

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXI. No. 9.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1911.

EMMA A. WALDO

From Nearby Towns.

Merrifield.

SEPT. 20—George Dorems had the misfortune to lose two valuable cows lately.

E. J. Morgan and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cuykendall at Cascade.

Miss Agnes Reynolds, after spending the summer here, has returned to her home in Carson City, Mich. Her sister, Mrs. Glenn Shorkley, and daughter Leola, accompanied her for a two weeks' visit.

Mrs. Floyd Loveland, who is on the sick list, is visiting her parents near Poplar Ridge at present.

Charles A. Wyant of Auburn, who is spending his vacation in town, favored the congregation of the Baptist church with some finely rendered clarinet solos Sunday, Mrs. Claude Wyant playing the accompaniment.

Miss Emily M. Weeks of Auburn visited F. B. Chapman and wife Wednesday night.

At a business meeting of the Baptist church Sunday, the pastor, Rev. A. H. Wright, Charles Burtless and Mr. and Mrs. George Culver were appointed delegates to the Cayuga Baptist Association to be held in Jordan, Oct. 4 and 5.

A festival will be held in the Baptist church next Friday evening. A short program consisting of seven numbers (a couple of which will be solos by A. J. Cooke of Auburn) will be rendered, to which seven cents admission will be asked. Peaches and cream will be served for seven cents and biscuit, cake and coffee for another seven cents.

SEPT. 25—Work began this morning in Barnes and Bishop's evaporator.

John Gleason of Wisconsin, who is visiting his old home here, is ill and under the doctor's care.

J. F. Gauss and wife and Mrs. Rowena Hamilton of Marshall, Mich., on an auto trip to the Berkshire Hills, spent Friday night with Mrs. Hamilton's sister, Mrs. R. B. Eaker. Mr. and Mrs. P. Brennan of Aurora visited at Daniel Gleason's Sunday.

Mrs. Huldah Wheat, Mrs. Martha Eaker, John R. Eaker, John Redman and Miss Alma Redman spent Saturday and Sunday as guests of Walter Hutchings and family near Cayuga.

The Misses Guelielma Thayer and Anna Dyer of Auburn spent Saturday and Sunday at R. B. Eaker's.

Scipioville.

SEPT. 20—The Southern Cayuga Sunday School association was held in the M. E. church on Tuesday, Sept. 19. There was a good attendance, the towns of Port Byron, Union Springs, Aurora, Levanna, King Ferry, Genoa, Fleming and Scipio being well represented. A dinner was served on the parsonage lawn by the ladies of both churches.

Mrs. Holt of Detroit, Mich., is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. M. Pattington.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cross of Rochester were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Manchester over Sunday.

Earl Leeson spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leeson.

Mrs. L. W. Holt and sons of Union Springs were over-Sunday guests of Mrs. F. M. Pattington.

Harriet Buckhout and Eliza Hoxie went to Union Springs on Tuesday to attend school at the Oakwood seminary.

Several from this place attended the State fair at Syracuse last week.

L. S. Atwater and wife visited friends in King Ferry on Sunday.

Mrs. Wischere spent Sunday in Auburn.

Mrs. Cooper and daughter were visiting in Weedsport for the past week.

North Lansing.

SEPT. 26—The Masons entertained their district deputy, with other guests on Friday evening last. The Ladies' Aid society were engaged to serve the supper which was in Grange hall. A fine supper was served in three courses.

Millard Edsall has returned to school in Ithaca for another year.

A number of our ladies attended the W. C. T. U. county convention in Ithaca Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Gladys Tarbell will not return to school this term.

Rev. and Mrs. Allington entertained relatives from Honeoye over Sunday. They came in an auto.

Daniel DeCamp has been very feeble during the last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bower were over-Sunday guests at D. Bradley's in Grotton.

Frank Tarbell is putting a large addition on his barn. He has recently put up a fine large cement drinking fountain for cattle.

A large number from here attended the county fair at Ithaca.

Mrs. Martin Stowell is improving.

Rev. and Mrs. Allington entertained District Superintendent C. E. Jewell with a number of the members of the quarterly conference at dinner on Saturday.

Beard Bros. threshing machine is laid up for repairs. In attempting to go into the field by Frank Beard's bar the machine tipped over on its side. After repeated efforts it was righted up but somewhat broken and bent.

Quarterly conference was held at North Lansing M. E. church last Saturday morning.

Wm. Stanton has been sick but is improving.

Edd Buck has plumbers this week putting in a furnace.

Martin Stowell is in very poor health.

A number of our school children are suffering with sore arms caused from vaccination.

Rev. F. Allington started for conference on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Allington will spend a part of the time during his absence with relatives in Ithaca. The people will be greatly disappointed if he is not returned.

Ledyard.

SEPT. 25—Earl White, wife and little son of Rochester, made the trip to this place by auto last Saturday to visit their aunt, Mrs. Parly, returning home on Sunday.

The usual number from this place attended the State fair.

The buildings on the poultry farm are now completed and any one wishing to see an up-to-date plant would do well to visit the Hilland Poultry farm.

Fay Jones of Auburn visited his mother here last week.

Miss Anna and Frank Minard returned to their school at Oakwood last week.

Mr. Olmsted of Geneva was in town last week, putting the finishing touches on the church.

The Young People's society held their regular meeting at the home of Julian Corey on Saturday evening. The society is in a flourishing condition and is a valuable adjunct to the church.

Rev. H. E. Crossley leaves on Wednesday for conference. His family will accompany him for a visit with friends. He has many friends here who hope that he may be returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Main visited their brother and family at Myers from Monday until Wednesday.

Chas. Starkweather, who is being treated by Dr. Skinner, has the sympathy of his friends at Ledyard.

Mrs. Mary Bradt is visiting her granddaughters at Venice.

Chas. Vuley has purchased the evaporator, formerly owned by Mr. Lamb of Wayne county, and is moving it to his place of business.

Married.

BURN—CHAVEN—At the parsonage of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church by Rev. Eli Pittman on Thursday afternoon, September 21, 1911, Miss Adrian E. Bush of Cayuga to Harold L. Craven of Oswego.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

Five Corners.

SEPT. 26—Several from this place attended the Ithaca fair last week.

George Curtis and wife were called to Grotton last Saturday on account of the severe illness of their daughter, Mrs. Carl Clark.

H. B. Hunt recently visited his brother Byron in Auburn, who is in very poor health.

Francis Hollister and wife went last Saturday to Burdette to visit her sisters, Mrs. Maria Williams and Hattie Brink. Their brother, Leander Brink and wife of Middletown were also there. Mr. and Mrs. Hollister returned home Monday afternoon.

Harry Curtis and Wilbur Cook and Lyon Snyder are doing a large amount of painting at Frank H. Tarbell's at North Lansing.

Mrs. Rachel Sanford spent a few days last week with friends in Ithaca.

Mrs. H. B. Hunt attended church last Sunday for the first time since her severe illness.

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

Mrs. Ella Algert spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. Ward Groom in Auburn.

George Curtis and wife spent this week Tuesday with her brother Andrew Brink and wife at North Lansing. They also spent last Friday at James Mallison's near East Venice.

Mrs. Charles Barger spent last Sunday with her son Henry and family near Ludlowville.

Miss Florence Todd has returned to her school at Oakwood seminary.

R. Miller and Murray Beardley of North Lansing were through this section one day last week and are preparing to place telephones north and south of this place, which will make it convenient for the farmers.

The many friends of Wm. Bunnell are pleased to learn that he is slowly recovering from his very critical illness. Miss Lizzie Wager of Belltown is caring for him.

Miss Mattie DeRemer and Mary King of Ludlowville visited the former's parents, James DeRemer and wife last Saturday.

Andrew Brink and wife of North Lansing and Irah Barger of Ludlowville spent last Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barger.

Mrs. Hattie Bingham of Summerhill is visiting Mrs. John Palmer and Mrs. Oscar Hunt for a few weeks.

Laselle Palmer won the prize of free scholarship at Thorpe's business college in Auburn.

Chas. Egbert, wife and son of South Lansing made a call last Sunday at Will Ferris'. Robert Ferris and wife would have also received a call if they had not retired so early in the evening.

Mrs. Mary Hason died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Stevenson, Wednesday morning, Sept. 27, at 6 o'clock. Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock at her late home.

Indian Field.

SEPT. 26—Geo. Day and wife of Union Springs visited at F. O. Purinton's and S. L. Pardie's from Saturday until Monday.

Clifford Wright of New York City who has been spending several weeks at Frank Purinton's, has commenced his second year at Oakwood seminary.

Mrs. M. Nolan and mother, Mrs. Tighe, who have been very ill, are improving.

One on the Supervisor.

The supervisor of a school was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation.

To the children he said: "Now, children, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said "thirty-six." The supervisor wrote sixty-three.

He asked for another number, and 76 was given. He wrote 67.

When a third number was asked, a child who apparently paid no attention called out:

"The twenty-seven. Change that, you darn thacker!"—Everybody's.

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

East Venice.

SEPT. 12—Mrs. S. A. Whitten returned home Sunday after spending some time at R. L. Teeter's, Moravia.

Harvey Dunham and wife of Moravia were over-Sunday guests at Casper Nettleton's.

L. A. Taylor made a business trip to New York City recently.

SEPT. 26—Jesse Whitten and family spent Sunday at John Sill's.

Quite a few from this vicinity attended the Ithaca fair last week.

Wm. Teeter and family visited at Robert Teeter's Sunday.

J. A. Mack and wife were recent visitors at Charles Comstock's at Sherwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Booker, LaFayette Allen and wife and Miss Charlotte Bush were Sunday callers at Howard Bush's.

R. T. Doty and wife were Sunday guests at Edgar Shaffer's of Moravia.

Mrs. George Sisson is spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Atwood.

Mrs. Austin Tabor returned home Friday after spending some time in Cortland.

Mrs. Chas. Calhoun and son were Sunday guests at James Parmley's.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Beanie Mosher were Sunday visitors at Francis Mosher's, Venice Center.

Two Enjoyable Gatherings.

Guests to the number of more than 100 were present at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Cook at Poplar Ridge Tuesday evening when they celebrated their golden wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook have resided for many years on the fine farm where they now live.

Mr. Cook, who is the son of Nathaniel Cook, a well known citizen of the earlier days in this community, has occupied various positions of prominence and trust.

He was supervisor of the town of Venice for a period, was prominently identified with the old Cayuga county fair as one of its officers for many years, has been active in the conduct of the Cayuga County Patrons' Fire Relief Association and the Grange, and for a number of years has been assistant postmaster here.

He was one of the organizers of the Poplar Ridge Elgin Creamery Company, in which he is still active.

Mr. Cook read an address Tuesday evening which was listened to with much interest by those present.

Among those in attendance was Mrs. Searing of Auburn, widow of Judge A. H. Searing, and Mrs. Mattie Beardsley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cook.

An interesting and enjoyable event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Landon near Poplar Ridge Friday evening of last week, when four generations of the Frost family of which Mrs. Landon is a member, gathered at the Landon home for a family reunion.

The event was brought about by the visit of Mrs. Fanny Frost, 80 years old, and her sister, Mrs. Amy R. Frost, who is 79. Both are aunts of Mrs. Landon. The two elderly ladies reside in Trumansburg and the trip was made to Poplar Ridge by automobile. There were 15 members of the family present, Mrs. Fanny H. Frost being the oldest and little Ruth Holland, aged 3, the youngest. Those present besides Mr. and Mrs. Landon were Mr. and Mrs. William Frost, Roy Holland, wife and three children of Ledyard, Arthur Landon and wife, Leland Landon and Miss Mary Landon.

Mrs. Amy Frost was a school teacher in the public school of Union Springs 40 years ago and during her stay at Poplar Ridge, visited many of her old pupils who live in that vicinity.

Both ladies enjoy excellent health and take a lively interest in current topics.

Supreme Court Jurors.

Jurors were drawn Saturday for the October term of Supreme Court which convenes in Auburn on Oct. 9.

Those drawn from Southern Cayuga towns are as follows:

GRAND JURORS.

Fleming—Samuel Stewart.
Genoa—D. C. Hunter, Edwin Stark.

Moravia—Edward Smith.
Niles—Andrew S. Hanley, William O. Covert.

Owasco—Smith Selover.
Scipio—Michael J. Herron.
Springport—William Nichols.
Venice—John W. Corey, Reuben F. Doty.

TRIAL JURORS.

Fleming—Joseph Devonshire.
Genoa—George Austin, George Rennyson.

Ledyard—Daniel Hawley.
Locke—Monroe Jackson.
Moravia—Alton E. Banks, Dennis Cushman, James O. Foster, Edmond T. Mahoney.

Niles—D. M. Greenfield.
Owasco—William Gleason.
Scipio—Thomas Costello, Otto Post.

Springport—Harry Stewart, Stuart Deldine.
Venice—Lewis A. Taylor, Terrence Oonnoughty.

Ordinary or Intensive.

H. H. Charles, the well-known agricultural advertising expert, preaches a little sermon which farmers and advertisers may read with profit.

"The difference between intensive farming and ordinary farming," says Mr. Charles, "is the difference between full ears and nubbins, bumper crops and lean crops, progress and poverty; in truth, between success and failure.

"Some men do wheedle a sort of living from the soil, by energy badly aimed. Their position is precarious; nature is unkind to the unwise.

"But the men who take an acre of ground, increase its productiveness until it pays a dividend—these are intensive farmers. For such are the rewards of agriculture.

"These men are specialists—men who are continually studying their subject from every known angle and point of view, profiting by their own and other's experiences. They understand their subject. They are experts.

"Advertising, like farming, may be ordinary or intensive. The latter is the kind that pays. It is created by men who understand, men who appreciate the possibilities of space to be used and its capacity for yield. Such men are termed advertising specialists."—Rural Life.

Adenoids in School Children.

Percy R. Wood, of Marshalltown, Ia., states that statistics show that 20 to 30 per cent of school children suffer from adenoids, often with few symptoms that attract attention, yet the condition of the throat is such as to endanger the hearing, and this is the most frequent cause of middle-ear catarrh. Eighty per cent of deafness is ascribed to this cause. Engorged and hypertrophied tonsils arise from adenoids and should be removed with them. After adenoid operation a careful examination of the anterior and posterior nares and Eustachian tube should be made and treatment instituted to cure any trouble that is found. Inadequate removal of the adenoids causes middle-ear trouble to go on after operation. The adenoid condition continues in adults and is a fruitful cause of deafness later in life. Adenoids have been found in persons as old as seventy years of age.—Medical Record.

Her Two Complaints.

Edward, the colored butler of a lady in Washington, had recommended his mother for the position of cook, but when the applicant came the lady noticed that she was not very strong looking.

"Do you suppose you will be able to do the work, Auntie? You don't look very healthy.

"Yes, ma'am, I is able; I ain't nudder been no ways sickly in my life—ain't nudder had nuthin' but smallpox an' Edward."—Lippincott's.

This Paper Prepared.

That paper that gives the greatest amount of local news and addresses the greatest number of intelligent readers, is the one that is prepared to give the greatest advertising value to its customers, and the merchant that recognizes that paper and places his trade news therein is the one that receives his money's worth.—National Publisher.

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 9 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,
Homeopathist 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., B. 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.
12:5 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 BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Annual Conference.

Every Health Officer should call the attention of his Board of Health to the Annual Conference of Sanitary Officers to be held in New York City on Oct. 25, 26 and 27. The program will be one which cannot help but be of great interest and benefit to all health workers, and it is confidently expected that the attendance will be the largest the conference ever held.

There will be an opportunity to inspect a number of the great institutions in the city; and discussions and papers by some of the leading sanitarians of the country will be given.

A Dreadful Sight

to H. J. Barnum, of Freeville, N. Y., was the fever-sore that had plagued his life for years in spite of many remedies he tried. At last he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve and wrote: "It has entirely healed with scarcely a scar left." Heals Burns, Boils, Eczema, Cuts, Bruises, Swellings, Corns and Piles like magic. Only 25c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

Advertise in the TRIBUNE

THIN MILK
How can the baby grow strong if the nursing mother is pale and delicate?
Scott's Emulsion
makes the mother strong and well; increases and enriches the baby's food.



CHATTANOOGA



A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY BY F A MITCHEL.

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SYNOPSIS

Private Mark Malone, U. S. A., sent as a spy to Chattanooga by General Thomas is saved from guerrillas by Souri Slack.

Disguised as a countryman, Mark starts for Chattanooga with Jakey, Souri's brother. Mark is to send Souri her red handkerchief if in peril.

Mark and Jakey are given shelter by Laura Fain and her mother. Laura suspects Mark is a Union soldier in disguise.

He confesses that he is. Laura is a Confederate. She prevents her lover, Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh, C. S. A., from detaining Mark.

Mark learns that a big Confederate army is massing at Chattanooga and planning a northward dash. He attempts to escape from Chattanooga.

He carries Jakey in safety past the picket line and unexpectedly meets a band of Confederate deserters. He and Jakey are then taken prisoners.

Mark is imprisoned as a spy. Jakey sends Souri's handkerchief to her by a negro, Mark, defended by Fitz Hugh, is sentenced to death.

Souri receives her handkerchief and, disguised as a colored girl, goes to Mark's rescue. She becomes a servant in the jail.

Souri and Mark exchange clothing, and with a blackened face Mark passes the guard. Bloodhounds follow him. He takes to the river.

Reaching the Fain house, Laura conceals him and gives him food and new clothing. She upbraids him for seeking her protection.

Souri and Jakey are sent home by the Confederate provost marshal. Mark poses as Professor Rhett of South Carolina in the Fain home.

He sends Uncle Daniel, a negro, to Chattanooga for further military information. Captain Fitz Hugh, coming unexpectedly, captures Mark.

Laura insists that Fitz Hugh permit Mark to escape. He does so, and their engagement is broken. Mark, Laura and her mother start for Nashville.

Mark, endeavoring to pass a Confederate picket, saves his mother and Mr. and Mrs. Green. They are detained. Mark and Laura agree to be man and wife in reality.

Fitz Hugh appears, hears that Mark and Laura are married and aids Mark to escape. Mark reaches the Union lines in safety.

Laura and her mother rejoice Mark, and a legal marriage is performed. Mark assures Laura he will be a spy no longer.

entirely could hear more. Evidently there was a pack. They drew nearer. Then they ceased for awhile. Perhaps they had come to the place where he had walked on the fence.

Then the barks began again, growing only slightly louder as they came, for Mark was floating rapidly from the point where he had entered the river.

He involuntarily turned over on his chest and struck out lustily. The current was swift; swimming would not add to his safety—it would only tax his strength and render him more liable to recapture on the other shore.

But swim he must. With the terrible sound of those dogs in his ears he could not lie idly on the water and leave the current to bear him onward.

Soon there came another cessation of sound from the dogs far above on the shore, and Mark judged that they had lost the scent at the place where he had entered the water.

Then he began to think of Souri and Jakey. What had they done to Souri when they had discovered her trick?

Would they punish her? Would they treat the boy harshly? He was comforted with the thought that there would be nothing gained by this—it would not bring the prisoner back—but he muttered a prayer for the girl who had placed herself behind those prison bars, who had incurred the rage of his jailers to save him.

He heard no more of the dogs and floated on, swimming and resting alternately. The high bluffs of Moccasin point were before him on his right.

An owl on their summit, watching the rising moon, occasionally gave a dismal hoot, the intervals being supplied by the melancholy whippoorwill. The current bore him on around the point, carrying him in near the shore where he had passed the picket with the sleeping Jakey in his arms a few nights before. So close was he that he could see a man walking back and forth on the very top of the one he had passed. As he drifted away he saw the relief approach and the picket changed.

He was borne directly under Look-out mountain, and on down for a mile to a point where the river makes another bend. Here the bank was low, and as Mark was getting chilled he swam to the southern bank for rest.

He laid himself down for a few moments on the dry ground, and then getting up walked back and forth rapidly, swinging his arms at the same time to restore circulation and fit him to endure a longer stay in the water.

He looked about for some piece of wood on which he might float farther. There were logs of various sizes scattered around, but most of them were rotten. He was so much at home in the water that he was not disappointed on failing to find one suitable to his purposes.

Plunging in again he moved on down past the bluffs at the foot of the Raccoon mountains, swimming on his chest most of the time and keeping a lookout before him. He had not passed a log before him. He had not passed any boats, at least none near him, and did not fear this danger, but he wanted to keep his surroundings well in view in order to know his location. The moon was now well up, and he

could see quite distinctly. Below and to his right a boat was putting out from the east shore. It was larger than an ordinary skiff, but as it was in a shadow he could not tell what kind of a craft it was. As it came over the river at right angles with the shore, and Mark was drifting toward it, he soon found that he was in danger of meeting it in the middle of the stream. The current was quite rapid, and before he was aware of it he was close to the boat. It was evidently a ferryboat, and Mark, who knew the location of Brown's ferry from the maps, judged that it was the boat belonging there.

But Mark was concerned with other considerations besides his location just then. He was too late to get out of the way unobserved by swimming aside. He made up his mind in a twinkling what to do. Drawing several long breaths he filled his lungs with air, and then putting his head down and his feet up he threw himself beneath the surface for a considerable time, but never as long as now. He remained under as long as he thought he possibly could, and then staid awhile longer. When he came to light again the boat was a hundred yards above him and to the west of him.

Another mile brought him to an island. He remembered it on his map as William's island, and knew that it was about two miles long. He recalled the fact that the only creek flowing into the river in this vicinity entered midway between the north and south end of this island, and on his right, if he remembered aright. He had about a mile to go to reach the mouth of this creek.

Striking out, he directed his course to the eastward of the island and swam very near to the east bank of the river. Along this he floated with scarcely a stroke, except to keep in close to the shore, watching eagerly for the mouth of the creek. Fortunately when he reached it he discovered it, and where he had supposed he would find it. With a few lusty strokes he was in it and soon at a place where he could rest in the water with his feet on terra firma.

But the knowledge that the dogs would soon be upon him prevented a rest of long duration. Perhaps a party would cross the neck of Moccasin point, thus cutting off a greater part of the long distance over which he had floated. The thought added new terror, and he began to wade and to swim alternately, as was necessary, up the creek. Presently he came to the crossing of a road. He drew himself up on to it and looked around. As a scout he had long been accustomed to keep his mind fixed on points along the paths he traveled, in order that he might know them again. As soon as he saw the little bridge—knowing that he was on the Chattanooga pike, over which he had passed a few days before, and at the junction of the creek running near the Fain's plantation.

Mark had not considered what he would do in case he should succeed in getting safely across the river. While in jail he felt that once out and across the Tennessee he would feel assured of safety. Now this had been accomplished, he began to realize that but half the battle had been won. In deed there were more chances that he would be retaken than that he would ever reach the Union lines.

He wrung the water from his clothes and put them on, shielding his face with his sunbonnet, for, though he had no mirror to inspect his features, he fancied they must be streaked with burnt cork softened by water. Then setting out toward the Fain plantation he deliberated what he should do.

It was now between eleven and twelve o'clock—so Mark judged by the moon being on the meridian—and he knew that all the Fains were asleep. He reached the corner of the yard and was about to enter it when he heard a clatter of hoofs behind him. He had hardly time to vault the fence and crouch behind it when a troop of horsemen crossed the bridge over the creek. They drew rein on the hither side not a hundred yards away from him. Mark heard a voice:

"Lieutenant, take ten men and scour the bank of the river from this on to the next creek, where I will make another detail."

The lieutenant with his men broke away from the column, which moved forward, passing within fifty feet of where Mark lay crouching.

Mark was for a few moments so completely overcome by the narrowness of his escape that he seemed to have no power to move. If he had been five minutes later, his capture would have been almost certain, for they would likely have discovered him between the road and the river, which space they were evidently intending to scour.

He got up, and getting on the outside of the fence walked beside a portion of it which led back from the road, designing to enter the negro quarters in the rear. He feared that the dogs were loose in the yard, and that he would



"WHY IN HEAVEN'S NAME DID YOU COME BACK HERE?"

have trouble with them; he therefore stole along till he came to the nearest point to one of the negro cabins. A dog sleeping in the moonlight near the house gave a low moan. Mark paused a moment and listened; then entering the grounds he walked in a stooping posture, keeping one of the cabins between him and the dog. He wanted to reach the rear door.

Mark felt assured that unless he could be concealed in some place where searchers would not be likely to intrude he would be lost. He well knew that every foot of ground within five or ten miles of Chattanooga would be alive with people hunting for him. The negro cabins would not be safe, for no searching party would respect them. There was but one chance for him. He must effect an entrance into the Fain house, and that with the knowledge as to his true character of but one person—Laura Fain.

He reached the negro cabin and knocked.

"Who dar?"

"Whar Uncle Dan'l sleep?"

"Nex' to de lef'."

Mark went as directed and called up Uncle Daniel. He heard a movement as of some one getting up, and presently the old man stood at the open door.

"Uncle, I've got a message fo' yo' young mistress."

"Who from?"

"De po' white man whar war hyar las' week wid he little brudder."

"Nice man, dat. Hab he got in trouble?"

"Nebber mind dat, uncle. Go in de house 'n wake up Missie Laura."

"Ain't got no key."

"Can't you wake up some one inside?"

"Why don't yo' wait till mornen?"

"Can't do dat no how. De message mus' be giben at once."

"Waal," said Daniel at last, "I do what I can fo' dat man; he berry fine gentleman ef he war po' white."

Mark followed the old man to the rear door of the basement. On the way a huge dog bounded at them, but seeing Daniel his fierceness ended in play. Daniel succeeded in waking a negro woman who slept within; the door was opened, and they stepped inside.

"Go, tell Missie Laura a culled gal want to speak to her right off. Say she got message from de man whar war hyar wid he little brudder," said Daniel.

"At dis time o' night?"

"Yas; de message mus' be delibered right away," said Mark. "Don' wake no one but Missie Laura. Tread softly."

The woman lighted a candle and went off with it grumbling, leaving Mark and Daniel in the dark. They waited for perhaps ten minutes, when they heard steps and saw the light returning. The negro woman was followed by Laura Fain, dressed in a wrapper. She knew Mark from the moment she saw him, but pretended only to see a negro girl.

"Hab message fo' yo', Missie Laura, but can't tell it to yo' widout dese niggers git away."

"Come with me."

She took the candle and led the way to the dining room above, leaving the two colored people below. Then she turned to Mark:

"Why in heaven's name did you come back here?"

"It was a choice between life and death. I escaped this evening from Chattanooga, where I was to be hanged tomorrow morning. Every place of concealment on this side of the river will be entered and searched. If concealed in this house, occupied by a family of white people and Confederates, I may not be found. Otherwise my recapture is certain."

She thought a moment, rubbing her palms together, as was her habit when excited. Then she called to the servants below:

"Go to bed, Uncle Daniel, and you, too, suttie. This girl is worn out with traveling, and I am going to fix a place for her to sleep."

Then turning to Mark she motioned him to follow her.

They went up two flights of stairs, stepping on tiptoe, and at last reached a landing from which a pair of steps led to a trap door.

"Go up there," she whispered. Mark climbed the stairs, pushed the

trap open and entered the enclosure on the roof. Before lowering the door he looked back to whisper a "God bless you," but all was dark. Laura had gone.

CHAPTER X. MARK'S KEEPER.

MARK stood for a moment looking about him. There were dormer windows, which let in the moonlight so that he could distinctly see everything in the room. Some trunks were piled in one corner, and in another some furniture. Among the latter he noticed a lounge with threathbare upholstery, and taking it in his arms, carried it, treading softly, to one of the windows at the front of the house. The room was very hot, and he raised the sash, moving it with great care, so as not to make any sound. Then he sat down on the lounge, and looking out of the window began to meditate on his situation.

While thus engaged he heard a light tap at the trap door. Opening it he saw a bundle extended by the fair hand of his preserver. He took it, and letting down the trap—Miss Fain did not utter a word—he unrolled it. There were complete suits of under and outer garments, the property of Miss Fain's brother.

The getting off of his damp garments and donning snow white linen was a grateful sensation to Mark. Having put on what he needed for the night he laid himself down on the lounge. From his window he could see the Tennessee rolling in the moonlight half a mile away. He thought how much more comfortable he was in his dry clothes than he had been floating in the water. Then he heard the bark of hounds. They were on the water's edge, and he knew by the sounds that they were endeavoring to pick up the scent of his tracks.

"Bark on," he said. "When I leave this I'll take with me something to die with. I'll not be taken alive, and if I meet you some of you shall roll over."

Then there came an inexpressible gratitude. He felt thankful to Souri, thankful to Jakey, thankful to Laura Fain, thankful to his God. There was something especially engaging in Miss Fain's efforts on his behalf, inasmuch as she regarded him an enemy to her country. He thought of Souri in prison waiting for old Triggs to discover her deception. What would they do to her? And Jakey? Would they injure a mere boy? He vowed that if he should escape and outlive the war he would find out just what had happened, and if either had been harshly treated he would have his revenge.

Musing he fell asleep, but he soon awoke. It was past midnight—the day of his execution. He shuddered.

He tried to go to sleep again, but the dreadful fate which would have been his had not Souri saved him, and on the very last evening before his intended execution, got into his head, and he could not drive it out. And now, were not men and hounds hunting him for miles around, to drag him back to Chattanooga to that dreadful jailyard, the scaffold, the rope, the black cap?

And Laura Fain, suppose she should weaken; suppose she should, after all, consider it her duty to give him up; suppose a demand should be made to search the house; suppose—a thousand suppositions chased each other through his excited brain.

He lay tossing till just before dawn, when he again fell into a troubled slumber.

He was awakened by a squadron of cavalry passing along the road. The sun had not yet risen, but it was light. He could look right down on them, though they could not see him. They trotted along slowly, all looking worn and sleepy. They were evidently the men who had passed the night before, and were going back from an unsuccessful hunt. Mark noticed the different positions many of them took in order to rest in their saddles. The sight took him back to his own troop, and he longed to be in the stirrups again with them.

An officer, followed by two men, came riding back. Maybe they were coming to the house. They stopped at the gate. One of the men rode forward, dismounted and opened it. The officer entered and rode up to the front door. Mark's heart seemed to stop beating. He could not see what was going on below so close under his window, but presently heard the officer talking to some one on the veranda.

"A Federal spy escaped last night from Chattanooga, madam. He was in the disguise of a negro girl." There was something more which was unintelligible.

Then Mark heard the word "no" spoken in a voice which he thought was Mrs. Fain's.

"He was tracked to the river, which he must have crossed. He probably landed a mile or two below Chattanooga, and we believe he is hiding somewhere within a few miles of this place."

"You are welcome to"—Mark could not hear to what the officer was welcome, but he surmised it was to search the house.

"What time did you go to bed?" The reply was inaudible.

"You saw nothing did then?" "No, sir."

"And everything was shut up at ten o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"You are good Confederates, I reckon."

"Yes, sir; my son"—Mark could not hear the rest, except the word "army."

"Well, with your permission, madam, we'll search"—The rest was lost. Indeed Mark was too terror stricken to listen with due care. He supposed the house would be ransacked.

[Continued on opposite page.]

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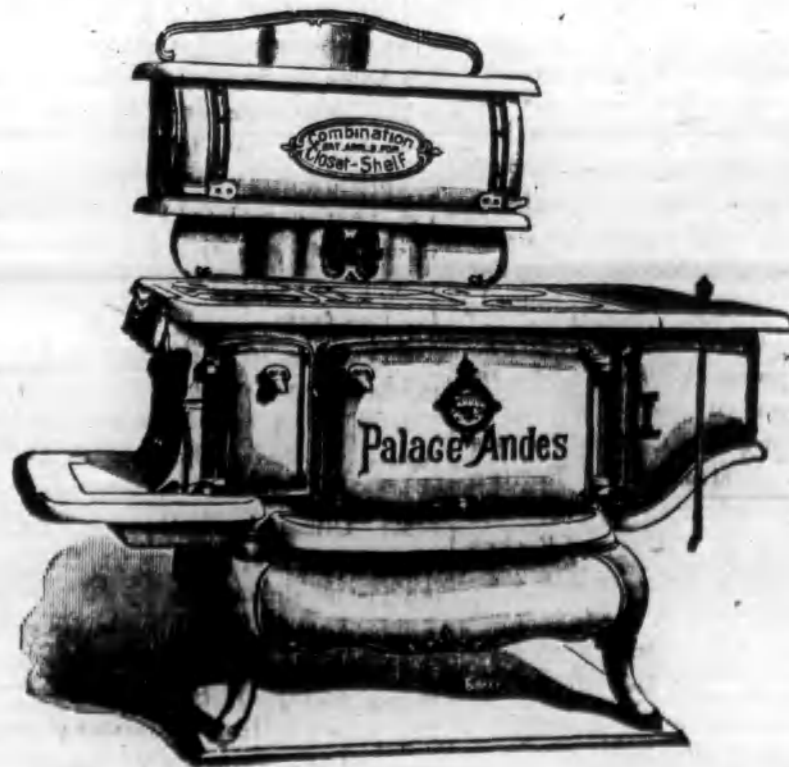
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CHATTANOOGA

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL

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(CONTINUED.)

In a moment his terror was turned to a delicious sense of relief. The officer, after calling to the men at the gate, rode around to the negro quarters.

But there was a danger in the search which would follow in the cabin. Daniel would remember the negro girl he had let in the night before, and would surmise that she was the person the men were looking for. Would Daniel betray him? He thought not. Daniel gave no hint, for presently Mark saw the trio ride away to join the troop.

Laura Fain had spent a night no more comfortable than Mark. The responsibility of a human life weighed upon her heavily. At one moment she would picture Mark's face, pale, bagged, despairing, as he would be dragged from his hiding place. The next she was conscience stricken at the part she was playing in abetting an enemy of her cause—the cause of her brother and her lover. She heard the dogs as Mark had heard them on the river bank, and lay shivering till the baying died away in the distance. Then in the morning she saw the cavalry go by; the officer came up and talk with her mother, whom he asked the negroes to call from her bed that he might question her about the presence of the spy. Laura got up herself and stood at the landing, listening breathless while they talked. When the man rode away she muttered a fervent "Thank God!"

As the morning brightened and it was time to rise, her fears were less intense, and she began to think of how she should keep her prisoner concealed from the rest of the household. How should she feed him? When her maid came up she told her that she would take her breakfast in her room, but surprised the girl by the large quantity of food she wanted brought to her. When the breakfast came, Laura was up and dressed. She directed the girl to set it on a table and then sent her to the stable with a message to Daniel about her riding pony. Her maid having gone, Laura took up the breakfast and carried it to the trap.

In another moment she was standing on the ladder with the tray in her hand, half her body below and half in the attic, regarding a handsome fellow looking very much like a gentleman in her brother's clothes. He in turn was regarding what he considered a very pretty picture in the half exposed figure of a young girl holding a tray in her hands on which he knew full well was a breakfast he was hungry for. Then he took the tray and laid it on the lounge.

It was the first time that Laura had seen Mark dressed becomingly. This was the man she had been instrumental in saving, the man she was protecting, the man she must exercise her wits to give an opportunity to get away to a land of safety from the baiter. It was pleasant to see that he was good to look upon. What a fine brow, what a resolute mouth! Those locks are golden and fitted for a woman's head. The eyes are heavenly blue. And all this beauty holds a soul capable of plunging into the most frightful of dangers.

And this being, so dazzling to a young girl scarcely twenty, was in her power. Could she not at a word give him over to an ignominious death? And could she not by care almost certainly insure his freedom? He was her slave, bound to her far more securely than Alice, her maid, who had been given her by her father. She could order him to crawl on the floor before her, and he would have to do so. She had once seen a woman enter a cage of a lion with only a slender whip in her hand, and the huge beast had obeyed her slightest motion. Mark was her lion, and she felt inclined to give him just one touch of the whip to see what he would do. She stepped into the room and let down the trap.

"Miss Fain," Mark said, "you cannot have any conception of the fervor of my gratitude. You stand between me and death—not the death of a soldier, but of a felon. And here," pointing to the breakfast, "you are ministering to my wants with your own hands."

"And yet I told you not to come here."

"I did not understand you so. I am sorry that you regret your kindness," he added, with almost a tremble in his voice.

"I did not say that I regretted it."

"But you remind me that it is not agreeable to you."

"How can it be? You are a Yankee—a spy—and on a mission to discover the movements of our troops."

"Why, then, do you not give me up?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Can I turn executioner?"

"I see. I am indebted for my present safety to the fact that you do not care to do an unwomanly act."

"You must draw your own inference."

"But I should like to be grateful. How can I when you tell me that you do all this for me that your white hands may not have a stain upon them?"

"It is not necessary that you should feel grateful."

Mark studied her face for a moment earnestly. Then his manner changed.

"Miss Fain," he said, pointing, "take away the breakfast."

"Why so?" she asked, startled.

"I will not be under any further obligation to one who acts from pride rather than sweet charity. You have saved me from the hounds and from the gallows. Were it not for you I should now be either about to mount the scaffold or have passed by this time into that land, where the only human attribute I can imagine as fitted to be there is charity. Whether the danger is now passed from this neighborhood I don't know, but I am going to risk it. I am going down stairs and out from under this roof."

"You will do no such thing!"

"I will!" And had she not placed herself between him and the trap he would have carried out his intention.

"Stay where you are!" she said in a voice in which there was something commanding.

"By what authority do you assume to direct me?"

"Your life belongs to me."

"True." He bowed his head.

"You understand me." She spoke with even more authority than before.

"I own you. I own your life. You are my slave in a stronger sense than my colored girl."

"It is that ownership of human beings, Miss Fain, coming down to you from past generations, that has given you the spirit to tyrannize over me now."

"I tyrannize?"

There was a surprise that was not feigned. She did not realize what she was doing.

"Yes, never have I been so trodden upon as by you."

There was a submission in the young soldier's tone that satisfied the imperious girl. She was ready to heal the cuts she had given, but she waited for him to speak again.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked.

"Remain where you are till I regard it safe for you to go."

"Then you have a desire for my safety?" he asked, looking up at her quickly.

"You came here unbidden and placed yourself in my hands. Do you think it proper to come and go at your pleasure?"

Mark approached her, and bending low took her hand and kissed it. There was something in the act to remind her of the lion—after the training.

It was scarcely more than fifteen minutes after Souri had bid Mark goodspeed when old Triggs re-entered the prison grounds, and mounting the flight of steps leading to the second story went into the jail. No one seemed to be about the place. He entered his bedroom and found his wife dozing in her chair by the window. He asked for the colored girl, and his wife told him that she had not yet returned with the medicine. He waited, expecting every minute that she would come in. It occurred to him that perhaps the prisoner might be dead.

Taking up a tallow dip he went to the room where Mark was supposed to be confined. A figure was lying in the

corner. The jailer went to it, and by means of the candle saw what he supposed to be the prisoner.

"Yank," he said, "air y' dead?"

No answer.

He took hold of the figure's shoulder and shook it.

Still no reply.

Turning Souri over he at once recognized the face of the "mulatto girl."

In an instant he saw through the ruse that had been practiced. Without stopping to interrogate her, he rushed from the room past the sentinel at the door and out to the guardhouse. There he gave the alarm, and in a moment the whole guard was in motion.

Souri hoped that the sentinel at the door would join in the chase, in which event she intended to go to Jakey's room, get him out and attempt to escape. But the soldier only went as far as the door at the head of the long staircase. Then, remembering that he would doubtless be punished for letting one prisoner escape, and that there were several negroes in the "black hole" for him to guard, he went no farther.

In five minutes Souri heard the barking of hounds without.

No word was sent to headquarters regarding Mark's escape till the hounds had followed the scent to the river and there lost it. Then one of the guards was sent in to report the whole affair. Being an infantryman, he was obliged to walk, which took time. Cavalry was the only arm of the service capable of following the escaped man with a chance of success, and cavalry must be ferried across the river or ordered from Dallas, on the other side, ten miles above. The latter course was chosen, and two squadrons were directed to proceed at once, the one to throw a chain guard across the neck of Moccasin point, the other to scour the river bank for a distance of several miles below. Had there been any cavalry nearer, Mark would have had a very slender chance to get away. As it was, he barely escaped one of the squadrons.

About noon the provost marshal sent for Souri and Jakey with a view to gaining from them whatever he might concerning Mark's identity and his mission.

"Who are you?" he asked of Souri not unkindly.

"Missouri Slack."

"Where do you live?"

"On the Anderson road, not far from Jasper."

"And this boy?"

"He's my brother."

"When did you come from home?"

"Three days ago."

"What brought you, or how did you know that the prisoner was here and in jail?"

"Jakey sent me word."

"How?"

"He sent me a silk handkercher what I give t'other un."

"How did you send it, boy?"

"Niggers."

"Um."

"Well, you two are pretty young to be engaged in such mischief."

The officer looked at them with interest and vexation mingled.

"What do you think I ought to do with you?"

"Reckon y' mought gimme back my gun," said Jakey.

The officer could not repress a smile.

"What gun?"

"Th' one yer tuk t'other day."

"Go and get the boy's gun, orderly," he said to a soldier on duty at the door.

The gun was not to be found then, but was recovered later, and Jakey was happy in receiving it.

"Do you know what you've been doing?" the officer resumed, addressing Souri. "You've helped a spy to escape who will doubtless carry information to the enemies of your country."

Souri made no reply. She stood looking at the officer with her big black eyes. Fortunately for her, he had a daughter about her age.

Meanwhile some Tennesseans who hailed from Jasper had been sent for, and they came in to have a look at the prisoners. Several of them recognized both Souri and Jakey, and told the marshal that they were what they pretended.

This and their youth, together with the fact that the provost marshal was not a harsh man, saved them from punishment.

The officers at headquarters were too busy to meddle with such a case. The provost marshal's communication was returned with the following indorsement:

Respectfully referred back to the provost marshal with authority to do with these prisoners as he thinks for the best interests of the service. The spy having escaped, it does not appear there is any reason to hold them.

The brother and sister were brought in again to hear what was to be their fate. Souri was aware of the enormity of her offense and expected a severe punishment. She had determined to beg the officer to send Jakey back to her parents, then he might punish her as he liked.

"Suppose I let you and your little brother go home," said the marshal, "will you go there and keep out of any interference in matters that concern the Confederacy hereafter?"

"I'll go home," said Souri.

"Well, I reckon you'd better go," replied the officer. Then to the guard:

"Send the corporal here."

"Take these children," he said to that person when he arrived, "to the other side of the river and turn them adrift, and see that they don't get back here."

Souri's heart jumped into her throat for joy. Turning her expressive eyes on the officer, she said, "Thank you."

"Mr. Oasfer," said Jakey, "I thank y' fur gimmen me back my gun."

A smile broke over the face of those present.

The next day the brother and sister

arrived at home, and great was the rejoicing in the Slack family.

CHAPTER XI.
A SOUTH CAROLINA GEOLOGIST.

WHEN the trap door of the attic had closed over Laura Fain after her interview with Mark he stood for a few minutes pondering on her strange treatment of him. Then he turned to the breakfast. He had eaten nothing since the evening before and the sight of the greater part of a fried chicken (it had been killed by Laura's orders for him only that morning) was especially grateful.

Soon after he had finished his breakfast a hand was extended through the trap, a pitcher of water and toilet articles were left and the dishes taken. At noon a meal was handed in by the same fair hand.

Though but two meals had been thus left, Laura began to perceive that she could not thus feed her charge without soon being discovered. When she took Mark's dinner to him she entered the attic and had him close the trap after her.

"It will not do for you to stay here much longer," she said. "My mother has already become suspicious that I have something on my mind, and I fear being detected carrying these meals. I dare not tell her all, and I dare not risk her discovering that you are here."

"I will go tonight."

"It will be sure capture for you to go. The negroes tell me that the country people are all out looking for the—the spy."

"I can't stay here and compromise you."

"I have a plan. This evening I will watch for an opportunity for you to go down stairs. You can introduce yourself as a guest, and though you will be every minute in danger you will be safer than here."

"And, in case I am discovered, will not be caught like a rat in a trap."

"You can appear as a traveler. You must have a hat. I will bring you one. At the first opportunity after dark I'll come to the trap and knock. Follow me down stairs. I don't think any one will recognize you in these clothes. They have been packed away since my brother went to Virginia a year ago. Mamma only saw you, when you were here before, after dark on the veranda, and—well, I think there will be a very good chance for you to play guest without detection."

"The servants?"

"They would never betray a Yankee. They think you are all coming down to free them, and they'll have nothing to do but lie in the sun."

"Not an unpleasant occupation on a pleasant day," said Mark irreverently.

"Should anything happen, I only fear mamma. And, after all, she is a woman," she added significantly.

"Which you pretend not to be."

"If all goes well you will be assigned a room—the guest chamber perhaps—and it is not safe for you to be down stairs, you may feign to be ill and keep your apartment."

Mark was better pleased with the plan than remaining where he was. He did not expect to remain in the house longer than till the next night, when he hoped those who were seeking for him would become tired of the hunt and give him a chance for his life.

"I'll do all you suggest," he said to Laura, "and whether you wish it or not I am very grateful."

She lowered her eyes under his look of gratitude and then went below.

As soon as it grew dark Mark listened for the signal. It came a few minutes before nine o'clock. Mrs. Fain had remained in the parlor up to that moment, when she went up stairs to get some article necessary to a piece of work she was doing. Laura followed her, turning out the lights by the way and keeping on up to the attic.

Within a few seconds after her knock Mark was descending the stairs and in a twinkling was in the parlor. Not half a minute elapsed between the signal and his arrival there.

It was not long before Mrs. Fain was heard groping about up stairs in the dark, wanting to know who had turned out the lights and calling on a servant to relight them. When she entered the parlor she was surprised to see her daughter in company with a stranger, who was standing, hat in hand, as though he had just come in from without.

"Mamma," said Laura, with her heart in her throat, but with the most assured of innocent tones, "this is a gentleman who—Mr.—"

"Rhet," supplied Mark.

"Mr. Rhet, of—"

"South Carolina."

Any old Virginia or South Carolina name was quite enough to insure a welcome from Mrs. Fain. Without waiting to hear what he might say further or an account of how he came to be there so suddenly, she said:

"I'm pleased to see you, sir; are you related to the Rhetts, of South Carolina?"

"We all came of the same main stem, madam," said Mark, assuming the tone of a southern gentleman.

"Mr. Rhet is traveling, mamma. He says that—that—"

"I am looking for mines, madam. You may not know it, but you are in the center of a rich mineral region."

It is pleasant to hear that fortune may come soon, and Mrs. Fain was evidently much pleased at the information.

"Indeed!" she said calmly.

"Yes, madam, I have been looking for ore. I presume I need not say whether in government interest or not; we must have cannons, you know."

"Government officers are not bound to disclose their identity or their objects, sir."

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FOSTER, ROSS & CO.

The Home Trade

John W. Rice Co.

AUBURN, N. Y.



HOME, SWEET HOME!

We foster it and you get the benefit.

What do we get out of it? YOUR ADVERTISING. YOUR JOB PRINTING.

See the Point? Let us give you estimates.

We are now ready to show you a splendid assortment of reliable merchandise for Fall.

Dress goods and trimmings in all the new colorings; Priestley's black dress goods at all prices, guaranteed to give satisfaction. New linens of all kinds, napkins, lunch cloths, tray cloths, pattern table cloths, etc., at low prices.

New suits and cloaks that fit perfectly. We make a specialty of garments for stout figures and can fit you regardless of your size.

We invite you to look at our stock. Always pleased to show you.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

Friday Morning, Sept. 29, 1911

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

A DEAL IN STAMPS.

The Watchful Man Insisted on His Rights and Got Left.

The man who keeps a watchful eye on the federal government bought five postage stamps. The drug store cashier laid them down, picture side up, whereupon the customer confounded her with his knowledge of the government. He unfolded a newspaper and pointed to a headline:

"Stamps must be delivered gummy side up."

"See that?" said he. "By laying down stamps the way you did you are loading me up with germs. This window sill may be alive with germs. They will stick to the gum on the stamps, and I shall carry them home and lick them off and maybe be laid up with a spell of sickness."

The girl gave the stamps another little push, and he shoved them back. "What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Take these stamps back," he said, "and lay out five more gummy side up as the government directs."

She obeyed. He folded the slip, still gum side up, and put it in his pocket. He went home and wrote letters till bedtime and prepared to stick on the stamps. Then he said, "Hang that girl."

The drug store cashier had given him one cent stamps.—New York Times.

A FASCINATING SPORT.

The Held Aviation Takes on Those Who Have Ever Tried It.

Flying is a sport that truly exemplifies one of the greatest Darwinian theories. Only the fittest survive. It taxes one's physical resources. It makes tremendous demands upon one's nervous assets. It sharpens one's intellect. It develops one's faculty of judgment. It demands the very best a man of the best type can bring to it. The better the man, the better the aviation sportsman. For this very reason the sport has attracted men of the finest type that have ever indulged in sport. It is for this very reason that the world has been amazed at the high intellectual type of human that has embarked in this activity. For this reason I call it the kingliest of sports.

No one who has ever flown an aeroplane can be induced to abandon it utterly. The craving to fly will survive with the man who has thrilled in response to the sensation of driving his own craft. The strange, wild, almost uncanny, exhilaration of rushing through the air like a bird cannot be put into words by a clumsy architect of sentences like the present writer. It takes a poet like D'Annunzio to tell the story properly.—Clifford B. Harmon in Country Life in America.

Horses For Weddings.

An old fashioned man who wished to hire a team for the afternoon saw a nice pair of bays which he thought he would like to drive.

"Can't let you have them," said the liveryman. "They are wedding horses."

"What's that?" asked the innocent pleasure seeker.

"Horses that won't shy at old shoes and showers of rice. Some horses seem prejudiced against matrimony. Anyhow, they lose their temper if they happen to be hit by any of the good luck emblems that are fired after a bridal couple and run away if they get half a chance. Every livery stable, however, keeps two or more horses who take a more cheerful view of the wedded state. Those bays are that kind. They are slated to head a wedding procession for tonight and are resting up for the job."—New York Times.

Last Worse Befall.

Mrs. Jones came downstairs one evening after dinner and displayed herself to her husband, embellished with the result of her all day skirmishing in the milliners' shops.

"John," she asked, "how do you like this hat on me?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "Have you bought it?"

"No, not exactly. I brought it home on approval. I intend to take either this or another one, which is \$5 more than this, but I thought—"

"Say, Florence," he interrupted, "that's the most becoming hat I ever saw you have on. Telephone to them first thing in the morning that you'll take it, so as to make sure they'll not sell it to anybody else."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Want to Impose.

An Irishman was walking along a dusty road with a bag on his back when he was overtaken by a cart the driver of which offered him a lift. "Thanks," said the Irishman. He got in, but did not take the bag off his back. "Won't you put down your bag, sir?" asked the driver. "Well," said the Irishman, "I don't like to impose on your good nature. You are giving me a ride, but I will carry the bag."

Came Out Strong at the End.

Chippy—I was not at all up to the mark last night; tried to say something agreeable, but couldn't do it somehow, so at last I bade them goodby. Jones—Ah, then you did manage to say something agreeable after all.—London Stray Stories.

Gumption on the Farm.

To remove potato, onion and other vegetable stains from the hands, rub with ripe tomatoes.

Looking at the sun through a whiskey glass shows the picture of the poorhouse and thin soup.

Get the stoves in order for the first cold snap, when you really feel the cold more than in winter weather.

Sometimes when a man is pretending to be looking for a wife he is merely hunting for a good cook. Beware of such.

Corn in the crib is just in the right spot, but is the spot right? Or will the rats get more than their share of it?

At the altar: "I, thee, with all my worldly goods endow." Two years later: "More money? Where's the dollar I gave you last week?"

Most horses can hear well, and yet you would think from the sound of some men's voices when at work that the animals were deaf as posts.

No matter how good a horse is in its early life, its usefulness is cut short if it is not properly cared for. This is a serious loss.

If you are feeding clover, remember to cut down the bulk. This is a hearty food and you can't use as much of it as you can of timothy without doing your horse harm.

Are the stalls, stables, sheep and hog pens in readiness for their long winter occupancy? It is better to see to this work in the cool, pleasant days than to leave it till the shelters are needed.

To cook eggplant, cut into slices half an inch thick and let them lie for an hour in salted water to remove that bitter taste. To fry, put the slices in the frying-pan with a small quantity of butter; turn when one side is done.

I like the wire nests in the hen house. I have thrown away the bulky insect-harboring wooden boxes. One can put three wire nests in the space usually occupied by a wooden box, and there is not a place in or around the wire nests for mites to live.

Don't forget to save out corn for seed while you are husking it. Just because an ear of corn is large, does not necessarily make it the best for seed. See that the rows are straight from tip to butt, and that the kernels are all well formed and plump.

Have you tried baking eggs? Grease a baking-dish with butter, break the eggs into it, cover with cream. Add salt, pepper, and a tablespoon of butter. Set it in a moderate oven a few minutes. Length of time depends on whether you like them soft or well-done.

Place the pullets in their winter quarters, before they start laying. It gives them a good chance to become acquainted with their new home. Place a china egg in each nest so as to guide them to the proper place to lay their eggs when they get ready. This month April-hatched pullets should begin laying.

If your house was on fire would you throw more fire on it to extinguish it? Foolish, you say? But I've seen people calling themselves men who would try to drive fear out of a frightened horse by beating him, swearing at him and scaring him. Isn't that much the same thing? Seems so to me.

Perhaps some of your crops have disappointed you this year, but if you sowed a few seeds of kindness, as we advised last spring, that crop did not disappoint you. Another thing: If you didn't plant then 'tis not yet too late—this is one of the best "catch" crops known. Try it.

In the large producing sections cabbages are stored in specially prepared frost-proof houses. But they are often stored in cellars, barns or caves. Some growers store in pits and there is no better way to keep the heads crisp and fresh. The main thing is to keep out frost and provide for ventilation. Whatever the plan of storing, don't wait for freezing weather before harvesting.

Many a good man is in such haste to let the world know where he stands on the tariff, reciprocity, and the direct election of Senators, that his patient wife can not find out where he stands on the important domestic questions of water in the house and a new carpet for the parlor. Save the country, brethren; that's right; but don't forget to save the wife, for after all what is the country to you when you have lost a good helpmeet?—From October Farm Journal.

Antidote For Poison Ivy.

Ragweed, which may be found growing in fields, gardens and yards everywhere, is antidote for poison ivy. Rural Life has the authority of an old soldier for saying that it never fails to give instant relief.

Gather some of the ragweed, bruise the leaves and rub the affected skin with them, or steep the leaves and apply the liquid. The inflammation will pass away within a short time and you will no longer feel the effects of ivy poisoning.

This proves true the old adage, that "there is good in everything." Ragweed is one of our noxious weed pests. We are pleased to know that it has some use in the world.—Rural Life.

The Last Word.

Hobby (with irritation)—Why is it that you women insist upon having the last word? Wife (calmly)—We don't. The only reason we get it is because we always have a dozen arguments left when you stupid men are all run out.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Changes in Game Laws.

The following statement regarding the open season for game has been compiled. It has the approval of the department, and will be found of value to those interested in hunting.

Squirrel, Oct. 1 to Nov. 30—Exception, Richmond and Niagara, no open season. In Chautauque county each person is allowed to take only five squirrels in one day, and have only that number in his possession in said county at any one time.

Hare and rabbits—Oct. 1 to Feb. 1.—Exception, Fulton county, Oct. 1st to Jan. 15. No person shall take more than six hares or rabbits in any one day, or transport more than six on a single trip. Hare or rabbits shall not be taken with any method unless a person is in possession of a hunting license. In taking rabbits the use of ferrets is permitted in Allegany, Broome, Cattaraugus, Cayuga, Chautauque, Chenango, Delaware, Jefferson, Lewis, Livingston, Madison, Monroe, Niagara, Onondaga, Oswego, Saratoga, Steuben, Tioga, Wayne and Yates.

Mink, skunk, sable or martin, Nov. 1 to March 15.

Muskrat, Nov. 1 to April 15. Muskrat houses must not be destroyed or injured.

Ducks, geese, brant and swan, Sept. 16 to Jan. 10. There is no open season for wood duck.

Pheasants may be taken in the counties of Livingston, Monroe, Ontario, Orleans, Seneca, Niagara, Yates, Cayuga, Genesee, Wyoming, Wayne and Oswego, except in the towns of Albion, Williams-town, Parish, West Monroe and Amboy of said county of Oswego, Thursdays and Saturdays in November. Three male pheasants allowed to each person. Exception, Suffolk, Dutchess and Fulton counties.

Plover or English snipe, jack snipe, bay snipe, yellow leg, surf birds, curlew rail, water chicken, mud hen, gallinule, shore birds, Sept. 16 to Dec. 31.

HUNTING LICENSE. Under Section 104, a non-resident who is a taxpayer may obtain a hunting license by the payment of \$10.50. He must be a taxpayer at the time of his application.

If the open season commences or ends on Sunday, it shall be deemed to commence or end as the case may be, on the Saturday immediately preceding such Sunday.

Dealers in game should ask the department at Albany regarding how foreign game may be sold.

Section 85a—Prohibiting the sale of game. The dead bodies of wild hares, squirrels of all species, and wild deer, elk, moose and caribou of all species, shall not be sold, offered for sale or possessed for sale for food purposes within this State, whether they shall have been killed within or without the State.

Notice Farmers.

I am now prepared to pay the highest market price for calves, hogs, lambs, sheep, &c., delivered every Thursday at Genoa 6tf P. P. MARBLE, Genoa.

Fall and Winter Goods

We are now prepared to show you the most complete and reliable lines of dry goods in our city. Dress goods, latest weaves from 50c to \$3.50 the yard, both foreign and domestic.

Silks, only the newest. See our 36 inch messaline satins, all colors at \$1.00 the yard Ladies and children's coats are in splendid assortment and priced low. We will save you 10% on your purchase.

Oct. 1st we will have our fur opening.

This season we are better prepared than ever in styles, quality and low prices.

Blankets from 50c the pair to \$12

Gent's Underwear from 39c to \$1.50 each

Children's Underwear from 19c to \$1.00 each

Ladies' Underwear from 25c to \$2.50

Remnants of dress goods in skirt and dress lengths at about half price

All interurban cars stop directly in front of our store.

Our staff of clerks will be delighted to show you our lines; Respectfully,

The Dress Goods Store, Holmes & Dunnigan,

79 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

The People's Cash Store

Our aim is to satisfy our customers

We send Laundry every Thursday to the TROY STEAM LAUNDRY. We will guarantee you perfect satisfaction as they have always done good work.

George S. Aikin, KING FERRY, NEW YORK

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—A few thoroughbred Shropshire yearling rams. These rams are good size and well woolled. A fine opportunity to get good blood at moderate price.

FLOYD E. DAVIS, Ludlowville, N. Y., R. D. 9. R. R. Station Lake Ridge, N. Y. 9w3

FOR SALE—One full-blood Holstein bull calf, three weeks old, three-fourths white and eligible to register, also seven pigs, and R. C. Rhode Island Red cockerels.

L. H. OTIS, Aurora, N. Y. S. C. phone 3B R. D. 28 9tf

WANTED—A round oak wood and coal stove, about 18 inch fire pot.

G. W. SLOCUM, King Ferry. 9w2 Cay. So. Tel., No. 26A.

FOR SALE—100 S. C. White Leghorn hens, one and two years old.

G. W. SLOCUM, King Ferry. 9w2 So. Cay. Tel., No. 26A.

WANTED—A girl for general housework.

MRS. FRANK H. WOOD, R. D., Aurora, N. Y. 9tf

Good, young Holstein cow, for sale. ALLEN J. BARGER, Atwaters, 1 1/2 mile south of King Ferry. 9w3

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

50tf A. J. HURLBURT, Genoa

FOR SALE—Sow and eleven pigs 4 weeks old. J. S. CALDWELL, 9w1 King Ferry.

WANTED—Active man to sell teas, coffees, spices, etc., to retail trade for old well established and reliable company. Man with horse or team preferred and one who desires a permanent place. Security required. For full particulars address—A. P. Homans, Auburn, N. Y. 9w3

Poultry wanted at Carson House, Genoa, Monday afternoon, Sept. 25, and Tuesday morning Sept. 26 until 10 o'clock. Hens and chickens over 4 lbs each 11c, under 4 lbs each 10c; ducks and geese 10c, turkeys 16c. Suckling pigs wanted.

S. C. HOGHTALING, Both phones, Auburn, N. Y., R. D. 9w3

FOR SALE—Quantity salt pork. 8w3 E. L. KARR, Genoa, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Shropshire rams, 9 months old.

8w2 O. D. PALMER, Five Corners, N. Y.

Missouri grain and fertilizer drill, 11 hoe, for sale cheap. In good working order.

7w2 J. H. CRUTHERS, Genoa.

WANTED—At once two carloads of oat straw.

8tf S. W. MORGAN, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Some second hand top buggies. Call and look.

B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa.

We wish to announce to the public that we are now ready to grind cider Tuesdays and Saturdays during Sept. and every day during Oct.

5tf COURSELL & SNUBHALL, King Ferry.

NOTICE—Will trade some new top buggies for road horses.

B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa, N. Y. FOR SALE—Dark gear, Canopy top surrey as good as new. Price right. B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa, N. Y. Highest market price for cattle lambs, calves, hogs and poultry. 51J1 WENLEY WILBUR, King Ferry

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. Gold Seal Boots and Rubbers—Snag Proof Boots and Rubbers—Mishawaka Knit Boots and Stockings—Wright's Health Underwear—Ceresota Flour—Barrington Hall Steel Cut Coffee—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.

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 Clear View and Genoa, N. Y. Dealers in Lumber, Coal, Feed, Farm Implements, Etc.

Free Prizes--Stop! Look! Read!

Table with numbers: 15 3 20 15 2 5 18 | 19 5 3 15 14 4 | 14 5 23 | 3 12 1 19 19 | 19 20 1 18 20 19 | 1 20 | 20 8 15 18 16 5 19

This puzzle may be solved by the use of numbers instead of letters that is A-1-B-2-C-3-etc. Try it—you stand a chance of winning one of the following prizes. The first three prizes each a scholarship—Second prize Gold Watch—Third prize \$5 in Gold. Write out your answer and send it now to

Thorpe's Big National Business School,

Auburn, N. Y. Floors 2 and 3. Cor. North and Genesee.

The School that is up-to-date. New term starts Oct. 2nd. Day-Night-ec Home Study.

Village and Vicinity News.

—Pay your school taxes.

—Mrs. Sarah Mallison has been spending a week with Ithaca friends.

—Chas. Warren of the battleship Connecticut is home for a short furlough.

—Miss June Skinner returned Monday to Syracuse, where she attends school.

—Frank Gillespie and wife returned Sunday evening from a few days' visit in Auburn.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rease were in town yesterday and were guests of Mrs. Thos. Sill.

—Allen P. Tupper of Auburn spent a few days last week visiting friends at Genoa and East Genoa.

—F. E. Herrick is having a vacation for a few weeks, his health having been poor for some time.—DeRuyter Gleaner.

—Mrs. Cora Green and C. P. Hunter accompanied Mr. and Mrs. John G. Law on a motor trip to Skaneateles Sunday.

—Mrs. Freeman, who has been spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Mastin, returned to her home in Buffalo yesterday.

—Sunday morning theme at the Presbyterian church, "Consider Him." Evening theme, "The Achieving Life." Christian Endeavor at 6:45 and Sunday school as usual. All are invited.

—The Woman's Home Companion has been collecting the favorite recipes of husbands. The results show that of all dishes American men like best of all strawberry shortcake and chicken pie.

A car of corn, dairy feed, gluten and alfalfa meal, just received at Genoa mill. 9w1

—A vigorous protest against the Mormon elders attempting to spread the doctrine of their faith in Syracuse was entered at the annual convention of Onondaga County Women's Christian Temperance Union held last week in Syracuse.

—Commissioner of Agriculture Pearson of the State of New York has cancelled the notice and order dated May 31, 1911, putting a quarantine on the town of Genoa for the disease known as rabies. Notices to this effect were posted about town on Tuesday by Sheriff Bancroft.

—The Genoa Ladies' Aid society held a pleasant and profitable meeting at the home of Mrs. Weaver on Tuesday afternoon. There was a good attendance, much work was accomplished and plans for future work discussed. Receipts \$5. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Bert Gray on Friday, Oct. 6.

—Byron Hunt, a former resident of Genoa, died at his home in Auburn Thursday morning, aged 66 years. Mr. Hunt had been ill for a long time with tuberculosis of the throat. He leaves a wife and two daughters. The funeral services will be held to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon at 2 o'clock at Tallman's undertaking rooms, Auburn.

—The third degree was conferred on a class of six candidates at the regular meeting of Genoa Star lodge of Odd Fellows on Wednesday evening by the degree team of Moravia lodge. A banquet was served at Hotel Carson to about ninety visiting and local Odd Fellows, after which the social hour was spent in songs, jokes and friendly greetings.

—It is truly said by an exchange: "Any person who furnishes reliable items to a newspaper is looked upon as a valuable friend to the editor. Many friends hesitate about sending a postal card or other information to a newspaper regarding themselves or their friends, lest the editor think them anxious to see their names in the paper. He will think nothing of the kind; he is glad to get such notices if the sender signs his name or her name to the communication."

—Cayuga Baptist association will meet in Jordan on Oct. 4 and 5.

—Miss Elizabeth Snyder spent last week at O. D. Hewitt's at Locke.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gile of Corning are visiting their son, D. Gile and wife.

—An interesting article on "A Novel College Course" may be found on page 6.

—Mrs. Alborn and little son of Ontario are guests of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Searls.

—Mrs. F. Adolph and daughter Erica have been spending the past week at Newark and Rochester.

—Ralph Collier of the U. S. Battleship Virginia is spending a ten days' furlough with his parents.

—A bank lately received the following note from a lady: "Please stop payment on the check I wrote out to day, as I accidentally burned it up."

—New York State W. C. T. U. meets at Olean, Cattaraugus Co., Oct. 6 to 10. The National convention will be held in Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 27 to Nov. 1.

Silver Spray Flour at \$1.35 per sack at Genoa Mill.

—A furnace has recently been placed in the Hurlbut residence and Mrs. Ruth Avery is also having a large furnace put in, which will heat both parts of the house.

—The East Genoa Ladies' Aid society will meet at the home of Mrs. Joel Coon on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 4. The ladies are asked to go early as there is sewing to be done.

—Anthony Decker, who is in his 93rd year, helped his son-in-law, F. D. Brinkerhoff, cut corn Friday. Mr. Decker enjoys good health and is at present visiting his son and daughter.

—Wells college at Aurora opened Thursday, Sept. 21, with an enrollment of 210 students, which is at least twenty more than the enrollment of previous years. Several new members have been added to the faculty this year.

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

—After Oct. 1st an auto passenger and express line will do business daily between Ithaca and Seneca Falls. A company has been organized at Ardmore, Pa., to be known as the Seneca Falls Transfer Co. Two passenger cars and one express car will be used.

—A. J. Hurlbut, who is constantly supplied with luscious peaches by his nephew, A. N. Close of King Ferry, wishes the peach season lasted the year round. Mr. Hurlbut, who has been an invalid for some time, is able to get out on the porch warm days. He appreciates the remembrances of relatives and friends.

—The social at the home of Walter Smith and wife last Friday evening was not very largely attended for the reason that it was not generally known. The arrangements were made hurriedly and there was not much time in which to advertise it. All present spent an enjoyable evening. Receipts of social \$6.

—Those who heard Rev. Wm. J. Leverett, a missionary to China, give a talk in Genoa Presbyterian church, will be interested to know that he left this country, returning to China on Aug. 9, and reached Hong Kong Sept. 5, expecting to reach his destination about Sept. 20. A card mailed on the S. S. Chiyo Maru in the Pacific ocean was received by Mrs. Frank Sellen of this place.

—In the West, says the Kansas City Journal, many of the farmers are planting patches of alfalfa on the south side of their homes. They have found out that a field of growing alfalfa is filled with moisture from 10 to 20 degrees on a hot day. Alfalfa is filled with moisture and is death to hot winds, which usually come from the South. For the very opposite reason the farmers do not aim now to plant their wheat on the south side of their homes. Winds passing over wheat stubble after harvest time will raise the temperature from 10 to 20 degrees.

—A cement walk is being laid in front of the Presbyterian church.

—Mrs. Clara Whitten has been spending a few days with Mrs. Thos. Sill.

—It is said that several citizens of Ithaca are considering the plan of a new steamer for Cayuga lake.

—The new bridge looks very fine, since the filling in and grading has been done on each side, and the guard rails put up.

—The dedication and unweiling of a monument at Farley's Point in memory of Jesuit missionaries, will take place on Columbus Day, Oct. 12.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Decker of Skaneateles, Mrs. Ed Ething of Owasco, Mrs. Margaret Whiting of Red Creek were guests Sunday of Chas Decker.

—Miss Louise Montgomery, who graduated from Mechanic's Institute, Rochester, last June will have charge of the classes in dressmaking, millinery and cooking at the W. E. & I. Union in Auburn for the coming year.

—Mrs. Elise Goodman is teaching a school three miles from Auburn, returning to the home of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Beach, every Friday night. Mrs. Goodman has had experience in teaching, and the school, though small, will doubtless be one of the best in the country districts.

—At the Republican caucus in Falconer, N. Y., Sept. 23, Squire Howe was re-elected for justice of the peace, and the Jamestown Morning Post of Sept. 25 said: "Squire Howe was renominated for Justice of the Peace, an office which that highly esteemed citizen fills with marked ability and fairness."

—According to the new re-appointment bill as reported by the legislative committee, the thirty-sixth district will include the counties of Cayuga, Seneca, Ontario, Wayne and Yates. This is the same as the old district except that Seneca has been added. New York will have forty-three congressmen with the new apportionment.

—Willis N. Conger, who has been manager of the Owego bridge works for several years, has been relieved of his duties, on account of ill health. J. M. Maughn, of Groton, auditor of the company, will act as manager until Mr. Conger's health shall be restored. Mr. Conger will take a rest of from six months to a year, in endeavor to recover his health, in which his many friends hope he may succeed. —Owego Gazette.

—A. A. Miller, formerly of this village, now a representative of the Owego Bridge Company has just closed a contract at Tampa, Florida, for a bridge the contract price for which is \$205,000. This is the largest contract ever received by this company. Mr. Miller's many friends will be pleased to learn of his success. . . . Dr. J. H. VanMarter, a graduate of Cornell University Medical College, who has recently finished a two year hospital course in New York city, has leased Dr. Goodyear's rooms over the postoffice, and will go on with practice.—Groton Journal. Dr. VanMarter is a son of Chas. VanMarter of Newfield.

—The sessions of Cayuga Presbytery at King Ferry Tuesday evening and Wednesday were well attended, nearly all the pastors in the Presbytery being in attendance. Official action was taken on the change of pastors of the First church of Auburn. Dr. Hubbard's resignation will take effect Oct. 31. Dr. Richards, his successor, was received into the Presbytery and arrangements were made for his installation on Thursday evening, Oct. 5. Moderator Robert Ivey will preside and propound the constitutional questions. Rev. Dr. J. F. Carson of Brooklyn, moderator of the General Assembly, will preach the sermon. Rev. Park Richards of Waverly, a brother of the pastor-elect, will give the charge to the pastor and Rev. Dr. Hubbard the charge to the people.

If Your Eyes

are worth having they are worth saving. When vision is gone I can do you no good—No one can. I can do you much good now. Come in and see about it.

A. T. HOYT,

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

Fine Gun Made in Genoa.

Fred Adolph of Genoa recently delivered a combination rifle and shot-gun, price \$400, to Townsend Whelen, a first lieutenant in the U. S. army stationed at Fort Jay, N. Y. Mr. Whelen, who is said to be the greatest authority on firearms in this country, has written Mr. Adolph under date of Sept. 22, concerning the gun, and we quote a portion of what he says:

"I have never seen such an arm in my life. It certainly deserves to rank among the best guns in the world, if indeed it is not the best. * * I have never seen such close and fine fitting of the action in my life. I put a magnifying glass on the joints and even then I cannot see them. The stock fits me perfectly, and everything about the gun is just as I would like to have it. * * Your work on this rifle and shotgun is such that it entitles you to rank with the very best masters of gun-makers in the world."

Bound and Gagged.

Three men bound and gagged aged Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Underhill, both about three score years and ten, at their home on a lonely road south of Mapleton and then went away with what few articles of value they could secure about the home.

The robbers entered the Underhill home about midnight Sunday night. The aged couple were horrified on awakening and seeing a revolver pointed at them by one of two masked men and hearing the early command: "Your money or your life." There was also another man in an adjoining room.

After being told that they had no money and no safe in the house, the robbers began tearing up the table linen, sheets and pillow cases and with the strips Mr. and Mrs. Underhill were bound hand and foot and then tied to the bed.

With a small hand lamp, the men began searching the house. Nothing of value was obtained, and only a few cents in cash. After they left the house, the aged couple managed after some time to free themselves from their bonds. Both were badly frightened. Some time later they notified a neighbor, Michael O'Heron, of the happening and he called the sheriff's office about 11 o'clock Monday morning. The officers went to the scene and made an examination, but were unable to secure any definite clue as to the identity of the robbers.

It was found that entrance to the house was effected by prying open a kitchen window with a sharp stick. Monday night, it is reported that three men tried to effect an entrance to the Cooper farm house north of Scipioville, but before they could get in the members of the household were awakened and the strangers went away.

School Tax Notice.

Having received the warrant for the collection of taxes in School District, No. 8, of the town of Genoa, N. Y., I will receive the same at my residence for thirty days, at one per cent. After the expiration of thirty days a charge of five per cent. will be made.

A. CANNON, Collector.

Sept. 22, 1911 9w2

Notice of Annual Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the lot owners of the East Venice cemetery that the annual meeting of the association will be held at the East Venice store on Saturday, Oct. 7, at 7 o'clock.

W. B. TERPNER, Sec.

Lost—A valuable black beagle female dog, 4 months old. The one who finds or gives any information will receive a reward from
LEO. McDERMOTT, Genoa, N. Y.

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	23	21		22	24	20		
Daily	Daily	Daily		Daily	Daily	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		
			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.

Deposits received in the Interest Department up to and including Oct. 5, will draw interest from Oct. 1.

J. D. Atwater, Pres.

Fox Holden, Vice-Pres.

Arthur H. Knapp, Cashier.

JUST IN

A full line of Ready-to-Wear Clothing of Rochester make, strictly hand tailored, in the very latest colors and styles. Sweaters for Men, Boys, Ladies and Children. Underwear for every member of the family. Nobby styles in hats and caps. A fresh line of Douglas Shoes for Men and Boys. You are welcome to come in and examine the goods whether you buy or not. The store will be closed to-morrow (Saturday) only, on account of a holiday.

M. G. SHAPERO.

Millinery Opening!

Tuesday and Wednesday,
October 3 and 4, 1911.

Our Fall Hats are now ready. Call and see the New Styles. Everything in the line of Millinery for Women and Children.

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. We claim our

Famous Silver Spray Flour

to be as good as can be made in this part of the state and our increasing trade seems to substantiate our claim.

WE also call your attention to our large and complete stock of Feed.

The Best Feed of All Kinds.

CUSTOM GRINDING A SPECIALTY—NO DELAY.

BRING ALONG YOUR GRISTS

The Genoa Roller Mills.

J. MULVANEY, Prop.

The Scrap Book

Educated Fingers.

It is often said that a Yorkshireman is so keen after money that he will grab at it dead or alive. A certain native worked at a sawmill, and one day he met with an accident, two of his fingers being cut off and dropping in the sawdust.

Of course the man was hurried off to the infirmary, and after he was gone his mates began to look for his fingers in the sawdust, when in walked the foreman, who said:

"I say, what are you wasting your time there for? Why don't you get on with your work?"

One of the men replied: "That Yorkshire chap has had two fingers cut off, and we're looking for them."

"What a waste of time!" cried the foreman. "We'll soon find them." And he took half a crown from the floor, when up came the two missing fingers wriggling out of the sawdust to get at the money!

Find a Way or Make It.

It was a noble Roman in Rome's imperial day Who heard a coward croaker Before the castle say: "They're safe in such a fortress. There is no way to shake it." "On, on!" exclaimed the hero, "I'll find a way or make it!"

In Fame your aspiration? Her path is steep and high. In vain she seeks her temple Who is content to gaze and sigh. The shining throng is waiting, But he alone can take it. Who says, with Roman firmness, "I'll find a way or make it!"

In Learning your ambition? There is no royal road. Alas the peer and peasant Must climb to her abode. Who feels the thirst of knowledge In Helicon may slake it. If he has still the Roman will—"I'll find a way or make it!" —John G. Saxe.

A Quasi Name.

One of the best navy stories of the sometimes amusing mistakes of the Britisher over names in common use in the United States is told by Rear Admiral W. P. Potter, U. S. N., on duty at Washington.

"Some years ago," said Rear Admiral Potter, "the old United States steamship Ohio steamed into a South American port and anchored near a British passenger steamship. She interested the passengers of the steamship very much.

"After a little a new man came on deck and began an eyeglass inspection of the battleship. He stared at the name OHIO for several moments and then exploded.

"A 'ho' and a 'hatch' and a 'lo,'" he said to himself. 'Wot a 'ell of a name for a ship!'

A New Baseball Ruling.

The umpire scouts overlooked this indicator man. The following is a sample of his work:

The Atlanta Duppens and the Birmingham Gold Dusts, negro baseball teams, were playing a strenuous game in Atlanta. In one inning the Gold Dusts had the bases full with no outs. An ebony hued batter stepped to the plate. The pitcher sent the sphere to the catcher.

"One ball," called the negro umpire. Again the pitcher got busy.

"Two balls," called the umpire. After the third ball pitched the man with the indicator shouted: "Three balls!"

Once more the sphere went across the plate.

"Fo' balls! Yo' out!" shouted the umpire. The batter was highly indignant.

"What?" he yelled. "Me out? What yo' git dat, niggab?" "Now, look a-heah, man," said the umpire, "yo' gotta be out. Dey ain't no room fo' yo' on de bases."—Atlanta Journal.

A Sunday in Glasgow.

Hoffmann, the famous German chemist, once related an experience he had of Scotch Sabbatarianism. In 1890 he visited Glasgow, arriving in the town late on a Saturday night. The following morning he went to call on Sir William Thompson, afterward Lord Kelvin. The doorbell was answered by a parlor maid, of whom Hoffman asked if Sir William were at home. "Sir, he most certainly is not," answered the servant.

"Could you tell me where I might find him?" asked the professor.

"You will find him in church, sir," was the crushing reply, "where you ought to be."

Too Late.

Years ago, when the Panhandle railroad was in course of construction, its progress was a matter of great interest to the people of the region. A farmer who sold provisions to the contractors often reached the place where the men were at work at mealtime. He was greatly impressed at their voracity. The work was hard, and when the dinner bell rang every man made a dash for the table, and before one could believe it possible the food had disappeared.

One day a workman on his way to the table tripped on the root of a tree and fell. He lay quite still, making no attempt to rise.

The farmer rushed to him in great concern.

"Are you badly hurt?" he asked.

"No," answered the man.

"Well, why don't you get up and go to your dinner?"

"No use," returned the other sadly. "It's too late now."

HE LOST HIS BET.

But Not in Accordance With the Rules of the Game.

A certain thrifty suburbanite who contrives to "hold out" a little for sundry personal purposes despite the alertness of his better half is often put to queer shifts to keep his private bank roll from her prying eyes. When he some time ago began a systematic conservation of his resources, with an eye to attractive odds in the baseball betting on the pennant, he betthought himself of an old vest that he had seen hanging in a dark part of the cellar, which he wore when he was making garden in the spring. The vest would make an excellent depository, so he thought.

Deciding one morning recently to come up to the city and "look 'em over," he repaired to the cellar. Her-



FELL INTO A FADE.

rors! The vest was gone. Search as he might, it was nowhere to be found, and with a fallen heart he resorted to the last desperate expedient and sought his wife.

"Why, yes," she replied, with a frown on her pretty face, "it smelled of mold and paint, so I just had to get rid of it, and I sold it to the ragman."

She watched him sink limply into a chair with a groan that shook the china in the china closet.

"But don't worry, pet; the \$50 you so carelessly left in the vest is not lost, but is safely invested in this beautiful hat. Isn't it a beauty, dear?"

And as she produced one of the latest bucket shaped monstrosities as big as a water pail he pulled a long breath and fell into a faint on the dining room floor.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Lacked Experience.

A story which dates back to the last Bryn Mawr horse show is being told on a very popular young woman. She is an excellent tennis player and can paddle a canoe most gracefully, but the Bryn Mawr show was her first attendance at an exhibition of thoroughbreds.

"Are you a good judge of horse flesh?" inquired one of her friends from New York.

"Oh, my dear, I don't know; I should say not. I never tasted any," she said.—Philadelphia Times.

George Was Honest.

George Butler, canon of Winchester cathedral, in England, was the son of Dr. Butler, head master of Harrow. The boy grew up to be a dignified, serious man, but in his youth he had a keen sense of humor. Dr. Butler wore a fine suit of black, with knee breeches and cloth gaiters, and, with his powdered hair, was a figure calculated to move any schoolboy to admiration and awe. One morning little George watched him as he set out for school and observed that his father wore only one gaiter. When Dr. Butler returned he said to the boy:

"You were here, George, when I went away this morning. Didn't you see that I had only one gaiter?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Because," answered George coolly, "I thought it would amuse the boys."

No Air Castles For Him.

One of Philadelphia's wealthiest men, who has made a fortune out of building operations, was spending a few weeks in the Poconos, where he made the acquaintance of a romantic young maid who paints china and writes poetry.

"Isn't this simply superb?" she inquired one night of the Philadelphian as they sat on the porch of a resort hotel, with the soft moonlight bathing the mountains. "Do you ever sit and build air castles, Mr. Penn?"

"Nuh," said he. "Nuthin' but two and three story houses."

The Explanation.

The wife of a young business man got a wire from her husband the other evening that said:

"Shall dine with Milly Brown, an old gal of mine. Will be late. Don't wait for me."

When the business man reached home at midnight his wife met him in the hall.

"Wait for you!" she sneered. "Why, I wouldn't wait for the best man that ever lived, let alone you!"

"Why, my dear"—he stammered.

Then, bursting into tears, she handed him the telegram, and in a jiffy he explained that what he had really wired was:

"Shall dine with Billy Brown, an old pal of mine. Will be late. Don't wait for me."

A Novel College Course.

Two large city universities three thousand miles apart—the New York University on the Atlantic side of the United States, and the University of California on the Pacific side—have started college courses in advertising, so "Printer's Ink" tells us, and the University of Missouri halfway between, has followed their example. So this novel college study seems to be well under way. The Associated Advertising Clubs of America, at their last convention in view of this, passed a special resolution that all other American universities should add advertising courses to their list. In supporting that resolution, one man justly remarked:

"When teaching law in colleges was first talked of, old lawyers shook their heads. College presidents 'couldn't see it' and so special schools and unreliable 'business colleges' took it up. Then the old lawyers saw that their profession would soon be cheapened, and they begged colleges to introduce such courses.

"This is exactly what has happened to the advertising profession to-day. Outside of the 'correspondence courses' there are probably one hundred and fifty 'business colleges' and Y. M. C. A.'s throughout the country that will 'graduate' advertising men in from ten to thirty lessons. This is not right."

In other words, advertising is advanced to the rank of a science. It is recognized as having deep psychological principles and fixed rules. It can be made a highly honorable and valuable occupation in the commercial world. It requires large knowledge of judicial rulings, post-office decisions, patent law, copyright, and so forth, to be really expert in advertising. The teaching of the theory and practice of advertising is not at all like the teaching of Latin and Greek—but it will be found to require equal mental application, and to awaken and discipline the mind to a remarkable degree. For one thing, it is not a textbook study. It seizes facts out of the live, active present, and must analyze and synthesize for itself. To write a first-class "ad" built on right psychological principles is a bit of applied science, and the college course aims to put modern advertising, once for all, on its proper scientific basis, and not leave it, with all its tremendous powers and possibilities, in the hands of every tyro who comes along.

Professor Frederick E. Scofield is in charge of the advertising course at the University of California. He has had twenty-one years of experience in advertising and was able in this way to formulate and classify the data existing for a scientific study. There was, of course, at the beginning, no advertising text-book or course of instruction suitable for university use. So the course was laid out, to consist of lectures, tests and demonstrations, all of which were and are reported verbatim; and in this way a series of treatises has been accumulated concerning the subjects covered.

Such a wide demand has developed for the course among business men in California, who cannot attend the university, that the faculty are considering a special university-extension correspondence course, using Professor Scofield's lectures and demonstrations as a basis.

The University of California has had only one graduating class so far—that of May, 1910—of which they can get statistics as to the professional success of the graduates. A number of these 1910 graduates are now in responsible positions as advertising managers or solicitors and are doing first-rate work and giving satisfaction.

The University of Missouri has just started its advertising course this year under the charge of Professor Charles G. Ross, assistant professor in the school of journalism. Professor Ross announces that this first year will be in the nature of an experiment, since there are few precedents, if any, to be relied upon yet. His aim is to study the organized facts obtainable so far about all branches of advertising, but especially those of newspaper and magazine advertising, and to set forth to his students the psychological principles and the scientific basis of the new profession.

Dean Johnson, of the New York University School of Commerce, started an advertising course there in February, 1911. His great difficulty was to find an advertising expert who was also a teacher by instinct and training, and also to develop a course that would reach young men who could attend only evening classes at the university. His plan is thus different from that of the University of California, for he has mapped out a two-year course of four evenings a week and two hours' work an evening. But his ideal is a regular college course, beginning with two years of regular academic study—"for" he says, "no man will need them more in his life work than he who chooses advertising as his profession"—and two years more of study on the science of business (including the political economy of business rather than of governmental affairs) psychology, English, advertising methods, technique, practice and art.

Advertising is not the first business to be thus elevated into a serious profession. Civil engineering, mechanical engineering and electrical engineering

have all attained the rank of professions, with preparatory courses, within the last quarter of a century. The advertising man, if he is an earnest and sincere worker, realizes the crying need of raising advertising standards, and soundly training the young men who are crowding into the work. Advertising controls millions of money and reaches millions of minds. It needs men of intellect, training and professional spirit; and it is only a question of time when every college of importance in the United States will follow, as has the University of Missouri, the example now set in the East and the West, and have an advertising course as part of its curriculum.—Wm. Rittenhouse in Forward.

Not A Word of Scandal.

marred the call of a neighbor on Mrs. W. P. Spangh, of Manville, Wyo., who said: "she told me Dr. King's New Life Pills had cured her of obstinate kidney trouble, and made her feel like a new woman." Easy, but sure remedy for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's King Ferry.

Dog's Business Instinct.

Left one night on Wagontire Mountain with 3,086 sheep by the death of John Sagoday, her master, one female shepherd dog two weeks later delivered to Manuel Saunders, owner of the sheep; 3,085 of the animals, having lost only one during two weeks of privation.

The dog's achievement was carried out despite the fact that she was a mother of puppies only a few days old when her master died.—Our Dumb Animals.

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

Take Care of Your Teeth.

Great care should be given to the selection of powders or pastes used for cleansing the teeth. In view of the fact that a woman's beauty may be marred if not made by her teeth. It is wise to pay attention to whatever is applied to them. There are many cleaning agents in which cuttlefish bone-ground is a part. Used once a week this would be harmless, but there is sufficient roughness in the material to wear the enamel if the former is applied every day. Be it understood that once the enamel, which is a thin shell covering the tooth structure and not the tooth itself, is injured, cracked or worn, trouble is bound to ensue. The tooth beneath the enamel is spongy, absorbing all liquids and crumbling to pain and destruction.

Forced to Leave Home.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers, whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs, are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. There's a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble," writes W. R. Nelson, of Calamine, Ark., "when all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. It's surely the king of all cough and lung cures." Thousands owe their lives and health to it. It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Asthma, Croup—all Throat and Lung Troubles. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

REAL GOODNESS.

It is not easy to be good. If it were, goodness would be worth very little. It would not mean struggle, persistence, aspiration, development, character, as it does now. Real goodness is valuable because of what it costs day by day, and it never comes as a bargain.

Are You Happy?

If you are it is safe to say that you enjoy good health, as it is impossible to be happy unless you are well. Noted physicians will tell you that bad stomachs and torpid livers are the cause of 95 per cent of all diseases.

For the past 42 years SEVEN BARKS has proved to be the unequalled remedy for all STOMACH, LIVER and KIDNEY troubles, and the greatest tonic and blood purifier known. It makes your digestion what it should be and keeps your entire system in good condition. Price of SEVEN BARKS is but 50 cents a bottle at all druggists. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address LYMAN BROWN, 65 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample 0000.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE GOD OF THE LUCKY.

Text, "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a lucky fellow" (Tyndale's translation).—Genesis xxxix, 2.

His name was Joseph. He rose from the slave pen to the throne. The Bible says he was "a lucky fellow." As the other slaves saw him rise they said, "What a lucky fellow!" Of course he looked while other slaves slept. He looked after Potiphar's affairs, while the other slaves looked after themselves. He busied himself bettering the prison, while others busied themselves trying to break out. There are plus and minus people. Joseph was plus. Still God and man said Joseph was "a lucky fellow."

One ought to define "luck." "That which chances to a person for good or ill." But when you say "chance" you confess ignorance. The very flip of the coin is governed by nerve, muscle, thumb and brain that flip it. If you could calculate the mental and physical forces between the coin's leap and return you could buy the world. But you can't. And it's just that bit of ignorance we call "chance." If a boy hated to saw wood, and of the load of pine, hickory and beech most of the pine fell to his brother's side, and the hard, knotty wood fell to him, he would say he had bad luck. Nevertheless there would be a cause for the wood so falling. If, however, the boy's father had so stacked the wood that the pine fell to one and the hickory to another, because one was better fitted for his lot than the other, the word "chance" would have no place there. If one sawed wood while the other taught his dog to balance a chip of wood on his nose there might be still another reason.

The Luck of Having a Job.

Joseph's good luck was in having an opportunity of demonstrating his fitness for doing large things by faithfulness to small things. He had the luck of being a servant. That was his chance. Every fellow who has a job has a chance. Don't think for a moment that things went smooth and without opposition. There were court intrigues and high officials, who envied him and tried to knife him on the sly. Let's admit for the moment that there's "luck." Well, to Joseph it "broke wrong." He was sold a slave. Blessed is the man whom misfortune doesn't sour. If our ill luck makes us sour we're "goners." If we are brave and smile things start to "come our way." Some men are cradled on feathers, some on rocks. Bunyan in Bedford jail was better off than the king of England. John the Baptist in dungeon at Machaerus castle was in better "luck" than Herod on the throne, though the former was benighted. Franklin munching his penny roll on the streets of Philadelphia looking for a job. George W. Childs wheeling his barrow when the other boys had gone home, the New York judge who rammed paving stones on the street to get money to make a start are instances of hard "luck." When some official pushed a stumbling block in Joseph's way he stepped up on it. A postal clerk in Washington got "bounced," had saved \$100, worked his way to Japan, started there a postal system and got \$11,000 a year.

A Bible Cinderella?

No; no magic or miracle about it. "He had a pull?" Yes, in a sense. He took his ill luck—i. e., his brother's envy, father's foolishness, boyish vanity, love of money, a woman's lust, lying lips, an ungrateful butler's forgetfulness—a despot's caprice, troubled dreams and ignorant magicians, strung them together into a rope to "pull" himself to the throne next to Pharaoh. "He was faithful," the book says. In this shoddy age, shoddy clothes, shoddy ideas, shoddy morals, "faithful" needs emphasizing. He had a clear record. Remember John B. Gough's last words—"Young man, keep your record clear." No skeleton in his closet; no Banquo's ghost; no Belshazzar's fear of shadows; no Macbeth crying "Out, damned spot." And in prosperity? Adversity develops character; prosperity demands it. Weight of prison may be lighter than weight of power. Flowers that bloom under snow wither under sun. From slave pen to throne was but a night; prison rags to palace robe, fetter of iron to chain of gold, bed of straw to couch of down—all in a day? No; it took a lifetime.

The Essence of Luck.

The great word in Joseph's vocabulary was not "luck," but "God." No accident to him that "The Lord was with Joseph." Joseph was with the Lord. God's hand was on the helm of his life. He acknowledged God, as did Captain Phillip on the deck of the Texas after battle of Santiago, like Grant declining royal reception in Europe on Sunday, like Victoria telling Indian princes secret of her empire's power was the Bible. Joseph found God's will and went that way. He looked at his difficulties through God, not at God through his difficulties. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass." was the first article in his creed, section one in his constitution. His disappointments were God's appointments. He saw God in slave pen, prison, temptation, before Pharaoh. "Them that honor me I will honor." Joseph was true to God. God to Joseph. The secret of his success was God. Get that, friend? "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a lucky fellow." His was the God of the lucky.

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 Luther Upon, late of the town of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrators of said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 30th day of March, 1911. 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 Leyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of January, 1912. Dated June 30, 1911. FRANK F. DIXON, Administrator.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Sarah A. Cobb, late of the town of Leyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of January, 1912. Dated June 30, 1911. WALTER L. CORRY, CLAY B. COHEN, 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 deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1911. Dated April 14, 1911. FAY TRETTER, Administrator of estate of George H. Downing, dec'd. ROBERT A. SKINNER, 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 J. S. 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 deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1911. Dated April 26th, 1911. ALICE SKINNER, Executor. Amasa J. Parker, Attorney for Executor, 119 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Benjamin C. Esq., the attorney of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1911. Dated April 26th, 1911. ALICE VAUGHN, Administrator. Benjamin C. Esq., Attorney for Administrator, 125 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK To Sarah Elizabeth Scott, Ruth Sanders, George E. Leake, Rosanna Stokes, Lewis Ostrander, William H. Sincerbox, Abbie Jaquette, George Sincerbox, Sarah Elizabeth Sincerbox, Charles Sincerbox, Phebe Ivory, Susan Bush, Georgianna Nostrandt, Edward M. Sincerbox, Gertrude Ryan, Leonard Sincerbox, Ira Sincerbox, Allen Sincerbox, William Sincerbox, Eva Gere, Julia Sincerbox, Heustis Sincerbox, Fred H. Sincerbox, Charlotte Anthony, Arthur E. Wilbur, Rosa Sherman, Joseph Sincerbox, Eliza Roselle, Augustus Sincerbox, Florence C. Wynn, Edith C. Walter, Jesse B. Fym and Elwyn B. Fym.

Send Greeting: Whereas, Webb J. Greenfield of Moravia, 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 11th day of November, 1891, purporting to be the last will and testament of Rosanna Heustis, late of Moravia, in said county, deceased, which relates to both real and personal estate, (and of an alleged codicil thereto, dated the 11th day of April, 1892, and of another codicil thereto, dated September 23, 1902.)

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 October, 1911, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, and attend the probate of said last will and testament (and codicils 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 August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

FREDERICK B. WILLS, Clerk of the Surrogate's Court. S. Edwin Day, Attorney for Petitioner, Office and P. O. Address, Moravia, N. Y.

No Need to Stop Work.

When your doctor orders you to stop work, it staggers you. "I can't!" you say. You know you are weak, run-down and failing in health, day by day, but you must work as long as you can stand. What you need is Electric Bitters to give tone, strength, and vigor to your system, to prevent breakdown and build you up. Don't be weak, sickly or ailing when Electric Bitters will benefit you from the first dose. Thousands bless them for their glorious health and strength. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry.

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

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Our interest department is as nearly
Absolutely Safe
as any banking institution can be.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

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VENICE TOWN INSURANCE CO.
\$1,150,000 IN FARM RISKS!

WM. H. SHARPSTEEN, Secretary,
Office, Genoa, N. Y.

French's Market? Yes!

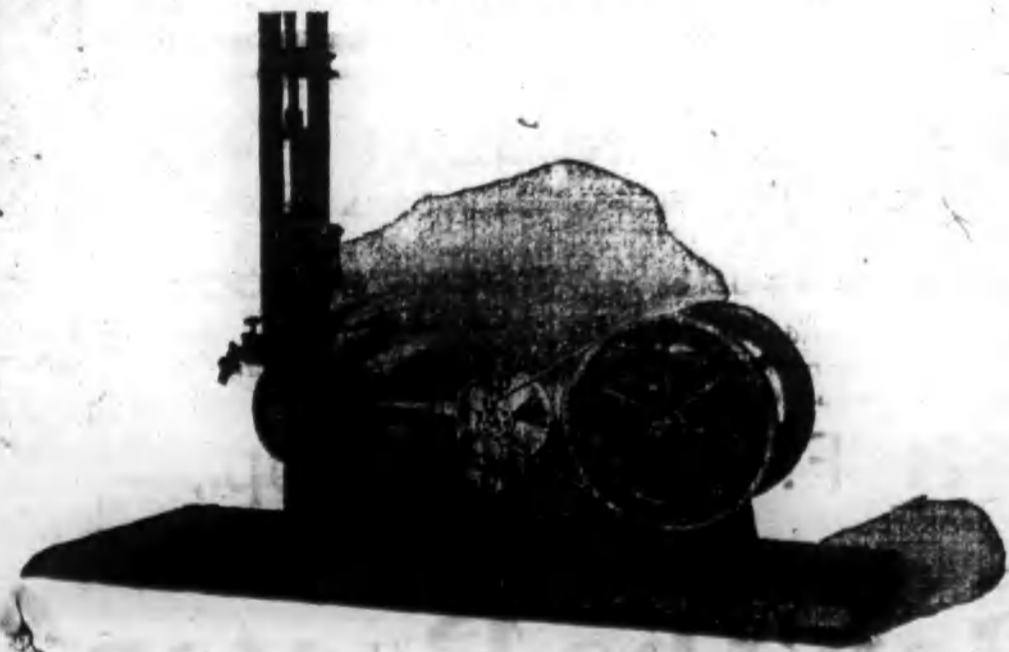
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Mrs. Price's Canning Compound.

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King Ferry, N. Y.

FALL OPENING AND STYLE SHOW.

Wednesday Evening, Sept. 20,
and all day Thursday, Sept. 21.

A beautiful and complete display of Fall and Winter Apparel.
A cordial invitation is extended to everyone to be present.

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ITHACA - N. Y.

Farm and Garden

BEST TIME TO MOW ALFALFA.

Wait Until "Buds" of New Crop Show. Then Get It in Perfect Storage. First get your alfalfa and then store it away with painstaking exactitude if you wish it to come out in a fine green color when the time comes for feeding it to the stock. The old rule was that alfalfa should be cut for hay when the blossoms began to appear or were about one-tenth in bloom, but one cannot rely accurately on this principle. A better guide is to begin



GETTING ALFALFA HAY IN BARN.

mowing whenever the buds or new shoots at the root crowns are well started.

These shoots are the beginning of the new crop and indicate that the other growth is matured. When cut, better hay is produced, the new growth starts quickly and the next cutting will come on speedily. Delay in harvesting the first crop especially may mean one less cutting in the season, for if the oncoming shoots are cut off growth is checked and the maturity of the following crop delayed. On the other hand, if cut before the appearance of these shoots the experience has been that injury will result.

It is preferable to cut alfalfa when the dew is off, although many cut whenever most convenient. Mowing in the late evening is favored by not a few, who claim that the night's dew on the fresh alfalfa has no effect. In the drier climates and sometimes elsewhere in dry seasons the curing of alfalfa is comparatively simple. Then the struggle is to prevent it becoming so dry that the leaves will drop, for it should be remembered that the leaves are by far the most valuable part of the plant; well cured they are worth more than wheat bran in the feeding ration. Hence it is imperative that the hay be raked before the leaves shatter and put in large cocks if possible. Bunching with rakes and then stacking or stacking direct from the windrows is not uncommon in the west in order to save time and economize labor where alfalfa is extensively grown. Another important reason for raking early is that it is through the leaves that the moisture in the plant is evaporated in curing. If dried up they will not perform this function, and the result is poor hay.

Doubtless for the highest quality of alfalfa, the kind that would bring top prices, curing in the old fashioned way of putting into cocks, after raking into windrows, and then storing when it is the plan to be commended. A reasonably good test of its fitness for storing is to take a wisp of the hay from the inside of the cock and twist it. If no juice exudes it is ready.

The greatest problems in haymaking are presented by a rainy country. Here alfalfa should be put in narrow cocks the same day preferably as cut. Rain coming the following night will do little or no harm, and the cocks of green alfalfa will turn off water quite well. By opening and turning the cocks the next day, provided the weather is suitable, the hay may be ready for stacking in the afternoon. Of course under right conditions it may be left in the cock longer. When alfalfa has been once dried and then rained upon the greatest damage is done. Also it should be exposed to dew as little as possible. Some consider the tedder useful in curing, especially where the crop is heavy, but it must be employed with judgment or many leaves will be kicked off. On small areas or where hay is dear the use of hay caps will be found profitable, and where rains are abundant the first cutting especially is often nowadays ensiled, which saves the entire crop, for practically no curing is required when intended for the silo.

Shelter is always a consideration, and to provide it is one of the best investments that can be made where the hay crop is an important feature. A barn is the best and a hay shed the next best place for storing. Great quantities of hay, however, are stacked in the open, which brings to the fore the art of stacking. It may be said here that there are less waste and loss in the same quantity of hay in a large stack than if it were put in smaller ones. It is desirable to provide some sort of foundation for the stack in order to keep the alfalfa off the ground and at the same time permit the free circulation of air underneath. There is too much loss from moldy and rotten hay in the bottoms of stacks built on the earth. A rather narrow, high stack, with good sized, uniform bulge, properly drawn in and topped out with wild or other hay, is well adapted to shedding rain.

REMOVE USELESS HORNS.

May Adorn Cow, but Often Lead to Serious Damage.

Since Pietertje Maid Ormsby made the great record that won first place in the thirty day division and had her picture so widely published many letters have come to me in regard to her, says Superintendent M. H. Gardner of the Holstein Registry at Delavan, Wis., in a letter to the American Cultivator. Several breeders show curiosity as to her lack of horns, one or two commenting unfavorably. As an individual proposition a neat pair of short, nicely curved waxy horns on a cow's head may be something to be admired. As a general proposition the cow of today has no need of such weapons, and if she has them will surely use them on her mates in the herd and cause more or less loss to the owner. Ages ago when the ancestors of Pietertje Maid Ormsby ran half wild in the forests of Europe it was necessary for the cow to protect her calf from the depredations of wolves and other beasts of prey, and the horns which nature had provided for that purpose were a necessity, but such conditions no longer exist, and our breeders may well ask themselves as to what useful purpose can be served by horns on the head of a cow.

Pietertje Maid Ormsby never had any horns because their growth was prevented. When a calf of about three weeks old, as soon as slight swellings showed where the horns were to be, she was laid on her side and the hair closely clipped from both swellings. Then the swellings were moistened with water and carefully rubbed with a stick of caustic potash, and the work was done with absolutely no pain to the little animal.

LIME WET LANDS IN FALL.

Caustic Forms Are Best and Cheapest if Spread When Finely Powdered.

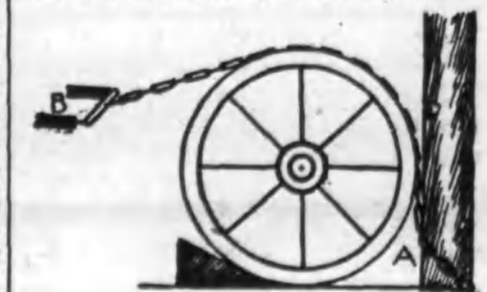
The period of late July and August affords the best time for the drainage of many wet areas of land which are so saturated that they are filled with water at other seasons, says Professor E. O. Fippin of the New York State College of Agriculture. Particularly it is desirable to drain heavy clay land at this season in order that the soil which is thrown out may have an opportunity to thoroughly dry before being returned to its position over the tile. This period of slack work is also worth considering for the drainage of those other wet areas on the farm which show themselves in the field by the dwarfed crop and the distress which it suffers during these dry periods. Those places which suffer most from drought are often the same areas which have had an excess of water in the early spring.

The application of lime on old meadows and upon other land which is to be plowed for a crop next spring should now be considered. Caustic forms of lime which are generally most economical in this state are best applied in the fall, provided they are distributed in the finely powdered form. Fall applications followed by late fall or early spring plowing are preferable.

POST LIFTER THAT LIFTS.

Costs Practically Nothing, but No Patent Device Can Beat It.

Take an old solid cornplanter wheel and set it as closely against the post as the chain will allow. Put a hook, A, on the end of the main chain, using a shorter chain to go around the post



NO POST CAN STAND THIS.

just at the top of the ground. Hitch a horse at B, with a long singletree. This is the best post lifter ever and can be rigged up in the shortest time. The upward pull on the post may be increased by placing a triangular block in front of wheel.

A SEED CORN OBSERVATION.

A Michigan farmer vouches for this method of improving his corn. He says, "I always choose the top ear from a stalk bearing two or more ears and after doing so for the third or fourth time I have been successful in growing four to six ears on at least half the stalks in the field."

General Farm Notes.

Oats are the best single grain food for a horse and the best for road purposes.

A good colt bred for a purpose, and fed and trained for a purpose, is never a drug on the market.

Pure feed, plenty of air and regular exercise are best for the mother horse. But don't overdo the work.

The individuality of each horse should be studied, and the feeds supplied to meet individual requirements.

Don't shut up a little colt in a dingy place by himself. Give him companionship. A calf will do if there are no other colts on the farm.

If the lawn is weedy and the grass does not seem to make a good growth apply nitrate of soda at the rate of 150 to 200 pounds per acre. Scatter broadcast just before a rain or before watering. Nitrate of soda may be used on spinach and other leaf crops to advantage.

THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

WOMAN AND CHICKENS

By BYRON WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH I can find no record of it in historical times, I believe that Eve must have raised some chickens in a quiet corner of the garden of Eden and by so doing "exposed" all her generation of daughters to chickinities or that disease, in common parlance, sometimes called "the chicken bug."

Certainly it is that woman from time immemorial has had the chicken raising fad. The cities today are filled with shut-in fat dwelling women whose dream is to get out into the country, where they can breathe fresh air and get rich in the chicken business. And let me say right here that I am not going to recommend or discourage the cultivation of Biddy and her hen fruit. I have seen the hen, properly directed, make a fine living for her owners. On the other hand, I have seen many disappointed chicken fanciers return to the city sadder, but wiser—and broke.

But every woman, I say, by nature thinks well of chicken raising. If any particular woman does not plan to enter the chicken raising business as a means of livelihood you will find that she desires to keep just a few hens for fresh eggs and to have a yellow legged rooster for the pastor.

This last phase of the disease is not of itself particularly dangerous, except that the thirst, like that for strong drink, may grow upon one. But the most terrible form of the malady is diagnosed by means of sundry references as to how much money was made this month off the chickens, backed by a record book that says so many eggs were gathered on Monday, the red hen was killed on Sunday, eighteen chickens worth 20 cents each were hatched on Tuesday, and so on ad infinitum.

When father comes home Saturday night he is told that the chickens made \$1.50 during the week. Think of it—the chickens not only have furnished some eggs for the table at regular prices, but have increased the live stock on the place to the extent of a \$1.13 valuation.

Pa says, "Let me see the account book," takes it sternly in his hand, opens it, runs his eagle eye over the pages and demands to know:

"Didn't you buy anything for these chickens this week—no grain nor anything?"

And ma, starting suddenly, bangs her head and admits she did.

"I don't see any item of expense account here to cover it," says pa, scowling. "And, what's more, I don't see



EATING THE PULLET'S EGG.

any debit charges at all. Don't you ever buy chicken wire or ground bone or nest eggs?"

Ma faintly answers, "Yes, dear, but I can't make anything out of the chickens if I keep an account of everything I spend."

Pa grunts, digs into his pocket, pulls out a bill of \$2.10 for the week's ground feed and growls:

"What in the name of goodness do you do with that much feed in a week? Some of your roosters must have tapeworms."

But I notice that pa "goes to" those fresh eggs rather lively at breakfast time, always demanding pullet eggs when he can get them. And this reminds me of something that pa got put over him not long ago.

Father always insists that the eggs of the young hens are better than those of the old hens, sweeter and fresher, as it were. Ma always laughs, but manages to sort out the small pullet eggs for pa. On this particular occasion there were guests for dinner, and ma was serving some of her delicious eggs. Pa got a pullet egg on his plate and began to crow about it. "A pullet egg," said he, "far surpasses the decrepit hen's egg. It is delectable to the palate and fit for a king."

He salted and peppered the egg and was just about to partake of it when a man came to see pa about fixing a street crossing. While he was talking to the man pa's brother reached over and took pa's egg. He got an old hen's egg and fixed it up for pa and left it on pa's plate. Pa came in and smacked his lips over every lot of that egg, dwelling at length upon the sweetness and the freshness of it. Everybody tried not to laugh, but finally the joke got so good somebody snorted, but not until pa had proved himself a joke as an egg connoisseur.

Since that day whenever pa asks to see the chicken feed account ma asks him if he won't have two pullet eggs for breakfast, and pa crawls into his shell and stays there.



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STANDARDIZED

EASY AND SAFE TO USE
INEXPENSIVE

KILLS LICE

ON ALL LIVE STOCK.

DISINFECTS,
CLEANSES,
PURIFIES.

It has so many uses that it is a necessity on every farm.

CURES MANGE, SCAB,
RINGWORM, SCRATCHES

Destroys All Disease Germs

DRIVES AWAY FLIES

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THE
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THAT FIT
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WITH **Dr. King's
New Discovery**

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

A Wrinkle Remover

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

Fred L. Swart,
the eye-fitter, who will fit you with glasses that will make reading a pleasure and smooth out many a wrinkle. New location, Cady Block, 10 South Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

The Thrice-A-Week Edition OF THE New York World

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly

No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The great political campaigns are now at hand, and you want the news accurately and promptly. The World long since established a record for impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-A-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily.

THE THIRCE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 150 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE GENOA TRIBUNE together for one year for \$1.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.

Farmers, Take Notice!
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 irons repaired at Huson's, Genoa, N. Y.

G. W. RICHARDSON & SON

AUBURN, N. Y.

CARPETS

We inaugurate our ANNUAL FALL SALE OF FLOOR COVERINGS at a time when we think that people will be especially interested in them, and shall continue it for a brief time only. This sale represents the best opportunities in goods of quality at low prices that we have ever offered. We are confident these extraordinary values will be appreciated. We offer the following--

1,000 yards high grade Carpet, including Wilton Velvets, Axminsters and Wool Velvets, formerly ranging in price from \$1.25 to 2.00 per yard.	75c
Sale price	1.00
500 yards best grade Lowell Body Brussels Carpet, former price 1.50 per yard.	1.00
Sale price	1.10
750 yards best grade Tapestry Brussels Carpet, former price 1.10.	60c
Sale price	60c
500 yards best grade, extra Super, all Wool Ingrain Carpet, former price 75c.	60c
Sale price	60c
500 yards Plain Filling	sale price 25c
500 yards Fibre Matting	sale price 25c
200 yards Straw Matting	sale price 15c
Regular 50c Matting	sale price 25c
Best Grade Cocoa Matting	sale price 40c
9x12 Crex Matting Rugs	sale price 6.50
9x12 Fibre Rugs	sale price 7.50
50 high grade Wilton Rugs, size 9x12, ranging in price from 37.50 to 45.00.	27.50
Sale price	23.50
Best grade Body Brussels Rugs, size 9x12.	23.50
Sale price	17.50
75 Axminster and Velvet Rugs, size 9x12, ranging in price from 25.00 to 35.00.	17.50
Sale price	20.00
Tapestry Brussels Rugs, size 9x12, ranging in price from 13.50 to 20.00.	9.75 to 14.50
Sale price from	

Extra Heavy Carpet Size Wool Rugs	sale price 4.50
Wilton Rugs, size 3x6, former price 10.00	sale price 6.50
Wilton Rugs, size 27x54"	sale price 3.50
Wilton Bath Rugs 1.50 and upwards	
Washable Bath Rugs, .50 and upwards	
Extra Heavy Wool Rugs, size 3x6	sale price 2.00
Drop Patterns, samples of Carpet and Border, 1 1-2 yards each, sale price 1.00	
Hassocks, 19c each, two for 30c	
Best grade Imported Linoleums, former price 1.75	sale price 1.35
Best grade American Inlaid Linoleums,	sale price 1.10
Granite Inlaid Linoleum, per yard	sale price .65
Printed Linoleums	sale price .35
Best grade Wood Grain, former price 75c	sale price .40
Cocoa Door Mats, from 15c upwards	
Steel Door Mats, from 1.00 upwards	

Carpet Cleaners--both Hand and Electric

We have a few Hand Cleaners that we have rented	7.50
Floor Brushes, extra fine quality	sale price 2.25

G. W. RICHARDSON & SON

Furniture

Carpets

Draperies

Wall Papers

Trunks and Bags

Falls Sixteen Feet.

Evelyn Halsey, aged 10 years, eldest daughter of Prof. G. H. Halsey, met with a very severe accident recently at West Groton. While playing in the barn she endeavored to catch her tame pigeon and ran along a beam 16 feet from the floor. She lost her footing and fell to the cement floor, partially breaking the fall by hitting a wagon. Only two small boys less than four years, were in the barn, one of whom ran to the house and told of the accident.

The child was unconscious and Dr. Gilchrist was hastily summoned. He found severe bruises with her nose and face badly swollen and a fearful cut on chin and throat. After regaining consciousness, when the doctor was trying to sew up the wound, she went into convulsions. She is reported to be getting along nicely.

Mushrooms and Toadstools.

It is to be expected perhaps that people should fall into the error of speaking of mushrooms and toadstools as two distinct things.

There are edible mushrooms and poisonous ones, although of the last very few, and only one variety that is positively known to be such; but all mushrooms are toadstools and all toadstools are mushrooms, one word being the French name and the other the English for the same family of fungi.

The French people discovered that mushrooms were edible at a very early date, and so the name with them came to mean something different from the English meaning, who until comparatively modern times, supposed that these growths were all poisonous, just as they did with the tomato because of its likeness to the deadly nightshade; but as the English spoke of exactly the same thing by the name of toadstool there is no excuse for making a distinction now. —New York Press.

If you have anything to sell, if you want anything, have lost or found an article, make it known through a Special Notice in THE TRIBUNE.

Called His Bluff.

An irascible guest had been sitting at the hotel table about three minutes and no waiter had come to him, and when he caught the eye of the head waiter he called him up. "Here," he said ill-naturedly, "I've been waiting for half an hour for somebody to take my order, and nobody has come near! Am I going to be waited on?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then I want to know why I have been kept waiting a half hour?"

"Well, sir," explained the waiter, "the man who was on duty when you came in, half an hour ago, has left and won't be back until tomorrow, and I only came on duty ten minutes ago, so I don't know the reason."

The guest knew he was being made fun of, but he also knew that he had been telling a falsehood, so he said no more. —St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Brain Weights.

The average weight of a man's brain is forty-six ounces, but it varies largely in different individuals. Usually it is about one-thirtieth of the body's weight. In quadrupeds the relative weight is remarkably less than it is in human beings. It is one-one hundred and twentieth in dogs, one-four hundred and fiftieth in horses, one-seven hundred and fiftieth in sheep and one-eight hundredth in the ox, thus indicating a direct relation between weight of brain and intelligence, the animals named being ranged in the order of their mental capacity and docility.

Respected His Wishes.

Friend—Why do you get married so soon after the death of your husband? Widow—My dear, if there was any one thing that my poor dead and gone husband insisted upon, in season and out, it was that I should never put off till tomorrow what I could do today.

Cordova's Stone Pavements.

The oldest pavement of which there is any record in modern cities is that of Cordova, in Spain, which was paved with stones by the Moors in the middle of the ninth century. The Moors also caused water to be conveyed to the city in leaden pipes.

Novelty.

Willis—See the crowd going in to view Deadbeat's remains. He must have been well liked. Gillis—No; those are collectors who were never able to see him while he was alive! —Puck.

Crows' Cries.

Ornithologists have discovered that crows have no fewer than twenty-seven different cries, each distinctly attributable to a different action.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

Reaction From Cold Baths.

The beneficial effect of a cold bath is all in the reaction. Whenever reaction is feeble—that is, when a pleasant feeling of warmth after a bath does not come quickly enough—one should proceed somewhat as follows: If the bath is to be taken in the morning rise a half hour earlier and recover the bed so that the warmth of the body is retained in it. Take your bath then, rub yourself briskly with a Turkish towel and return as quickly as possible to the warm bed. In the greater majority of cases the return to the warm bed will insure the necessary reaction; if not it is a sign that the body had not enough resistance for this kind of treatment, and a physician should be consulted.

His Good Action.

A little Canadian boy went to bed and then suddenly recollected that he hadn't done one good action that day. His conscience was gnawing at him. He heard a little squeal in the corner of his room, and he got up and released a mouse that had been caught in the trap. Then he gave it to the cat.

Expensive Fiction.

"Is that picture really a work of art?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Cumrox, "but the story the dealer told me about it surely was." —Washington Star.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

What is Appendicitis?

The Ithacan gives the following reply to this question, quoted from a medical magazine:

"Appendicitis is inflammation of the appendix, the worm-like sac that hangs from the large intestine on the lower right side. The old theory was that seeds of fruit entered this sac and caused the inflammation, but this is not now held as true. Seeds have been found, but when foreign pellets are found they are almost always of faecal origin.

"The prime cause of appendicitis is masses of imperfectly digested, fermenting foods in the large intestine, constantly developing bacteria which spread to the appendix, where they lodge, its lower end being closed."

It is claimed that the one article most particularly liable to induce appendicitis is fine wheat flour. The London Lancet, the highest medical authority in the world, recently gave statistics tending to show that the great increase in cases of appendicitis in Great Britain since the introduction of fine patent flour is due to the increased consumption of white bread there.

The disease, properly understood, exists long before and after the painful attack.

Greatness Thrust Upon Her.

It looks as though Col. Theodore Roosevelt's little granddaughter, who was born in San Francisco the other day, were destined to rank among the fortunate ones who have greatness thrust upon them. Note the following extract from a telegram sent to the infant's mother by the "Votes for Women Club" of Los Angeles: "We hope your daughter will live to emulate the example of her illustrious grandfather, and some day become a candidate for the presidency of the United States."

The enterprising woman who have made this early start with little Miss Roosevelt's presidential boom may be expected shortly to give out a statement explaining the young woman's views on the tariff, the judicial recall, the trust question and other public problems. —New York Evening Mail.

There's A Reason Why.

The enrollment of new students for September this year is already over 30 per cent. larger than for September 1910.

THE AUBURN BUSINESS SCHOOL

has long been recognized as an institution giving high-grade instruction. October 2d will be the next large registration day. Application should be made early, in person, by letter or Bell 'phone 708-J.

H. F. CRUMB, Prop.,

51-53-55 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

Can't be Beaten

You may think that your boy is pretty hard on his clothes and no doubt he is, all live, wide awake youngsters are, but we do not believe he is any worse than hundreds of other boys whom we have fitted to clothes and who will tell you that Egbert's clothes cannot be beaten.

There is not a larger or better assortment of Boys Suits and Overcoats in Central New York than you will find in our Boys Department. Come and see.

Boys' Suits from \$2.50 to \$10.00

Boys' Overcoats \$2.50 to \$10.00.

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THE GENOA TRIBUNE and

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