

# The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXII. No. 3

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1912.

EMMA A. WALD

## From Nearby Towns.

### King Ferry.

Aug. 14—Mr. and Mrs. Ward Atwater are rejoicing over the arrival of a son, Sunday, Aug. 11, 1912.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Aikin have returned from Sodus Point, where they have been spending the past two weeks.

J. Coplan of New York City is spending some time with Dr. Hirtch Chas. Sutfin of Ithaca is spending the week with his friend, Fred Shaw.

Mrs. Horace Counsell is spending the week at Skaneateles lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ward spent Sunday with friends at Poplar Ridge. T. C. McCormick was in Auburn Tuesday.

Mrs. Wm. Shields of Auburn visited at Frank Holland's last week.

The McCormick reunion held at Earl McAllister's near East Venice last Saturday was well attended.

Arthur Counsell was home from Auburn on Tuesday.

Lyle Chase and wife of New Jersey spent a few days last week at the home of his parents and attended the Chester-Atwater wedding.

Aug. 15—Miss Emily Slocum returned to Wolcott on Tuesday.

Richard Wanstall returned from New York on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. A. Greenfield is entertaining friends from Uston, N. Y.

Mrs. Eugene Graham and son of Cortland were this week guests of Mrs. N. E. Reynolds.

Mrs. C. E. Slocum returned from Skaneateles on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cornell entertained friends from Elmira this week.

Henry Fallon is the new clerk at Aikin's store.

### West Venice.

Aug. 12—Rain every day makes poor harvest weather; still some wheat out in the field and very little barley harvested.

Mrs. M. E. Overdell and son who visited J. W. Cook and family for some time, have gone to Elba, near Batavia, to visit friends the rest of the summer.

Adelbert Shaw brought Mr. George Skinner and the Misses Beulah and Almada Skinner to visit the Tait corners skimming station Saturday.

The stork paid visits at Coral Wilshire's, Roy Sherman's and Harry Brewster's within the past few days.

J. H. Peckham and wife recently visited in Cortland for a few days.

Mrs. George Watkins of New York city is visiting Mr. Watkins' mother, Mrs. Martha Davis.

Mrs. Carrie Hall from near Calgary, Alberta, Canada, is visiting her father, Fred Leader, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Bruton and daughter visited Superintendent of Highways John Bruton and family on Sunday.

Quite a number from here attended the picnic in McCormick's grove at King Ferry Thursday.

Will Shields spent Sunday with his family in Auburn.

### Assessors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the assessors of the town of Genoa have completed their assessment roll for the current year, that a copy thereof has been left with the undersigned chairman at his residence, where it may be seen and examined by any person interested therein until the third Tuesday of August, and that on such day at 9 o'clock in the forenoon the assessors will meet at the town clerk's office in said town to hear and examine all complaints in relation to such assessments on the application of any person considering himself aggrieved thereby.

Dated the 5th day of August, 1912.  
GEORGE E. CHERRY, Chairman,  
HENRY STICKLER,  
R. B. PERRIS.

Opportunities.  
The city bristles with opportunities for service. Be alert, we shall find them and utilize them.—The Christian Endeavor World.

All the new Drinks and Sundae at Smith's Fountain.

Advertise in the TRIBUNE

## North Lansing.

Aug. 12—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rhodes of Groton visited at Charles Bower's last Friday.

Mrs. Kate DeCamp and Mrs. Carrie Edsall with Irene spent a few days in Ithaca last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Mastin of Genoa called on Mrs. Wilcox and all visited the cemetery.

Charles O-mun delivered milk one morning in his automobile, taking his place with the others and driving up to the delivery window.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Singer had a fine ride in A. J. Brink's auto. They stopped at Miles Lane's new store at Venice Center and then called at Charles Divine's to say goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Dana Bower.

Miss Mae Miller is visiting her brother at Dansville.

Dana Singer is building a silo.

Hugh Shaw has sold his place to Frank Sigler, who now lives there.

Mr. Shaw has bought the Walker farm east of Owasco lake, and will have possession in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Morton and son Russell have been visiting at Charles Lobdell's.

Charles Bower and sister Sara visited at Charles Divine's at Venice on Thursday.

Miss Florence Parker of Venice has been visiting among friends here.

A new family by the name of Perry has moved into the Spangler house.

Mr. and Mrs. Burrows are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Frank Sigler.

Mrs. Kata Davidson has gone to Dr. Skinner's for treatment.

The W. C. T. U. are preparing for a Matron's Contest to be held on the evening of Aug. 27.

Twenty automobiles from Moravia are expected to pass through on Sunday morning en route for Watkins.

Starting at 7:30 they will come up the Genoa road to the schoolhouse, and then south.

## Ledyard.

Aug. 12—The rainy weather of the past week has been discouraging to farmers who are trying to harvest their oats and barley.

Mr. and Mrs. Dagle and daughter of North Rose are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Veley.

The Christian Social Club met on Saturday evening with Mrs. Arthur Smith. A full attendance and good time is reported.

Miss Anna Lisk was the guest of Miss Abbie Main from Friday until Sunday.

Mrs. Jones is in poor health. Dr. Hoxie is attending her.

Olaude Morton and sister of Groton and Clifford Rogers and friend of Cortland visited friends at Ellsworth and attended the club meeting on Saturday evening.

J. D. Brightman and Miss Nellie Tompkins visited Genoa friends Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Pine visited her son Isaac and family last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Chase of East Orange were callers in town Saturday. They left on Sunday for Pittsburg, where Mr. Chase has employment.

Miss Marilla Starkweather entertained some of her young friends on Sunday afternoon.

## A Bargain.

Two 50 bu. Success spreaders, two second hand spreaders for sale cheap or will exchange for good road horse. Be sure to visit my exhibit at the county fair Aug. 26 to 30—will give away two wagons, also a good discount on all goods sold on the grounds. I will have the largest exhibit ever shown; make it your headquarters.  
W. P. PARKER,  
Moravia, N. Y.

## The Shaw Reunion.

The tenth annual reunion of the Shaw family will be held on Tuesday, Aug. 27, at Goodyear's Glen, Atwater's of Cayuga. All members of the family are invited.

## Where to Go.

First Cadet—"Have you asked the superintendent to reinstate you?" Second Cadet, under charges—"Who, me? Not on your life! The only man I'll ask is our member of Congress."

## Cayuga County Fair.

The twelfth annual Cayuga County fair will be held on the fair grounds at Moravia on Aug. 27, 28, 29 and 30, and the Agricultural society is putting forth every effort to make the 1912 fair better and greater than any fair yet held.

The big attraction will be Aviator Wright, who will make two flights each day of the fair in a biplane. Secretary Silke has closed the contract for this attraction. There will also be a large number of other free attractions each day on the platform in front of the grand stand. The baby show will be the biggest one at any fair held in this county, it is expected.

A long list of entries for the horse races have already been booked and many more are expected.

Premiums in nearly all the departments have been increased. A display of premium stock will be made on the race track the last day of the fair. Every reasonable effort will be made by the society to protect the property on exhibition, but the society will not be responsible for any loss or damage.

The officers of the fair association are: President, W. P. Parker; vice-president, D. S. Morse; secretary, Rev. C. A. Silke; treasurer, L. M. Wheat. L. L. Cogshall of Locke is superintendent of the races.

The society offers a number of special prizes to the Granges of the county:

To the Grange of Cayuga county making the best general exhibit, \$100; or the second best exhibit, \$50; for the third \$25, and for each other Grange competing \$15.

To the Grange of Cayuga county exhibiting the largest and best variety of vegetables, \$25; for the second best \$15; for the third, \$10.

To the Grange of Cayuga county exhibiting the largest and best named varieties of fruit, \$20; for the second best, \$15; for the third best \$5.

To the Grange of Cayuga county exhibiting the largest and best collection of cut flowers, \$10; the second best, \$5.

All exhibits and articles to be grown by the members of the Grange making the exhibit.

To the Grange of Cayuga county registering the largest attendance at the fair in proportion to its membership, \$25; for the second, \$15; for the third, \$10.

## Two Scipio Residents Dead.

Arthur B. Daniells died at his home at Ensenore, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 7, aged 61 years. The deceased was born in Livingston county and came to Cayuga county when a young boy, spending the greater part of his life on the old Daniells homestead, which was cleared by his grandfather, one of the early settlers of that section. The deceased is survived by his wife, (who was Rachel Culver) four daughters and one son, E. B. Daniells of Moravia. Funeral services were held at the family home on Sunday at 2 o'clock, Rev. A. E. Wright of the Scipio Baptist church officiating. Burial at Scipio.

Daniel Sullivan died very suddenly at his home at Merrifield Friday afternoon last. Death was caused by heart trouble. He lived most of his life in Auburn, but left the city two years ago to reside near Merrifield. He leaves five sons and one daughter, Mrs. Katherine Gilles, with whom he made his home. The funeral was held at St. Bernard's church, Scipio, at 10 o'clock Monday morning. Burial in St. Joseph's cemetery.

## A Guiding Light.

Reputation is in itself only a farthing candle, of wavering and uncertain flame, easily blown out; but it is the light by which the world looks for and finds merit.—Lowell.

## Death Notice.

"Oh, shades lost every cent he had in a world yesterday." "See! His heirs will be furious." "Oh, I don't think so." "How'd he lose it?" "He died."—Houston Post.

## Operation Successful.

Agnes—"Was Emily's operation a success?" Gladys—"Glorious! She got fifteen gifts, a hundred dozen roses and had two hundred calls of inquiry."—Life.

## Chester-Atwater Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Louise Harriet Atwater, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Atwater of Clear View, N. Y., to Loren W. Chester of Gaines, N. Y., was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Thursday, Aug. 8, 1912, in the presence of about sixty relatives and friends.

The house was prettily decorated for the occasion with ferns, sweet peas and white flowers. The ceremony was performed at 1:30 p. m., by Rev. Robert Ivey, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Genoa. The bridal party entered the parlor to the strains of the wedding march played by Miss Louise McCarthy of Syracuse and Dayton B. Atwater of Clear View, on piano and violin, the ribbon bearers being Miss Emily E. Atwater and Miss Emily M. Chase, cousins of the bride.

The bride, becomingly gowned in white crepe meteor and carrying an arm bouquet of white roses, was attended by her sister, Miss Marion Atwater, as maid of honor, who wore a dress of green chiffon and carried an arm bouquet of pink carnations. The groom was attended by Dr. Roy Moore of Buffalo as best man.

Following congratulations, a three-course wedding luncheon was served, during which piano and violin selections were rendered by Miss McCarthy and Mr. Atwater.

The bride received many beautiful and valuable gifts, an indication of the love and esteem of many friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester motored to Auburn, and left for Orleans county to spend a few days with relatives. They expect to leave New York by steamer Galveston, about Aug. 21, en route to El Paso, Texas, their future home, where the groom, who is a graduate of Syracuse University, is head of the history department of the high school. The bride is a graduate of Cornell University.

Out of town guests were the parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Chester, Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Warren, all of Albion, N. Y., Mr. Hart of Port Chester, Miss Louise McCarthy of Syracuse, Miss Ida Bouke of Schenectady, Dr. Roy Moore of the State Hospital, Buffalo, Miss Maude Ivey, Wyoming, Mrs. Arthur Chase and daughter, Miss Emily Chase, of Omaha, Nebr., Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Chase of Elizabeth, N. J., Miss Lydia King and Mrs. John Morrison of Sherwood, Mrs. W. C. Brass of Dryden.

## Cayuga County Institutes.

Edward Van Alstyne of the State Department of Agriculture was in Auburn last Saturday to arrange for a series of farmers institutes to be held in this county during the early part of December.

Nine days have been allotted to this county by the department and nine places made applications for institutes. Institutes will be held at the following places in the south part of the county, with the following persons acting as correspondents in planning for the meetings: East Venice, Herman Taylor; Poplar Ridge, Dexter Wheeler; Dresserville, Ray Lawrence; Moravia, W. D. Curtis.

It is also possible that a meeting will be held at Union Springs with two lectures on poultry raising.

Remember that we print calling cards, programs, auction bills, circulars, stationery, by-laws, and all kinds of fine job work. Also orders taken for engraved cards and invitations.

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## "Teddy's" New Gun.

Fred Adolph of Genoa, the maker of the finest guns in America, if not the world, returned Wednesday morning from Oyster Bay, Long Island, where he went to deliver the gun which he has been making during the last year for Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Adolph visited Sagamore Hill, the home of Mr. Roosevelt, Tuesday.

The ex-President, in a khaki suit, waving a big Alpine stick, was just ready to start on a trip across the fields, accompanied by his son Archie, when Adolph drove up in an auto, and handed the gun to him. Roosevelt expressed his delight about the gun in very flattering terms, opened and closed the action several times, pointed it and admired the engraving and carving, regretting very much to be unable to do any hunting at this time. Evidently thinking that the gun was too beautiful to be put in his guncase, where nobody sees it, he suggested to the delighted maker, to exhibit it in a show-window and put a sign on it: "Made for Colonel Roosevelt."

All who know Mr. Roosevelt's feeling about having his name used for advertising purposes, will understand what it means when he made an exception of this rule in favor of the Genoa gunmaker.

Roosevelt departed after expressing a desire to see Adolph again next year, which Adolph answered with: "Yes, Mr. Roosevelt, I will see you again in the White House."

Most of the conversation was in German, which the Colonel speaks very well. The gun is now in one of the windows of the Abercrombie & Fitch Co. in New York, with mirrors placed behind and magnifying glasses to show the onlooker all the beauties of the work.

It is a single barrel shotgun 20 ga. with 25-35 rifle barrel below, made of finest Kruppsteel. The action is fine Swedish iron, the stock a beautiful piece of Circassian walnut. The action shows in gold on the left side. Hiawatha and Minnehaha, after a painting by Taylor; on the right side, Hiawatha with bow and arrow and a swan on his shoulder, and on the top the insignia of the Camp Fire Club of America in gold, surrounded by heavy relief engraving. Stock and foreend are beautifully carved with deer, fox and pheasant, and the gun is without the slightest doubt the most beautiful gun ever built in America, a work of art in the highest sense.

## Death of Aged Resident.

The death of Mrs. Mary J. Branch occurred at her home at East Genoa on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 8, at the age of 81 years. The deceased had suffered from heart trouble for a long time and was in a very weakened condition. On Tuesday afternoon, while Miss Susan Boyer who had been caring for her, was out of the house for a short time, Mrs. Branch got up and endeavored to walk to another room; in so doing she fell and sustained a fracture of the leg. When the physicians arrived at the house to set the broken bone, on Thursday, she had just passed away.

Funeral services were held at her late home on Sunday, Rev. F. J. Allington officiating. G. J. Foster, Mrs. Robert Mastin and Miss Ida Mastin of Genoa sang. Burial was made in Genoa cemetery.

The deceased leaves one daughter, Mrs. H. L. Thayer of Genoa, and six grandchildren. A niece, Mrs. Mary Bradford, and her daughter Florence of Union Springs, and a nephew, Wm. Mitchell of Lake Ridge attended the funeral.

Black Gingerbread.  
A delicious old recipe for black gingerbread calls for two cups of shortening, one cup of molasses, and a cup of lard, one of boiling water, one egg, a tablespoonful of soda, a tablespoonful of ginger and flour enough to make a fairly stiff dough. Pour the boiling water over the soda, add it to the shortening and stir in the molasses. Mix the ginger with a cupful of flour and mix that in also, then add about three more cupfuls of flour or enough to make a batter that can be easily stirred. For a ginger cake without eggs use a cupful of shortening, a cupful of boiling water, two of molasses, three, and a half of stirred flour, a tablespoonful of soda and one of ginger.

## 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. B.

GENOA, N. Y.

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

7 to 8 p. m.

Miller Phone.

Special attention given to diseases of digestion and kidneys.

H. E. ANTHONY, M. D.

MORAVIA, N. Y.

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

7 to 9 p. m.

Miller Phone. Bell Phone.

Special attention given to Diseases of the Eye and

FITTING OF GLASSES.

DR. J. W. SKINNER,

Homoeopathist and Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.

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

## PAINT SHOP

Repainting Carriages,

Cutters, etc., also Repairing.

Best of material used.

A. T. Van Marter,

Genoa, N. Y.

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.

J. WILL TREE,

BOOK BINDING

ITHACA.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

Genoa, N. Y.

Rev. T. J. Searis, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

11 a. m., Preaching service.

12:05 p. m., Sunday school.

Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

7:30 p. m., Evening worship.

Mid-week Service, Thursday evening,

at 7:30.

A Cordial Welcome Extended to all.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Changes and beautifies the hair.

Prevents itching and dandruff.

Keeps the hair soft and glossy.

Prevents hair falling out.

60c and 50c at Druggists.

## The Japanese Coal Supply.

It is estimated by the Japanese that

their coal supplies in the Fushun colliery

amount to 800 million tons.

## Todd Reunion.

The thirteenth annual reunion of the

Todd family will be held at the

home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G.

Bradley, Willets, N. Y., Wednesday,

Aug. 21, 1912. All relatives of the

family are cordially invited.

## Why Question It?

"A woman is only as old as she says

she is," remarks the Washington Post.

And, God bless her, we take her at

her word.—Atlanta Journal.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

Increases the appetite and builds

strength rapidly. Its wonderful

nourishment assists nature in

restoring health. All Druggists.

Scott & Bower, Manufacturers N. Y.

# KEZIAH COFFIN

by **Joseph C. Lincoln**

Author of  
**Cy Whittaker's Place**  
Cap'n Eri, Etc.

Illustrations by  
**Ellsworth Young**

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## CHAPTER I.

### In Which Keziah Hears Two Proposals and the Beginning of a Third.

Trumet in a fog; a fog blown in during the night by the wind from the wide Atlantic. So wet and heavy that one might taste the salt in it. So thick that houses along the main road were but dim shapes behind its gray drapery, and only the gates and fences of the front yards were plainly in evidence to the passers-by. The beach plum and bayberry bushes on the dunes were spangled with beady drops. The pole on Cannon Hill, where the beacon was hoisted when the packet from Boston dropped anchor in the bay, was shiny and slippery. The new weathervane, a gilded whale, presented to the "Regular" church by Captain Zebediah Mayo, retired whaler, swam in a sea of cloud. The lichened eaves of the little "Come-Outer" chapel dripped at sedate intervals. The brick walk leading to the door of Captain Elkanah Daniels's fine residence held undignified puddles in its hollows. And, through the damp stillness, the muttered growl of the surf, three miles away at the foot of the sandy bluffs by the lighthouse, sounded ominously.

Directly opposite Captain Elkanah's front gate, on the other side of the main road, stood the little story-and-a-half house, also the captain's property, which for fourteen years had been tenanted by Mrs. Keziah Coffin and her brother, Solomon Hall, the shoemaker. But Solomon had, the month before, given up his fight with debt and illness and was sleeping quietly down in Trumet's most populous center, the graveyard. And Keziah, left alone, had decided that the rent and living expenses were more than her precarious earnings as a seamstress would warrant, and, having bargained with the furniture dealer in Wellmouth for the sale of her household effects, was now busy getting them ready for the morrow, when the dealer's wagon was to call. She was going to Boston, where a distant and condescending rich relative had interested himself to the extent of finding her a place as sewing woman in a large tailoring establishment.

The fog hung like a wet blanket over the house and its small yard, where a few venerable pear trees, too conservative in their old age to venture a bud even though it was almost May, stood bare and forlorn. The day was dismal. The dismantled dining room, its tables and chairs pushed into a corner, and its faded ingrain carpet partially stripped from the floor, was dismal, likewise. Considering all things, one might have expected Keziah herself to be even more dismal. But, to all outward appearances, she was not. A large portion of her thirty-nine years of life had been passed under a wet blanket, so to speak, and she had not permitted the depressing covering to shut out more sunshine than was absolutely necessary. "If you can't get cream, you might as well learn to love your sasser of skim milk," said practical Keziah.

She was on her knees, her calico dress sleeves, patched and darned, but absolutely clean, rolled back, uncovering a pair of plump, strong arms, a sancer of tacks before her, and a tack hammer with a claw head in her hand. She was taking up the carpet. Grace Van Horne, Captain Eben Hammond's ward, who had called to see if there was anything she might do to help, was removing towels, tablecloths, and the like from the drawers in a tall "high-boy," folding them and placing them in an old and battered trunk. The pair had been discussing the subject which all Trumet had discussed for three weeks, namely, the "calling" to the pastorate of the "Regular" church of the Rev. John Ellery, the young divinity student, who was to take the place of old Parson Langley, minister in the parish for over thirty years. Discussion in the village had never reached a critical point, for the Reverend John was expected by almost any coach. In those days the days of the late fifties, the railroad down the Cape extended only as far as Sandwich; passengers made the rest of their journey by stage. Many came direct from the city by the packet, the little schooner, but Mr. Ellery had written that he should probably come on the coach.

"They say he's very nice-looking," remarked Miss Van Horne soberly, but with a mischievous glance under her dark lashes at Keziah. The lady addressed paused long enough to transfer several tacks from the floor to the sancer, and then made answer. "Thump!" she observed. "A good many years ago I saw a theater show up to Boston. Don't be shocked; these circumstances we hear so much talk of—the kind you can't control—have kept me from going to theaters much, even if I wanted to. But I did see this entertainment, and a fool one 'was, too, all singing instead of talking—opera, I believe they called it. Well, as I started to say, one of the leadin'

folks in it was the Old Harry himself, and he was pretty good-lookin'."

Grace laughed, even though she had been somewhat shocked.

"Why, Aunt Keziah!" she exclaimed—those who knew Keziah Coffin best usually called her aunt, though real nephews and nieces she had none—"why, Aunt Keziah! What do you mean by comparing the person you just mentioned with a minister!"

"Oh, I wasn't comparin' 'em; I'll leave that for you Come-Outers to do. Drat this carpet! Seems if I never saw such long tacks; I do believe whoever put 'em down drove 'em clean through the center of the earth and let the Chinyemen clinch 'em on t'other side. I haul up a chunk of the cellar floor with every one. Ah, hum!" with a sigh, "I call 'ate they ain't any more anxious to leave home than I am. But, far's the minister's concerned, didn't I hear of your Uncle Eben sayin' in prayer meetin' only a fortnit' or so ago that all hands who wa'n't Come-Outers were own children to Satan? Mr. Ellery must take after his father some. Surprisin', ain't it, what a family the old critter's got?"

The girl laughed again. For one brought up, since her seventh year, in the strictest of Come-Outer families, she laughed a good deal. Many Come-Outers considered it wicked to laugh. Yet Grace did it, and hers was a laugh pleasant to hear and distinctly pleasant to see.

"Aunt Keziah," she said, "why do you go away? What makes you? Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Why do I go? Why, for the same reason that the feller that was hove overboard left the ship—'cause I can't stay."

"I don't care!" The girl's dark eyes flashed indignantly. "I think it's too bad of Cap'n Elkanah to turn you out when—"

"Don't talk that way. He ain't turnin' me out. He ain't lettin' houses for his health and he'll need the money to buy his daughter's summer rig. She ain't had a new dress for a month, pretty near, and here's a young and good-lookin' parson heavin' in sight. Maybe Cap'n Elkanah would think a minister was high-toned enough even for Annabel to marry."

"He's only twenty-three, they say," remarked Grace, a trifle maliciously. "Perhaps she'll adopt him."

Annabel was the only child of Captain Elkanah Daniels, who owned the finest house in town. She was the belle of Trumet, and had been for a good many years.

Grace smiled, but quickly grew grave.

"Now, Auntie," she said, "please listen. I'm in earnest. It seems to me that you might do quite well at dressmaking here in town, if you had a little—well, ready money to help you at the start. I've got a few hundred dollars in the bank, presents from uncle, and my father's insurance money. I should love to lend it to you, and I know uncle would—"

Mrs. Coffin interrupted her.

"Cat's foot!" she exclaimed. "I hope I haven't got where I need to borrow money yet a while. Thank you just as much, deary, but long's I've got two hands and a mouth, I'll make the two keep t'other reasonably full, I wouldn't wonder. No, I shan't think



She Broke into a Smothered Laugh.

of it, so don't say another word. No."

The negative was so decided that Grace was silenced. Her disappointment showed in her face, however, and Keziah hastened to change the subject.

"How do you know," she observed, "but what my goin' to Boston may be the best thing that ever happened to me? You can't tell. No use despairin', Annabel ain't given up hope yet; why should I? Hey? Ain't that somebody comin'?"

Her companion sprang to her feet and ran to the window. Then she broke into a smothered laugh.

"Why, it's Kyan Pepper!" she exclaimed. "He must be coming to see you, Aunt Keziah. And he's got on his very best Sunday clothes. Grace! Grace! I must be going. I didn't know you expected callers."

Keziah dropped the tack hammer and stood up.

"Kyan!" she repeated. "What in the world is that old idiot comin' here for? To talk about the minister, I s'pose. How on earth did Lavinny ever come to let him out alone?"

Mr. Pepper, Mr. Abishal Pepper, locally called "Kyan" (Cayenne) Pepper because of his red hair and thin red side whiskers, was one of Trumet's "characters," and in his case the character was weak. He was born in the village and, when a youngster, had, like every other boy of good family in the community, cherished ambitions for a seafaring life. His sister, Lavinna, ten years older than he, who, after the death of their parents, had undertaken the job of "bringing up" her brother, did not sympathize with these ambitions. Consequently, when Kyan ran away she followed him to Boston, stalked aboard the vessel where he had shipped, and collared him, literally and figuratively. One of the mates venturing to offer objection, Lavinna turned upon him and gave him a piece of her mind, to the immense delight of the crew and the loungers on the wharf. Then she returned with the vagrant to Trumet.

That was Kyan's sole venture, so far as salaried was concerned, but he ran away again when he was twenty-five. This time he returned of his own accord, bringing a wife with him, one Evelyn Gott of Ostable. Evelyn could talk a bit herself, and her first interview with Lavinna ended with the latter's leaving the house in a rage, swearing never to set foot in it again. This oath she broke the day of her sister-in-law's funeral. Then she appeared, after the ceremony, her baggage on the wagon with her. The bereaved one, who was sitting on the front stoop of his dwelling with, so people say, a most resigned expression on his meek countenance, looked up and saw her.

"My land! Lavinny," he exclaimed, turning pale. "Where'd you come from?"

"Never mind where I come from," observed his sister promptly. "You just be thankful I've come. If ever a body needed some one to take care of 'em, it's you. You can tote my things right in," she added, turning to her grinning driver, "and you, 'Bishy, go right in with 'em. The idea of your settin' outside takin' it easy when your poor wife ain't been buried more'n an hour!"

"But—but—Lavinny," protested poor Kyan, speaking the truth unwittingly, "I couldn't take it easy afore she was buried, could I?"

"Go right in," was the answer. "March!"

Abishal marched, and had marched under his sister's orders ever since. She kept house for him, and did it well, but her one fear was that some female might again capture him, and she watched him with an eagle eye. He was the town assessor and tax collector, but when he visited dwellings containing single women or widows, Lavinna always accompanied him, "to help him in his figgerin'," she said.

Consequently, when he appeared, unchaperoned, on the walk leading to the side door of the Coffin homestead, Keziah and her friend were surprised.

"He's dressed to kill," whispered Grace, at the window. "Even his tall hat; and in this fog! I do believe he's coming courting, Aunt Keziah."

Mr. Pepper entered diffidently.

"I—I—" he began. "Well, the fact is, I came out by myself. You see, Lavinny's gone up to Sarah B.'s to talk church doin's. I—I—well, I kind of wanted to speak with you about some-thin', Keziah, so— Oh! I didn't see you, Grace. Good mornin'!"

He didn't seem overjoyed to see Miss Van Horne, as it was. In fact, he reddened perceptibly and backed toward the door. The girl, her eyes twinkling, took up her jacket and hat.

"Oh! I'm not going to stop, Mr. Pepper," she said. "I was only helping Aunt Keziah a little, that's all. I must run on now."

"Run on—nonsense!" declared Keziah decisively. "You're goin' to stay right here and help us get that stove-pipe down. And 'Bishy'll help, too. Won't you, 'Bishy?"

The stovepipe was attached to the "air-tight" in the dining room. It—the pipe—rose perpendicularly for a few feet and then extended horizontally, over the high-boy, until it entered the wall. Kyan looked at it and then at his "Sunday clothes."

"Why, I'd be glad to, of course," he declared with dubious enthusiasm. "But I don't know's I'll have time. Perhaps I'd better come later and do it. Lavinny, she—"

"Oh, Lavinny can spare you for a few minutes, I guess; specially as she don't know you're out. Better take your coat off, hadn't you? Grace, fetch one of those chairs for Ky—for 'Bishy to stand on."

Grace obediently brought the chair. It happened to be the one with a rickety leg, but its owner was helping the reluctant Abishal remove the long-tailed blue coat which had been his wedding garment and had adorned his person on occasions of ceremony ever since. She did not notice the chair.

"It's real good of you to offer to help," she said. "Grace and I didn't hardly das't to try it alone. That pipe's been up so long that I wouldn't wonder if it was shock-fut of seat. If you're careful, though, I don't believe you'll get any on you. Never mind the floor; I'm goin' to wash that before I leave."

Reluctantly, stately, the unwilling Mr. Pepper suffered himself to be led to the chair. He mounted it and gingerly took hold of the pipe.

"Better loosen it at the stove hole first," advised Keziah. "What was it you wanted to see me about, 'Bishy?"

"Oh nothin', nothin'," was the hasty response. "Nothin' of any account—that is to say—"

He turned redder than ever and wrenched at the pipe. It loosened at its lower end and the wires holding it in suspension shook.

"I guess," observed the lady of the house, "that you'd better move that chest of drawers out so's you can get behind it. Grace, you help me. There! that's better. Now move your chair."

Kyan stepped from the chair and moved the latter to a position between the high-boy and the wall. Then he remounted and gripped the pipe in the middle of its horizontal section.

"Don't be in such a hurry," interrupted Keziah. "Does stick in the chimney, don't it? Tell you what you can do, Grace; you can go in the woodshed and fetch the hammer that's in the table drawer. Hurry up, that's a good girl."

Kyan protested that he did not need the hammer, but his protest was unheeded. With one more glance at the couple, Grace departed from the kitchen, biting her lips. She shut the door carefully behind her. Mr. Pepper labored frantically with the pipe.

"No use to shake it any more till you get the hammer," advised Keziah.



"Get Down Off That Chair!"

"Might's well talk while you're waitin'?"

"What was it you wanted to tell me?"

"Keziah, you're a single woman."

His companion let go of the chair, which she had been holding in place, and stepped back.

"He is loony!" she exclaimed under her breath. "I—"

"No, no! I ain't loony. I want to make a proposal to you. I want to see if you won't marry me. I'm sick of Lavinny. Let's you and me settle down together. I could have some peace then. And I think a whole lot of you, too," he added, apparently as an afterthought. "Don't stop to argue, Keziah. I've got 'most fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. Lavinny keeps the pass book in her bureau, but you could get it from her. I own my house. I'm a man of good character. You're poor, but I don't let that stand in the way. Anyhow, you're a first-rate housekeeper. And I really do think an awful lot of you."

Mrs. Coffin stepped no farther in the direction of the kitchen. Instead, she strode toward the rickety chair and its occupant. Kyan grasped the pipe with both hands.

"You poor—miserable—impudent—" began the lady.

"Why, Keziah, don't you want to?" He spoke as if the possibility of a refusal had never entered his mind. "I cal'lated had never entered his mind. 'I cal'lated you'd be glad. You wouldn't have to go away then, nor— My soul and body! some one's knockin' at the door! And this dummed pipe's fetched loose!"

The last sentence was a smothered shriek. Keziah heeded not. Neither did she heed the knock at the door. Her hands were opening and closing convulsively.

"Be glad!" she repeated. "Glad to marry a good-for-nothin' sand-peep like you! You sassy— Get down off that chair and out of this house! Get down this minute!"

"I can't! This stovepipe's loose, I tell you. Be reasonable, Keziah. Do—don't you touch me! I'll fall if you do. Please— Keziah!— O Lordy! I knew it. Lavinny!"

The door opened. On the threshold, arms akimbo and lips set tight, stood Lavinna Pepper. Her brother's knees gave way; in their collapse they struck the chair back; the rickety leg wobbled. Kyan grasped at the pipe to save himself and, the next moment, chair, sections of stovepipe, and Mr. Pepper disappeared with a mighty crash behind the high-boy. A cloud of soot arose and obscured the view.

Keziah, too indignant even to laugh, glared at the wreck. In the doorway of the kitchen Grace Van Horne, hammer in hand, leaned against the jamb, her handkerchief at her mouth and tears in her eyes. Lavinna, majestic and rigid, dominated the scene. From behind the high-boy came coughs, sneezes and emphatic ejaculations.

Miss Pepper was the first to speak. "Abishal Pepper," she commanded, "come out of that this minute."

There was a sound of scrambling. More soot floated in the air. Then around the corner of the high-boy appeared Mr. Pepper, crawling on his hands and knees. His hair was streaked with black; his shirt front and collar and shirt sleeves were spotted and smeared with black; and from his blackened cheeks his red whiskers flamed like the last glowing embers in a fire-scarred ruin.

"I was just tryin' to help Keziah take down her stovepipe," he explained. "You see, she didn't have no man to—"

"Yes, I see. Well, I s'pose you got it down. Now you go out to the sink and wash your face. Heavens and earth! Look at them clothes!"

"I do hope you didn't hurt yourself,

Continued on page 3.)

## 1849 Auburn Savings Bank 1912

ASSETS \$6,044,258.01 SURPLUS \$531,431.05  
DAVID M. DUNNING, President NELS N B ELDRED, 1st Vice-President,  
GEORGE UNDERWOOD, 2d Vice-President WILLIAM S. DOWNER, Treas & Secy.,  
ADOLPH KEIL, Assistant Treasurer

**PAYS 3 1-2 per cent. on Deposits**

**One Dollar will open an Account**

**In This Bank**

**Loans Money on good farms at 5 per cent.**



Trustees.  
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GEORGE H. NYE  
WILLIAM E. KEELER  
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ORGANIZED 1865  
**Cayuga County Savings Bank**  
AUBURN, N. Y.  
W. F. WAIT, President. D. WADSWORTH, Jr. Vice-President  
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**INTERESTS PAID ON DEPOSIT**  
Loans made on approved mortgages  
All Business Strictly Confidential.

## Lightning!

Have your buildings protected by PURE COPPER CABLE before they are destroyed. I am prepared to do first class work on short notice. Don't wait as delays are dangerous.

**S. S. Goodyear,**

Miller Phone. Goodyears, N. Y.

Place your Insurance with the  
**VENICE TOWN INSURANCE CO.**  
**\$1,150,000 IN FARM RISKS!**  
WM. H. SHARPSTEEN, Secretary,  
Office, Genoa, N. Y.

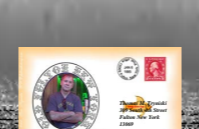
**French's Market? Yes!**  
We will grind your Sausage on short notice.  
Choice, Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats  
Cash paid for Hides and Poultry.  
Also fresh ground bone for poultry all ways on hand.  
**S. C. FRENCH Genoa, N. Y.**

**Lightning Strikes.**  
Do you realize that this means over 75 per cent of all fire losses are caused by lightning. Can you afford to take chances on losing your home, your property and the lives of your family. Get protection, get it now. I will furnish you with  
**Dodd & Struthers Pure Copper Cable Lightning Rods.**  
**G. N. COON, King Ferry, N. Y.**  
Call, phone or write for prices.

**Our Semi-Annual Sale**  
closes July 27th on the general stock, but on most of the following goods prices will be still further reduced to close all out:  
**Wool Coats and Suits, Black Silk and Pongee Coats, White Serge Suits and Skirts, White and Colored Wash Dresses and Skirts, Some lines of wash Dress Goods, Linen Dusters, Silk and Wash Walsts, remnants and broken assortments, many very desirable garments to choose from at one fourth to one half price.**

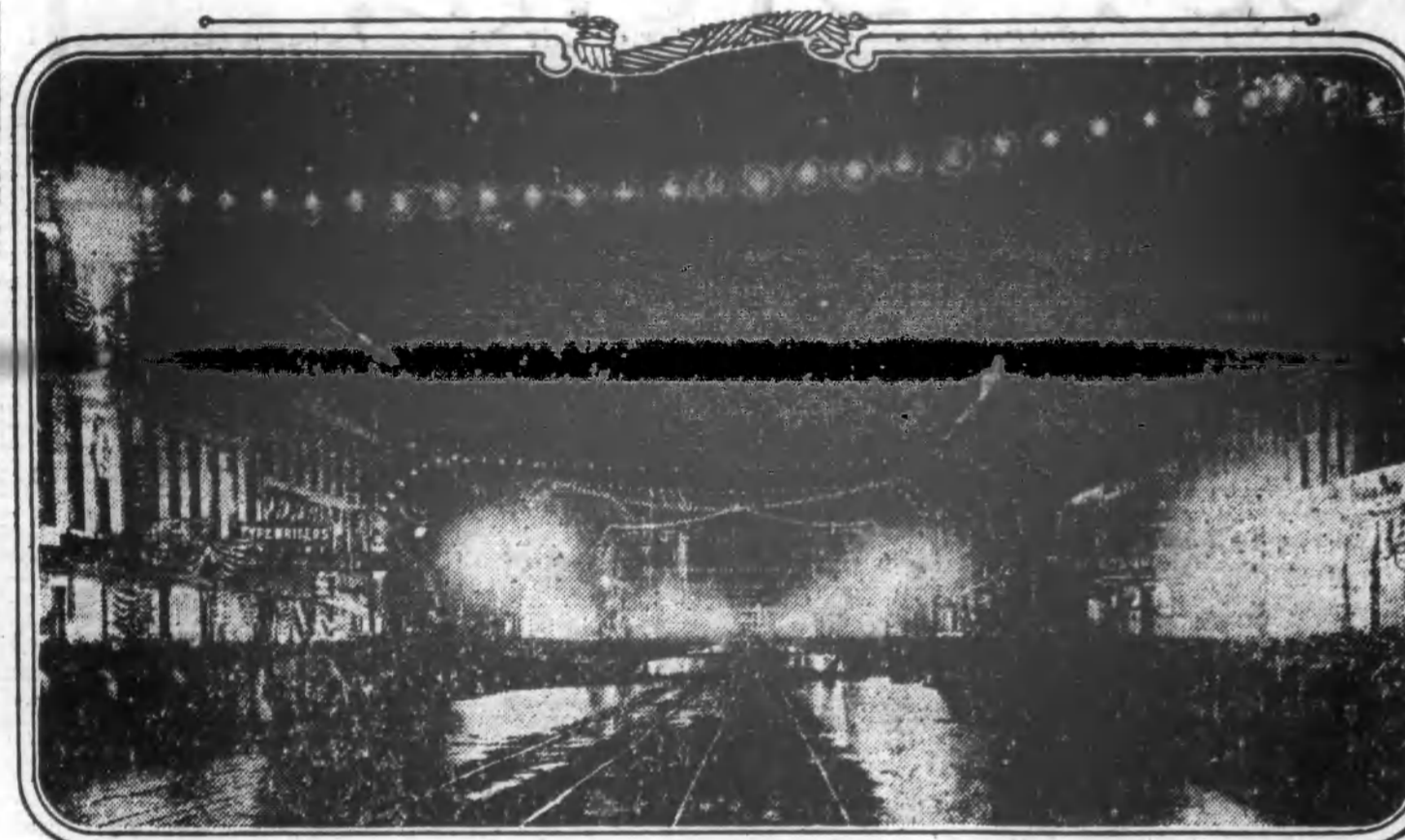
**BUSH & DEAN,**  
ITHACA, NEW YORK.  
Closed Wednesday afternoons until September.

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





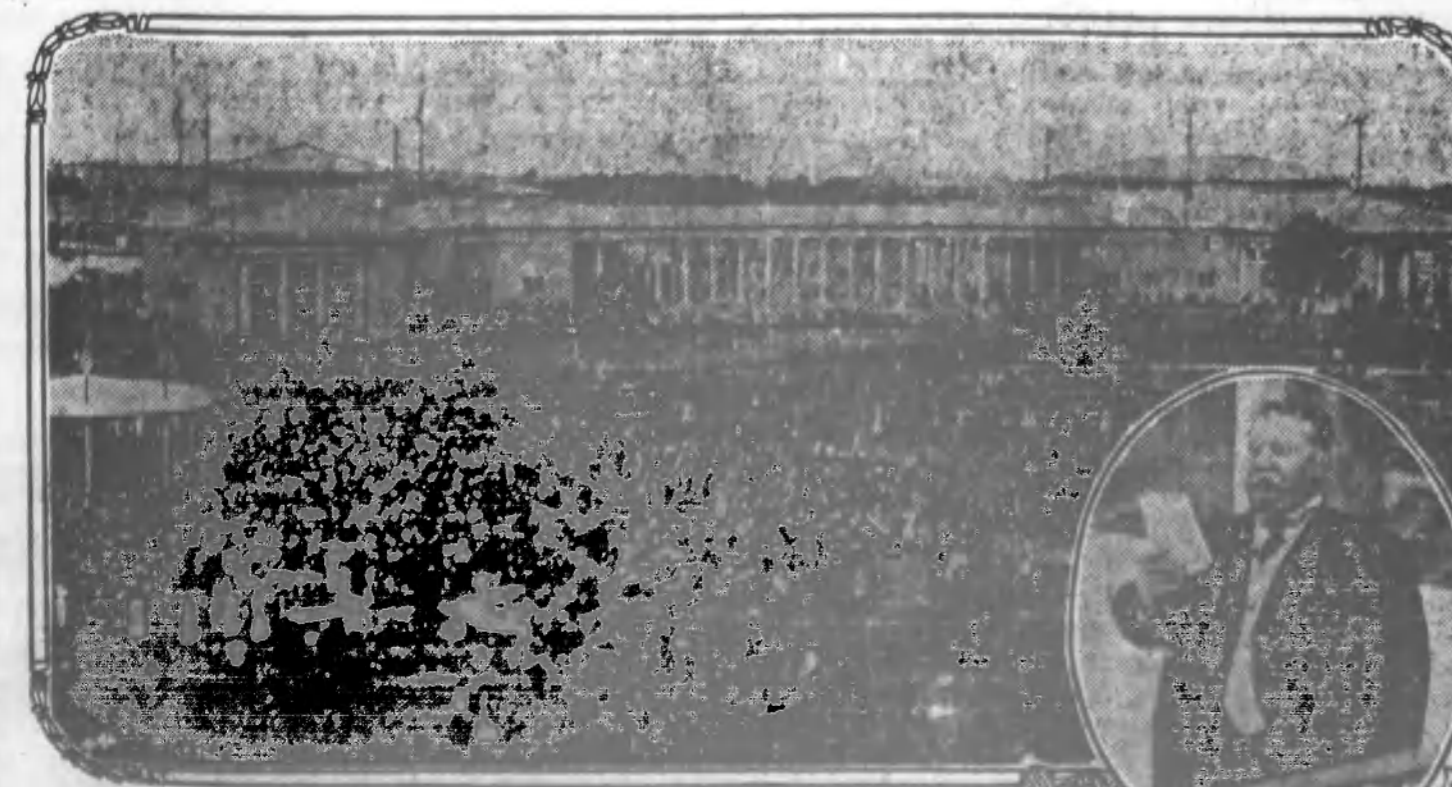
SCENE IN DAIRY SUPPLY DEPARTMENT AT THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR, AND ONE OF THE NOVEL EXHIBITS—A BUTTER BUST OF GOV. JOHN A. DIX.



TYPICAL STREET SCENE JUST BEFORE THE EVENING CARNIVAL PARADE AT SYRACUSE, DURING NEW YORK STATE FAIR WEEK.



GOVERNOR AND MRS. DIX IN THE SHOW RING AT THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR.



PRESIDENT TAFT ADDRESSING CROWD IN EMPIRE STATE COURT, NEW YORK STATE FAIR, SYRACUSE, AND VIEW OF DAIRY, GRANGE, AND STATE INSTITUTIONS BUILDINGS.

Abishai," said the sympathetic Keziah. Then, as remembrance of what had led to the upset came to her, she added: "Though I will say 'twas your own fault and nobody else's."

Lavinia whirled on her. "Dear me! Ain't we innocent! We've got plenty of money, we have. Widowers with property ain't no attraction to us. Everybody knows that—oh, yes! And they never talk of such a thing—oh, no! Folks don't say that—that— Well," with a snarl in the direction of the kitchen, "are you anywheres nigh clean yet? Get your coat and hat on and come home with me."

She jerked her brother into the blue coat, jammed the tall hat down upon his head, and, seizing him by the arm, stalked to the door.

"Good day, marm," she said. "I do hope the next widower you get to take down your stovepipe—yes, indeed! ha! ha!—I hope you'll have better luck with him. Though I don't know who 'twould be; there ain't no more idiots in town that I know of. Good day, and thank you kindly for your attentions to our family."

Keziah turned from the door she had closed behind her visitor.

"Well!" she ejaculated. "Well!" Steps, measured, dignified steps, sounded on the walk. From without came a "Hum—ha!" a portentous combination of cough and grunt. Grace dodged back from the window and hastily began donning her hat and jacket.

"It's Cap'n Elkanah," she whispered. "I must go. This seems to be your busy morning, Aunt Keziah. I"—here she choked again—"really, I didn't know you were so popular."

Keziah opened the door. Captain Elkanah Daniels, prosperous, pompous and unbending, crossed the threshold. Richest man in the village, retired shipowner, pillar of the Regular church and leading member of its parish committee, Captain Elkanah looked the part. He removed his hat, cleared his throat behind his black stock, and spoke with impressive deliberation.

"Keziah," he said, "Keziah, I came to see you on a somewhat important matter. I have a proposal I wish to make you."

He must have been surprised at the effect of his words. Keziah's face was a picture, a crimson picture of paralyzed amazement. As for Miss Van Horne, that young lady gave vent to what her friend described afterwards as a "squeal," and bolted out of the door and into the grateful seclusion of the fog.

#### CHAPTER II.

In Which Keziah Unearths a Prowler. The fog was cruel to the gossips of Trumet that day. Mrs. Didama Rogers, who lived all alone, except for the society of three cats, a canary, and a white poodle named "Bunch," in the little house next to Captain Elkanah's establishment, never entirely recovered from the chagrin and disappointment caused by that provoking mist.

The fog prevented Mrs. Rogers' noting the entrance of Mr. Pepper at the Coffin front gate. Also his exit, under sisterly arrest. It shut from her view the majestic approach of Captain Elkanah Daniels and Grace's flight, her face dimpled with smiles and breaking into laughter at frequent intervals. For a young lady, supposed to be a devout Come-Outter, to hurry along the main road, a handkerchief at her mouth and her eyes sparkling with fun, was a circumstance calculated to furnish material for enjoyable scandal. And Didama missed it.

Other happenings she missed, also. Not knowing of Captain Daniel's call upon Keziah, she was deprived of the pleasure of wonder at the length of his stay. She did not see him, in company with Mrs. Coffin, go down the road in the opposite direction from that taken by Grace. Nor their return and parting at the gate, two hours later. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before a visitor came again to the Coffin front gate, entered the yard and rapped at the side door.

Keziah opened the door. "Halloa!" she exclaimed. "Back, are you? I begun to think you'd been scared away for good."

Grace laughed as she entered. "Well, auntie," she said, "I don't wonder you thought I was scared. Truly, I didn't think it was proper for me to stay. First Kyan and then Cap'n Elkanah, and both of them expressing their wishes to see you alone so—or—pointedly. I thought it was time for me to go. Surely, you give me credit for a little delicacy."

"Grace Van Horne! there's born fools enough in this town without your tryin' to be one. Grace, I ain't goin' to leave Trumet, not for the present, anyhow. I've got a way of earnin' my livin' right here. I'm goin' to keep house for the new minister."

The girl turned, her hat in her hand. "Oh!" she cried in utter astonishment.

Keziah nodded. "Yes," she affirmed. "That was what Elkanah's proposal amounted to. Ha, ha! Deary me! When he said 'proposal,' I own up for a minute I didn't know what was comin'." After Kyan I was prepared for 'most anything. But he told me that Larany Phelps, who the parish committee had counted on to keep house for Mr. Ellery, had sent word her sister was sick and couldn't be left, and that somebody must be hired right off 'cause the minister's expected by day after tomorrow's coach. And the cap'n was made a delegate to come and see me about it. Come he did, and we settled it. I went down to the parsonage with him before dinner and looked the place over. There's an awful lot of sweets and dustin' to be done afore it's fit for a body to live in."

Grace extended her hand. "Well, Aunt Keziah," she said, "I'm

(Continued on page 8.)

Foster, Ross & Company  
THE BIG STORE

FALL 1912.

# BLANKETS BLANKETS

Advance Showing and Sale of Hundreds of Pairs of Cotton and Wool Blankets

Bought under specially favorable conditions, allowing the mills to make early delivery, and the trade reports of higher blanket prices, all serve to make this sale in your favor.

69 cents a pair

Cotton Fleece Blankets, sizes 54x80 inches, white, tan and grey with colored borders, also white, these are exceptional values.

89 cents a pair

Extra good weight Cotton Blankets, white, tan, grey, size 64x80 inches. We ask you to compare with what you see elsewhere at \$1.25

\$1.00 a pair

We believe these Blankets equal to the average \$1.50 sort. They are full size and splendid weight.

\$1.50 a pair

Wool finish Blankets, very large size, white, tan and grey, with pink and blue borders. Cloth bound ends. You will be pleased with the value.

\$1.90 a pair

25 pairs only. This is an extra special that we do not expect to be able to duplicate, full size, wool finish, Felt Blankets, in pink, blue, tan and grey plaids. Ought to be sold at \$2.75

\$2.25 a pair

Full size Twill Felt Blankets. Good and heavy, white and grey with colored borders, finished with silk ribbon binding. Will give good service and have all the appearances of much higher priced blankets.

\$2.69 a pair

Full size, heavy weight, soft finish Felt Wool Mixed Blankets, white and grey with attractive borders and silk bound ends, the value as good as you will ordinarily see at \$3.50

\$3.00 a pair

These Blankets are by far the best we know of for the price, made of good grade wool with some cotton added to give better wear, white and grey with nice borders

\$4.25 a pair

A five dollar Blanket value, we have just 20 pairs of these, they are made of high grade wool, splendid weight, soft and fluffy finished with three inch silk ribbon binding, white only with pink, blue and yellow borders. Give these your early consideration, we do not think we can secure more of them.

For higher grade Blankets we offer you Regal at \$5 a pair and St. Elmo at \$6 a pair, without a question the best values of the year made of fine California wool, extra good weight and finished with broad silk binding, pink, blue and yellow border.

We show various grades in single and three-quarter size Blankets at attractive prices

Our window display will give you some idea of the various kinds and values, it will be a pleasure to have you examine the assortment at the department.

Our Blanket Values the Best to be obtained

The Big Store Come Shop With Us

FOSTER, ROSS & CO.

# SMITH'S BIG SHOE SALE!

Having on hand at the present time a variety of A-1 Oxford Shoes which we do not care to keep over and know of no other way of disposing of them other than offering these High Grade Shoes to the public at **COST PRICES**. These Shoes are of the latest style and up-to-date shapes, possessing beauty, comfort and good wearing qualities. These are the three things you should look for in choosing a good pair of Shoes; first, you want a good looking Shoe—second, one that fits your foot; and third, one that will wear and give you good service, then you wonder as to the price and here are a few of them stated below:



**LADIES'**  
 Tan or Black Oxfords, high or low heel, full vamps, former price \$3.00.....Sale Price **\$2.50**  
 Tan or Black Oxfords, former price \$2.50.....Sale Price **\$2.00**

## MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES

in Blacks and Tans, all sizes, shapes and styles, lace or button which we have been selling for \$3.50...Now **2.75**  
 Those which have been selling for \$4.00.....Now **\$3.25**



All of these are A-1 Oxfords.

Boys' Black and Tan Oxfords, former price \$2.50 and \$2.25.....Now **\$2 and \$1.90**

COME IN! LET US SHOW YOU THESE SHOES

# SMITH'S BIG BUSY STORE,

GENOA, NEW YORK.

### THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

Friday Morning, Aug. 16, 1912

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

## HOME TOWN HELPS

CIVIC BEAUTY HIGHLY PRIZED

Authorities of Gay Paris Well Know the Value of Attractive Streets and Boulevards.

A determined effort is being made by the city of Paris, France, to do away with eyesores. The billboard evil is a much less glaring one there than in most cities even of much smaller population. Effective control is gained through the levy of a tax not only on posters but on the billboards themselves.

Where "bills" are tolerated in the boulevards they are rolled into a cylinder, producing an "advertising pillar." The pillar has a decorative canopy, within which gleams a ring of lights, illuminating the posters. Then, there is the six-sided kiosk, fitted with panels of translucent



Attractive Lighting Fixtures Heighten the City's Beauty.

glass, carrying advertisements. The kiosk becomes a tool house for street sweepers' brooms and shovels, or a telephone station for policemen. The principal newspaper stands are small houses of picturesque outline.

The gas company stretches no obstructive or disfiguring wires through the streets. It pays the city \$60,000 a year for the privilege—it calls it a privilege—of putting pipes under the sidewalks. In addition, it pays \$4,000,000 a year for its franchise, and lights the streets and public buildings at cost. Street car lines are kept off the principal downtown avenues, so that these are free of both wires and

### BAND THE SHADE TREES NOW

State Entomologist of Indiana Warns Against the Deadly Ravages of the Red Spider.

C. H. Baldwin, state entomologist of Indiana, says that by taking advantage of the tree situation early this year, Indianapolis owners of shade trees may be able to prevent much of the annual destruction due to insects.

"As soon as the earth begins to warm," Mr. Baldwin said, "the tree owner should 'band' his trees with some sticky material. This will arrest the upward movement of the red spider, one of the worst enemies of the shade tree, particularly the elm, oak, linden and like trees. The spider hibernates during the winter in the earth at the roots of the trees, and as soon as warm weather sets in emerges and starts up the tree, there to live all summer. The sticky band will prevent his early spring journey. "Of course there will be some red spiders in the trees, because of eggs laid there last summer, but the 'banding' will do a lot toward saving the trees.

"The 'banding' will remain on the boles of the trees during the summer, and will be valuable in preventing the caterpillar, the bag worm moth and the tussock moth from ascending the trees and eating the leaves. Of course there are many cocoons of these moths in the trees now, but the banding will go a long way toward preserving the foliage and saving the trees. By removing the cocoons in the trees, the moths can virtually be eradicated, if the 'banding' is done. The tussock moth is especially dangerous to trees in Indianapolis, because of the great number of the insects here."

**Value of Street Illumination.**  
 Urging the extension of lighting service along country highways, and in small villages, the Electric Review says: "The tendency of the times is toward better street illumination; real estate values rise and outside residents are attracted by it; and apart from the reduction of accidents and the improved conditions of public safety afforded, the rural community as a live center if it devotes a reasonable sum yearly to meeting the lighting problem with courage and far sightedness."

## DON'T KICK!



If you are not doing as much business as you should

There's Something Wrong with your method of attracting trade.

Try a Campaign of Catchy Advertising in This Paper.

### Genoa Graded School.

The school board of this village announce to the people of this vicinity that they have engaged the following teachers for our school for the coming school year:

F. Ray Van Brocklin, A. B., of Hiram College, Ohio, principal.

Mrs. Helen H. Van Marter, of the Teachers' Training Class of Moravia High school, class of 1902, intermediate department.

Miss Flora A. Alling of Genoa, primary department.



PRINCIPAL VAN BROCKLIN

Mr. Van Brocklin is a graduate of Hiram College, Ohio, with the degree of A. B. He is a native of New York state, having graduated from the grades and High school at Pompey. He is therefore well acquainted with the system of education in New York state. He is fully prepared to teach any subject required in our school curriculum, having had special training in Latin, science and mathematics.

Mrs. Van Marter has successfully taught in the surrounding towns for several years, and is highly recommended for her discipline and excellent class work.

Miss Alling begins her twenty-fifth year as teacher of our primary department, which fact alone is sufficient recommendation.

The subjects taught will embrace all the primary and grade subjects, including subjects for Regents' Preliminary certificate, and the first two years of High school work, viz., 1st year English, 1st year Latin, Algebra and Biology; 2nd year English, 2nd year Latin (Caesar), Geometry, one other subject if time will permit.

### Speaker of the House.

Boggs—"I heard a lecturer say last night that we would all live to see the day when a woman will be speaker of the house; do you believe that?"

Henpeck—"I know of one woman that is, already."—Punch.

**Unknown Regions.**  
 In happiness there are far more regions unknown than there are in misfortune. The voice of misfortune is ever the same; happiness becomes the more silent as it penetrates deeper.—Masterlinck.

## Temperance

### CURSE OF DRINK IN GEORGIA

Three-Fourths of Cases Before State Court of Appeals Caused by Excessive Use of Liquor.

Three-fourths of the cases that go before the state court of appeals are due directly or indirectly to the excessive use of intoxicants, declares Chief Justice Ben Hill of that tribunal, in an opinion handed down by him in the case of Will Langston, a Cherokee county youth, convicted of manslaughter for killing his father, says the Atlanta Constitution.

This opinion is as strong as any sermon or temperance lecture against the evils of drink. In it Justice Hill says:

"The fact of this case presents another of the daily occurring instances showing the monstrous and measureless evil of intoxicating liquors. This hydra-headed and remorseless monster, with ceaseless and tireless energy, wastes the substance of the poor, manufactures burdensome taxes for the public, monopolizes the valuable time of courts, fills jails, penitentiaries and asylums, ruins homes, destroys manhood, terrorizes helpless women and innocent children, baffles the church and mocks the law, and answering its inexorable demands, 'each new morn new widows mourn, new orphans cry, new wrongs strike heaven in the face.'

"These are the products of a curse imposed, not by the decree of God, but self-inflicted by the voluntary conduct of man, its weak and wicked victim. Judges of criminal courts, speaking from official experience, have grown weary calling attention to the drink habit as the principal cause of crime, and nothing the writer could say would add to this manifest truth. But I cannot refrain from saying that after five years' observation of the cases that have been before this court, three-fourths of the crimes are due directly or indirectly to the excessive use of intoxicants, and that if the church and the state and public sentiment could ultimately make Georgia sober, the prisons would be vacant, the chain gangs empty, and the cities, towns and country would be filled with prosperous and happy homes."

Will Langston, 19 years old, killed his own father, who had come home beastly drunk and drove his sick wife, the youth's mother, from her bed into the night. The youth resented this treatment of his mother. The father, frenzied with liquor, knocked him down, cut him with a knife, and threatened to kill him. The son then picked up a stone, used as a door prop, and buried it at his father, it striking him on the head and killing him. He was tried and convicted of manslaughter and appealed for a new trial, but the court of appeals could find no error on which to send the case back to the lower court. Consequently the decision was affirmed.

**New York Sheriffs.**  
 The reason why the sheriff of New York cannot be elected to two successive terms is this: It is the sheriff's duty to carry out the process of courts against official delinquents during trial and after conviction. Should a sheriff endeavor forcibly to hold over for a second time after having been defeated for re-election he would be the instrument of the court's process against himself, a paradoxical position which the law avoids by making him ineligible for re-election.

## Cut Prices.

During the month of August we are offering many of our goods at cut prices.

Cloaks, Suits, Waists, Separate Skirts, Wash Goods, all kinds Wash Dresses, at remarkably low cost. Come and get a bargain.

## JOHN W. RICE CO.,

103 Genesee Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

## FREE, Win It!



Mark misspelled word in this adv. send adv. to THORPE'S BIG NATIONAL BUSINESS SCHOOL—Auburn—N. Y., and get complete \$50 course in any subject—Day—Night or Home Study—also your \$25 fee to the Union will be given you as THORPE is president of the big Federation of Book-keepers—Stenographers and Office Workers all over the world—therefore his students are admitted free—we run these contests instead of employing solicitors—thus giving you the benefit—This year's graduating class at THORPE'S numbered 105—Carl Feig, 242 State St., Auburn—N. Y., member of the class was given \$25 Gold Medal for being fastest typist in Cayuga County—Calvin Treat was given Gold Watch for selling largest number tickets for graduation exercises—These contests are open for next commencement.

## Signor Mfg. Co.

Opposite Court House, Auburn.

## Our Annual Sale.

At this time each year we put on this sale to close out on our ready-to-wear garments and all surplus stock of materials. The greatest bargains ever offered in Auburn on high grade goods, all going at manufacturers' cost. Come when the assortment is at its best.

## Paid your Subscription Yet?

## Can You Fill the Bill?

If you can Business Men want you! They need you! They demand you! Look all around at the young people just drifting—making a living and that's all! But that's not all for you! If you will supply the Initiative

## The Auburn Business School

will give you the training that will enable you to get and hold a responsible position. This school is live! Modern! A school of thorough courses taught by competent instructors who will give you a money making knowledge that you'll acquire in no other way! If you have not received a copy of our School Journal send for a copy to-day. For further information call, write or Bell phone, 708-1.

H. F. CRUMB, Proprietor,  
 51-53-55 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

## Village and Vicinity News.

—Gordon Smith is visiting in Groton.

—Ruth Leonard is home from Syracuse for a time.

—Leslie Norman is home from Ithaca for his vacation.

—H. N. Marks of Ithaca was a Sunday visitor at F. C. Hagin's.

—Anna Bush returned to her home near Ithaca yesterday afternoon.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Keefe and son spent Sunday with relatives in Sayre.

—Holy day services were held in St. Hilary's church yesterday morning.

—Mrs. Sherman Wright has been suffering from quinsy during the past week, but is improving.

—An agreeable change in the weather a few days this week has made life in the country less dismal.

—Louis Williamson returned to his home in Syracuse Wednesday, after a week's visit at W. D. Norman's.

—J. D. Brightman and Miss Tompkins of Ledyard were guests at B. J. Brightman's the latter part of last week.

—Mrs. May Todd of Binghamton called on Genoa friends yesterday, and went to Ledyard to visit Mrs. J. G. Corey.

—Walter Tilton has returned to his home in Genoa, after caring for the late James Heaton in Venice for several months.

—Several Genoa baseball enthusiasts went to Syracuse Monday to see "Ty" Cobb, in the big Detroit-Syracuse game.

Smith serves the best Ice Cream to had.

—Mrs. Geo. Corning of Auburn spent the day with Mrs. John Bruton last Thursday. Her son, Master Burton T., is spending a few days at the same place.

—Harold Neideck, with his wife and two children, Mrs. Glanister and child, and Miss Maude Glanister, all of Ithaca motored to Genoa Wednesday. Miss Glanister remained this week as the guest of Blanche Norman.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fny Teeter of East Venice have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Mildred May to Fred A. Bothwell of East Genoa, on Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 12 o'clock noon.

—Regular services will be resumed at the Presbyterian church next Sunday. The pastor, Rev. T. J. Searls, will preach on the theme, "Loving kindness and tender mercy" at the morning service. Other services as usual. All are cordially invited.

I will run regular trips to Venice Center and return on Thursday, Aug. 22, leaving Genoa every hour, beginning at 9 a. m. Special appointments booked ahead; rates 50c one way.

GEO. T. SILL

—At the meeting of the Fire Association last Friday evening, a committee of eleven interested citizens of the village was appointed to decide on a location for a building for the use of the fire department. At a meeting of this committee later, it was decided to purchase the Carson building, near the bridge, as this can be secured at a reasonable price, and can be made very satisfactory for the purpose of housing the fire apparatus.

—The 35th annual Southern Cayuga Farmers' Festival will be held in Murdock's grove, Venice Center, on Thursday, Aug. 22. A good ball game is promised between the All-Auburn Professionals and the Moravia High School nines. The music will be furnished by Ercanbrack's orchestra of seven pieces. Good speakers are expected and, weather permitting, a large attendance and a good time for all is anticipated. Special rates on Short Line: From Auburn, 50c; Ithaca, 70c; for round trip.

There was a man in our town  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He'd salt his extra profits down  
To use to advertise.

His advertising brought him biz,  
His fame spread far and wide;  
And now 'most half the town is his  
And half the countryside.

—Pittsburg Post.

—W. W. Beach of Montezuma was in town Saturday last

—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cruthers visited relatives in Niles last week.

—Leland Singer has been visiting friends in Montezuma this week.

Trunks and Suit Cases at Smith's.

—Elsie and Ruth Tilton are visiting relatives in Cortland, Marathon and Lisle.

—The city of Rochester is planning to celebrate its centennial anniversary on Sept. 16.

—Miss Florence Norman, who has been visiting Groton friends returned home Sunday.

—Mrs. Carrie Evans of Auburn is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Edmund Barnes, near Genoa

Celery direct from the celery fields fresh every week at Hagin's.

—Mrs. Freeman and daughter of Buffalo are guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. Robert Mastin.

—Mrs. C. H. Sperry and Mrs. C. H. Jennings and son of Moravia are guests of their sister, Mrs. G. B. Springer.

—Mrs. Jane Mastin, Mrs. Cordelia Norman and Harry Fulmer attended the funeral of James Heaton in Venice yesterday.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Waldo of Wysox, Pa., have been guests at the home of their aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Waldo, a few days this week.

—Mrs. Robert Bush and son, who have been spending several weeks in Genoa, returned home Sunday evening. Mr. Bush was also here Sunday.

See the 29c Wash Carpet at Smith's

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Saxton of East Genoa and Mr. and Mrs. David W. Smith of Genoa left Saturday last for a two weeks' automobile trip to Michigan.

—B. D. Banker and wife, with friends from New York, were Sunday guests at J. S. Banker's. Erwin Fish, wife and two children of Buffalo were also guests at the same place this week.

—A new cement walk is being laid in front of Arthur Peck's residence. It will also be extended south in front of Mrs. Lena Fulmer's residence, and north to the corner, along the Carson property, making a great improvement on that street.

Developing and printing for the amateur at Warner's.

—The 26th annual reunion of the Bower family will be held on Wednesday, Aug. 21, 1912, at the home of Alson Karn, one mile east of Tarbell's crossing, North Lansing. All descendants of the Bower family are most cordially invited to be present.

—James Heaton, an old and highly respected resident of the town of Venice, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Norman Arnold, on Tuesday, Aug. 13, after an illness extending over many months. His age was 79 years, and he is survived by two children, the daughter and a son, E. S. Heaton of Auburn. Funeral services were held at his late home on Thursday at 2 o'clock, Rev. O. D. Moore, of Venice Baptist church officiating. Burial at East Venice.

A lot of new books at Hagin's.

—Seven thousand persons crowding the Northern Tioga County Fair grounds at Newark Valley Thursday afternoon of last week saw J. J. Fanning, a balloonist employed by Prof. Hutchinson, fall to his death and never knew it. The fatal accident occurred when the second of three parachutes used in descending from a balloon failed to work. Fanning was found outside the fair grounds with one leg and one arm broken, dead. He made a rapid descent but this fall from the trapeze took place behind some trees that obstructed the crowd's view and he dropped fifty feet to the ground.

—Miss Blanche Webster is visiting relatives in Auburn.

—Miss Edith Hunter returned from Moravia Wednesday.

—Mrs. E. Alling and Miss Flora Alling have returned to their home in Genoa.

—Miss Pearl Norman, who has been ill for the past two weeks, is improving.

Fresh fruits, vegetables and groceries always found at Hagin's.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rawley are visiting relatives and friends at Richford.

—Mrs. Jas. Myer and daughter Leota returned last Friday from Marcellus.

—Miss Katherine McCormick of Syracuse is a guest at the home of John Bruton.

—Mr. and Mrs. Morton of Berkshire are visiting their daughter, Mrs. D. W. Gower.

—Edith Stevenson returned to her home in Auburn Tuesday after spending two weeks with Gladys Decker.

New Gingham at Smith's.

Visit Smit h's Soda Fountain.

—A new five-cent piece is soon to be issued. One side will have the head of an Indian and on the reverse will be the head of a buffalo.

—America's greatest naval review is to be held in New York Harbor, Sept. 12 being the tentative date for the beginning of the spectacle.

—Frank C. Soule of Cleveland, Oswego county, has let the contract for probably the largest barn in Central New York. It will be 200 feet long by over 100 feet wide and will be built of hollow tile and stucco.

—Two notable annual picnics—that of the Tompkins County Grange and the Veterans' Association—occur in Ithaca on Saturday, Aug. 17, the former at the College of Agriculture and the latter at Renwick Park.

Big line Fancy Cakes at Smith's.

Wall Paper in stock at Smith's.

—The Presbyterian church lawn has been cleared of weeds, grass, etc., and a beginning made toward filling in the driveway. This work should be completed soon, and it is hoped it may be. The credit for this improvement should be given to the women of the Aid society.

—The third annual Odd Fellows' picnic will be held at Koenig's Point on Owasco lake to-morrow, (Saturday,) Aug. 17. Cars leave Auburn at 9 a. m. Steamers leave dock at 9:30 a. m. Sports of all sizes, sorts and descriptions. First class music. The program is very fine and very extensive. Everybody welcome.

—New and valuable features are to be added to the farm boy's camp at the State Fair this year. Dean H. P. Baker of the College of Forestry at Syracuse University is preparing a definite program under which the boys will receive daily instruction from experts from the State Agricultural school. Dean L. H. Bailey of Cornell University, will be one of the speakers.

—The fourth annual outing of the Board of Supervisors and their friends will be held at Koenig's Point on Tuesday, Aug. 20. The members will meet at Carmody's dock in the morning and will be taken to Koenig's Point on the steamer which will leave at 11 o'clock sharp. A business meeting will be held at 2 o'clock sharp. A program of athletic and other events has been arranged.

—A report to the Agricultural Department says: The apple crop in the vicinity of Auburn will about equal that of last year; not more than 25 cars will be produced. Care of orchards is poor, only a few spraying. With proper attention, growers could quadruple production in two years. Locke—Apple crop less than last year; not more than 10 cars here. Fruit will be good. Aurora—Apple crop in this vicinity will be about same this year as last. Would place shipments from this point at 20 cars. No particular care has been given the trees this year.

## Jewelry.

Most jewelry is bought to be used as a gift, people buy their gifts where they are sure of the quality. Who would think of presenting a piece of cheap jewelry? and yet it is often done because of an unscrupulous jeweler who imposed upon his customer. Every article I offer has quality and is artistically correct. If you buy your gifts of jewelry at our store you will pay the recipient a delicate compliment. People do not buy jewelry because of its price, because it is cheap. They buy it because of its beauty, its artistic effect, and because of the sentiment which has come to surround it, but it must be good quality, such as is sold by

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

### Peck Reunion.

The Peck family reunion which was to have been held at the home of Arthur Peck in this village, will be held at the home of Harry Powers, Atwater, N. Y., on the Lake Road, Saturday, Aug. 31, 1912.

The reason for the change in places being the serious illness of Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. Peck's mother, at their home here. Mr. and Mrs. Peck sincerely regret this necessary change in arrangement.

### Didn't Beg Cookies.

"Have you been begging cookies from Mrs. Brown again?" asked his father sternly.

"No," said Teddy; "I didn't beg for any. I just said this house smells as if it was full of cookies, but what's that to me?"

### Novel Fly Trap.

In some parts of Mexico the natives hang the nests of large spiders in their homes to trap flies and other insects.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Our feed mill at the Genoa elevator is now ready for custom business. We can handle grain or ear corn; Will grind Tuesday and Friday of each week.

J. G. ATWATER & SON.

FOR SALE—Sweet yellow plums and peaches. S. L. PURDIE, Genoa. 3wtf

Prime Beef, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Poultry and Fresh Fish at reasonable prices. CORAL WILSHIRE, Poplar Ridge, N. Y. 3w2

WANTED—10 bu. seed rye. HENRY PURDY, Moravia, N. Y. Miller phone. 3w8

FOR RENT—Furnished cottage at Goodyear's Glen—finest camping resort on Cayuga lake. 3w1 S. S. GOODYEAR.

WANTED—Dressmaking; will go out by the day. LILLIAN LAMKIN, 3w8 Union Springs, N. Y. Care of Chas. Day.

FOR SALE—Stevens thresher, 36x48, and Hazard haypress, both in good condition; also 3 heavy work horses. Stephen Weeks, Locke, R. D. 22 On Oscar Tift farm, East Genoa. 3w2

LOST—Near Venice Center, going to Poplar Ridge, automobile plate, No. 64951. Finder please notify N. L. Stevens, Moravia, N. Y. Miller phone. w1

Old newspapers for sale at this office. You will need them when you clean house 5 cents a bundle.

We pay the highest market price for poultry, Mondays and Tuesdays 2tf WEAVER & BROGAN, Genoa.

WANTED—A loan of \$2,000 for five years, at 6 per cent. Mortgage first upon my farm at Lake Ridge that cost me \$4,500. Come and look it over. C. F. WHITCOMB. 2w8

FOR SALE—16 Duroc Red hogs, six weeks old; price \$2.50 each. Miller phone. J. G. FERRIS, 2w2 Groton, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Farm of 20 acres, 1/2 mile north of North Lansing; good buildings, two orchards, 2 acres alfalfa, living water. Inquire of H. B. SHAW, Locke, N. Y., R. D. Miller phone. 1w4

Milch cows for sale. Inquire of Elmer B. Hitchcock, Aurora, N. Y. 1w3

FOR SALE—The farm owned by C. H. Blue, located one mile east of Lake Ridge, consisting of 100 acres. For particulars, inquire of or address H. D. BLUE, Ludlowville, N. Y. 52tf R. D. 9.

FOR SALE—Steinway piano 52tf G. W. SHAW, King Ferry.

FOR SALE—Two story house, lot 57x200 ft., good sized garden, pleasantly situated on Main St., Genoa, N. Y. LOUISA G. BENEDETTI, Adm'r. 49tf Genoa.

FOR SALE—Piano, couch suitable for porch, dishes, feather beds, pillows, etc. LOUISA G. BENEDETTI, Adm'r. 45tf Genoa, N. Y.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Indian Field road. Inquire C. B. Kenyon, King Ferry, N. Y. 26tf

Seventy-five farms and other pieces of real estate for sale, mostly in Cayuga county, N. Y. Write for new catalogue. C. G. PARKER, Moravia, N. Y. 17tf

## Ithaca Auburn Short Line

New York, Auburn & Lansing R. R.

In Effect July 20, 1912.

| SOUTH BOUND—Read Down |       |       |       | STATIONS |      |        |      | NORTH BOUND—Read Up |       |       |       |
|-----------------------|-------|-------|-------|----------|------|--------|------|---------------------|-------|-------|-------|
| 27                    | 23    | 21    | 201   |          |      |        |      | 200                 | 22    | 24    | 25    |
| Daily                 | Daily | Daily | Daily | except   | Sun. | except | Sun. | Daily               | Daily | Daily | Daily |
| P. M.                 | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. |          |      |        |      | A. M.               | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
| 6 20                  | 1 45  | 8 30  | 6 40  |          |      |        |      | 9 23                | 11 09 | 4 59  | 8 59  |
| 6 35                  | 2 00  | 8 45  | 6 55  |          |      |        |      | 9 08                | 10 54 | 4 44  | 8 44  |
| 6 46                  | 2 11  | 8 56  | 7 06  |          |      |        |      | 8 56                | 10 43 | 4 33  | 8 33  |
| 6 55                  | 2 20  | 9 05  | 7 15  |          |      |        |      | 8 44                | 10 34 | 4 24  | 8 24  |
| 7 10                  | 2 35  | 9 20  | 7 30  |          |      |        |      |                     |       |       |       |
|                       |       |       |       |          |      |        |      |                     |       |       |       |
| 7 21                  | 2 46  | 9 31  | 7 41  |          |      |        |      | 8 18                | 10 08 | 3 58  | 7 58  |
| 7 40                  | 3 00  | 9 50  | 8 05  |          |      |        |      | 8 05                | 9 55  | 3 45  | 7 45  |
| 8 05                  | 3 25  | 10 15 | 8 30  |          |      |        |      | 7 30                | 9 20  | 3 15  | 7 10  |
| P. M.                 | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. |          |      |        |      | A. M.               | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |

Additional Trains between Ithaca and Rogues Harbor leave Ithaca 7:30 a. m., daily except Sunday 9:20, 11:15, (daily except Sunday) 12:15, (Sunday only) 2:00, 3:15, 5:20 7:10 p. m. daily, and 9:30 p. m. Saturday only

Returning leave South Lansing for Ithaca 8:05 a. m. daily except Sunday, 9:50 a. m., 3:00 p. m. 3:45, 7:40 p. m.

Also leave Rogues Harbor at 11:50 (daily except Sunday) 12:50, (Sunday only) 5:55 p. m., daily, and 10:05 p. m. Saturday only.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK of GENOA

GENOA, N. Y.

The July Interest on Savings Department Accounts has been credited.

Bring in your books and have the Interest entered.

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

## Just Arrived

A carload of McCormick Machinery, Binders, Mowers, Hay Rakes, Hay Loaders, Side Delivery Rakes, Manure Spreaders and Cultivators; we also carry in stock Hay Cars, Slings, Binding Twine, Machine Extras of all kinds, the largest assortment of Wagons and Harness ever carried in stock in Genoa.

Feed of all kinds, Corn and Oats, Corn Meal, Bran, Midds, Dairy Feed, Chick Feed, Grit and Shell, Pillsbury and Gold Medal Flour at

## ATWATER'S WARE HOUSE.

Beginning To-Morrow, Saturday, Aug. 17,

will cut prices on everything in Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing and Straw Hats in order to make room for winter stock. Big cut in Oxfords in all leathers strictly the latest of the season's goods. New book of made-to-measure suits is here. Please call and examine my goods before buying elsewhere. You will surely save money on everything you buy. This sale lasts until Sept. 1. Genoa Clothing Store.

## M. G. SHAPERO.

Pictures of the Baby of the Children of the Family of the Reunion of the Farmhouse of the Stock.

Leave your orders at my shop and I will call and do the work.

## L. O. WARNER,

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

ever and ever so glad for you. I know you didn't want to leave Trumet and I'm sure everyone will be delighted when they learn that you're going to stay."

"Humph! that includes Laviny Pepper, of course. I call Laviny's delight won't keep her up nights. But I guess I can stand it if she can. Now, Grace, what is it? You ain't real pleased? Why not?"

The girl hesitated. "Auntie," she said, "I'm selfish, I guess. I'm glad for your sake; you mustn't think I'm not. But I almost wish you were going to do something else. You are going to live in the Regular parsonage and keep house for, of all parsons, a Regular minister. Why, so far as my seeing you is concerned, you might as well be in China. You know Uncle Eben."

Keziah nodded understandingly. "Yes," she said, "I know him. Eben Hammond thinks that parsonage is the presence chamber of the Evil One, I presume likely. But, Grace, you mustn't blame me, and if you don't call I'll know why and I shan't blame you. We'll see each other once in a while; I'll take care of that."

The packing took about an hour. When it was finished, the carpet rolled up, and the last piece of linen placed in the old trunk, Keziah turned to her guest.

"Now, Gracie," she said, "I feel as though I ought to go to the parsonage. I can't do much more'n look at the cobwebs tonight, but tomorrow those spiders had better put on their ascension robes. The end of the world's comin' for them, even though it missed fire for the Millerites when they had their doin's a few years ago. You can stay here and wait, if 'twon't be too lonesome. We'll have supper when I get back."

She threw a shawl over her shoulders, draped a white knitted "cloud" over her head, and took from a nail a key, attached by a strong cord to a block of wood eight inches long. "Elkanah left the key with me," she observed. "No danger of losin' it, is there. Might as well lose a lumber yard."

They left the house and came out into the wet mist. Then, turning to the right, in the direction which Trumet, with unconscious irony, calls "downtown," they climbed the long slope where the main road mounts the outlying ridge of Cannon Hill, passed Captain Mayo's big house—the finest in Trumet, with the exception of the Daniels mansion—and descended into the hollow beyond. Here, at the corner where the "Lighthouse Lane" begins its winding way over the rolling knolls and dunes to the light and the fish shanties on the "ocean side," stood the plain, straight-up-and-down meeting house of the Regular society. Directly opposite was the little parsonage, also very straight up and down. Both were painted white with green blinds. This statement is superfluous to those who remember Cape architecture at this period; practically every building from Sandwich to Provincetown was white and green.

They entered the yard, through the gap in the white fence, and went around the house, past the dripping evergreens and the bare, wet lilac bushes, to the side door, the lock of which Keziah's key fitted. There was a lock on the front door, of course, but no one thought of meddling with that. That door had been opened but once during the late pastor's thirty-year tenantry. On the occasion of his funeral the mourners came and went, as was proper, by that solemn portal.

Mrs. Coffin thrust the key into the keyhole of the side door and essayed to turn it. "Humph!" she muttered, twisting to no purpose; "I don't see why—This must be the right key, because—Well, I declare, if it ain't unlocked already! That's some of Cap'n Elkanah's doin's. For a critter as fussy and particular about some things, he's



"Cheerful's a Tomb, Ain't It?" Was Mrs. Coffin's Comment.

careless enough about others. Mercy we ain't had any tramps around here lately. Come in."

She led the way into the dining room of the parsonage. Two of the blinds shading the windows of that apartment had been opened when she and Captain Daniels made their visit, and the dim gray light made the room more lonesome and forsaken in appearance than a deeper gloom could possibly have done. The black walnut extension table in the center, closed to its smallest dimensions because Parson Langley had eaten alone for so many years; the black walnut chairs set back against the wall at regular intervals; the rug carpet and brided mats—home-made donations from the ladies of the parish—on the green painted floor; the dolomite stove in the

parsonage, and a still more deadly "fruit piece" committed in oils years ago by a now deceased boat painter. The blinds and a window being opened, more light entered the room. Grace glanced about it curiously.

"So this is going to be your new home now, Aunt Keziah," she observed. "How queer that seems." "Um—h'm. Does seem queer, don't it? Must seem queer to you to be so near the headquarters of everything your uncle thinks is wicked. Smell of brimstone any, does it?" she asked with a smile.

She threw open another door. A room gloomy with black walnut and fragrant with camphor was dimly visible.

"Cheerful's a tomb, ain't it?" was Mrs. Coffin's comment. "Well, we'll get some light and air in here pretty soon. Here's the front hall and there's the front stairs. The parlor's off to the left. We won't bother with that yet a while. This little place in here is what Mr. Langley used to call his 'study.' Halloa! how this door sticks!"

The door did stick, and no amount of tugging could get it open, though Grace added her efforts to those of Keziah.

"Tain't locked," commented Mrs. Coffin, "cause there ain't any lock on it. I guess it's just swelled and stuck from the damp. Though it's odd, I don't remember—Oh, well! never mind. Let's sweeten up this settin' room a little. Open a window or two want to do anything before it gets dark. I'm goin' into the kitchen to get a broom."

She hurried out, returning in a moment or two with a broom and a most disgusted expression.

"How's a body goin' to sweep with that?" she demanded, exhibiting the frayed utensil, the business end of which was worn to a stub. "More like a shovel, enough sight. Well, there's pretty nigh dust enough for a shovel, so maybe this'll take off the top layer. S'pose I'll ever get this house fit for Mr. Ellery to live in before he comes? I wonder if he's a particular man?"

Grace, who was struggling with a refractory window, paused for breath. "I'm sure I don't know," she replied. "I've never seen him."

"Nor I either. Sol was so bad the Sunday he preached that I couldn't go to meetin'. They say his sermon was fine; all about those who go down to the sea in ships. That's what got the parish committee, I guess; they're all old salts. I wonder if he's as fine-lookin' as they say?"

Miss Van Horne tossed her head. She was resting, prior to making another assault on the window.

"I don't care. I know he'll be a con-celited little snippet and I shall hate the sight of him. There! there! Auntie, you mustn't mind me. I told you I was a selfish pig. But don't you ask me to like this precious minister of yours, because I shan't do it. He has no business to come and separate me from the best friend I've got. I'd tell him so if he was here—What was that?"

Both women looked at each other with startled faces. They listened intently.

"Why, wa'n't that funny!" whispered Keziah. "I thought I heard—"

"You did hear. So did I. What do you suppose—"

"S-s-s-h-h! It sounded from the front room somewhere. And yet there can't be anybody in there, because—My soul! there 'tis again. I'm goin' to find out."

She grasped the stubby broom by the handle and moved determinedly toward the front hall. Grace seized her by the arm.

"Don't you do it, auntie!" she whispered frantically. "Don't you do it! It may be a tramp."

"I don't care. Whoever or whatever it is, it has no business in this house, and I'll make that plain in a hurry. Just like as not it's a cat got in when Elkanah was here this forenoon. Don't be scared, Grace. Come right along."

The girl came along, but not with enthusiasm. They tiptoed through the dark, narrow hall and peered into the parlor. This apartment was dim and still and gloomy, as all proper parlors should be, but there was no sign of life.

Mrs. Coffin was glancing back down the hall with a strange expression on her face. Her grip upon the broom handle tightened.

"What is it?" pleaded the girl in an agonized whisper.

"Grace," was the low reply, "I've just remembered somethin'. That study door ain't stuck from the damp, because—well, because I remember now that it was open this mornin'."

Before her companion could fully grasp the import of this paralyzing fact, Keziah strode down the hall and seized the knob of the study door.

"Whoever you are in there," she commanded sternly, "open this door and come out this minute. Do you hear? I'm orderin' you to come out."

There was an instant of silence; then a voice from within made answer, a man's voice, and its tone indicated embarrassment.

"Madam," it said, "I—I am—I will be out in another minute. If you will just be patient—"

"Come out then!" snapped Keziah. "Come out! Patience! Of all the cheek! Why don't you come out now?"

"Well, to be frank, since you insist," snapped the voice, "I'm not fully dressed."

This was a staggerer. For once Keziah did not have a reply ready. She looked at Grace and the latter at her. Then, without words, they retreated to the sitting room.

"I hope you won't be alarmed," continued the voice, broken by peering noises, as if the speaker was strug-

gling into a garment. "I know this must seem strange. You see, I came on the coach as far as Bayport and then we lost a wheel in a rut. There was a—oh, dear! where is that—this is supremely idiotic!—I was saying there happened to be a man coming this way with a buggy and he offered to help me along. He was on his way to Wellmouth. So I left my trunk to come later and took my valise. It rained on the way and I was wet through. I stopped at Captain Daniel's house and the girl said he had gone with his daughter to the next town, but that they were to stop here at the parsonage on their way. So—there! that's right, at last!—so I came, hoping to find them. The door was open and I came in. The captain and his daughter were not here, but as I was pretty wet, I thought I would seize the opportunity to change my clothes. I had some dry—er—things in my valise and I—well, then you came, you see, and—I assure you I—well, it was the most embarrassing—I'm coming now."

The door opened. The two in the



From the Dimness of the Tightly Shuttered Study Stepped the Owner of the Voice.

sitting room huddled close together, Keziah holding the broom like a battle-ax, ready for whatever might develop. From the dimness of the tightly shuttered study stepped the owner of the voice, a stranger, a young man, his hair rumpled, his tie disarranged, and the buttons of his waistcoat filling the wrong buttonholes. Despite this evidence of the hasty toilet in semi-darkness, he was not unprepossessing. Incidentally, he was blushing furiously.

"I didn't speak," he said, "because you took me by surprise and I wasn't, as I explained—er—presentable. Besides, I was afraid of frightening you. I assure you I hurried as fast as I could, quietly, and when you began to talk—his expression changed and there was a twitch at the corner of his mouth—"I tried to hurry still faster, hoping you might not hear me and I could make my appearance—or my escape—sooner. As for entering the house—well, I considered it, in a way, my house; at least, I knew I should live in it for a time, and—"

"Live in it?" repeated Keziah. "Live in it? Why! mercy on us! you don't mean to say you're—"

She stopped to look at Grace. That young lady was looking at her with an expression which, as it expressed so very much, is beyond ordinary powers of description.

"My name is Ellery," said the stranger. "I am the minister—the new minister of the Regular society." Then even Keziah blushed.

#### CHAPTER III.

In Which Keziah Assumes a Guardianship.

Grace left the parsonage soon after the supposed tramp disclosed his identity. Her farewells were hurried and she firmly refused Mrs. Coffin's not too-insistent appeal to return to the house "up street" and have supper. She said she was glad to meet Mr. Ellery. The young minister affirmed his delight in meeting her. Then she disappeared in the misty twilight and John Ellery surreptitiously wiped his perspiring forehead with his cuff, having in his late desire for the primal necessities forgotten such a trifling incidental as a handkerchief. The minister smiled rather one-sidedly.

"It's been something of a day for me," he said. "I am ahead of time and I've made a lot of trouble, I'm afraid. But yesterday afternoon I was ready and, to tell the truth, I was eager to come and see my new home and get at my work. So I started on the morning train. Then the stage broke down and I began to think I was stranded at Bayport. But this kind-hearted chap from Wellmouth—I believe that's where he lived—happened to pull up to watch us wrestling with the smashed wheel, and when he found I was in a hurry to get to Trumet, offered to give me a lift. His name was—was Bird. No, that wasn't it, but it was something like Bird, or some kind of a bird."

"Bird?" repeated Keziah thoughtfully. "There's no Birds that I know of in Wellmouth. Hum! Hey! Twa'n't Sparrow, was it?"

"That was it—Sparrow."

"Good land! Emulous Sparrow. Run considerable to whiskers and tongue, didn't he?"

"Why, yes; he did wear a beard. As for tongue—well, he was conversational, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean. If you rode twelve miles with Emulous, you must have had an earache for the last six. Did he ask a question or two about your personal affairs, here and there between times?"

Mr. Ellery laughed.

#### Eye Trials of To-day.

Looking facts in the face is the way the wise ones act. Those who look another way at the trials of to-day add to the sufferings of to-morrow. If your eyes are weak, if a dim covers over them, or they ache, or burn, or bother you in any way, don't delay in consulting me. I will tell you what you ought to do. I make a specialty of careful and thorough eye examination—Fred L. Swart, the eye doctor, 10 South St. Auburn, N. Y., Cady block, up on flight.

#### New Color Schemes.

Navy blue and violet are dominating colors in millinery, and are mixed very artistically with light threads of cerise, orange, green and gray straw. Even the new flowers show the influence of these contrasting mixtures, and often some novelties in their arrangements. Poppies of shot taffetas succeeded the white poppies of velvet. Each petal rests on another large petal of green crepe de chine, forming a border all round, while the heart or center of the flower is in ostrich feathers, either black or yellow. This is an amusing novelty for the spring millinery.

#### Skirts and Panniers.

Skirts are fuller at the waist, but this is merely that they are cut rather straight in shape than curved, and the fullness is put in gathers, not in darts or seams. Around the foot they are still as narrow as ever, though more width is predicted. Panniers are not in any way prevalent, although a few have appeared on the gowns of extreme designers. They are so far from pretty that they have not caught the American taste.—Harper's Bazar.

#### Sachet in Shoes.

Many girls like to have even their shoes scented with their favorite perfume, and the way to do it is to sew a sachet into the lining and into the leather of the shoes. Even the tongue-laced shoes may be slit and a little of the sachet powder sprinkled in. Underneath the buckles there may be room for a sachet, and the wide silk ribbons sometimes will conceal a little one.

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ON THE BRIDGE, MORAVIA.



## DROP IN



And see us about those LETTER HEADS Work Perfect. Price Right.

"Yes, one or two, between times," he admitted.

"I shan't die of surprise. Did you tell him who you was?"

"No-o, to be honest, I didn't. He was so very anxious to find out, that—well, I dodged. I think he believed I was going to visit Captain Daniels. Still, some one may have seen me come here."

"No, no, they didn't. This fog is as thick as Injun-meal puddin'. Nobody saw you."

"Well," with some hesitation, "the young lady who was here with you—"

"Oh, Grace Van Horne! She's all right. She won't tell. She ain't that kind."

"Van Horne? That doesn't sound like a New England name."

"Tisn't. Her folks come from Jersey somewhere. But she was adopted by old Cap'n Hammond, who keeps the tavern down on the bay shore by the packet wharf, and she's lived in Trumet since she was six years old. Her father was Touin Van Horne, and he was mate on Cap'n Eben's coastin' schooner and was drowned off Hatteras. Eben was saved just by the skin of his teeth and got a broken hip and religion while it happened. His hip's better except that he's some lame; but his religion's been more and more feverish ever since. He's one of the head Come-Outers, and built their chapel with his own money. You mustn't think I'm speakin' lightly of religion, nor of Cap'n Eben, either. He's a dear good soul as ever was, but he is the narrowest kind of Come-Outer. His creed is just about as wide as the chapel door, and that's as narrow as the way leadin' to salvation; it is the way, too, so the Come-Outers think."

"What are Come-Outers? Some new sect?"

"Sakes alive! Haven't you heard of Come-Outers? Cat's foot! Well, you'll hear of 'em often enough from now on. They're folks who used to go to our church, the Regular, but left because the services was too worldly, with organs and choir singin', and the road to paradise too easy. No need for me to tell you any more. You'll learn."

Mr. Ellery was interested. He had been in Trumet but once before, on the occasion when he preached his trial sermon, and of that memorable visit remembered little except the sermon itself, the pews filled with captains and their families, and the awe-inspiring personality of Captain Elkanah Daniels, who had been his host. To a young man, the ink upon his diploma from the theological school still fresh, a trial sermon is a weighty matter, and the preaching of it weightier still. He had rehearsed it over and over in private, had delivered it almost through clinched teeth, and had returned to his room in the Boston boarding house with the conviction that it was an utter failure. Captain Elkanah and the gracious Miss Annabel, his daughter, had been kind enough to express gratification, and their praise alone saved him from despair. Then, to his amazement, the call had come. Of casual conversation at the church and about the Daniels' table he could recall nothing. So there was another religious organization in town and that made up of seceders from his own church. He was surprised.

"Er—this Miss Van Horne?" he asked. "Is she a—Come-Outer?"

Mrs. Coffin nodded.

"Yes," she said, "she's one. Couldn't be anything else and live with her Uncle Eben, as she calls him."

"Has Captain Hammond no children of his own?" he asked.

Keziah's answer was short for her.

"Yes," she said, "one."

"Ah! another daughter?"

"No, a son. Name's Nathaniel, and he's a sea captain. He's on his way from Surinam to New York now. They expect him to make port most any time, I believe. Now, Mr. Ellery, I s'pose we've got to arrange for your supper and stayin' overnight; and with this house the way 'tis and all, I don't see—"

"I guess," she said, "that the best thing for you to do will be to go to Cap'n Elkanah's. They'll be real glad to see you, I know, and you'll be in time for supper, for Elkanah and Annabel have been to Denbro and they'll be late home. They can keep you overnight, too, for it's a big house with lots of rooms. Then, after breakfast to-morrow you come right here. I'll have things somewhere near shipshape by then, I guess, though the cleanin' will have to be mainly a lick and a promise until I can really get at it. Your trunk'll be here on the coach, I s'pose, and that'll be through early in the afternoon. Get on your hat and coat and I'll go with you to Elkanah's."

The young man demurred a little at thrusting himself upon the hospitality of the Daniels' home, but Keziah assured him that his unexpected coming would cause no trouble. So he entered the now dark study and came out wearing his coat and carrying his hat and valise in his hand.

"I'm sure I'm ever so much obliged to you," he said. "And, as we are going to be more or less together—or at least I guess as much from what you say—would you mind if I suggest a mutual introduction. I'm John Ellery; you know that already. And you—"

Keziah stopped short on her way to the door.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "If that ain't the very worst! Fact is, you dropped in so ahead of time and in such a irregular sort of way, that I never once thought of introducin' anybody; and I'm sure Grace didn't. I'm Keziah Coffin, and Cap'n Elkanah and I signed articles, so to speak, this mornin', and I'm goin' to keep house for you."

She explained the reason upsetting

#### 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 Stephen W. Sharpsteen, 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 etc. of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 10th day of November, 1912. Dated April 26th, 1912. FRANK STARNER, Executor.

##### Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of James Smith, late of the town of Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of etc. of said deceased, at the residence of Charles W. Smith, in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1912. Dated April 19, 1912. CHARLES W. SMITH, ULYSSES G. SMITH, Executors.

##### Amasa J. Parker, Attorney for Executors, 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 Sar. H. A. Jackson late of the town of Fleming, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of etc. of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Scipio, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1912. Dated April 22nd, 1912. ALVIN E. CROFTOCK, Administrator.

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

##### THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

To James Whitmore, Sennett, N. Y., Luther Sheppard, whose residence is unknown and cannot after diligent inquiry be ascertained, Frances S. Cooper, Auburn, N. Y., Henry Campbell, Danville, Va., Annie M. Campbell, Danville, Va., Lottie G. E. Campbell, Danville, Va., Henry L. Campbell, Danville, Va., Martha S. Campbell, Danville, Va., Elva M. Campbell, Danville, Va., Mary M. Campbell, Danville, Va., Iris L. Campbell, Danville, Va., J. Warren Mead, Auburn, N. Y., Chas. G. Adams, Auburn, N. Y., United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co., Baltimore, Md., G. Earle Treat, Auburn, N. Y., Chas. S. Gross, Auburn, N. Y., M. S. Goss, Auburn, N. Y., Dr. G. B. Mack, Auburn, N. Y., Maud Chaffin, Auburn, N. Y., Charles T. Whelan, Auburn, N. Y., Benjamin C. Mead, Auburn, N. Y.

Whereas, Benjamin C. Mead has presented to the Surrogate's Court, County of Cayuga, his petition and account as administrator c. b. a. of the Goods, Chattels and credits of Elizabeth Whitmore, deceased, praying that said account may be judicially settled and that you be cited to appear herein.

Therefore, you and each of you are hereby cited to appear before our Surrogate at a Surrogate's Court to be held in and for the County of Cayuga, at the Court House, in the City of Auburn, in said County, on the 13th day of September, 1912, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the said account.

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

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of our said County, at the City of Auburn, on the 30th day of July, 1912.

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

Benjamin C. Mead, Attorney for Petitioner, Office and P. O. Address, Auburn, N. Y.

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the former arrangement by which Lurania Phelps was to have had the position.

At the Daniels' door Keziah turned her new charge over to Mattilda Snow, the hired girl. It was an indication of the family's social position that they kept "hired help." This was unusual in Trumet in those days, even among the well to do.

"Good night," said the young man, extending his hand. "Good night, Miss—or is it Mrs.—Coffin?"

"Mrs. Good night."  
"She's a widow," explained Mattilda. "Husband died 'fore she come back here to live. Guess he didn't amount to much; she never mentions his name."

Keziah, in the midst of her labors, found time to coach her employer and companion in Trumet ways, and particularly in the ways which Trumet expected its clergymen to travel. On the morning following his first night in the parsonage, he expressed himself as feeling the need of exercise. He thought he should take a walk.

"Well," said his housekeeper from her station opposite him at the breakfast table, "if I was you I wouldn't take too long a one. You'd better be back here by ten, anyhow. Where was you thinkin' of goin'?"

Mr. Ellery had no particular destination in mind. He would like to see something of the village and, perhaps, if she could give him the names of a few of his parishioners, he might make a few calls. Keziah shook her head.

"Gracious goodness!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't advise you to do that. You ain't been here long enough to make forenoon calls. If you should catch some of the women in this town with aprons and calico on, they'd never forgive you in this world. Wait till afternoon; they'll be expectin' you then and they'll be rigged out in their best bibs and tuckers. S'pose you found Annabel Daniels with her hair done up in curl papers; what do you think would happen? Mornin's are no time for ministers' calls. Even old Mr. Langley never made calls in the forenoon—and he'd been here thirty-odd years."

"All right, you know best. Much obliged for the advice. Then I'll simply take my walk and leave the calls until later."

"I'd be back by ten, though. Folks'll begin callin' on you by that time."

When, promptly at ten o'clock, the minister returned from his walk, he found Mrs. Rogers waiting in the sitting room. It is a prime qualification of an alert reporter to be first on the scene of sensation. Didama was seldom beaten. Mr. Ellery's catechism began. Before it was over Keziah opened the door to admit Miss Pepper and her brother. "Kyan" was nervous and embarrassed in the housekeeper's presence. Lavinia was a glacier, moving majestically and freezing as it moved. Keziah, however, was not even touched by the frost; she greeted the pair cordially, and begged them to "take off their things."

It was dinner time before the catechizers departed. The catechized came to the table with an impaired appetite. He looked troubled.

"Don't let it worry you, Mr. Ellery," observed Keziah calmly. "I think I can satisfy you. Honest and true, I ain't half as bad as you might think."

The minister looked more troubled than before; also surprised.

"Why, Mrs. Coffin!" he cried. "Could you hear—"

"Man alive! I'm not worried. Why should you be? We were talkin' about trust just now—or I was. Well, you and I'll have to take each other on trust for a while, until we see whether we're goin' to suit. If you see anything that I'm goin' wrong in, I wish you'd tell me. And I'll do the same by you, if that's agreeable. You'll hear a lot of things said about me, but if they're very bad I give you my word they ain't true. And, to be real frank, I'll probably hear some about you,



"There's Your Chart."

which I'll take for what they're worth and consider 'em who said 'em. That's a good, wholesome agreement, I think, for both of us. What do you think?"

John Ellery said, with emphasis that he thought well of it. He began to realize that this woman, with her blunt common sense, was likely to be a pilot worth having in the difficult waters which he must navigate as pastor of the Regular church in Trumet. Also, he began to realize that, as such a pilot, he was most inexperienced. And Captain Daniels had spoken highly—condemningly, but highly—of his housekeeper's qualifications and personality. So the agreement was ratified, with relief on his part.

The first Sunday came and with it the first sermon. He read that sermon to Keziah on Saturday evening and

he approved of it as a whole, though he criticized some of its details.

The service began at eleven o'clock. Outside the spring breeze stirred the budding silver-leaves, the distant breakers grumbled, the crows in the pines near Captain Eben Hammond's tavern cawed ribald answers to the screaming gulls perched along the top of the breakwater. And seated on one of the hard benches of the Little Come-Outer chapel, Grace Van Horne heard her "Uncle Eben," who, as usual, was conducting the meeting, speak of "them who, in purple and fine linen, with organs and trumpets and vain shows, are gathered elsewhere in this community to hear a hired priest make a mock of the gospel!" (Amen!)

But John Ellery, the "hired priest," knew nothing of this. He did know, however, that he was the center of interest for his own congregation, the people among whom he had been called to labor. Their praise or criticism meant everything to him; therefore he preached for dear life.

The sermon was a success. On Monday afternoon the minister made a few calls. Keziah made out a short list for him to follow, a "sort of chart of the main channel," she called it, "with the safe ports marked and the shoals and risky places labeled dangerous."

"You see," she said, "Trumet ain't a course you can navigate with your eyes shut. We divide ourselves into about four sets—aristocrats, poor relations, town folks, and scums. The aristocrats are the big bugs like Cap'n Elkannah and the other well-off sea captains afloat and ashore. They 'most all go to the Regular church and the parish committee is steered by 'em. The poor relations are mainly widows and such, whose husbands died or were lost at sea. Most of them are Regulars. The town folks are those that stay ashore and keep store or run salt works or somethin'. And the scum work around on odd jobs or go fishin'. So, if you really want to be safe, you must call on the aristocrats first, after that on the poor relations, and so on down. You won't be bothered with scum much; they're mainly Come-Outers."

Ellery took the list from her hand and looked it over.

"Hum!" he said musingly. "Am I supposed to recognize these—class distinctions? But you're not seriously advising me to treat a rich man differently from a poor one?"

"Not openly different—no. But if you want to steer a perfectly safe course, one that'll keep the deep water under your keel the whole voyage, why, there's your chart."

Mr. Ellery promptly tore the "chart" into small pieces.

"I'm going out," he said. "I shall be back by supper time."

Mrs. Coffin eyed him grimly.

"Goin' to run it blindfolded, are you?" she asked.

"Yes, I am."

Her grimness disappeared and she smiled.

"I'll have your supper ready for you," she said. "Bring back a good appetite."

As a matter of fact, the minister's calls were in the nature of a compromise, although an unintentional one. He dropped in on Zebedee Mayo, owner of the big house on the slope of the hill. Captain Zeb took him up into what he called his "cupoler," the observatory on the top of the house, and showed him Trumet spread out like a map. Ellery decided that he should like Captain Zeb, although it was evident that the old whaler had decided opinions of his own which he did not hesitate to express. He judged that the Mayos were of the so-called aristocracy, but undoubtedly unique specimens. He visited four more households that afternoon. The last call was at Mrs. Thankful Payne's, and while there, listening to the wonderful "poem," he saw Miss Van Horne pass the window. He came home to a Cape Cod supper of scalloped clams, hot biscuits, and baked Indian pudding, and Keziah greeted him with a cheery smile which made him feel that it was home. His summary disposal of the "chart" had evidently raised him in his housekeeper's estimation. She did not ask a single question as to where he had been.

Next day he had a taste of Trumet's real aristocracy, the genuine article. Captain Elkannah Daniels and his daughter made their first formal call. The captain was majestic in high hat, fur-collared cape, tailed coat, and carrying a gold-headed cane. Miss Annabel wore her newest gown and bonnet and rustled as she walked. They entered the sitting room and the lady glanced superciliously about the apartment.

"Hum—ha!" barked Captain Elkannah. "Ahem! Mr. Ellery, I trust you're being made comfortable. The parish committee are—hum—ah— anxious that you should be. Yes!" The minister said that he was very comfortable indeed.

"It isn't what you've been used to, we know," observed Miss Annabel. "Mr. Langley, our former pastor, was a sweet old gentleman, but he was old-fashioned and his tastes were queer, especially in art. Have you noticed that 'fruit piece' in the dining room? Isn't it too ridiculous?"

Then she changed the subject to church and parish affairs. They spoke of the sewing circle and the reading society and the Friday-evening meetings.

"The Come-Outers are so vexed with us," uttered Miss Annabel, "that they won't even hold prayer meetings on the same night as ours. They have theirs on Thursday nights and it's as good as a play to hear them shout and sing and carry on. You'll enjoy the Come-Outers, Mr. Ellery. They're a perfect delight."

And as they rose to go Captain Elkannah asked:

(We'll Continue.)

## Ideal Short Tours

Excursion tickets are now on sale for tours embracing the

Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Montreal, Quebec, Adirondack and White Mountains, Lakes George and Champlain, Boston and the Hudson River, at

**VERY LOW FARES**

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## Some of the August Attractions at the Egbert Store.

All Straw Hats at one-half regular price. It will pay you to buy one for next season.

All Children's Wash Suits at a discount of 33 1-3 per cent.

Suits for Men, Young Men and Children at less than cost prices for a few days more.

August bargains drive away dull days. Better hurry if you want one.

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Hats, Clothing, Furnishing Goods.

Boys' Two-Piece Bloomer Pants Suits  
Ages 8 to 18 years  
**1-4 OFF**  
No blue Suits in this sale.

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## Good Things to Eat

will hold no joys for you if you have indigestion or any STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEY trouble. You need not pay big doctor's bills, but if you suffer from any of these ailments just step into your nearest druggist and get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS, the great household remedy, the finest tonic and blood purifier known. If your system is run down and you want to regain your youthful energy, SEVEN BARKS will accomplish it, make your food digest and give you new life. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Try it and enjoy your meals. Address LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

**Unknown Regions.**  
In happiness there are far more regions unknown than there are in misfortune. The voice of misfortune is ever the same; happiness becomes the more silent as it penetrates deeper.—Maeterlinck.

**Simple Cure for Indigestion.**  
When suffering from indigestion drink a cup of hot water, and at once Neagon the right side. This will promote the passage of the food from the stomach to the intestine.

**Bear With Others' Faults.**  
When we consider we are bound to be servicable to mankind, and bear with their faults, we shall perceive there is a common tie of nature and relation between us.—Marcus Aurelius.

## KODAKS



Add largely to the attractiveness of the vacation time. The pictures they make please at the time, while months and even years afterward they serve to revive memories of the good times, of the companions and of the places visited.

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We maintain a complete Finishing Department for those who do not wish to do their own developing. Our work is strictly high class and owing to our complex equipment prices are low and service is prompt.

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HALF HOUR SPECIALS

50c Work Shirts **39c**

Not more than two to a customer—8 to 8:30 a. m. Saturday, Aug. 17.

Light Suits will all go at 1-3 off

There's still a lot of warm weather left. Come look them over.

Your Choice of Any Man's or Boys' Suit in the Store at . . . **1-4 off**

This means a big saving to you and you can not afford to pass this chance by without investigation.

**WE ARE GOING TO CLEAN HOUSE**  
And Get Ready for the Arrival of Fall Goods

To enable us to give our customers a full assortment of sizes and an ample selection from which to choose during the earlier months of the season, it is necessary to buy a larger stock than we really need for our regular trade. Consequently the end of the season finds us with a stock of good values in every department, which our policy will not permit us to carry over until another season. In order to clean house and get ready for new fall goods soon to arrive we have cut the prices deep to move the goods quickly.

HALF HOUR SPECIALS

50c Overalls **39 cts.**

Not more than two pairs to a customer—2 p. m. to 2:30 p. m. Saturday, Aug. 17.

Odd Pants

to clean house go at

**1-4 OFF**

You need an extra pair of Trousers

Top Coats at Half Price

WE START CLEANING HOUSE

**SATURDAY, AUG. 17, AT 8 A. M.**

AND CLEAN UNTIL SATURDAY, AUG. 31, AT 10 P. M.

Straw Hats at Half Price

Hats and Caps

will be cleaned out at

**1-4 off**

They are new styles and worth much more.

Practically our entire stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats and Caps is now offered at Clean House Prices.

**J. R. Sutherland & Co.,**  
**MORAVIA, N. Y.**

Many thrifty men wait for the Semi-Annual Clean-up Sales, knowing that the values offered at that price represent the utmost in extra value giving.

This sale affords you a big chance to get dependable merchandise at a fraction of its real worth. It will also induce men who have never worn our clothes to try them and thus to increase our constantly growing family of satisfied customers.

Crash Suits and Linen Pants to clean House **HALF PRICE**

There are many weeks of summer weather in which you will need the things this sale offers, yet its time when we must begin to close them out. We will pay you liberally, in the way of price saving, to help us clear our shelves and cabinet now.

One lot Soft Shirts Cleaning House Price at **HALF OFF**

Soft Shirts **1-4 off**

Silk Shirts **1-3 off**

Pajamas **1-3 off**

Underwear **1-4 off**

D & C

Linen Collars

While they last

5c each.

One Lot of Soft Shirts Broken Sizes; Your Choice 33c

**The KITCHEN CABINET**



NE deed may mar a life. And one may make it. Hold firm thy will for strife. Lest a quick blow break it. —Richard Watson Gilder.

LEFT-OVER CAKE.

Ways of using left-over cake are well to keep in mind, as often a few pieces of cake combined with other things will make a most palatable dessert.

Peach canape is one pretty dessert. Cut rounds of stale sponge cake, lay on each a half of a peach, pour over a little of the juice and heap on a tablespoonful of sweetened whipped cream.

Trifle.—Cut stale cake in slices and spread preserves between them. Lay in a deep dish and heap whipped cream over the slices. Garnish with a few berries.

Sponge Cake Porcupines.—Cut large squares of stale sponge cake, place in a pudding dish, moistened with sweetened orange juice. Blanch a few almonds and press them, sharp end up, into the cake. Pour over a soft custard and chill before serving.

Mock Plum Pudding.—Soften two cups of stale cake crumbs in a quarter of a cup of hot milk. If the crumbs are dry they may need more. Add to the softened crumbs a well-beaten egg, a half cup of sugar, a fourth cup of molasses, a fourth cup of stewed, chopped prunes, three-fourths of a cup of raisins, two teaspoonfuls of mixed spices; a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, a half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and a fourth of a cup of flour. Bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve with an egg sauce. Separate the yolks from the whites of two eggs, beat well, add a fourth of a cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla to the yolks, then fold in the whites. Serve at once.

Berry Whip.—Fill a dish half full of stale sponge cake. Sugar a quart of berries, mash them slightly and pour over the cake. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat in enough berries to color and flavor.

Heap on the dish and serve with cream.

A delicious dessert may be prepared with sponge cake over which is poured a soft custard flavored strongly with coffee.

**Temperance**

DRINKING AMONG THE WOMEN

Not Only Ignorant and Criminal Who Give Way to Appetite, but Many of Superior Intelligence.

This is, of course, a very important subject. I have worked a good deal among women; and you have only to work among women to feel what this subject means. When the wife is a drunkard, the home is truly miserable for the husband, the children, and the woman herself. The woman will do anything to get money for drink, writes Mrs. Guy Saint in Temperance. But it is not only women in that class. It is not only the ignorant and the criminal who give way to this; it is often the most intelligent who have fallen the victims to it. Now, how is it that this takes place? What is the reason of this extraordinary power that drink has over people? If we are going to work amongst women, we must realize what this extraordinary power of alcohol is. Alcohol has a great effect upon the liver and other organs of the body, but I want to speak especially of the effect on the controlling part of the mind. When any thought comes into your mind, that thought tries to express itself in action, and it does not do so because you have the controlling power, which says, "No, that is not a thing for me to do." Your power of saying "No!" your power of expression or remaining silent, your power to make you speak when speaking is a great effort—all that is the controlling power of your mind; and it is extremely important, because it helps to make or mar your character. After all, our character is the thing that we are making in this world—the one thing that we are carrying beyond it. Therefore our character is extremely important; and alcohol has an influence over that character; it can injure it, and therefore it is an extremely dangerous thing. How is it that alcohol has this power over people? How is it that they can so easily take it to excess? Now, I think there are three points we might take up. The first is that alcohol is always so handy. It is so handy, too, in large houses, for the servants can easily get it in many cases. Then, people can now order it from their grocers, and ladies can get it at railway refreshment rooms, and so on; you have no idea of the harm it does. It is so handy that the temptation is always there. Then, secondly, there are so many occasions for taking it. People are so ready to accept. "Have a little wine,

or spirits." You know, it is the rush of today. We allow no time for anything; and among the poor people, too, there is a continuous rush. A great many of the women in our large cities have to be up early to go and clean offices, and they go back again in the evening. It is always a rush to and fro, and during these rushes they think they will have just a little of this and that, instead of taking food, which is what they want. All these women want teaching, and that is what we have to do—try to educate the women. We do want these women to realize that alcohol is not a thing to fall back upon. They use it for an emergency, and once you begin to make emergencies, they come one after another. Alcohol is not the best thing to nurse upon. You want plenty of food, that is true; only a good nursing mother wants to be as placid and as calm as possible, and alcohol is not conducive to placidity and calmness. Nursing mothers are much better by taking plenty of milk, even weak tea, or pure water. The third reason is: How do we know in taking alcohol when we have had sufficient? "Oh," you say, "any one with a little common sense knows that." Now, this is a very important point. You say you know. It is your judgment or discretion that teaches you when you have had enough. We find that alcohol, even in small doses, influences your judgment; your judgment is not so good after you have taken alcohol as it was before you did so. It is this judgment on which you are depending as to whether you have had enough. Your judgment that you were going by has been altered. I think that, if you consider these points you will partly understand the reason why so many take to drink to excess. Lastly, alcohol is absolutely unnecessary to health. Is it safe to deal with a beverage which has such very real potential dangers?

Poverty by Alcohol. General Booth, in his book, "Dark-st England and the Way Out," in speaking of the drink traffic, says: "Nine-tenths of our poverty, squalor, vice and crime spring from this poisonous tap-root. Society, by its habits, customs and laws, has pressed the slope down, which these poor creatures slide to perdition. "No one fact, other than the hard fact of poverty itself, confronts social workers, in whatever field they may be engaged, so constantly as alcoholism."

Still in the Future. We have been preaching "the end of all things" ever since history began; but we have not arrived there yet.

**The KITCHEN CABINET**



WHEN we shall build our house "Its walls shall be the quiet background for the loveliness of life, hung over with the few records of our own and other's growth made in the playtime of art; its furnishings the product of that art's more serious hours; its implements from kitchen ware to dressing table touched by the sane and halting hand of purpose and taste. —William L. Price.

WAYS OF SERVING TOMATOES.

There is no more delicious fruit-vegetable, if it may be so called, than the tomato. Sliced after peeling, the rich coral rounds may be dressed with any favored salad dressing, or to many cream and sugar vies in honor of place with peaches and cream.

Tomatoes are served with rice, macaroni, as escalloped dishes with crumbs they are delicious baked, stuffed or fried.

Fried Tomatoes.—Cut smooth, solid tomatoes in quarter inch slices. Dry each slice and roll in crumbs, dust with salt and pepper. Beat an egg, add to it a tablespoonful of boiling water. Have a hot frying pan with drippings; dip each slice in crumbs, then in egg, put into the hot fat and fry brown on each side.

Tomato Hash.—Chop cold meat fine, season with butter, salt and pepper; put in a baking dish and pour over cooked tomatoes that have been well seasoned. Add a little butter and sugar if liked, not omitting a favoring of onion juice. Brown in the oven and serve hot.

Tomato Mayonnaise.—This sauce is delicious and goes well with broiled fish, cold meats and vegetables. Stew half a pint of tomatoes, soften one teaspoonful of gelatine in a teaspoonful of cold water, add to the hot tomato, stir well and rub through a sieve. Let cool, beating occasionally, then add a small pint of mayonnaise. It gives the sauce a beautiful pink color; heaped in cucumber cups or green pepper cups and served with fish or oysters it decorates a dish effectively and is pleasing to the palate as well.

Tomato Frit.—Cut four tomatoes in halves, place in a frying pan in hot fat, the cut side down; cook until tender, then lift and carefully place in a baking dish. Pour over a little olive oil, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, one of parsley, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a dusting of cayenne. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes and serve in the same dish.

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