colors around the block.

In this district the children have practically no place for play but the streets.

Realizing that there were fields close at hand which could be pre-empted for the children and that one of the greatest needs of boys and girls in towns and cities is the opportunity to cultivate the soil, Miss Bartlett determined to start "community gardens."

Within a stone's throw of the mill lies a big field with a fringe of trees. The company offered a piece of this land sufficient for the gardens not far from the tenements and the railroad station. Miss Bartlett supplied tools for the children, and they were allowed to pay a penny for each package of seeds. This system, it was thought, would give them a finer sense of ownership in their gardens.

Under these auspices the work went forward rapidly, and the first week in June sixty children of the village between the ages of ten and fourteen assembled to plant their plots. So enthusiastic were the little ones over the enterprise that there was hardly room for all who applied, and the children could scarcely contain themselves waiting for the seeds to come up.

## ADVICE TO TOWN CLEANERS.

Improvement Societies Should Attend to Streets First.

Following the organization of an improvement society there is usually some discussion as to the order of work or what problem should be first attacked. It should not be hard to determine what needs immediate attention or what will bring the greatest good to the greatest number, and the latter manifestly should govern such an organization at all times.

Clean sidewalks add more to both appearance and convenience than any other civic asset, and badly littered and dirty sidewalks are a serious civic liability. In some cities and towns clean sidewalks are required by ordinance. If such restrictions and regulations do not occur it is a good, live subject for the attention of that progressive improvement association all live centers of population should have.

Next to clean sidewalks should come clean streets. If the place be small and no garbage removal is practiced better see that such service is given.

## BAN ON STREET VENDERS.

Rigorous Campaign Against City Nuisances in Hutchinson, Kan.

An ordinance has been introduced in the Hutchinson (Kan.) City commission that will put a quietus on every character of venter who has, under a light license, occupied portions of the city's paved streets. It was introduced at the instance of Mayor Frank Vincent and is calculated to put an end to common nuisances.

The ordinance, if adopted, will prohibit shows, museums, stands, popcorn, peanut wagons and all kinds of fakers from pursuing their callings on any paved street, including the sidewalks and parkings. It is provided that any one convicted of violation of the law shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and be fined not less than \$5 nor more than \$50 for each offense, which, according to the terms of the ordinance, means for every day there is a violation.

## DON'TS THAT COUNT.

Quincy Woman's Club Offers Good, Sound Advice to Buyers.

The Woman's club of Quincy, Mass., through its home economics section, has issued the following circular of don'ts to clubwomen:

Don't educate your grocer before you educate yourself.

Don't blame when you can praise.

Don't buy food exposed on the street.

Don't buy food exposed in dirty shops.

Don't buy food where employees are unclean.

Don't buy food where cats and dogs are allowed.

Don't buy without reading labels.

Don't buy bargain counter foods.

Don't buy without seeing foods.

Don't rest until your town has a starved inspector.

Calcium Chloride For Laying Dust.

A quantity of granulated calcium chloride, such as is used by the state of New York in experimenting as to the laying of dust on the highways, has been ordered for use in Rochester by Commissioner of Public Works F. T. Elwood. The chloride is said to form a moist coating which prevents the dust from flying.

# ITHACA TRUST COMPANY

## A Helpful Service

is what we offer to the people of Ithaca and vicinity. A service that means something to each and every one of our customers—a real Bank Service.

Each and every customer gets the benefit of our equipment for the protection and safe-guarding of his money; the benefit of our facilities for the transacting of his financial affairs; and on request, our very best advice on business matters and investments.

This service will prove of value to YOU, why not open an account with us now and take advantage of it?

## INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

3 1-2 Per Cent. Interest on all Deposits.

\$150,000.00

Capital

\$150,000.00

Surplus



3343

Depositors

Sept. 6, 1910

4241

Depositors

Sept. 6, 1911

This Company makes a specialty of Banking by Mail. Depositors are not charged exchange on out-of-town checks.

John Morgan Brainard, Pres.

Ralph R. Keeler, Treas.

# A Better Rate.

When you think of Fall Clothes, think of Egbert's and you will come as near being right as it is in the province of men to be. It has been our privilege at different times to examine every line of Clothing worth mentioning and none of them ever appealed to us as strongly as the present line of clothing which we sell under our name—we know that every dollar invested in an Egbert Suit will pay you a better rate of interest than you can get elsewhere.

Men's Suits \$12.50 to \$25.00.

**C. R. EGBERT,**

The People's Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

75 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

# Our Suit Department

Offers you a display, an assortment, a selection of garments, so large and so varied that you cannot fail to find just what you want.

No matter whether you are looking for a dress, a coat, a suit, a skirt, a waist or a petticoat, we stand ready to supply you with it, at any price, in every size, every imaginable coloring, and in only the most up-to-date styles and fashions.

We were never in a better position to take care of your wants.

## OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

too, offers a wealth of stylish hats to select from, or stands ready to create for you your own selections, or is prepared to offer any number of becoming suggestions.

# Rothschild Bros., Ithaca.

Place your Insurance with the  
**VENICE TOWN INSURANCE CO.**  
\$1,150,000 IN FARM RISKS!

WM. H. SHARPSTEEN, Secretary,

Office, Genoa, N. Y.

## A FRENCH CALENDAR.

The One That Was Adopted During the Revolution.

In the French revolution the national convention adopted a new calendar containing twelve months of thirty days each. The five days in the year thus left were disposed of by making them "festivals." The months were named not January, February, etc., but Vendemiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose, Germinal, Floreal, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor and Fructidor.

Each of these names had a meaning. Instead of naming a month meaninglessly after a heathen god, as we name January after Janus and March after Mars, the names represented the special characteristics of the month. Fructidor, for instance, which includes part of what we call September, means "the fruitful month;" Germinal, the first of the spring months, running from the last of March to the middle of April, means "the month of buds," and Floreal, which follows it, the "flowery" or "flowering" month.

Thermidor, which means the "hot month," is the month which under the republican calendar included part of July and part of August. The political significance of the word arises from the fact that the revolution which overthrew Robespierre and ended the reign of terror occurred on the 9th of the month of Thermidor, or, as we should say, July 27, 1794. It was called "the revolution of Thermidor," as we speak of "the September massacres," and the revolutionists were nicknamed "Thermidorians." The inventor of the calendar was Romme.—New York Times.

## THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Their History Rich in Events of Consequence to the Nation.

The south is especially rich in points of historic consequence, remarks a writer in Leslie's Weekly. At the outset Virginia was the most populous as well as the most powerful of all the states. As "the mother of presidents" she practically gave the law to the country from the accession of Washington in 1789 to the retirement of Monroe in 1825, except during the four years of John Adams in the presidency. In the next third of a century, with its Hayne, Calhoun, McDuffie and other statesmen of large influence, South Carolina was the center of events in the nation. Texas, with its boundary dispute with Mexico, precipitated the war between the latter and the United States, in which by conquest and purchase we obtained Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, California and parts of Colorado and Wyoming. The necessity for the control of the mouth of the Mississippi incited the negotiation with France which resulted in the annexation of the province of Louisiana, by which the area of the United States was doubled and all subsequent acquisitions of territory were rendered inevitable. Florida saw the earliest white settlements which were planted anywhere in the present United States. In the Wautauga colony in Tennessee self government made its advent west of the Alleghenies.

## Right Handed Parrots.

Past the parrot cages walked the bird fancier, poking an inquisitive finger at the birds.

"I am looking for a right handed parrot, he said, "but there doesn't seem to be one in this lot. Most parrots are left handed. Training, not nature, made them so.

"Their owners are right handed and when putting out a finger for the bird to stand on it is most convenient for him to step up with the left foot. In a little while that left handed action becomes second nature and he doesn't know how to use his right foot first.

"The only right handed parrots have belonged to left handed persons. In their training the order was reversed. The left finger was extended for a perch and the bird naturally grasped it with his right foot."—New York Sun.

## The Sign on the Bottle.

Maggie is a willing but rather stupid domestic in a Chicago family. She suffered from toothache for some time, and the cresote that had been prescribed proving ineffectual, her mistress procured another remedy at the drug store. Thinking to impress the girl with the necessity of being careful in the use of it, she said: "Now, Maggie, do you see the skull and crossbones on this label? Do you know what they mean?"

"Yes, ma'am," Maggie promptly replied; "they mean that the medicine is good for the teeth."

## A Harder Task.

"I can twist my husband around my little finger," said the Circassian beauty.

"That's all right," replied the fat lady, "but if you had married the ossified man instead of the contortionist you'd find him a harder customer to deal with."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Is the World Growing Better?

Many things go to prove that it is. The way thousands are trying to help others is proof. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould, of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters, she now advises other sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I suffered with stomach and kidney trouble," she writes. "Every medicine I used failed till I took Electric Bitters. But this great remedy helped me wonderfully." They'll help any woman. They're the best tonic and finest liver and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see. 50c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

## 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 Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 8th day of March, 1914.

Dated Sept. 8, 1911.  
CHAS. UPSON, 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 Herbert L. Myers, late of town of Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of January, 1913.

Dated June 26, 1911.  
FRANK E. 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 town of Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Ledyard, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of January, 1913.

Dated June 26, 1911.  
WALTER L. CORRY,  
CLARA B. COBB,  
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 administrator of said estate, 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.  
FAY TREBBER,  
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 executor of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1911.

Dated April 26th, 1911.  
W. W. L. SKINNER, Executor.

Amasa J. Parker,  
Attorney for Executor,  
115 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 late of the city of Portland, Oregon, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned administrator of said estate, at his office, 126 Genesee Street, in the City of Auburn, Cayuga County, New York, on or before the first day of November, 1911.

Dated April 26th, 1911.  
ALICE VAUGHN, Administrator.

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

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To Grace A. Snover, Frank J. Howell, Charles E. Howell, Mollie Reeves, John P. DeLap, Carlton L. DeLap, Ralph E. DeLap, Effie G. Burton, Ada L. DeLap, Susan E. DeLap, Merton DeLap, Lewis DeLap, William J. DeLap and Dorothy DeLap.

Send Greeting: Whereas, Alanson J. Snover of Locke, 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 1st day of November, 1907, purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of John G. Howell, late of Locke, in said county, deceased, which relates to both real and personal estate, and of an alleged codicil thereto, dated the 21st day of February, 1907.

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 17th day of November, 1911, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and attend the probate of said Last Will and Testament and codicil thereto.

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

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at the Surrogate's office in the City of Auburn, this 28th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

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

RALPH A. HARTKE,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
Office and P. O. Address,  
Moravia, N. Y.

## Averts Awful Tragedy.

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Women's Union Suits in white and natural wool, long sleeve, ankle length.

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Women's Union Suits, low neck, no sleeves, ankle length, medium weight.

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**Cookery Points**

**How to Cook Prunes.**  
A housewife has this to say about prunes:

"Seldom have I found even so called stewed prunes properly cooked abroad. They should never be boiled. That spoils the flavor. This is the way we western cooks stew them: Cleanse thoroughly, soak in water ten or twelve hours, adding a little granulated sugar when putting to soak, for, although the fruit is sweet enough, yet experience has shown that the added sugar changes by chemical process into fruit sugar and brings out better the flavor of the fruit. After soaking the fruit will assume its full size and is ready to be simmered on the back of the stove. Do not boil prunes. That is what spoils them. Simmer, simmer only. Keep lid on. Shake gently. Do not stir and never let boil. When tender they are ready for the table.

"Serve cold, and a little cream will make them more delicious. Added just before simmering, a little sliced lemon or orange gives a rich color and flavor to the sirup. Many housekeepers think that if they pay a fancy price for large prunes they secure fruit of better flavor, but the small varieties are frequently just as sweet and just as finely flavored."

**One Woman's Way.**  
"A new dish every day" was the self imposed task of a young wife who was in possession of a new home and plenty of time.

Although she had never cooked before in her life, her shining new kitchen was a lure she could not resist, much to the delight of her husband and friends.

She bought cookbooks, studied ingredients and proportions and devoured magazines devoted to things culinary. In the end she developed into a real wizard of a cook, and she originated dainties that sent the most blasé of epicures into ecstasies of enjoyment.

She discovered that possibilities of food combinations are practically inexhaustible, and she still pursues the rule of "something new every day"—a rule entailing very little extra labor and a world of enjoyment.

**Parasips With Cream.**  
Take some nice fresh parasips, peel and wash them, then cut them into the shape of olives, using only the outside part for the purpose. Put them into a saucepan and cover them with cold water seasoned with a little salt and lemon juice. Bring to a boil, then strain and put into a clean saucepan with two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter. Add half a cupful cream, a little pepper and salt and a quarter of a cupful of white sauce. Put the lid on the pan and cook very gently for thirty minutes. Sprinkle with a little finely chopped parsley and the strained juice of half a lemon and turn out on to a hot dish and serve at once.

**Compote of Rice With Pears.**  
Wash two-thirds of a cupful of rice, add one cupful of boiling water and steam until the rice has absorbed the water. Then add one and one-third of a cupful of hot milk, one teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth of a cupful of sugar. Cook until the rice is soft and turn into a slightly buttered, round, shallow mold. When shaped remove from the mold to a serving dish and arrange on top section of cooked pears, drained from their sirup and dipped in macaroon dust. Garnish between sections with candied cherries and pour over the pear sirup.

**Peach Jelly.**  
Peel and stone a peck of peaches, slicing or cutting them, and add to them a dozen cracked peach pits. Cook until the fruit is broken and soft, then strain and measure. Return to the fire, add the juice of a lemon and boil for twenty minutes. Stir in a pound of heated sugar for each pint of juice, boil up once and pour into glasses. This will make a delicious jelly.

**Sweet Potatoes on Brochets.**  
Wash and pare potatoes and cut in one-third inch slices. Arrange on skewers in groups of three or four, parboil six minutes and drain. Brush over with melted butter, sprinkle with brown sugar and bake in a hot oven until well browned.

**Sweet Potato Croquettes.**  
To two cupfuls of hot ricéd sweet potatoes add three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of pepper and one beaten egg. Shape into croquettes, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs again, fry in deep fat and drain.

**Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style.**  
Bake six medium sized sweet potatoes, remove from oven, cut in halves lengthwise and scoop out inside. Mash, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and cream to moisten. Season with salt, refill skins and bake five minutes in hot oven.

**Salt With Vegetables.**  
A good vegetable rule is salt with vegetables that are green, no salt in those containing starch or grown underground. Most vegetables are put on in boiling water, though some housewives make exceptions to this rule.

**COLLEGE BLOUSE.**

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NEW DESIGN IN BLOUSE.

At all times of the year the college girl needs a supply of shirt waists or blouses for the different sports she particularly elects. The model pictured is a smart little affair just built for her requirements. Carried out in a daintily striped flannel or in some serviceable wash material it is stunning.

**Harmful Styles in Woman's Dress.**

The following extract is clipped from a recent editorial in the Ladies' Home Journal, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true": That man's position of deference toward women is changing admits of no question. It is noticeable on every hand. But let women quietly ponder and ask "Why is it?" and they will find that the insidious loss of respect is based on the little things that men have always associated with them and that women are losing sight of—the feminine foolishnesses that are sadly growing on modern girls and women. Small in themselves, yes, but now it is one small thing, and then it is another, and after awhile the whole mess of small things becomes a formidable mass, and gradually the estimation that has received a succession of constant little jars is found to have become weakened. Believe it or not as women may, that is where the two sexes stand today in America, and it is a position neither pleasant nor desirable. Women are pulling themselves down slowly, but none the less surely, in the eyes of men by their growing tendency to place the emphasis on the things that are not worth while. The women who represent the best of American womanhood recognize this condition and deplore it just as much as do the men, and it is a grievous pity that the sensible portion of American women have not more influence on that larger majority of the sex who are today playing with their greatest source of protection, the respect of men.

**Shrinking Wash Goods.**  
Keep your material in the same creases as when bought, opened only enough to tie easily in the tub to cover the goods and leave sufficient length of time to be thoroughly shrunk. Then lay a broom across the tub and carefully hang the material on it, still folded. Thus it will drain in the tub and dry. On removal the goods will be as pressed and smooth as when bought. A little salt in the water will also set the color at the same time.

**Picturesque Evening Frocks.**  
The season's evening frocks all make for picturesque effects, and the costume in the cut is a charming example of this mode. It is girlish, though quaint and effective in treatment. The



FROCK OF CHIFFON AND LACE.

material used is pale blue chiffon over satin of the same shade. The band of black velvet across the front of the skirt is a novel feature, held in place, as it is, with an exquisite pink silk rose.

**THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT**

WOMEN AND DRINK

By BYRON WILLIAMS

**A** YOUNG woman, not long a bride, went out in Chicago with her husband and some friends. They had something to eat and something to drink. The wife, unused to drinking, felt the effects of the stimulant and the excitement to such an extent that her friends had to put her to bed. In the night, seemingly in a sort of half-madness, she shot and killed her husband.

Woman by nature is a much more sensitive creature than man. She is emotional and often, as we say, high strung. To play upon her emotions and her nerves with strong drink is dangerous. It is bad enough for men to indulge their appetites and lose their control. It is, indeed, a serious national problem when women, the mothers of the future generation of men, take to the intoxicating cup.

Every city man knows that the number of women who drink is being aug-



TAKING HER FIRST DRINK.

mented every year by many added devotees of the intoxicating cup. And for the most part they begin the habit in the restaurants with their men friends. For a girl to enter a restaurant and drink with her male escort is madness—that is if she values her good name and her future—but one of the greatest dangers lies in the fact that married women may with perfect propriety go to city restaurants and drink with their husbands and their friends.

Inasmuch as nobody ever beat John Barleycorn at his own game, why is it to be reasoned that woman, emotional and finely strung, shall not fall a quick slave to his power? And she does.

Do not misunderstand me. Not all city women drink, but the number is growing, and the drink habit among women is not confined to the German beverage, beer. Women seem to take to highballs and more thrilling, stronger drinks, beverages with fancy colors and cherries, drinks that look harmless and attractive, but that have concealed the sting and the exhilaration. It takes only a little strong drink to make some women hysterical, and a hysterical woman scarcely can be held responsible for what she does.

Men owe it to each other and to the future generations to discourage drinking among women. As a rule woman is slow to be led into taking the first glass, and it is not until some unwise fellow has importuned and laughed at her qualms of conscience that she finally yields. True manhood should stop and ponder well the possible results before inducing a woman to take her first drink.

And it is surprising how fast some women travel the downward road from the moment of the first drink. There is something strange about femininity. When it is bad, it is, like the little girl with the curl, "very, very bad!" When woman starts down she goes to the dress unless heroic measures are used to save her and support her.

In my days as a newspaper reporter I have seen innocent girls tread the primrose path for but a few weeks and land like a crumpled and broken parachute in the morass of sin and corruption—and all in a year! I have seen mothers' hearts break and husbands' heads bowed down in grief and shame—because somebody laughed at a woman and waved away her prudishness, as they called it, until she yielded and took her first highball.

Isn't it time that we, as a nation, took notice of this spreading evil and prepared for its extermination? Isn't it time that we got together and made it more difficult for good women to go wrong? Isn't it time that we safeguarded the future men and women of this land from a heritage of hell? I think it is, and I think you have a part in the work to be done.

There never has and there never will be a model home with intemperance in it. The truest mothers are not those who tattle; the sweetest, purest women are not those who know the taste of the cherry at the bottom of the glass.

Men and women who are devoting their lives to the reform work of the cities could tell you stories about the drinking districts that would appal you. Out in the security of your country home you may have no idea of the red ways of the metropolis. While you are dreaming in your security the subtle serpent is slyly slipping here and there, biting whom it can, poisoning the men and the women of tomorrow. And many a fair-skinned woman is its victim, many an innocent heart its toll.



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Many of you have old plow points, thrown 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 iron repaired at Husor's, Genoa, N. Y.

