

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXII. No. 5

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1912.

EMMA A. WALDO

From Nearby Towns.

King Ferry.

Aug. 28—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dickinson, Aug. 21, a son—Carlton William.

Mrs. Ralph Mandeville and Miss E. Mandeville of Ithaca were guests of Miss Mary Shaw over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Smith has returned from West Danby and Ithaca where she has been visiting friends.

Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Day and son, Frank Day, of Sidney and Miss Julia Randall of Cambridge, Mass., came by auto from Sidney to visit friends in this place last week.

Miss E. A. Grennell and Miss Williams of Ithaca spent Sunday with the former's mother here.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Shaw have returned from Syracuse.

Miss Mildred Lanterman of South Lansing is the guest of Mrs. A. Lanterman.

Mrs. E. A. Bradley and Ruth Bradley are visiting relatives at Albion.

Miss Maude Ivey left on Friday for Wyoming, where she is teaching. Mrs. George Bower and children of Genoa are visiting her mother, Mrs. Tilton.

Mrs. S. Smith Pidcock of Ithaca was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Husted Brill is visiting friends in Genoa.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Euckhout are spending the week at Kidders.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bufferty spent Sunday with relatives in Auburn.

The Misses Kathleen and Ethel Mackin of Seneca Falls are spending a few days at Dr. Hatch's.

Douglas Tandy of Syracuse was in town Sunday.

Mary and Edna Smith visited friends in Ludlowville Saturday and Sunday.

T. C. McCormick was in Auburn on Tuesday.

The Misses Tandy are entertaining friends from Portville.

W. G. Ward and family spent Sunday with friends at Sherwood.

Aug. 27—H. G. and Arthur Counsell were home from Auburn over Sunday.

Charles Crouch attended the funeral of the late Samuel Winters last Saturday.

Clarence Jefferson and family were guests over Sunday of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Jefferson.

Mrs. Edwin Fessenden and daughter returned on Friday last from the Adirondacks.

New lights are being put in Masonic hall in place of the kerosene lamps.

Ellsworth.

Aug. 28—The Todd reunion was held at the home of E. G. Bradley at Willett station Wednesday last.

Mrs. Wormuth of Savannah was a guest of Mrs. L. Couse last week.

Mrs. Arthur Judge is spending some time with Waterloo friends.

Mrs. Herling has returned to her home in Rochester, after a few days' visit at Mrs. O'Connell's.

Frank Gould and Mr. Waterman of Groton and J. Whittaker of Sullivan county were guests at Albert Gould's last week.

Mrs. Albert Gould and brother, Mr. Whittaker, spent the past week in Auburn and Groton visiting relatives.

Supervisor Stieffter attended the Supervisors' picnic at Koenig's Point last week Tuesday.

Mrs. M. L. Wins and daughter Aloine are spending the week in Trumansburg. Mrs. Darling and son DeForest of Lansing are keeping house during their absence.

A large number from this place and vicinity attended the Venice picnic.

The Trouble.

The silver lining to the cloud may be there; but the trouble is, clouds do not float around turned inside out—Fack.

As to the Poor.

The poor may not be getting poorer, but they are certainly getting less satisfied with their poverty.

Her Disapproval.

She said (after being punished) "I think papa is dreadful. Was he only man you could get, mammy?"

Five Corners.

Aug. 29—O. S. Morehouse and wife of Auburn visited their daughter, Mrs. Clyde Mead, last week Tuesday and Mrs. Morehouse remained for a week or two.

Frank Corwin, wife and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Jay Smith motored to Auburn last Friday and attended "The Old Homestead." They report it was fine.

Mrs. O. G. Barger spent a few days last week with her son Louis and family at Geneva. Her granddaughter, Alberta Barger of Canajoharie, was also at the same place and accompanied her home. She also visited at Ludlowville and North Lansing.

Mrs. Alida Sweetland of Oxford is visiting relatives here for a few weeks.

Mrs. Ella Algert returned to her home here last week.

J. S. Davis is in quite poor health. David Atwater and family have returned to their home in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Wm. Ferris and wife are attending the county fair at Moravia this week. Eugene Mann and wife are attending the store for him.

Rev. Mr. Jacques, a former pastor, preached in the Belltown church on Sunday, and called on friends here Monday.

Mrs. S. B. Mead suffered an operation for removal of a tumor of the lip yesterday. Dr. Willoughby of Genoa, assisted by his wife, performed the operation. Mrs. Mate Sill was also with her aunt during the operation. The patient is reported to be doing well.

Geo. Atwater and wife attended the medal contest at North Lansing Tuesday evening. Mr. Atwater was one of the judges. Others from this vicinity also attended.

North Lansing.

Aug. 27—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Buck are spending the week in and around New York. They attended the Knapp reunion at Marcellus last week.

Kudolphus Miller is not as well this week.

Mrs. Esther Hill and Miss Esther Heywood of Groton were over-Sunday guests at Mrs. Small's.

Mrs. Boyles has returned home, after spending some time with her daughter.

Lewis Howell, wife and children spent last week with Mrs. Small. Mr. Howell returned home Monday, the others remaining for a few days.

A large attendance at Sunday school last Sunday.

Mildred Shaw will attend school in Locke the coming winter.

Miss Zoe Knapp of New York visited her sister, Mrs. Hattie K. Buck over Sunday.

Mrs. Small entertained a company of 14 children last Saturday from 2 until 6 p. m. All had a fine time. Two who were invited could not be present.

A Fine Number.

The Ladies' World for September can really be called a remarkable number, because of its unusual contents. It starts with a narration of one woman to another of "How it Seems to Marry Two Men." Then there is the feature, "What Happened to Mary" which is eventually to run for some time. Mary is brought to New York, and many things do happen to her in that big city. An editor's note gives some inside history of this feature. Lessons in etiquette are treated in a novel way under the title of What, When, Where, Why; and the Ways of Fortune Tellers are laid bare in the series on "Traps for the Unwary." The short stories in the number are all excellent, but particular mention must be made of "The Emergency Baby that Saved a Life," by Harriet Gaylord, which sounds a new note in fiction. A hint of the climax would reveal the whole plot, so we strongly advise you to read it. What the Dressmaker Thinks of the Tendency in Dress, the House, hold department and Stories and Pastimes for Children are also excellent features of this magazine. [New York; Fifty Cents a Year]

Sunshine of Life.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—J. M. Barrie.

Ludlowville.

Aug. 19—Miss Adelaide Krotts, who recently returned from a trip abroad, reports a very enjoyable time.

Rev. E. R. Evans and family are spending a three weeks' vacation in Danville.

Adelbert Holden recently lost his gray horse.

Dr. N. D. Chapman of Port Richmond was a guest of Mrs. N. E. Lyon and family a few days last week.

The funeral of the late George Wager of Ithaca who was fatally injured by falling from a tree, was held in the Presbyterian church, Ludlowville, Monday afternoon at 2 p. m., the Rev. E. R. Evans officiating; interment in Pine Grove cemetery. Mr. Wager was a former resident of this place and very well known.

At the first meeting of the new school board, which was held last Tuesday evening in Dr. L. A. Allen's office, the following officers were elected and appointed: Dr. Allen, Pres.; Dr. Swift, Secy.; George Ryan, Treas.; Omar Holden, collector.

Rev. J. F. Humphreys of Ogdensburg is spending a four weeks' vacation visiting friends in this place.

Mrs. Helen Bowker of Homer is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. D. Townsend, and other relatives.

The marriage of Leroy Shaffer and Winifred Moore of Fayette on Aug. 7, has been announced. The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Moore, were former residents of this place.

Mrs. Ann Brown is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Emma Bates of Detroit.

Miss Clara Thayer is in Ithaca attending Sturgis' Preparatory School.

Rev. J. F. Humphreys occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church yesterday.

Rev. Mr. Griffiths and family, Rev. J. H. Humphreys and Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Miller were recent visitors at the home of Mrs. I. A. Underwood.

Drs. I. A. Allen and E. O. Barr attended the Ithaca automobile club run to Groton Wednesday afternoon.

Nelson Holden celebrated his 88th birthday on Aug. 10.

Chauncy Luther of Groton is visiting his sister, Mrs. Polly Miller.

Two Mormon Elders recently passed through here endeavoring to make proselytes.

William E. Minturn and wife attended the Minturn family reunion near Locke last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Winn of Ellsworth were recent visitors in town.

The assessors have posted notice that the assessment rolls have been completed and Aug. 20 was appointed grievance day.

Rev. G. E. Winkworth returned Monday from his vacation.

Clarence Buck with a gang of men has been making some improvement on the Creek road.

Mrs. Burdette Streeter of Ellsworth has been spending some time at the home of her father, D. A. Nicholas.

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.

Hopeless.

"Do you believe our republic can endure?" "No, sir—most emphatically I do not. The fools in this town voted me out of office last fall."

Trunks and Suit Cases at Smith's. See the 29c Wash Carpet at Smith's.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury as mercury will 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.

Merrifield.

Aug. 27—The Baptist Sunday school will hold its annual picnic at Lakeside to-day.

Mrs. Martha Wheat of Lancaster was a recent guest of Mrs. Huldah Wheat.

Allen Hoxie has had a "safe and sane" chimney built on the outside of his residence.

The brick house which was burned last February on the Eaker farm is being rebuilt. A. L. Chapman of Auburn has charge of the work.

Mrs. A. E. Bigelow and Miss Alma Bedman spent a few days in Auburn recently, as guests of F. D. Nellis and family at 40 South St.

Miss Maude Hutchings has returned to her home in Cayuga, after spending a week at the home of her uncle, John Bedman.

Rev. A. H. Wright exchanged pulpits with Rev. W. W. Wilbur of Union Springs last Sunday.

Floyd Wheat of Moravia is spending a few days with his grandmother, Mrs. Huldah Wheat.

The funeral of Samuel Winters, who met his death so unexpectedly last Thursday, while walking on the railroad track, was held from the home of his daughter, Mrs. Walter White, Saturday afternoon, Rev. John Walter, pastor of the Poplar Ridge church, officiating. Burial was made in Sherwood cemetery.

A. J. Cooke of Auburn will sing in the Baptist church next Sunday morning. All who enjoy fine singing should try to be present.

Miss Etta Thorpe of Fleming spent the week-end with Mrs. Clara Hoxie.

J. W. Shaw and daughter Eleanor and Miss Louise Gray of Republic, Ohio, visited the families of M. M. Palmer and Benj. Gould, old soldier friends, the past week. They came in their car which was run by the two young ladies.

Our mail carrier, Geo. E. Shorkley, has been enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

The members of Scipio Tent, No. 224, K. O. T. M., held their annual picnic at Koenig's Point, Saturday, and a very enjoyable time was reported.

Mrs. Erwin Weeks returned to her home in Locke Sunday, after spending a couple of weeks with her parents in this place.

Mrs. Herbert Orchard and daughter Mildred and Miss Millicent Hill of Auburn are guests of Wm. Orchard, Sr., and family.

Prof. and Mrs. LeGrand Chase of Berlin were recent guests of the former's sister, Mrs. E. J. Morgan.

Miss Irene Mack of Niles was the guest of Wm. Bowness and Thomas Neville's families the past week.

Miss Grace Kelly of Groton was the guest of Miss Margaret Grant the past week.

Miss Anna Stafford, who has been spending several weeks with friends in this vicinity, has returned to her home in New York, accompanied by Miss Rose Bowness who will be her guest for two weeks.

Several of the Auburn friends and relatives of Mrs. Priscilla Orchard gave her a surprise on Thursday last, the occasion being her birthday.

This place was visited by a severe electrical storm last evening, accompanied by high wind which did much damage by the uprooting of trees and tearing off of shingles, etc. In F. B. Chapman's apiary, hives were overturned, and cases of comb honey blown off. In his orchard six trees were blown down, one of them falling on several beehives. We expect to hear of much damage being done in the path of the storm.

Lotteries.

A list of several hundred lotteries is given in the United States Official Postal Guide, and postmasters are warned against delivering mail matter in the interest of these concerns. The list includes lottery schemes in places as remote as Tasmania, the Fiji Islands, Roumania and Venezuela. Strange to say, the largest number of these concerns are located in Germany.

Slighting Himself.

It is our theory the chronic fault-finder doesn't go enough of that kind of work on himself.—Archison's Globe.

Way of War.

It is not the way of courage but the way of war to attack just those who cannot escape.

Ensenore Heights.

Aug. 27—Mr. and Mrs. Barwell Barnes are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter.

Frank A. Weeks, wife and son of Auburn were guests of Mrs. E. A. Chapman, Sunday.

Edward Coulling, wife and son of Auburn visited his parents, Daniel Coulling and wife, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Barnes recently entertained E. S. Barnes, wife and daughter of Auburn, Joseph Chapin, wife and daughter and Claude Barnes of Brooklyn and Mrs. Allen Barnes of Detroit, Mich.

Miss May Pope is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ivan Coulson, in Niles.

As the result of a mix-up with a motorcycle and an automobile, while returning from the park last Sunday night, Selah Allen is laid up with the ligaments of his leg badly torn, and a badly sprained ankle, which his physician says will take several weeks to heal.

G. Earle Treat, wife and two children and Mrs. Clinton Miller of Auburn were recent guests of Harmon Sawyer and wife at Evergreen Stock Farm.

Mrs. Charles Ward entertained Ernest Turner and wife, and Miss Bessie Hanlon at dinner Sunday.

Miss Helen Humphrey of Auburn was a recent guest at Chas. Burtless'. Miss Ruth Wheat of Moravia spent a few days last week with Miss Dorothy Culver.

Volney VanLiew and wife spent a few days with relatives in Moravia recently.

Mrs. John Bristol and son Homer of Auburn are guests at Geo. Culver's. Mrs. Mary Pope is in Jordan caring for her little grandson.

Mrs. James Knapp and three children of Auburn are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Demorest.

Miss Helen Burtless of Scipioville is visiting her grandparents, Charles Burtless and wife.

Mrs. R. B. Eaker of Merrifield is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Barnes.

Leslie C. Chapman of Auburn was an over Sunday guest of Mrs. E. A. Chapman and family.

Miss Muriel Barnes spent Saturday with Miss Marian Manchester.

Arthur E. Daniels, whose serious illness has been mentioned in these items, passed away on Wednesday, Aug. 7. He had been a great sufferer for several years and death came as a welcome release. One of the kindest of husbands and fathers has gone to his reward. He was a member of the Baptist church and of Scipio Tent No. 224, K. O. T. M. He is survived by his widow, one son, E. B. Daniels of Moravia, and four daughters—Mrs. Frederick Langham of Auburn, and the Misses Flora, Helen and Ruth Daniels, and two grandchildren. His funeral was largely attended from his late home on Sunday, Rev. A. H. Wright officiating. The bearers were nephews of the deceased Messrs. Chapman, Bishop and Shorkley sang three selections. Many beautiful floral tributes testified of the love of friends and neighbors. Burial was made in the family plot in Scipio rural cemetery. The Mac Cabees attended in a body and conducted the services at the grave.

Advertise in the TRIBUNE

Old Scholars Reunion.

The reunion of the old schoolmates of the Throopville Union school was held at the home of George Miller in the town of Bennett on Thursday, Aug. 22. Forty-five of the old pupils were present, and two of the old teachers. A beautiful dinner was served on the lawn, after which the company was entertained with songs, remarks and stories of the old days. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Leslie O'Hara; vice president, William Barber; secretary, Mrs. Chas. Hoskins; treasurer, Mrs. Sherman.

These from a distance in attendance were Dr. and Mrs. O. H. Howland of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. J. L. O'Hara of Casenovia, Mrs. Otis of Recheates, Mrs. Chas. Hoskins of Scipio Center, Mrs. Herling of Genoa, and H. G. Howland of Mapleton.

The next reunion will be held next summer at the old red brick school house at Throop.

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

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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. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Helps Fall out. Restores Gray Hair to its youthful color. Prevents hair falling. No. and Price at Druggists.

SHERWOOD THE OPTICIAN. MAKES GLASSES THAT FEEL LIKE FEELING. WHERE OPTICIAN FAILS. 68 Genesee St. AUBURN, N.Y.

It is, indeed, once boys or girls have been allowed to leave school, it is contrary to human nature to expect them to go back.

LANGUID. people are sick people. They lack vitality and resistive power. Scott's Emulsion brings new life to such people. It gives vigor and health to mind and body. All Druggists.

KEZIAH COFFIN

by
Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of
Cy Whittaker's Place
Cap'n Eri, Etc.
Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young
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nour. Now, by the jumpin' Moses, I can taste it!

"And inside of a couple of shakes come the rain. It poured for a while and then the fog cleared. Right across their bows was Trumet, with the town clock strikin' ten. Over the flat place between the hills they could see the light on the ocean side. And they was anchored right in the deep hole inside the breakwater, as sure as I'm knee high to a marlin spike!

"Bije just stared at Hammond with his mouth open.

"Nat," says he, 'you're a seaman, if I do say it. I thought I was a pretty good bay pilot, but I can't steer a vessel without a compass through a night as black as Pharaoh's Egypt, and in a thick fog besides, and land her square on top of her moorin's. If my hat wa'n't sloshin' around thirty mile astern, I snum it I wouldn't take it off to you this minute!"

The minister shut the door behind his departing guests. Then he went out into the kitchen, whither the housekeeper had preceded him. He found her standing on the back step, looking across the fields. The wash bench was untenanted.

"Hum!" mused Ellery thoughtfully, "that was a good story of Captain Mayo's. This man Hammond must be a fine chap. I should like to meet him."

Keziah still looked away over the fields. She did not wish her employer to see her face—just then.

"I thought you would meet him," she said. "He was here a little while ago and I asked him to wait. I guess Zeb's yarn was too much for him; he doesn't like to be praised."

"So? Was he here? At the Regular parsonage? I'm surprised."

"He and I have known each other for a long while."

"Well, I'm sorry he's gone. I think I should like him."

Keziah turned from the door. "I know you would," she said.

CHAPTER VI.

In Which Captain Nat Picks Up a Derelict.

It is probable that John Ellery never fully realized the debt of gratitude he owed to the fog and the squall and to Captain Nat Hammond. Trumet, always hungry for a sensation, would have thoroughly enjoyed arguing and quarrelling over the minister's visit to the Come-Outer meeting, and, during the fracas, Keziah's parson might have been more or less battered. But Captain Nat's brilliant piloting of the old packet was a bit of seamanship which every man and woman on that foambordered stretch of sand could understand and appreciate, and the minister's indiscretion was all but forgotten in consequence. The "Daily Advertiser" gloated over it, of course, and Captain Elkanah brought it up at the meeting of the parish committee, but there Captain Zeb Mayo championed the young man's course and proclaimed that, fur's he was concerned, he was for Mr. Ellery more'n ever. "A young greenhorn with the spunk to cruise singlehanded right into the middle of the Come-Outer school and give an old bull whale like Eben the gaff is the man for my money," declared Zebbedee. Most of his fellow-committee agreed with him. "Not guilty, but don't do it again," was the general verdict.

Keziah watched anxiously for a hint concerning her parson's walk in the rain with Grace, but she heard nothing, so congratulated herself that the secret had been kept. The tide at Trumet, on the bay side, goes out for a long way, leaving uncovered a mile and a half of flats, bare and sandy, or carpeted with sea weed. Between these flats are the channels, varying at low water from two to four feet in depth, but deepening rapidly as the tide flows.

The best time to visit the flats—tide serving, of course—is the early morning at sunrise. Then there is an inspiration in the wide expanse, a snap and tang and joy in the air. Ellery had made up his mind to take a before-breakfast tramp to the outer bar and so arose at five, tucked a borrowed pair of fisherman's boots beneath his arm, and, without saying anything to his housekeeper, walked down the lawn behind the parsonage, climbed the rail fence, and "cut across lots" to the pine grove on the bluff. There he removed his shoes, put on the boots, waded through the mealy yellow sand forming the slope of the bluff, and came out on the white beach and the inner edge of the flats. Then he splashed on, bound out to where the fish weirs stood, like webby fences, in the distance.

A cart, drawn by a plodding horse and with a single individual on its high seat, was moving out from behind the breakwater. Some fisherman driving out his weir, probably. The minister had been on the bar a considerable time before he began to think of returning to the shore. He was hungry, but was enjoying himself too well to mind. The flats were all safe that morning. Only the cart and its driver were in sight and they were

signed, and reluctantly started to wade toward the town; he mustn't keep Mrs. Coffin's breakfast waiting too long.

The first channel he came to was considerably deeper than when he forded it on the way out. He noticed this, but only vaguely. The next, however, was so deep that the water splashed in at the top of one of his boots. He did notice that, because though he was not wearing his best clothes, he was not anxious to wet his "other ones." The extent of his wardrobe was in keeping with the size of his salary.

And the third channel was so wide and deep that he saw at once it could not be forded, unless he was willing to plunge above his waist.

He hurried along the edge, looking for a shallower place, but found none. At last he reached the point of the flat he was on and saw, to his dismay, that here was the deepest spot yet, a hole, scoured out by a current like a mill race. Turning, he saw, creeping rapidly and steadily together over the flat behind him, two lines of foam, one from each channel. His retreat was cut off.

He was in for a wetting, that was sure. However, there was no help for it, so he waded in. The water filled his boots there, it gurgled about his hips, and beyond, as he could see, it seemed to grow deeper and deeper. The current was surprisingly strong; he found it difficult to keep his footing in the soft sand. It looked as though he must swim for it, and to swim in that tide would be no joke.

Then, from behind him, came a hall. He turned and saw moving toward him through the shallow water now covering the flat beyond the next channel, the cart he had seen leave the shore by the packet wharf, and, later, on the outer bar. The horse was jogging along, miniature geysers spouting beneath its hoofs. The driver waved to him.

"Hold on, mate," he called. "Belay there. Stay where you are. I'll be alongside in a shake. Git dap, January!"

Ellery waded back to meet this welcome arrival. The horse plunged into the next channel, surged through it, and emerged dripping. The driver pulled the animal into a walk.

"Say," he cried, "I'm cruisin' your way; better get aboard, hadn't you? There's kind of a heavy dew this mornin'. Whos, Bill!"

"Bill" or "January" stopped with apparent willingness. The driver leaned down and extended a hand. The minister took it and was pulled up to the seat.

"Whew!" he panted. "I'm much obliged to you. I guess you saved me from a ducking, if nothing worse."

The horse, a sturdy, sedate beast to whom all names seemed to be alike, picked up his feet and pounded them down again. Showers of spray flew about the heads of the pair on the seat.

"I ain't so sure about that duckin'," commented the rescuer. "Hum! I guess likely we'll be out of soundin's if we tackle that sink hole you was under-takin' to navigate. Let's try it a little further down."

Ellery looked his companion over.

"Well," he observed with a smile, "from what I've heard of you, Captain Hammond, I rather guess you could navigate almost any water in this locality and in all sorts of weather."

The driver turned in surprise.

"So?" he exclaimed. "You know me, do you? That's funny. I was tryin' to locate you, but I ain't been able to. You ain't a Trumette, I'll bet on that."

"Yes, I am."

"Tut! tut! tut! you don't tell me. Say, Shipmate, you hurt my pride. I did think there wa'n't a soul that ever tread sand in this village that I couldn't same on sight, and give the port they hailed from and the names of their owners. But you've got me on my beam ends. And yet you knew me."

"Of course I did. Everybody knows the man that brought the packet here."

The cart was about. The horse, finding wading more difficult than swimming, began to swim.

"Now I'm skipper again, sure enough," remarked Hammond. "Ain't gettin' seasick, are you?"

The minister laughed.

stretch of yet uncovered flats and soon mounted the slope of the beach. The minister prepared to alight.

"Captain Hammond," he said, "you haven't asked me my name."

"No, I seldom do more'n once. There have been times when I'd just as soon cruise without too big letters alongside my figurehead."

"Well, my name is Ellery."

"Hey? What? Oh, ho! ho! ho!" He rocked back and forth on the seat. The minister's feelings were a bit hurt, though he tried not to show it.

"You mustn't mind my laughin'," explained Nat, still chuckling. "It ain't at you. It's just because I was wonderin' what you'd look like if I should meet you and now—Ho! ho! You see, Mr. Ellery, I've heard of you, same as you said you'd heard of me."

The minister, who had jumped to the ground, looked up.

"Captain Hammond," he said, "I'm very glad indeed that I met you. Not alone because you helped me out of a bad scrape; I realize how bad it might have been and that—"

"Shsh, shh! Notbin' at all. Don't be foolish."

"But I'm glad, too, because I've heard so many good things about you that I was sure you must be worth knowing. I hope you won't believe I went to your father's meeting with any—"

"No, no! Jumpin' Moses, man! I don't find fault with you for that. I understand, I guess."

"Well, if you don't mind the fact that I am what I am, I'd like to shake hands with you."

Nat reached down a big brown hand. "Same here," he said. "Always glad to shake with a chap as well recommended as you are. Yes, indeed, I mean it. You see, you've got a friend that's a friend of mine, and when she guarantees a man to be A. B., I'll ship him without any more questions."

Breakfast had waited nearly an hour when the minister reached home. Keziah, also, was waiting and evidently much relieved at his safe arrival.

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed, as she met him at the back door. "Where in the world have you been, Mr. Ellery? Soakin' wet again, too!"

He told briefly the story of his morning's adventure. The housekeeper listened with growing excitement.

"Heavens to Betsy!" she interrupted. "Was the channel you planned to swim the one at the end of the flat by the longest weir leader?"

"Yes."

"My soul! there's been two men drowned in that very place at half tide. And they were good swimmers. After this I shan't dare let you out of my sight."

"So? Was it as risky as that? Why, Captain Hammond didn't tell me so. I must owe him more even than I thought."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which the Parson and Mr. Pepper Declare Their Independence.

That afternoon, when dinner was over, the Reverend John decided to make a few duty calls. The first of these he determined should be on the Peppers.

The Pepper house was situated just off the main road on the lane leading over the dunes to the ocean and the light. It was a small building, its white paint dingy and storm beaten, and its little fenced-in front yard dotted thickly with clumps of silver-leaf saplings. A sign, nailed crookedly on a post, informed those seeking such information that within was to be found "Abishal G. W. Pepper, Tax Collector, Assessor, Boots and Shoes Repaired." And beneath this was fastened a shingle with the chalked notice, "Salt Hay for Sale."

The boot and shoe portion of the first sign was a relic of other days. Kyan had been a cobbler once, but it is discouraging to wait three or four weeks while the pair of boots one has left to be resoled are forgotten in a corner.

The minister walked up the dusty lane, lifted the Pepper gate, swung it back on its one hinge, and knocked at the front door. No one coming in answer to the knock, he tried again. Then from somewhere in the rear of the house came the sound of a human voice.

"Hi!" it called faintly. "Whoever you be, don't bust that door down. Come round here."

Ellery "came along" as far as the angle where the ell joined the main body of the house. So far as he could see every door and window was closed and there were no signs of life. However, he stepped to the door, a green-painted affair of boards, and ventured another knock.

"Don't start that poundin' again!" protested the voice. "Come round to t'other side where I be."

So round went the Reverend John, smiling broadly. But even on "t'other side" there was no one to be seen. And no door, for that matter.

"Why!" exclaimed the voice, "if 'ain't Mr. Ellery! Mow d'ye do? Glad to see you, Mr. Ellery. Fine day, ain't it? Here I be at this window."

Sure enough: one of the windows on this side of the house was raised about six inches at the bottom, the shade was up, and peering beneath the sash the minister discerned the expressive features of Abishal Pepper—or as much of those features as the size of the opening permitted to be seen.

"Oh!" exclaimed the visitor, "is that you, Mr. Pepper? Well, I'm glad to see you, at last. You are rather hard to see, even now."

"Be—er—come to call, did you?"

"Why, yes, that was my intention."

"Hum! Er—er—Lavinia, she's gone over to Thankful Payne's. She heard that Thankful's cousin up to Middle-

boro had died—passed away, I mean—and she thought she'd run over and find out if Thankful was willed any thing. She said she'd be back pretty soon."

"Very well. Then, as she won't be gone long, perhaps I'll come in and wait."

"You see, Mr. Ellery," stammered Kyan, "I—I'd like to have you come in fast rate, but—er—Lavinia she's got the key. She—she—Oh, consarn it all, Mr. Ellery, she's locked me in this room a-purpose, so's I won't get out and go somewheres without her knowin' it."

"She done it a-purpose," continued Kyan, in a burst of confidence. "She had me put one of them new-fangled spring locks on the door of this room t'other day, 'cause she said she was afraid of traps and wanted some place to shut herself up in if one of 'em come. And—after dinner to-day she sent me in here for somethin' and then slammed the door on me. Said she call'ated I'd stay put till she got back from Thankful's. She knew mighty well I couldn't get out of the window, 'cause it won't open no further'n 'tis now. I wa'n't never so provoked in my life. Tain't no way to treat your own brother, lockin' him up like a young one; now, is it?"

"I don't know. You're of age, Mr. Pepper, and you must decide for yourself. I think I should declare my independence. Really, I must go. I—"

"Stop ya, foolishness! Oh!—I—I ask your pardon, Mr. Ellery. That ain't no way to talk to a minister. But I'm goin' to go out when I want to if I bust a hole through the clapboards. I ain't fascinatin'. You ask any woman—except her—if I be, and see what they say. What'll I do?"

"Ha, ha! I don't know, I'm sure. You might lock her up, I suppose, just for a change."

"Hey!" There was a sound from behind the pane as if the imprisoned one

had slapped his knee. "By gum! I never thought of that. Would you now, Mr. Ellery? Would you? Shhh! shhh! somebody's comin'. Maybe it's her. Run around to the door, Mr. Ellery, quick. And don't tell her I've seen you, for mercy sakes! Don't now, will ye? Please! Run!"

The minister did not run, but he walked briskly around the corner. Sure enough, Lavinia was there, just unlocking the door. She expressed herself as very glad to see the caller, ushered him into the sitting room and disappeared, returning in another moment with her brother, whom she unblushingly said had been taking a nap. Abishal did not contradict her; instead, he merely looked apprehensively at the minister.

The call was a short one. Lavinia did seven-eighths of the talking and Ellery the rest. Kyan was silent.

He told no one of Kyan's confidential disclosure, and, after some speculation as to whether or not there might be a sequel, put the whole ludicrous affair out of his mind. A week from the following Sunday he dined in state at the Daniels' table. Captain Elkanah was gracious and condescending. Annabel was more than that. She was dressed in her newest gown and was so very gushing and affable that the minister felt rather embarrassed. When, after the meal was over, Captain Elkanah excused himself and went upstairs for his Sabbath nap, the embarrassment redoubled. Miss Annabel spoke very confidentially of her loneliness without "congenial society," of how very much she did enjoy Mr. Ellery's intellectual sermons, and especially what a treat it had been to have him as a guest.

He left the big house as soon as he could without giving offense, and started back toward the parsonage. But the afternoon was so fine and the early summer air so delightful that he changed his mind and, jumping the fence at the foot of Cannon Hill, set off across the fields toward the bluffs and the bay shore.

The sun was low in the west as he entered the grove of pines on the bluff. The red light between the boughs made brilliant carpet patterns on the thick pine needles and the smell was balsam and sweet. Between the tree trunks he caught glimpses of the flume, now partially covered, and they reminded him of his narrow escape and of Nat Hammond, his rescuer.

"Thinking of the Hammond's amity reminded him of another member of it. Not that he needed to be reminded; he had thought of her often enough since she ran away from him in the rain that night. And then he saw her. She was standing just at the outer edge of the grove, leaning against a tree and looking toward the sunset. She wore a simple white dress and her hat hung upon her shoulders by its ribbons. The rays of light edged the white gown with pink and the

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Friday Morning, Aug. 30, 1912

Bees require water.

Rotation improves the soil.

Rape is excellent for swine.

Kafr is harder on land than corn.

Do not forget to provide shade for the poultry.

The better the man, the better the cow. Every time.

Cold water is practically useless for removing bacteria.

Cover crops must be used to prevent the loss of plant food.

You can't tell by the looks of a dairy cow how honest she is.

An inch of rainfall on an acre of land weighs more than 10 tons.

Harrow teeth are made to be turned, yet how many people do it?

A pasture arranged to include a few shade trees is 25 per cent. better.

If hens develop the feather-pulling habit, send them to market at once.

Corn and alfalfa make a combination that cannot be equalled on the dairy farm.

Liberal feeding of the dairy calves is money put where it will draw big interest.

Don't forget the weeds that are getting ready to go to seed along the roadside.

Every farmer should have a small wheel seeder and a small wheel garden hose.

It is a mistake to keep a non-descript bull simply because he cost a little money.

Sore shoulders are the result of ill-fitting collars, and not always those of this season.

Paper may be made to stick to whitewashed walls by an application of vinegar to the walls.

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 film 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 fiter, 10 South St., Auburn, N. Y., Cady block, up one flight.

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IF YOU ARE ILL

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Keziah Coffin

Author of "Cy Whitaker's Place," "Cap'n Est," Etc.
By Joseph C. Lincoln
Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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irrigates of her dark hair were crinkly lines of fire. Her face was grave, almost sad.

John Ellery stood still, with one foot uplifted for a step. The girl looked out over the water and he looked at her. Then a crow, one of several whirling above the pines, spied the intruder and screamed a warning. The minister started and stepped back. A dead limb beneath his foot cracked sharply. Grace turned and saw him.

"Oh!" she cried. "Who is it?" Ellery emerged from the shadow. "Don't be frightened, Miss Van Horne," he said. "It is—or I—I." "You came to see the sunset, I suppose?" she said hurriedly, as if to head off a question. "So did I. It is a beautiful evening for a walk, isn't it?"

She had said precisely the same thing on that other evening, when they stood in the middle of "Hammond's Turn-off" in the driving rain. He remembered it, and so, evidently, did she, for she colored slightly and smiled.

"I mean it this time," she said. "I'm glad you didn't get cold from your wetting the other day."

"Oh! I wasn't very wet. You wouldn't let me lend you the umbrella, so I had that to protect me on the way home."

"Not then; I meant the other morning when Nat—Cap'n Hammond—met you on the flats. He said you were wading the main channel and it was over your boots."

"It was worse than that, a good deal worse. It might have been my last cruise. I'm pretty certain that I owe the captain my life. That part of the channel I proposed swimming was exactly where two men have been drowned, so people say. I'm not a very strong swimmer, and they were. So, you see."

Grace cried out in astonishment. "Oh!" she exclaimed. Then pointing toward the bay, she asked: "Out there, by the end of that leader, was it?"

"Yes, that was it." She drew a long breath. Then, after a moment:

"And Nat spoke as if it was all a joke," she said.

"No doubt he did. From what I hear of your brother, he generally refers to his own plucky, capable actions as jokes. Other people call them something else."

"He isn't my brother," she interrupted absently. "I wish he was."

She sighed as she uttered the last sentence.

"No, of course he isn't your real brother; I forgot. But he must seem like one."

"Yes," rather doubtfully.

"You must be proud of him."

"I am," there was nothing doubtful this time.

"Miss Van Horne! What did your uncle say about Cap'n Nat's meeting me the other day?"

"Uncle Eben doesn't know. Nat didn't tell anyone but me. He doesn't boast. And uncle would be glad he helped you. As I told you before, Mr. Ellery, I'm not ashamed of my uncle. He has been so good to me that I never can repay him, never! When my own father was drowned he took me in, a little orphan that would probably have been sent to a home. When he needed money most he said nothing to me, but insisted that I should be educated. I didn't know until afterwards of the self-sacrifice my four years at the Middleboro Academy meant to him."

"So you went away to school?" he mused. "This is why—"

"That is why I don't say 'never done nothin'' and 'be you' and 'hain't neither.' Yes, thank you, that's why. I don't wonder you were surprised."

She was going, but the minister had something to say. He stepped forward and walked beside her.

"But it's impossible. Uncle respects and is fond of Aunt Keziah, but he wouldn't bear of my visiting the parsonage."

She was close to the overhanging edge of the bluff and the sod upon which she stood was bending beneath her feet. He sprang forward, caught her about the waist, and pulled her back. The sod broke and rattled down the sandy slope. She would have had a slight tumble, nothing worse, had she gone with it. There was no danger; and yet the minister was very white as he released her.

She, too, was pale for a moment, and then crimson.

"Thank you," she gasped. "I—I must go. It is late. I didn't realize how late it was. I—I must go. I—I think the sunsets from this point are the finest I have ever seen. I come here every Sunday afternoon to see them."

This remark was given merely to cover embarrassment, but it had an unexpected effect.

"You do?" cried the minister. The next moment he was alone. Grace Van Horne had vanished in the gloom of the pine thickets.

It was a strange John Ellery who walked slowly back along the path. He saw nothing real, and heard nothing, not even the excited person who, hidden behind the bayberry bush, halted him as he passed. It was not until this person rushed forth and seized him by the arm that he came back to the unimportant affairs of this material earth.

"Why! Why, Mr. Pepper!" he gasped. "Are you here? What do you want?"

"Am I here?" panted Kyan. "Ain't I been here for the last twenty minutes waitin' to get a chance at you? Aint I been chasin' you from Dan to Beersheba all this dummed—excuse me—afternoon? Oh, my godfrees mighty!"

"Why, what's the matter?" "You—you made me do it," guarded Kyan. "Yes, sir, 'twas you put me up to it. When you was at our house 't'other day, after Lavinia locked me up, you told me the way to get square was to lock her up, too. And I done it! Yes, sir, I done it when she got back from meetin' this noon. I run off and left her locked in. And—and—"

"—he wailed, wringing his hands—" "I ain't dast to go home sence. What'll I do?"

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which Miss Daniels Determines to Find Out.

The hysterical Mr. Pepper doubtless expected his clergyman to be almost as much upset as he was by the news of his action. But John Ellery was provokingly calm.

"Hush! Hush!" he commanded. "Wait a minute. Let me understand this thing. Some one is locked up, you say. Who is it? Where?"

"Who is it? Aint I tellin' you. It's Lavinia. She went into that spare room where I was 't'other day and I slammed the spring lock to on her. Then I grabbed the key and run. That was afore three this afternoon; now it's 'most night and I ain't dast to go home. What'll she say when I let her out? I got to let her out, aint I? She can't starve to death in there, can she? And you told me to do it! You did! Oh—"

"Well, then, I don't see why you can't go home and—hum—I don't like to advise you telling a lie, but you might let her infer that it was an accident. Or, if you really mean to be your own master, you can tell her you did it purposely and will do it again if she ever tries the trick on you."

"I tell her that! I tell her! O Mr. Ellery, don't talk so. You don't know Lavinia; she ain't like most women. If I should tell her that she'd—I don't know's she wouldn't take and horse-whip me. Or commit suicide. She's said she would afore now if—"

"Nonsense! She won't do that, you needn't worry." He burst into another laugh, but checked himself, as he saw the look of absolute distress on poor Kyan's face.

"Never mind, Mr. Pepper," he said. "We'll think of some plan to smooth matters over. I'll go home with you now and we'll let her out together."

The little house was dark and still as they approached it.

They entered. The dining room was dark and quiet. So was the sitting room. The clock ticked, solemn and slow. Kyan's trembling knees managed to carry him to the little hall leading from the sitting room toward the ell at the side of the house. This hall was almost pitch black.

"Here—here, 'tis," panted Kyan. "Here's the door. I don't hear nothin', do you? Listen!"

They listened. Not a sound, save the dismal tick of the clock in the room they had left. Ellery knocked on the door.

"Miss Pepper," he said; "Miss Pepper, are you there?"

Silence, absolute. Abishal could stand it no longer. He groaned and collapsed on his knees.

"She has!" he moaned. "She done it and there ain't nothin' in there but her remains. Oh, my soul!"

Ellery, now rather frightened himself, shook him violently.

"Be quiet, you idiot!" he commanded. "We must go in. Give me the key."

After repeated orders and accompanying shakings, Kyan produced a key. The minister snatched it from his trembling fingers, felt for the key-hole and threw the door open. The little room was almost as dark as the hall and quite as still. There was a distinct smell of old clothes and camphor. The minister was going after a match, and said so. In a moment he returned with several. One of these he lit. The brimstone-spattered, burned blue and fragrant, then burst into a yellow flame.

The little room was empty.

John Ellery drew a breath of relief. Then he laughed.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "She's



He Sprang Forward and Caught Her About the Waist.

gone. Come into the sitting room, light a lamp, and let's talk it over."

The lamp was found and lighted at last. Its radiance brightened the dingy sitting room. The sound of wheels was heard in the lane by the front gate. A vehicle stopped. Then some one called a hurried good night. Mr. Pepper's fear returned.

"It's her!" he cried. "She's been abuntin' for me. Now I'll get it! You stand by me, Mr. Ellery. You got to. You said you would. But how on earth did she get out—"

His sister appeared on the threshold. She was dressed in her Sunday best, flowered poke bonnet, mitts, imitation India shawl, rustling black bombazine gown. She looked at Mr. Pepper, then at the minister.

"O Mr. Ellery!" she exclaimed, "be you here?"

The Reverend John admitted his presence. Miss Pepper's demeanor surprised him. She did not seem angry; indeed, she acted embarrassed and confused, as if she, and not her brother, were the guilty party.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Ellery," gushed Lavinia, removing the bonnet. "You see, I was invited out to ride this afternoon and—and—I went."

She glanced at her brother, reddened—yes, almost blushed—and continued.

"You know, 'Bishy," she said, "Thankful Payne's cousin's home visitin' her. He come about that cousin's will—the other cousin that's just died. He's a real nice man—her live cousin is—keeps a shoe store up to Sandwichee, and I used to know him years ago. When I was over to Thankful's 't'other day, him and me had quite a talk. We got speakin' of what nice drives there was around Trumet and—and—er—well, he asked me if I wouldn't like to go to ride next Sunday afternoon—that's today. And a ride bein' a good deal of a treat to me, I said I would. Thankful was goin' too, but—er—er—she couldn't very well. So Caleb—that's his name, you remember, 'Bishy—"

—he come round with his horse and team about half past three and we started. But I'd no idee 'twas so late. I—I—meant to tell you I was goin' 'Bish, but I forgot."

"I'm so sorry I kept you waitin' supper," gushed Lavinia. "I'll get you a good one now. Oh, well, deary me! I must be gettin' absent-minded. I ain't asked you where you've been all the afternoon."

Abishal's eyes turned beseechingly toward his promised backer. Ellery could not resist that mute appeal.

"Your brother has been with me for some time, Miss Pepper," he volunteered.

"Oh, has he? Aint that nice! He couldn't have been in better company, I'm sure. But, oh, say, 'Bishy! I ain't told you how high I come to not gettin' out at all. Just afore Mr. Payne come, I was in that spare room and—you remember I put a spring lock on that door? Well, when I was in there this afternoon the wind blew the door shut, the lock clicked, and there I was. If I hadn't had the other key in my pocket I don't know's I wouldn't have been in there yet. That would have been a pretty mess, wouldn't it! He! he! he!"

The Reverend John did not answer. He could not trust himself to speak just then. When he did it was to announce that he must be getting toward home. No, he couldn't stay for supper.

Miss Pepper went into the kitchen, and Abishal saw the visitor to the door. Ellery extended his hand and Kyan shook it with enthusiasm.

"Wasn't it fine?" he whispered. "Talk about your miracles! Godfrees mighty! Say, Mr. Ellery, don't you ever tell a soul how it really was, will you?"

"No, of course not."

"No, I know you won't. You won't tell on me and I won't tell on you. That's a trade, hey?"

The minister stopped in the middle of his step.

"What?" he said, turning.

Mr. Pepper merely smiled, winked, and shut the door. John Ellery reflected much during his homeward walk.

The summer in Trumet drowed on, as Trumet summers did in those days, when there were no boarders from the city, no automobiles or telephones or "antique" collectors. The Sunday dinners with the Daniels family were almost regular weekly functions now. He dodged them when he could, but he could not do so often without telling an absolute lie, and this he would not do. And, regularly, when the solemn meal was eaten, Captain Elkanah went upstairs for his cap and the Reverend John was left alone with Annabel. Miss Daniels did her best to be

entertaining, was, in fact, embarrassingly confidential and cordial. It was hard work to get away, and yet, somehow or other, at the stroke of four, the minister always said good-by and took his departure.

"What is your hurry, Mr. Ellery?" begged Annabel on one occasion when the reading of Moore's poems had been interrupted in the middle by the guest's sudden rising and reaching for his hat. "I don't see why you always go so early. It's so every time you're here. Do you call at any other house on Sunday afternoons?"

"No," was the prompt reply. "Oh, no."

"Mrs. Rogers said she saw you going across the fields after you left here last Sunday. Did you go for a walk?"

"Er—er—yes, I did."

"I wish you had mentioned it. I love to walk, and there are so few people that I find congenial company. Are you going for a walk now?"

"Why, no—er—not exactly."

"I'm sorry. Good-by. Will you come again next Sunday? Of course you will. You know how dreadfully disappointed I—we—shall be if you don't."

"Thank you, Miss Daniels. I enjoyed the dinner very much. Good afternoon."

He hurried down the path. Annabel watched him go. Then she did an odd thing. She passed through the sitting room, entered the front hall, went up the stairs, tipped by the door of her father's room, and then up another flight to the attic. From here a steep set of steps led to the cupola on the roof. In that cupola was a spyglass.

Annabel opened a window a few inches, took the spyglass from its rack, adjusted it, laid it on the sill of the open window and knelt, the glass at her eye. The floor of the cupola was very dusty and she was wearing her newest and best gown, but she did not seem to mind.

Through the glass she saw the long slope of Cannon Hill, with the beacon at the top and Captain Mayo's house near it. The main road was deserted save for one figure, that of her late caller. He was mounting the hill in long strides.

She watched him gain the crest and pass over it out of sight. Then she shifted the glass so that it pointed toward the spot beyond the curve of the hill, where the top of a thick group of silver-leaves hid the parsonage. Above the tree tops glistened the white steeple of the Regular church. If the minister went straight home she could see him. But under those silver-leaves was the beginning of the short cut across the fields where Didama had seen Mr. Ellery walking on the previous Sunday.

Slowly she moved the big end of the spyglass back along the arc it had traveled. She found a speck and watched it. It was a man, striding across the meadow land, a half mile beyond the parsonage, and hurrying in the direction of the beach. She saw him climb a high dune, jump a fence, cross another field and finally vanish in the grove of pines on the edge of the bluff by the shore.

The man was John Ellery, the minister. Evidently, he had not gone home, nor had he taken the short cut. Instead he had walked downtown a long way and then turned in to cross the fields and work his way back.

Annabel put down the glass and, heedless of her father's call, sat thinking. The minister had deliberately deceived her. More than that, he had gone to considerable trouble to avoid observation. Why had he done it? Had he done the same thing on other Sunday afternoons? Was there any real reason why he insisted on leaving the house regularly at four o'clock?

CHAPTER IX.

In Which Keziah's Troubles Multiply.

Keziah was getting worried about her parson. Not concerning his popularity with his congregation. She had long since ceased to worry about that.

But what worried Mrs. Coffin was John Ellery's personal appearance and behavior. He had grown perceptibly thinner during the past month, his manner was distrust, and, worst of all in the housekeeper's eyes, his appetite had fallen off. She tried all sorts of tempting dishes, but the result was discouraging.

His absent-mindedness was most acute on Sunday evenings, before prayer meeting, and after he had returned from the afternoon at Captain Elkanah's.

"Say, Mr. Ellery," she said, on one of these Sunday evenings, "do you know, it seems to me that Elkanah's meals must go to your head. You ain't in love, are you?"

The young man started, colored, and was plainly embarrassed.

"In love?" he repeated. "In love, Mrs. Coffin?"

"Yes, in love. Annabel hasn't land-

ed a male at last, has she? She's a line over the side for a long time."

The hearty laugh with which this was received settled the question of Annabel's success. Keziah was relieved.

"Well, I'm glad of that," she said. "I ain't got any grudge against Annabel, but neither have I got any against you. I'll say this, though, for a body that ain't in love you certainly stay with the Danielses a long time. You went there right after meetin' this noon and now it's seven o'clock and you've just got home. And 'twas the same last Sunday and the one before. Been there all the time, have you?"

"No," he said slowly. "Not all the time. I—I—er—went for a short walk."

Before she could inquire concerning that walk he had entered the study and closed the door after him.

usually was a cloudy, warm day. "muggy," so Captain Zeb described it. After the morning service Mr. Ellery, as usual, went home with Captain Daniels and Annabel. Keziah returned to the parsonage, ate a lonely dinner, and went upstairs to her own room.

Her trunk was in one corner of this room and she unlocked it, taking from a compartment of the tray a rosewood writing case, inlaid with mother-pearl, a present from her father, who had brought it home from sea when she was a girl.

From the case she took a packet of letters and a daguerreotype. The latter was the portrait of a young man, in high-collared coat, stock and fancy waistcoat. Mrs. Coffin looked at the daguerreotype, sighed, shuddered, and laid it aside. Then she opened the packet of letters. Selecting one from the top of the pile, she read it slowly.

And, as she read, she sighed again. She did not hear the back door of the parsonage open and close softly. Nor did she hear the cautious footsteps in the rooms below. What aroused her from reading was her own name, spoken at the foot of the stairs.

"Keziah! Keziah, are you there?" She started, sprang up, and ran out into the hall, the letter still in her hand.

"Who is it?" she asked sharply. "Mr. Ellery, is that you?"

"No," was the answer. "It's me—Nat. Are you busy, Keziah? I want to see you for a minute."

The housekeeper hurriedly thrust the letter into her waist.

"I'll be right down, Nat," she answered. "I'm comin'."

He was in the sitting room when she entered. He was wearing his Sunday suit of blue and his soft hat was on the center table. She held out her hand and he shook it heartily.

Before he could speak she caught a glimpse of his face.

"What is it?" he asked. "What is the matter?"

"Well, Keziah, it's trouble enough. Dad and I had a fallin' out. We had what was next door to a real quarrel after dinner to-day. It would have been a real one if I hadn't walked off and left him. Keziah, he's dead set on my marryin' Grace. Says if I don't he'll know that I don't really care a tin nickel for him, or for his wishes, or what becomes of the girl after he's gone."

Keziah was silent for a moment. Then he said slowly:

"And Grace herself? How does she feel about it? Has he spoken to her?"

"I don't know. I guess likely he has. Perhaps that's why she's been so sort of mournful lately. But never mind whether he has or not; I won't do it and I told him so. He got red hot in a jiffy. I was ungrateful and stubborn and all sorts of things. An' I, bein' a Hammond, with some of the Hammond balkiness in me, I set my foot down as hard as I could. And we had it until—until—well, until I saw him stagger and tremble so that I actually got scared and feared he was goin' to

keel over where he stood. You know why I can't marry her, nor anyone else in this round world but you."

"Nat, I can't marry you."

"I know, I know. You're always sayin' that. But you don't mean it. You can't mean it. Why, you and me have been picked out for each other by the Almighty, Keziah. I swear I believe just that. We went together when we were boy and girl, to part as and such. We was promised when I first went to sea. If it hadn't been for that fool row we had—and 'twas all my fault and I know it—you never would have let that da—that miserable Anse Coffin come near you. I'm goin' to have you. Coffin is dead these ten years. When I heard he was drowned off there in Singapore, all I could say was, 'Serve him right!' And I say it now. I come home then me determined to get you. Say yes, and let's be happy. Do!"

"I'd like to, Nat. I only wish I could, but 'twouldn't be any use. I can't do it."

He snatched his hat from the table and strode toward the door. "I'm goin', he looked at her.

"All right," he said chokingly. "I'll right. Good-by."

His steps sounded on the ottichloch of the kitchen. Then the back door slammed. He was gone.

Keziah started, as if the slam of the door had been an electric shock. And she cried, tears of utter loneliness and despair.

The clouds thickened as the afternoon passed. There came a knock at the dining-room door.

Keziah sprang from her chair, smoothed her hair, hastily wiped her eyes and went to admit the visitor, whoever he or she might be. She

THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

Friday Morning, Aug. 30, 1912

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

The Bower Reunion.

The twenty-sixth Bower reunion was held Wednesday, Aug. 21, 1912, at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Alson Kern, North Lansing. The day was one long to be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present. A cordial welcome was given to each as they arrived. The dinner was served under the tent all doing justice to the feast that was placed upon the table. Owing to the rain, (which was too early for dinner) there were not as many present as usual, about fifty being present.

The business meeting which was held in the afternoon was opened by a prayer, followed by the Lord's prayer, repeated in Welsh, by Rev. Mr. Griffiths of West Groton. The officers elected were Henry S. Bower, president; Dana Rhodes, vice president; Helen A. Lobdell, secretary. The president and vice president are old schoolmates, having attended school in the Old North schoolhouse nearly sixty years ago. After the election of officers, Dana Rhodes made a few well selected remarks, after which he gave the following poem, which was to be copied in the minutes and also sent to The Genoa Tribune to be published:

TRIBUTE TO THE BOWER FAMILY.
By Dana Rhodes, Groton, N. Y., dedicated to the memory of his wife, whose mother was a "Bower."

A stands for Adam
The first of creation;
B stands for the Bower family,
A part of this great nation.
Their descendants have spread
From shore to shore,
And their kind deeds
Are known the wide world o'er.
The men are very generous,
Kind and true,
And try to do to others,
As you'd have them do to you.
The women are self-sacrificing,
Tidy and neat,
And can get up a dinner
Fit for a king to eat.
If you ask some friends
With you to dine,
And you wish the menu
To be exceedingly fine,
Just get the material—
The freshest and best—
And the ladies (dear creatures)
Will attend to the rest.
I speak from experience,
For 'tis a sure thing,
The proof of the pudding
Is in chewing the string.
For little Jack Horner
Put his thumb in the pie,
And pulled out a plum
Saying, "Happy am I."
I have lived forty-five years
Of married life;
I know what it is
To have a good wife,
I know what it is—
Know what it is worth—
To have a little heaven
Here upon earth.
A place where strife
And dissensions never come,
Where all is harmonious,
A delightful, happy home.
(You ask) What has that to do,
With the question of the hour?
(I answer) My wife was a jewel,
Her mother was a Bower.
So I say to young men
Roaming around in the mud,
Go get a good wife,
Having some of the Bower blood.
Get a home of your own,
A true, loving wife,
To walk by your side
Down the River of Life.
And perchance little children,
Say one, two or three,
May come to be loved
And trotted on your knee.
And thus a life of happiness
Is quite sure to be the fate,
Of him who woos and wins
A Bower for his mate.

ADVERTISED AT LAST

THERE was a merchant in our town
Who was so wondrous wise
He saw his business running down,
Yet would not advertise.
SAID he: "I cannot see the sense
When trade is at its worst
Of multiplying my expense.
I'll wait till trade comes first."
AT last this merchant, ill advised,
Had naught to do but fail,
And then the sheriff advertised
A bankrupt auction sale.

ATTENTION!

If you want style and quality rolled into one and tagged at a moderate sensible price get your clothes made to measure here. Taylor service protects you in every way. Every suit carries a guarantee of satisfaction--assuring you thus of perfect tailoring--and all that the word implies.

New sample book for Fall is here. We have received a full line of ready-to-wear clothes for Men, Boys and Children for Fall. Also Men's, Boys' and Children's Rubbers and Rubber Boots--the kind that wears. M. G. SHAPERO, Genoa, N. Y.

Autumn Excursions
One-way fare plus \$2 for Round Trip
From Auburn

to the
Adirondacks
and
1000 Islands
Daily Sept. 5th to Oct. 6th
Return limit Oct. 31

For tickets, sleeping car accommodations and other information consult New York Central Agents.



Keep on the Sunny Side.
Be sure to live on the sunny side, and even then do not expect the world to look bright, if you habitually wear gray-brown glasses.—Charles H. Elliot.

Self-Discipline.
What we do on some great occasion will probably depend on what we already are, and what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline.—Canon Liddon.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—7 puppies, 1 beagle and 1 fox hound, 2 months old 5/2
JOHN B. MASTIN, Genoa.

Cucumbers for pickling, 30 cents per hundred. 5w2
MRS. F. J. SKELLEN, Genoa.

Yearling colt for sale
4/1 B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Pigs, also good work mare with colt by side.
4w2 A. M. BENNETT, King Ferry.

FOR SALE—Gray mare, 6 years old, sound kind, safe for lady to drive; work horse, weight 1,200; cheap
4/1 J. G. ATWATER & SON.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper in a respectable small family; Protestant preferred
LILLIAN LAMKIN, 4w3
Smithboro, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Sweet yellow plums and peaches
S. L. PURDIE, Genoa.
3w1f

WANTED—10 bu. seed rye.
HENRY PURDIE, Moravia, N. Y.
Miller phone, 3w3

WANTED—Dressmaking; will go out by the day.
LILLIAN LAMKIN, 3w3
Smithboro, N. Y.

WANTED—Good homes wanted for boys and girls under 14 years of age, where they will be received as members of the family; apply to Children's Department, State Charities Aid Association, 289 Fourth Ave., New York City.

We pay the highest market price for poultry, Mondays and Tuesdays.
2d 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, 2w6

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 B. 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. 25tf

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

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

Rev. Wesley Mason Dead.

Rev. Wesley Mason, for many years a member of the Central New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, died in Rochester, Tuesday, Aug. 27. He was born in Springfield, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1837. His father, Rev. Benajah Mason, was one of the pioneer preachers of Methodism in Central New York. Owing to ill health, the latter retired from the active ministry in 1846 and purchased a farm between Ledyard and King Ferry. There Wesley Mason spent his boyhood days. He attended the district school and later Fairfield Seminary at Fairfield, N. Y., which at that time was one of the leading educational institutions of the country. He afterwards became a student at Red Creek Academy, Red Creek, N. Y., and later was principal of that institution for a year.

Mr. Mason became pastor of the First Methodist church of Oswego in 1861. Two years later he was transferred to Rome and from there to the First church of Syracuse. He also served as pastor of the First Ward church in Syracuse, but ill health compelled his retirement to the farm at Ledyard. He engaged in teaching for several years and also served as school commissioner of Southern Cayuga county. He returned to the work of the ministry in 1878, and was appointed to Union Springs. His other appointments were as follows: Cayuga, First Ward, Syracuse (second time) West Genesee St. Syracuse, Skaneateles, Phoenix, Ovid and Dresden. At the close of his pastorate in the latter village, he retired from the active ministry and had since made his home with his son, Edwin C. Mason, in Rochester. Mr. Mason married Orinda E. Clark at Ledyard in 1862. The wife and son, also two brothers, Proctor B. Mason, of Chicago and William S. Mason of Denver, and two sisters, Mrs. Lorenzo Mason of Genoa, and Mrs. Elvira A. Hamilton of Lansingville, survive.

The funeral was held at 2:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon, with burial at Riverside cemetery, Rochester.

Aged Man Killed by Train.

A special train over the Short Line from Auburn to Ithaca, last week Thursday, struck and instantly killed Samuel Winters, aged 75 years, at about 1:30 o'clock, near Merrifield. Winters was walking toward the oncoming train, going from Snyder's Crossing to Merrifield to take the train for the Venice picnic. As the train approached him, Winters stepped from the track, but must have been overcome by dizziness or stumbled and fell against the engine. The pilot beam struck him and fractured his skull.

General Manager Clarke with Road Master Graney and Superintendent Olney, on an inspection trip on the gasoline car used for that purpose, were waiting on the switch for the train to pass. The engineer stopped his train and with the officials ran to where the man lay, and found him dead. The body was taken to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Walter White, at Merrifield, whom he was visiting.

The deceased was a veteran of the civil war and a member of Cornwall Post, G. A. R. of Scipio. He was for many years a resident of the town of Scipio, but had recently made his home with a daughter in Auburn.

Surviving are two sons, George Winters of Auburn, Charles Winters of Aurora, and two daughters, Mrs. Sarah Clayton of Auburn and the one mentioned above.

Funeral services were held at the home of the daughter at Merrifield on Saturday afternoon. Burial at Sherwood.

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.

Dryden Fair
SEPT. 3, 4, 5 AND 6.

Come to the fair where there is something doing all of the time. Not a dull minute during the day.

A One Dollar Ticket

Admits the whole family all four days and gives you the privilege of driving your team or auto onto the grounds. Single admissions 25c.

Exciting Races -- Base Ball Games
Free Vaudeville -- Band Concerts
Every Day--No Waiting for Something to Happen.

We want everybody to take advantage of our liberal ticket system. You are sure to have a good time. You will meet all your friends here, many that you have not seen since last fair time. Farmers and stockmen will find here many of the exhibits that go to the State fair. The Midway is booked full of clean amusements. And the whole family can go four days for one dollar. This is the least expensive amusement proposition ever offered.

The Lehigh Valley Runs Excursion Trains From All Directions.

J. J. TRIPP, Pres.

W. A. MUNSEY, Sec'y.

CLUBS INSTEAD OF SALOONS

Many Social Institutions Formed in Birmingham, England, in Which No Intoxicants are Allowed.

There are in Birmingham, England, sixty-six social clubs in which no intoxicants are allowed. About forty are self-supporting. Eleven are carried on in what were formerly public houses. Twelve clubs meet only once a week, but all the others are open nightly except Sundays. Most of them are open Saturday afternoon also.

A social institutes' union also converts five corporation swimming baths into free social recreation halls in the winter months. These institutions are quite distinct from sporting, trade, benefit, musical and other sectional clubs. There are also thirty-five Good Templar lodges in the vicinity of the city.

The Good Templars have many lodges open weekly in Birmingham and 200 in London; others can frequent social clubs and drink free temperance concerts if they will. Sir Thomas Whitaker and others are opening large temperance billiard halls about the country with many attractions of a wholesome kind; the churchmen and the Methodists have provided great social centers, and other churches are doing the like. It is therefore not a fact that workingmen go to the public house because they have nowhere else to go.

Crime in Drinking Places.

The court records of lower Bavaria for the year 1910, the latest officially recorded, showed an increase during the year in the number of fatal assaults. According to correspondence of the German temperance press, stabbing was the most frequent method of assault, amounting to 15 cases out of every 20. Most of the criminal deeds were committed at night between 11 and 2 o'clock, and 17 out of every 20 occurred either in the saloons, before them, or on their way home from them. Only one in that number took place in the workshop, one in the home and one in the woods.

In 18 cases a large amount of beer had been consumed before the deed was committed, or the criminal was a habitual heavy drinker. Thirteen lives were lost on Sunday, the other seven on work days.

These facts, particularly the time and place, show very clearly the cause of these evils and point the way to their correction.

Her Concession.
"How do you know she's older than you are?"
"Why, she admitted it herself."
"Honestly? What did she say?"
"She said, 'You and I are just the same age, dearie.'"—Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR

Agricultural and Industrial Exposition
SYRACUSE
September 9-10-11-12-13-14, 1912

Demonstrations and Illustrated Lectures: in: Many: Departments Change of Program Each Day	Highest Class Amusement Features—Conway's Cornet Band Evening Carnival Spectacles
Aeroplane Races Daily AVIATION MEET Open to World Competition in Connection with Military Symkhaha, September 14. Five Airships in Spectacular Contests.	Great Open Air Horse and Cattle Show. Grand Circuit Races 2 Feature Races Introducing 18 Fastest Trotters and Pacers of American Turf.



1912 SEPTEMBER 1912						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

Village and Vicinity News.

—September 2nd will be the 30th anniversary of Labor Day.

—Miss Helen Ives of Groton is a guest this week of Mrs. A. L. Loomis.

—Mrs. Jane Thome of Cortland is visiting her niece, Mrs. F. C. Hagin.

—Mrs. E. L. Dresser of Ithaca has been visiting friends in Genoa this week.

—Mrs. Addie Miller is visiting Mrs. A. J. Parker at the Parker cottage at North Fair Haven.

—Miss Louise Blair of Merrifield has been visiting her sister, Miss Edie Blair, a few days this week.

—There are now 20,508 members of the G. A. R. in New York state, a decrease of 3,643 in a year and a half.

—Clarence Lewis and wife and F. C. Hagin, wife and son Randolph were Sunday guests at Benj Arnold's at Seneca Falls.

—Sunday morning theme at the Presbyterian church, "Paul's Race Track." Other services of the day as usual. All are welcome.

—Erwin Fish, wife and two children of Buffalo left Saturday last for McLean, after spending two weeks with Genoa friends.

—Mrs. J. L. O'Hara of Cazenovia has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. A. Mason, and her son, Clarence and family this week.

—Mrs. Jane Bower went to Skaneateles Friday last to spend a few days with her daughter, before leaving this week for Wellsboro, Pa., to visit relatives.

—Miss Mabel Cannon returned Saturday night from Saranac Lake where she had been spending a month. Her brother and family remained for a week or ten days longer.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Saxton returned Saturday evening from their automobile trip to points in Michigan. They experienced the same kind of weather as we have had in York state.

—Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, will be minister from the United States to Greece. He will be granted a year's leave of absence from Cornell, and will still remain at the head of that institution.

—A long stretch of cement walk has been laid this week in front of the Mosher and Miller residences on Main street, also two crosswalks. This makes a very noticeable improvement and one that will be greatly appreciated by the public.

Developing and printing for the amateur at Warner's.

—The young people of the East Genoa M. E. church will hold an ice cream social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Roe on Tuesday evening, Sept. 3, for the benefit of the new lighting system of the church. Come old and young and have a good time.

—Everybody interested in the Genoa Fire Association should attend the meeting to be held in Academy hall, Tuesday evening, Sept. 3. The matter of incorporating the society is to be discussed and decided, and every property owner in the village should be interested and attend the meeting. We have good fire protection and we need a building. We can have it, if the proper steps are taken now.

—Every local newspaper reader should form the habit of reading the advertisements. And every reader will find it a wise and profitable custom to trade at the stores that advertise. If you will observe conditions you will find that the store which has something really worth while to offer, either in goods or prices, advertises that fact. It's the progressive store that advertises; it's the advertised store that is constantly looking for the best things, at prices which will appeal to you. Read the ads. It pays.

—Watkins Glen is largely patronized this season.

Visit Smith's Soda Fountain

—Mrs. Chas. Wallace of Auburn is visiting at J. S. Banker's this week.

—Miss Veda Younglove has been spending this week at her home near East Genoa.

—Walter Tilton left Monday evening for North Lansing to care for Rudolphus Miller.

—It is estimated 90 per cent. of the films used in the world for moving pictures are made in Rochester.

—The annual Tarbell family reunion will be held at the home of Andrew Tarbell at Asbury on Saturday, Aug. 31.

—Gertrude Hand returned last week from a visit to her sisters, Mrs. Grant Halsey and Mrs. Purdy Main, in Locke.

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

—The annual reunion of the DeCamp family will be held at the home of George DeCamp, in the town of Locke on Saturday, Sept. 7.

—Mr. and Mrs. Purdy C. Main of Locke have issued invitations to the marriage of their sister, Miss Edith M. Main, and Chester W. Madison of Syracuse on Tuesday evening, Sept. 3, at 7 o'clock.

—M. G. Shapero returned the first of the week from his home in Syracuse, where he went to visit with a nephew from St. Paul, Minn., and his daughter-in-law and her mother of Rochester.

—H. N. Marks of Ithaca spent Saturday afternoon and Sunday with Genoa friends. He expects soon to go to Grand Rapids, Mich., where he will be employed by the U. S. Weather Bureau.

—The New York State Christian Endeavor convention will be held at the First Presbyterian church in Binghamton, Oct. 3, 4, 5 and 6. This will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the state association.

We are now running every day by steam at Genoa Roller Mills and can grind your wheat and feed grists promptly.

—Mrs. Belle LaMay and son Jack and Miss Clara Hunt of Auburn were guests of Genoa friends several days last week. Mrs. D. W. Gower returned home with them Sunday evening and remained until Tuesday evening.

—Misses Flora Alling and Emma Waldo were at North Lansing Tuesday evening to attend the medal contest, the latter acting as one of the judges. They were entertained over night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dana Singer.

—The law firm of Wright & Parker of Moravia has been dissolved. The firm was composed of James A. Wright and C. Gray Parker and they had been associated together for nine years. Mr. Parker will retain the offices occupied by the firm.

—Cayuga Lake and its boundaries are to be completely surveyed within the next twelve years by the students from the civil engineering at Cornell. The work will be done by annual sophomore camps, the first of which is being held this year at Crowbar Point, from Aug. 14 to Sept. 21.

Wall Paper in stock at Smith's.

—Among the grand and trial jurors of Tompkins county who are to sit at the September term of supreme court, beginning Sept. 9, are the following from the town of Lansing: Trial, Joseph Smith; grand, John H. Brown, A. J. Brink, Eugene Buck, Geo. H. Strong.

—The high wind Monday evening, during a thunder storm, did considerable damage about here. On the Lane farm on west hill eight apple trees, heavily laden with fruit, were uprooted, and other damage done. A heavy door was taken from its hinges and carried some distance away down the hill. On the road south from Weeks' Corners, an old barn on one of the Rowland farms was blown down. Quantities of apples were blown from trees in this vicinity.

—Genoa school commences Monday, Sept. 9

—The bank will be closed Monday, Labor Day.

—Daniel Sullivan of Rochester has been visiting Genoa friends recently.

—Mrs. Jane Atwater has been spending a few days in Moravia this week.

—Miss Lela Holden of Union Springs was a guest at Al Lanterman's Wednesday.

—Mr and Mrs. John Welty and son of Auburn were guests of Genoa relatives over Sunday.

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

—Mrs. D. Gile leaves to day for Port Byron where she and her husband will reside in future.

—S. C. Houghtaling, the well known poultry buyer, of Throopsville is reported seriously ill with typhoid fever.

—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bradley of King Ferry were Sunday guests at Jas. Myer's. Leota Myer returned home with them to spend a few days.

—It is stated that Buffalo has 41 cases of infantile paralysis, and the most stringent measures are being taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

—Mrs. H. M. Raymond, who has been ill for the past two weeks, is improving and was able to sit up yesterday. Her daughter, Mrs. Mattoon, is caring for her.

—Construction of the barge canal terminal at Ithaca will be done by the New York Dredging Corporation of Rochester, the only bidder for the job, at \$46,784.

—The Venice picnic was largely attended last week Thursday, though not as largely as last year, it is said. The weather was fair, except for a light shower in the middle of the day.

—C. D. Holden, who resides on O. A. Scott's place, formerly known as the Bradford place near Lake Ridge, reports having harvested a crop of 1,100 bushels of wheat on a plot of 40 acres, which he marketed at 95 cents per bushel. New Gingham at Smith's.

—Geo. Atwater and wife of Belltown, Jesse G. Atwater and Mrs. Mary B. Curtis of Auburn and Mrs. W. A. Counsell and daughter of Union Springs were entertained at the home of Mrs. Lois Smith, yesterday.

—The western method of plowing has been adopted by William and Burt Bradley on their farm on the Lewiston road near Batavia. With a traction engine for power they pull a plow which turns a furrow 14 inches wide.

—Rev. John A. MacIntosh of Malone has accepted a call to become pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Ithaca, which has been without a minister since the resignation of Rev. F. J. Fitschen. The new pastor will assume his duties in October.

—In drying any of the mint family for winter use, cut the stalks before blossoming time, hang head downward in the cool room or garret, or lay on sheets of paper on the table or floor. When quite dry, put into paper bags again with heads down, fasten up tightly and hang up for future use.

A lot of new books at Hagin's.

—Frederick West of Sodas claims to be the champion sheep shearer of Western New York. This season he has sheared 2,815 sheep, 31 less than he sheared last year. He has sheared a sheep in less than two minutes. West served an apprenticeship as shepherd in England for seven years, before coming to this country. In all he has sheared 44,815 sheep.

—The fall bearing strawberries, the product of L. J. Farmer of Pulaski, are discussed at length in a recent number of a magazine printed in Japan. Farmer has shipped several plants to Japan. His crop this year will be larger than ever. Last year he picked 80 quarts on Oct. 26. The Pulaski House expects to serve strawberry shortcake every Sunday until snow flies.

Are Your Eyes

Comfortable? If not, let me make them so, it won't take long and will not cost much. Get the help you need at once.

My optical business has constantly increased—that means something. It means I have given the best satisfaction, the best service at the lowest possible prices.

Correctly fitted glasses are a permanent pleasure. Simple cases require skill. Your usefulness ends when your eyesight fails. Buying cheap glasses is false economy.

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

Founded 1838
Mosher, Griswold & Co.

Hats, Clothing, Furnishing Goods.

ROUTING COMFORTS
Spaulding Sweaters
Mackinaw Norfolks
Auto Rugs
Bathing Suits
Storm Coats.

Mosher, Griswold & Co.

87 & 89 Genesee St., Auburn.
Hats, Clothing, Furnishing Goods.

—Remember the special school meeting on the evening of Sept. 9.

—A large number from here attended the county fair yesterday.

—Miss Clyde Freeman returned to Buffalo the first of the week. Her mother remained for a longer visit.

Smith serves the best Ice Cream to had.

—Miss Kathleen Norman left Thursday for Newark, N. J., where she has a position as teacher of kindergarten.

—Mrs. Fred Armstrong and two children of Rochester are guests at R. W. Armstrong's near East Genoa. Mr. Armstrong will come Saturday.

—The East Genoa Ladies' Aid society will meet at the home of Frank Huff, on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 4. All are invited to come prepared to sew.

—Benjamin Wilcox of Auburn, a well known politician of the county and state, died at his home in that city Tuesday evening, after a long illness from kidney trouble.

Big line Fancy Cakes at Smith's.

—A Lockport grocer who is interested in the discussions of the cost of living has adopted the plan of offering his customers 5 per cent. discount if they maintain no credit account and pay spot cash and he finds that he is making money by the system.

—A lawyer in a court room may call a man a liar, scoundrel, villain or thief, and no one makes complaint when court adjourns. If a newspaper prints such reflection on a man's character there is a libel suit or a dead editor. This is owing to the fact that the people believe what an editor says.—Newark Union-Gazette.

—Dr. Alfred J. Sprague, a dentist of Weedsport, died last Friday at the Hospital of the Good Shepherd, in Syracuse, where he was taken for treatment the week previous. The Cayuga Chief says: "In the death of Dr. Sprague Weedsport has lost not only one of its oldest residents, but a good, upright and Christian gentleman, who will be sadly missed by all friends and acquaintances as well as from his family circle. He is survived by his wife and one daughter."

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.

Ithaca Auburn Short Line New York, Auburn & Lansing R. R.

In Effect July 20, 1912.

SOUTHBOUND—Lead Down				STATIONS		NORTH BOUND—Read Up			
27	23	21	201	200	22	24	28		
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	exp Sun.	Daily	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	AUBURN	9 08	10 54	4 44	8 44	
6 46	2 11	8 56	7 06	Mapleton	8 56	10 43	4 33	8 33	
6 55	2 20	9 05	7 15	Merrifield	8 44	10 34	4 24	8 24	
				Venice Center					
7 10	2 35	9 20	7 30	GENOA	8 29	10 19	4 09	8 09	
7 21	2 46	9 31	7 41	North Lansing	8 18	10 08	3 58	7 58	
7 40	3 00	9 50	8 05	South Lansing	8 05	9 55	3 45	7 45	
8 05	3 25	10 15	8 30	ITHACA	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.

Let Us Take Care of Your Money.

Bank your money and pay your bills with checks on your bank. Then you will have a correct account of what you spend and what you spend it for. You won't spend so much money foolishly then. Waste is the one big folly to guard against; you will not waste it, if you keep your money in OUR BANK instead of YOUR POCKETS. You want to get ahead, don't you? Then bank your money. Do your banking with us. We pay 3 1-2% interest on savings accounts. Under control of the United States Government.

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

Did You Know

That for the next 30 days you can save money on Lumber Wagons, Buggies, Harnesses, Team and Single Nets Flour, Feed and Poultry Supplies of all kinds?

ATWATER'S WARE HOUSE.

Picture Framing.

I have received a fine line, of Picture Moulding and am ready to do framing at reasonable rates. Give me a call.

L. O. WARNER, Genoa.

Your Interest in Life

is made more intense—more enjoyable—if you are a success.

A Business Training

will insure you that success, will make it possible for you to have a one of the luxuries you so earnestly crave.

The Auburn Business School

is ready to give you the necessary training to make you successful.

Why Not Arrange Now

for a thorough course in the Business and Stenographic branches. It is your opportunity.

Fall Term (23d year) opens Sept. 3.
Call, write or Bell phone 708—J.
H. F. CRUMB, Proprietor,
51-53-55 Genesee St., AUBURN, N. Y.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE and Tribune Farmer, \$1.55.

HOME TOWN HELPS

GIVE BEAUTY TO THE PORCH

Boxes With Flowers or Vines Are an Ornament No House Should Be Without.

Veranda or porch boxes should be at least a foot wide and a foot deep and the timber of which they are made should be of fairly good quality, for it will have to resist considerable pressure when the box is filled with soil.

These boxes will be found most satisfactory if allowed to project outside the veranda rail. They should be well supported by braces running from the bottom of the box on the outside to the veranda floor.

Paint them some neutral color before filling them with soil.

If ordinary soil is used you will have only an ordinary development of the plants you set out to grow in it, while what you want is vigorous growth.

Procure soil containing as much decayed vegetable matter as you can. No matter how full of roots it is, the nutriment you are in search of is there and a few roots more or less will not interfere with the plants you propose to grow in it.

On the contrary, they will prove of positive benefit, as they will help to keep the soil light and porous.

Before filling the boxes with soil, bore a few holes in the bottom of them to allow for the escape of sur-



Vines Add Grace and Beauty to the Porch.

plus water. In all probability there will be no surplus water to escape, but it is well to be on the safe side.

When you put the soil in the boxes press it down firmly. If dumped in lightly, evaporation will be rapid and the roots of your plants may suffer in consequence.

At the outside of the box set vines of quick development, like German Ivy, Tradescantia, Moneywort, or the Madeira vines.

These will soon hide the box completely and after a little they will form a screen for all that portion of the veranda below the rail.

Morning glories can be planted here and there along the box and trained up on strings and made to furnish shade for the veranda as well as a screen.

Other flowering plants can be selected to suit individual taste. Almost any plant can be used with reasonable chance of success if care is taken to see that the soil in the box is kept always moist.

Strange Garden Creations.

I often ask myself where in the world the strange erections that stalk through an increasing number of American gardens that even cover not a few American verandas, starting white, bare of foliage, and solid enough to support a sky-scraper, are supposed to have derived their origin, writes H. G. Dwight, in the Atlantic Monthly Magazine. In some of the greatest Italian gardens the pergolas are made of slender unplanned poles fastened together by wibes, which are invisible under the vines that cover them.

The nakedness of American pergolas has sometimes been explained to me by the fact that grapevines must be cut down every year in order to bear well. What of it? The vine exists for the pergola, not the pergola for the vine.

Even in countries so poor as Greece and Turkey thousands of vines are grown simply for their shade and beauty. If we called a pergola a trellis, and were done with it, we might be less in danger of disfiguring our gardens by a species of snow-shed.

School Grounds.

It is strange that towns and communities will decorate their cemeteries and allow the school yards to remain bare. Would it now be better to reverse the rule and care for the living rather than the dead? It is certainly too late to benefit those who rest in the cemetery and not too early to instill a love of plant life into those who attend school.

Filling a Cork.

If a cork is too large for the bottle in which you wish to use it, lay it on the side, and with a little board or ruler roll it under all the pressure you can put on it. It will be elongated to fit in a very few minutes.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

Soldier's Premonition of Death That Came True.

Col. Alford B. Chapman Felt He Would Be Killed on First Day of the Battle of the Wilderness, and He Was.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

The bravest soldiers sometimes acknowledge that they are possessed by superstition or that there come to them premonitions of what their fate is to be in battle. Although General Hancock was not a believer in these mysterious warnings, there was one incident in which he had a share that caused him at times to wonder whether there might not after all be a whispering voice unheard by any but those to whom the message was addressed, telling what their fate in battle was to be. This incident was associated with the death of Col. Alford B. Chapman, who, during the Civil war, was in command of the Fifty-second New York regiment, which took part in all the campaigns Grant made from the Rapidan to the Appomattox in 1864 and 1865.

Colonel Chapman was not a superstitious man. He was a born soldier, taking with perfect coolness all the chances of war, seeking only to do his duty. For example, his regiment was engaged in laying the pontoon bridge at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, just before General Burnside, who was in command of the Army of the Potomac, ordered the advance to be made upon the Confederate position on the hills back of Fredericksburg. Although the bullets flew thick and fast, Colonel Chapman was utterly without fear, nor did he at the time he received a bullet know that he had been wounded. The ball passed through a memorandum book and some papers which were in his left vest pocket. The bulk of paper was sufficiently thick to cause the bullet to become practically spent when it reached his flesh. But for this interposition he would have been killed instantly, since the bullet was arrested directly over his heart.

General Hancock's attention had been called to Colonel Chapman and he had decided to place him in charge of a brigade and to recommend his appointment as brigadier general. In fact, Hancock had so much confidence in Chapman that he assigned Chapman's brigade to a forward position in the first day of the fighting in the battle of the Wilderness.

Shortly after the brigade went on to the skirmish line Colonel Chapman met General Hancock. The colonel's bearing was very soldierly. There was no doubt of his keenness or of his courage, but he said to General Hancock:

"General, this will be my last battle."

"Why do you think so, Colonel?" asked the general. "We must all take the chances of battle."

"I know that is a soldier's duty," Colonel Chapman replied. "But the feeling I now have is something unlike any I have ever experienced since the war began. Something tells me that this is going to be my last battle, but the warning does not disturb me in the least."

"Oh," Hancock replied, "you're simply a little over-excited. Don't pay any attention to it. I have no faith in premonitions."

Colonel Chapman smiled, gracefully saluted General Hancock, and said: "After this battle is over, general, you will find that my premonition was genuine."

Within an hour Chapman was leading his troops through the woods to form a skirmish line. At the first volley from the enemy he fell, mortally wounded. His brigade passed on over his body.

After his men had moved on Colonel Chapman with feeble movement took a note book and pencil from his pocket and with trembling fingers, wrote first his father's name and address and then these words: "Dear father, I am mortally wounded. Do not grieve for me." Here the fingers seemed for a moment almost palsied, but again, as though by desperate effort they wrote these words: "My dearest love to all. Alford."

The pencil dropped on the paper. With that brief message the soldier passed away. This communication is now held by relatives of Colonel Chapman.

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Hurt Spawning, Not Voyaging.

Herodotus told of fishes bruising and hurting their sides while swimming up the Nile in spawn. It is often stated and nearly always believed that salmon get hurt in many ways when en route to their spawning places. In central Idaho an examination of many salmon shows that at the time the salmon came to the spawning beds all were in fine fix—not a scratch or bruise to be found. But in a few days scratches and sores and bruises were enough and plenty. Most of these injuries were got from nuzzling and bellying gravel about for spawn nests, or else from fighting, which was fierce and continuous. Soon after the several days of spawning both bucks and roes died invariably, infallibly.

A Sign for the Plumber.

"Blessings brighter as they take their flight," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "I'd give a good deal to go home now and have them tell me that the water pipes are frozen."

Communion With God

By Rev. J. H. Ralston

Secretary of Correspondence Department of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—"And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself."—Genesis III, 9, 10.

The most godly men have found difficulty, at least at times, to preserve the close communion with God which is their right through Christ to enjoy. This communion can only be secured by God and man coming into personal contact. Facts of state and of experience readily prove to man that he and God are often-times apart. As personalities, each recognizes that



there is some obligation to seek each other, yet the obligation on God's part to seek man is somewhat difficult to understand. Man obviously ought to seek God, he ought to be asking the question, "Where shall I find him?" but God anticipates man in this search and comes frequently and asks, as in the text, "Where art thou?" This being the case, there is presented for our consideration in the text as a whole: (1) God seeking man; (2) Man keeping away from God, by hiding or otherwise; (3) The soul-experience that compels him to move to God.

1. God is seeking man. This is not the normal situation, for man ought to be seeking God with the whole heart, everything else being as nothing in comparison. God is seeking man, not with the intent apparently that he sought Adam in the Garden of Eden, which was for the purpose of reproof, or punishment. God not only is seeking man, but wishes to be sought for by man, as the hymn writer Faber so beautifully sings:

"God loves to be longed for, he loves to be sought.

For he sought us himself with such longing and love!

And he died for desire of us, marvelous thought!

And he yearns for us now to be with his above."

There is not a man away from God but for whom God longs, and will go any distance to find.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay

In th' shelter of the fold, But one was out on the hills away.

Far off from the gates of gold— Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;

Are they not enough for thee? But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of mine

Has wandered away from me, And although the road be rough and steep

I go to the desert to find my sheep."

2. But just as prominent as the search of God for man is man's constant refusal to be found. As Adam fled from the Lord, as Jonah tried to get away from the obligation to preach at Nineveh, as the prodigal fled to a far country and wasted his substance in riotous living, so man does today. Touched by the Spirit of God, the church, through its many agencies, is putting forth effort to reach man. Its doors have always been open, and rarely is the church found that does not welcome all classes to its services. In recent years God's people are going out after men in all places where they may be found. The gospel is preached in places not dedicated to divine worship—in tents, on street corners, and elsewhere, and it is difficult for a man within Christendom to get beyond the invitation of the gospel, and yet he will not yield to it.

3. But there is a reason for this as suggested in the text; it is the consciousness of shame, "I was naked and I hid myself." It must be conceded that there are multitudes who do not seem to have God in any of their thoughts, they live apparently as the beasts of the field, they seem to have no consciousness whatever that they are more than creatures of a day, mere ephemera. But the man or woman who may be beguiled to read these words is not such a person. In some way he senses God. He has an intuition, as we might say, which probably teaches him his personal responsibility.

Is that a misfortune? Far from it. It is the dawn of hope. It is the soul-pain that tells of possible return to spiritual health secured through perfect communion with God. Grateful should the man be who thus becomes uneasy, yes, faces God and talks with him. In this day the grace of God is seeking man, not to reprove him only, not to punish him, but to bless him; he is not willing that any should perish.

It may be said that the man who is discovered by God, discovers, or finds, himself; he comes to himself as the prodigal did, and is then not far from starting back to the Father's house. As the cry recently has been with many "Back to Christ," we might say that the cry should now rather be "Back to God."

Advertising Talks

WHAT GOOD ADVERTISING IS

Buyer's Viewpoint of Merchandise Must Be Considered First of All—Keep Everlastingly at It.

Good advertising consists in telling the public in language that they can understand, what they want to know about the goods you have to sell.

Failures in advertising follow the avoidance of this simple rule. It is all a question of viewpoint, says the Novelty News.

Most advertisers and copy writers are too full of what they see in the things they have to advertise. They fail to consider the reader's viewpoint.

It is a matter of only secondary importance to the buyer what you think of your proposition. With the buyer it is purely a question of how he (or she) can use what you have to offer.

Nothing is more absurd than to advertise the "biggest," "the best goods," "the highest quality." That's what you say about it. The public want to form their own judgment. They consider themselves competent and if you want to sell them you must convince them by showing what you have to sell.

It's nothing to them that you say your goods are "best," and of "highest quality." Most of the buying public are from Missouri; they want to be shown. They want to see what you have to offer.

Another common failing is for large concerns to assume that they are too well known to need advertising. Everybody knows us, they say, and if they are in the market for our line of goods we will surely learn of it. No concern is so great that they don't require advertising, none so well known that some new buyer in the field has not heard of them. It is sheer egotism to think otherwise.

A product similar to Postum Cereal was made in Battle Creek long before Post went there. But the public didn't know it. The concern that produced it thought everybody who might want it knew about it. But Post thought otherwise. And because he was wise otherwise, he made millions. Advertising did it.

And don't expect immediate, tangible and directly traceable results. Most advertising is a question of good publicity, of telling the people all the time.

Those who place the largest orders don't buy every day. They but at infrequent intervals, hence the necessity of "keeping everlastingly at it."

You may quit just when a large order is about to be placed. And the buyer when he does make up his mind to buy doesn't remember the ad. you placed a few months ago.

The salesman on the spot generally gets the orders, the advertiser who confronts the buyer when ready to buy, reaps the harvest. That kind of advertising pays.

Parables of 1912.

If you toot your little tooter And then lay aside your horn, There's not a soul in ten short days Will know that you were born.

The man who advertises With a short and sudden jerk, Is the one who blames the paper Because it doesn't work.

But the man who gets the business, And who the other fellow beats, Is the advertiser with the adlet That you read from week to week.

We can help you toot your trumpet, We can bring the people in, We can help you build your business, Are you ready to begin?

Moral—He who toots his little trumpet Can withstand a sudden shock, For like the man in Scripture He builds his business on a rock.

—Fourth Estate.

Don't be a wheelbarrow man in a motor age. Scratch for business. The hen does it, and as a money producer she has got John D. Rockefeller beaten to a frazzle.

Patronize Home Merchants.

By patronizing home merchants you are rewarded by always having good enterprising merchants at home. Patronize them and they will benefit you in more ways than one. You are rewarded by seeing your patronage and the patronage of your influence in building up and maintaining your own town; patronize home merchants, home industry and home enterprise of all kinds in preference to those of any place. Spend your money at home with people who have interest in your town. By doing this the town is kept up, property is made more valuable, conveniences are enlarged and opportunities for financial improvements are opened.

The Lasting Kind of Advertising.

The advertiser who tells the truth—nothing but the truth always—may not cut as wide a swath at first as the advertiser who puts into his announcements some of the glitter and temporary pulling power of insincerity," says Jerome F. Fleischman, "but he gets business that sticks and grows—whereas the man who doesn't live up to his advertising fools people once and drives them away forever."

BEST WAY TO REACH PEOPLE

Newspaper Advertising Will Accomplish Merchant's Object Quicker Than Any Other Method.

In an interesting address before the San Diego, Cal., Ad Club recently, C. S. Holzwasser said among other things:

"Should you want to say something to those whom you cannot reach by the various methods we have, such as personal conversation or telephonic communication, they are best reached through the medium of the newspapers.

"Advertising, in my opinion, is the art of creating a desire in the minds of those whom you wish to reach to possess something that you have. Since everybody reads the newspapers, it follows as a matter of course that if you advertise in the newspapers, you reach the greatest number of people. I find that whenever I say something to my public in the newspapers—when I have something real to say—I always get splendid results. I find, however, that when I talk in the newspapers and do not say anything—I may as well not have used the newspapers at all. When I first started out to write advertisements, we used to hear and read about a man named Charles Austin Bates. I believe this is the gist of what he said: 'If you want to attract a man's attention in the newspapers you will call to him in 72-point type. After you have attracted his attention, if he makes the start to come to you, tell him what you want to say in 10-point type.' I would go a little farther than Mr. Bates, and would say in a loud tone of voice, exemplified by the 72-point type, what I wanted to tell him. I would also lower my voice after I had attracted his attention, but I would be very sure that I had something to say which would interest him, before I called to him at all.

"I find the nearer I approach the common sense in my talks in the newspapers, the more successful we are. I also find that evasion of the truth or misstatements of any kind in the newspapers is the most expensive kind of advertising, from the fact that we do not get results and such methods of advertising have a tendency to reduce confidence in our advertisements by the readers. Therefore, we advertise in the newspapers, plain statements of fact, garnished a little by the elegancies of the English language, always telling the truth, the results are absolutely certain.

"What is absolutely necessary in newspaper advertising is to be specific. To have something to say and to say it. As I have stated before, to say it in plain words which do not go over the various heads of the readers. We can assume that the proportion of educated persons to illiterates, or the proportion of illiterates who do not read the English language, is very small—practically nil. Therefore, if we have something to say, and we say it through the medium of the newspapers, we are bound to receive a very good hearing. I find that newspaper advertising, like every other field of human endeavor, is becoming an art, and embraces a great many units of this art. Advertising is no less an art than the practice of law or medicine. We can estimate accurately the results that we may obtain from a certain amount of space, which may be used in newspaper advertising. We know that where we specialize in any one of the units of newspaper advertising; where we present a good, logical reason for our readers to buy a certain thing, we obtain results.

"We know the man who has made a specialty of advertising, for instance, windmills, has made a success of the selling of these windmills from the fact that he became a specialist in this one particular line of work, and brought the selling of windmills up to a very fine art. Like the practice of medicine, which is divided into a great many subdivisions—each a department and study in itself—so advertising has been brought to such a fine art that specialists in advertising have today reached a stage where they can advertise their particular specialty, and can reach the buying public, surely obtaining results every time.

"I believe, personally, in specific advertising. I believe in advertising in the newspapers more than in anything else. It is the natural avenue, and the only one method we have for conveying such information as we desire to one another. While there are other mediums of advertising, in my career as a merchant (something like twenty-five years) I have reached the net result that the newspaper is the only one method by which I can surely create a desire in the people's minds to buy something that I have on sale.

"The newspapers practically form public opinion on every question which arises. They, every day, contain lectures on sociology, on business, literature, philosophy, on everything that is of interest to man or woman. Therefore as time goes on, and minds enlarge, people become broader and the newspapers are filling a still broader field. I cannot see where any other method of advertising can be likened in any way with the advantages of those derived from newspaper advertising. I am quite sure, with the organization you have (composed, as it is, with a good part of the brains of the community—with the will to do and the knowledge to do it with—and the truth back of you), you cannot fail to bring results, even greater than you had perhaps aspired to."

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 the estate 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 Leyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of the estate 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, Executor. GILBERT G. SMITH, Executors.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an Order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Sarah A. 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 the estate of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Scribo, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November 1912. Dated April 26th, 1912. AUSTIN B. COMSTOCK, 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., Masd 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.

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

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly

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

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

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE GENOA TRIBUNE together for one year for \$1.65.

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

FARMERS Please Notice!

Wood and iron work of all kinds. Wagons and farm tools repaired on short notice.

WILLIAM HUSON, Genoa

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED





TORONTO FAIR

August 24—September 9
Canadian National Exhibition

\$7.70 Round Trip All Rail **\$6.65** Round Trip Rail and Steamer

Fares apply from Auburn

Tickets on sale daily, August 24th to September 7th. Return limit, September 10th.

American Day—September 5th

Art Exhibits, Yacht and Motor Boat Races, Imperial Cadet and Boy Scout Reviews, Live Stock, Dog and Cat Shows, Dragoon's Musical Ride, Hippodrome and Circus, Siege of Delhi, Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and Fireworks. Four Stages and Arena all going.

Besses 'O Th' Barn Brass Band, Scots Guard Band and a score of other Military Bands.

For time of trains, tickets or additional information, consult agents.

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

New Fall Goods Arriving

Something for some department almost every day.

Coats, Suits, Skirts, Waists, Rain Coats, Dress Goods, etc.

Balance of Summer Garments at bottom prices.

BUSH & DEAN,

ITHACA, NEW YORK.

Closed Wednesday afternoons until September.

KODAKS



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

The modern Kodak is simple in construction and easily operated.

We have the entire series.
Brownies from \$1 to \$12
Folding Kodaks from \$6 to \$67
Premier and Hawkeyes. Let us show you. Catalogue by mail upon request.

Developing and Printing

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.

PRICE LIST

DEVELOPING	
2 1/4 x 3 1/4 6 exp	.10c
2 1/4 x 3 1/4 12 exp	.15c
2 1/4 x 4 1/4 6 exp	.15c
2 1/4 x 4 1/4 12 exp	.20c
2 1/4 x 5 1/4 6 exp	.20c
2 1/4 x 5 1/4 10 exp	.25c
PRINTING	
2 1/4 x 3 1/4 each	.3c
2 1/4 x 4 1/4 each	.4c
2 1/4 x 4 1/4 each	.4c
2 1/4 x 3 1/4 each	.4c
2 1/4 x 5 1/4 each	.5c
Post Cards	.5c

Everything for Photography

Films, Plates, Paper and all the materials required by amateur or professional photographers.

Sagar Drug Store

109-111 Genesee St. Auburn.



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

NEW YORK STATE FAIR

Agricultural and Industrial Exposition
SYRACUSE
September 9-10-11-12-13-14, 1912

<p>Demonstrations and Illustrated Lectures: in Many Departments Change of Program Each Day</p> <p>Aeroplane Races Daily AVIATION MEET Open to World Competition in Connection with Military Symkhaha, September 14. Five Airships in Spectacular Contests.</p>	<p>Highest Class Amusement Features—Conway's Cornet Band Evening Carnival Spectacles</p> <p>Great Open Air Horse and Cattle Show. Grand Circuit Races 2 Feature Races Introducing 18 Fastest Trotters and Pacers of American Turf.</p>
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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.



Don't Lose Money On Sick Cows.

KOW-KURE

KOW-KURE has doubled the value of thousands of ailing cows by its wonderful medicinal qualities. Hundreds of unspeakable cures have been rendered from the bottle and made big profit-producers. KOW-KURE is not a "milk-lender," it is a remedy. It positively cures and prevents the ailments that stop the strength of the milking cow and give call. It regulates the digestive and generative organs and cleans up the "milky humor"—GROSS BARKNESS, RETAINED AF-TER-BIRTH, APOSTHOM, MILK FEVER, LOST APPETITE and similar ills.

Every dairymen should use KOW-KURE to keep the herd healthy, because healthy cows produce.

USE OUR "MILK," THE GREAT FLY AND FLEA REPELLENT.

DAIRY ASSOCIATION, Norwich, N. Y.

NEW NEWS UP TOWN

When Senator William H. Seward Wept in Public.

Famous Statesman Broke Down and Sobbed While Delivering the Eulogy on His Friend, Thomas Rusk of Texas.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

General Thomas L. Clingman, who from 1843 to 1858, with the exception of one term, represented North Carolina in the lower house of congress and was a member of the senate when the Civil war began, resigning that office to return to North Carolina and become a Confederate brigadier-general, used frequently to re-visit Washington in the late seventies and early eighties. He did not come upon any political errand, for he eschewed politics at the close of the Civil war. He was an enthusiastic prophet with respect to the mineral wealth of his state; the first man, in fact, to make this wealth known. If any one were willing to chat with him he would sit by the hour describing the treasures of platinum and of precious stones, even diamonds, which he was sure were within the bowels of the North Carolina mountains. Notwithstanding his snow-white beard and the wrinkles which time had left on his face, he seemed to be mentally as active as ever, and there was no faltering in his step.

"Of all the great statesmen of the North that I have known," once said General Clingman to me, "the one I always recall with the greatest satisfaction, is William H. Seward. I made his acquaintance before I entered the senate, and that acquaintance, in due time, ripened into something like friendship. Did you know that, in Seward's time, there was no northern member of the senate who was on more friendly terms with the southern members of congress generally? And that reminds me of the first and only time I saw Senator Seward weep in public.

"Seward became a member of the senate in 1849. Three years before Texas had sent to the senate as its first representative in that body Sam Houston and Thomas J. Rusk, who had stood second to Houston in the war which had established the independence of Texas. Between Rusk and Seward there soon sprang up a friendly relation that gradually ripened into a real intimacy, and this relation was a nine days' wonder to many, for Seward had then become recognized as the leading anti-slavery Whig in the senate, while Rusk represented a slave state. But strange as this intimacy seemed, it continued unbroken to the day of Rusk's death in 1856, when he committed suicide in a moment of temporary mental aberration.

"Of course the customary memorial services were held in the senate, and Seward delivered one of the eulogies. In fact his was the chief eulogy, and I have always regarded it as a classic. But the most remarkable thing in connection with its delivery was that, suddenly, Senator Seward broke down. He was convulsed with his grief. He buried his face in his handkerchief and sobbed. It was so affecting that many of his colleagues also were moved to tears.

"A few days later, when I congratulated Seward on his eulogy of his friend, I suggested that there must have been something of an unusual character to bring two such men as himself and Rusk together on terms of intimacy.

"Shortly after President Pierce's administration began," he told me, "I was informed that a personal and very loyal friend for whom I had secured appointment in one of the government departments was in danger of removal. I was very anxious that he should be retained. One day I mentioned my apprehension to Senator Rusk and told him why I was so anxious that this friend should be retained in the department. He had been of great service to me in New York politics, and at considerable personal sacrifice. I knew, also, that if he were removed from this place he would be in actual want.

"Senator Rusk begged me to relieve my mind of all apprehension. 'I shall make the retention of this friend of yours the test of my loyalty to President Pierce's administration,' he said. He was as good as his word, and now you understand why I felt so keenly the passing of Thomas Rusk."

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A Convent Supper.

I think, perhaps, our town-bred Jeremiah might not have envied us the meal we enjoyed. It was Friday, so, of course, we were dined meat; there was "cheur blanc," cooked as only a French cook can, and a succession of dainty vegetable dishes that our British boiled-potato-distilled intelligences could not classify. The repast finished with slices of home-made bread and "coniture." Nursery bread, and jam, none other, yet it had a savor all its own, nevertheless. The fruit was ripened on the long extent of gray wall that enclosed the vast conventional establishment, with its spacious gardens, wings, cloisters, quiet quads, and shady courtyards.

The convent made a little world of its own, and, like all worlds, probably held a dash within itself again; but the aspect, to its visitors, was peace personified, and its atmosphere an unbroken tranquility that penetrated to one's very bones after the hurly-burly of London.—Harper's Bazar.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

ALCOHOL AS FOOD SUPPLIER

Science Has Proved That Finest Grades of Whisky are Almost as Poisonous as Inferior Ones.

"The second father of the human race might have left a better record had he been a passenger of the water wagon," said the Rev. Homer B. Henderson, pastor of the Third United Presbyterian church of St. Louis, in a sermon on "Science and Alcohol."

"The need of the water wagon is as old as time. Even the code of Hammurabi, the proof of so many ancient records, gives evidence that in the day of its writing the wagon was needed and its benefits were sought.

"The water wagon, the steam roller of the reform age," was the characterization of the temperance movement made by the Rev. Mr. Henderson, whose sermon was a sweeping attack upon alcohol from the scientist's viewpoint. The conclusions and facts concerning alcoholism were gained by the minister during researches and investigations covering a year and a half and embracing scientific opinion the world over.

"The production of alcohol," he said, "is most significant and is not suggestive of wholesomeness. It is not a strength giver and an energy builder, but is in itself the result of decomposition. Although it exists naturally in the fruits and grains and in the human body, may we not even presume, then, since it is produced by decomposition, that it exists in the places found as the material result of decomposition and waste? How, then, can it aid health or restore that condition?"

"As a food supplier alcohol is a failure. You would have to buy \$1.45 worth of beer to get the equal in food value of 5 cents' worth of flour. Science has proved that the best of whiskies are almost as poisonous as the inferior grades in the same quantities.

"It has been proved by Professor Kraepelin of Munich that even one glass of beer diminishes the physical and mental energies.

"The most noted change in the attitude toward alcohol has occurred among the men of medical science, who are relinquishing its use and in many cases refusing to attend a patient until all effects of liquor have disappeared.

"The medicinal use of alcohol in typhoid, erysipelas, lung affections and blood poisons is being abandoned, through the steady and unerring guide of scientific research, which is showing its fallacy. A successful tuberculosis specialist in Omaha, who regards beer as more injurious than whisky, has absolutely refused to treat a patient until he discards intoxicants of every kind. Alcohol's only place in the medical world is as a solvent and preservative.

"It has been thought that if whisky were discarded distilleries would be necessary for the cure of snake bite. An authority on serpent poisons says that many men have been killed by the use of alcohol as an antidote for snake poison and that many men thoroughly inebriated with whisky have been killed by the bite of a snake. So, after all its vaunted efficiency in that line, it is really not a success.

"It has taken many years to learn the relation between the serpent and alcohol, although one was instrumental in the fall of Adam, our first parent, and the other of Noah, our second.

"Alcohol first and most fiercely attacks the white corpuscles of the blood, which are aptly termed the 'soldiers of the blood.' These are our safeguards against disease germs, but alcohol weakens and destroys them.

"Alcohol attacks man's moral and intellectual stature, because its first attack is made against his inhibition, the finer and more delicate organism of his brain. These are the last developed and measure the intellectual capacity of the man.

"Whisky deadens these and stupefies the cultivated man, while it bids the cave man awake. The higher is suppressed and the lower is released. Do we not see this when we read in our papers of the astonishing excesses indulged in by some of our cultivated citizens when under the influence of liquor?"

"Alcohol means more to heredity than to any other thing concerning life. It poisons the parent cell. Progeny is lacking in vitality and mental stature. It dwarts the life-giving power of the mother. The number of mothers able to raise their young is decreasing.

"The once wide practice in Germany of prescribing beer for young mothers is fast being abandoned. In New England in the early times, breweries were exempt from taxation if they produced a large number of barrels of beer. Now the industry is the most heavily taxed.

"And so the water wagon rattles on. Some of its passengers may be fanatic or extremists. Some of the things they have said may have been exaggerated. Some of their ideas set forth even may not be tenable. A small amount of truth, enthusiasm, prejudice and hope sometimes make an undesirable combination. But the truth is damning and with it the popularity of this one-time deified vehicle of reason—the water wagon."

Belief that Common Political Term Sprang From a Horse Race Held in Tennessee.

The political term "dark horse" is thought to have had its origin in the following circumstances:

In the last century there lived in Tennessee a "character" named Flynn, an elderly person who dealt in horses. Flynn generally contrived to own a speedy nag or two for racing purposes if he could arrange for "a good thing" during his peregrinations throughout the state.

The best of Flynn's flyers was a coal black stallion named Dusky Pete, almost a thoroughbred and able to go in the best of company.

One day Flynn visited a town where a race meeting was in progress. He entered Pete. The people, knowing nothing of the horse's antecedents and not being over impressed by his appearance, backed the local favorite heavily against the stranger.

Just as the beasts were being saddled for the race, a certain Judge McMinamee, who was the "oracle" of that part of the state, arrived on the course and was made one of the race judges.

As he took his place on the stand he was told of the folly of the owner of the strange entry. Running his eye over the track the judge instantly recognized Pete. "Gentlemen," said McMinamee, "there's a dark horse in this race, as you'll soon find out."

He was right. Pete, "the dark horse," lay back until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he went to the front with a rush and won the race.

JUST A MERE SUGGESTION

Huby's Plaintiff, However, Threatened to Develop into a First-Class Family Spat.

"Gertrude!"

"Yes, John."

"We've been married long enough now to talk plainly to each other."

"What's the matter now?"

"If I do something you don't like I want you to tell me of it, and if you do things I don't like I think I ought to tell you of them, too."

"I suppose I don't suit you at all?"

"Yes you do, but I think we ought to talk over our likes and dislikes. In that way we can get along so much better."

"John, I want you to understand right now that I was brought up every bit as well as you, and know how to behave. And as to my cooking, I can do as well as your mother ever did."

"I had hoped that you wouldn't lose your temper. But if you're going to act this way we may as well drop the matter right here."

"What is the matter, anyhow?"

"I only wanted to suggest that when you darn my socks it would be better for me if you would tie the knots on the outside, instead of the inside."

New York Police Mascot.

In addition to its official "yaller dog" mascot, Bum, the old Mulberry street police station has acquired another dog, known as Peg Post. He is also, of an ochre tint, and his mysterious behavior has baffled the wisest sleuths in the station. When the men begin their tours on the stationary or "peg" posts at ten o'clock at night, the dog comes trotting from somewhere and takes up his station with whichever policeman on duty in the precinct suits his fancy for that particular night. Frequently he changes from one post to another, and remains on watch until the stationary posts give way to regular patrol at six in the morning. Then he trots away, and is not seen until the next night. Offers of tidbits from the men's lunches have been repeatedly refused by Peg Post, and his agility has thus far prevented any one from learning the number of the dog license he wears on his collar.

—New York Tribune.

Aid to the Unlovely.

"I try to be an efficient city directory," said the hotel clerk, "but balk at recommending a beauty doctor to women guests.

"That is one of the first things they want to know. Churches, theaters, even dressmakers can wait a few days, but the beauty doctor is an immediate necessity. Unfortunately, they do not get much satisfaction out of me. Any number of beauty specialists leave cards for distribution, but so many of them have been mixed up in lawsuits that I feel squeamish about delivering their cards. To satisfy my own conscience and the women at the same time I hand out a bunch of advertisements with the remark that I guess they are about all alike.

"Then they can pay their money and take their choice, and if they lose their hair and complexion, they can't come back on me for damages."

Largest Flying Fish.

The largest flying fish on record was served up for breakfast on the British warship Arctica a short time ago. The Arctica was homeward bound and was off the Canary Islands when a large school of flying fish was observed. They were apparently in full flight from some deep sea enemy and travelling rapidly. As the ship met and passed them several flew on board and were seized by the crew as welcome additions to the menu. One of the fish measured 18 inches; the largest flying fish ever seen before the Arctica's catch have never exceeded 10 inches. The big one was fried for the captain's breakfast. Flying fish are very palatable and taste like trout.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

Echo of the Famous Hayes-Tilden Controversy.

Intimation of Former President of Telegraph Company Was That Messages Existed Proving the Case of the Democrats.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

The late Dr. Norvin Green, who succeeded William Orton as president of the Western Union Telegraph company in 1878 and whose brilliant management of that great corporation until his death in the early nineties justified the selection of this quiet Kentucky physician for that post, was one of the most unassuming and modest of men. Moreover he was an entertaining story-teller, relating his anecdotes in a quiet, sometimes whimsical way—for he had a keen sense of humor—and at other times speaking with real dramatic force. In a conversation which I had with him one evening in the spring of 1884 he spoke guardedly of one of the great secrets of the Western Union under Mr. Orton's management.

"You may remember," said Dr. Green, "that William Orton and his very warm and close personal friend, Senator Roscoe Conkling, were among the few conspicuous Republican leaders in 1876 who were convinced that Samuel J. Tilden had been lawfully elected president that year. Senator Conkling was so thoroughly convinced of this that he would take no part in the tactics adopted by congress by means of which an electoral commission was appointed as a sort of umpire or arbitrator to decide the disputed point as to whether Tilden or Hayes had received a majority of the electoral votes; and I have always strongly suspected that Senator Conkling's belief that Tilden had received a lawful majority of the electoral vote was based upon information which he obtained from his friend, William Orton.

"A short time before Mr. Orton's death he and I were speaking of the presidential controversy of 1876. Mr. Orton remarked that he could not understand why a more thorough investigation into the election had not been made by those who had charge of the controversy for Mr. Tilden up to the time of the establishment of the electoral commission in January of 1877.

"Mr. Orton," I said, "you, as a Republican, are sincerely convinced that Mr. Tilden received a legal majority of the electoral vote. Of course I, as a Democrat, have never had any doubt of that."

"If Mr. Tilden's representatives," replied Mr. Orton, "had properly managed that part of their investigation which brought in the Western Union company, I have not the slightest doubt that the country would have been speedily persuaded that Tilden was lawfully entitled to the presidency."

"But, Mr. Orton," I said, "in the records of the company examined under subpoena nothing was found to justify, or legally to justify, the claim that telegrams had been sent by Republican leaders in New York to the returning boards in Louisiana and Florida practically offering bribes to the members of those boards for the delivery of the majority vote of those states to the Republicans."

"Mr. Orton looked at me queerly for a moment, and then he said: 'Ah, the trouble was that they didn't look for evidence in the right place; the subpoenas simply called for telegrams sent to the returning boards of Louisiana and Florida. It was not the business of the Western Union to deliver any records excepting those that were called for by the subpoena.'

"Mr. Orton said not another word; he left me in infer that, while no telegrams were sent direct to the returning boards offering bribes, still such telegrams were sent, but to persons who would convey the messages to the parties most interested by word of mouth. However that may be, there are now no records in the telegraph office, so far as I know, which will shed any light upon the Hayes-Tilden controversy, but I have always felt that had there been a more careful scrutiny, a more thorough search, or a search in other directions than that taken by the Tilden investigators, something would have been found at the time which would explain the unshakable belief expressed by Mr. Orton that Mr. Tilden received a lawful majority of the electoral college."

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Oppose Women Workers.

Mr. John Burns, labor member of the English parliament, says that the work of women, especially married women, must be curtailed. No one would be any happier than the women, no doubt, to see this brought about if bread and butter were also certain. There are 166,000 married women in the cotton mills of the Lancashire district alone. The theory of Mr. Burns is that if the women stay at home the welfare of their husbands will be increased.

An Extreme Measure.

"Blind" wife is a great fault-finder, I understand.
"Yes; she even made poor Bling put a knocker on the front door."

An Exception.

"There is one trade, at least, where a freeze-out means work for the man."
"What might that be?"
"Cutting ice."

HOME TOWN HELPS

PUT THE SCHOOL YARD FIRST

Some Truth in Writer's Criticism of Communitaries' Methods in America.

If it were not pathetic one could well laugh to see how foolishly the average small town and rural community expends its time and money upon outdoor ornamentation. Frequently the only well-cared-for spot is the cemetery, the abode of the dead—past all earthly help. The school yard, where character is formed and lasting impressions are made, is as bare as a paved street. From no standpoint may any tenable argument be made that the dead are entitled to greater consideration or better surroundings than our children, who are but clay in the hands of the parent potter. He who cares properly for the living is never lacking in respect for those who have passed away.

Another fact has often puzzled the writer; to see a community making efforts to raise a fund to purchase and ornament a public square when their district school yard, of equal dimensions, was entirely bare of trees or plants. Is it not strange that the only plot in a district in which all have common ownership should be the barest and most unsightly yard in the community? No plausible excuse can be given for such a condition—it costs but little to get started right. Almost every one in the district can spare a plant or easily-grown cuttings of the hardier plants. Get started on the right plan and do not leave too much to the teacher, who is apt to be changed every year; the work must be carried out under the supervision of permanent residents. Have plenty of room in the school yards and put it to a beneficial use. We deplore the fact that the United States is absolutely behind every other civilized country in the embellishment of school grounds.—Los Angeles Times.

POINTS ABOUT THE FOUNTAIN

Excellent Rules to Be Observed by Those Thinking About Setting Up One of These Ornaments.

A fountain should be a garden ornament; a statement that needs to be kept in mind, for almost every one knows of fountains that are neither garden ornaments nor ornamental in themselves. A very excellent rule is never to set up a fountain unless it is good and beautiful in itself, and fills a definite place in the garden scheme. Do not, in any event, use it simply because it happens to be handy. Falling water is always beautiful, and the function of a fountain is to introduce falling water into the garden—a result that is not the less true because it must first be projected upward before it can come down. Everything in this device should look toward beauty. The fountain itself should be good to look upon, whether it be a simple vase, a fish, bird or human figure. The more complicated the device the more difficult the artistic problems involved; for the human figure is of all subjects, the most difficult for the artist. If human figures are used, they must be well done, or it would be better to break up the fountain and discard it altogether. The water part must also be well arranged, and adapted in volume and in form to the structure of the fountain. Finally, it must be so placed as to harmonize with the garden scheme.

The Madonna Lily.

Remember to start this August bulbs of the Madonna lily, a beautiful plant which should adorn every garden. It is not generally grown, perhaps, because of the necessity of starting the bulbs in the late summer. The soil should be fairly good, inclined to dampness, but well drained. The ground should be worked over a foot deep, and if it is poor manure should be worked in below where the bulbs are to be placed. The bulbs should not come in contact with the manure.

The bulbs should be planted at least four inches deep and the bed may then be covered with a light layer of manure. Considerable growth will be made in the fall and the following spring or early summer will produce beautiful fragrant white flowers on stalks three or four feet in height.

After flowering the plant dies to the ground and remains dormant until the beginning of its new growth late in the summer. An established clump should not be disturbed until the plants begin to show signs of weakness or disease. This condition may not develop for many years, and when it does another clump should be started in a new location.

Weeds in Lawns.

Aside from dandelions, plantain and noxious grasses, the greater number of common weeds may be kept out of lawns by frequent mowings. In new lawns nothing more encourages grass or discourages weeds than close clipping as often as there is sufficient growth for the machine blades to catch. To be sure, there are weeds that thrive splendidly under the treatment outlined, and we must get down on our knees and pull them out by the painful process known as "hand-weeding." But then a good lawn is worth all its costs.

HERTZ THE REAL DISCOVERER

Marconi Made Practical Success of the Wireless, but Was Not First in the Field.

The principle of wireless telegraphy is easily comprehended. As is known light and heat move in waves whose lengths can be measured. Thus, the sun gives out in every direction light in a series of undulating waves which may not only be measured, but can be deflected, polarized, and so on. Some idea of this may be gained from the well-known fact that when a stone is thrown into a smooth pool of water a series of circular waves extends in all directions. If any floating object comes within these waves they are oscillated.

It was the lamented Prof. Hertz who discovered that electricity, like light and heat, also moves in waves which may be measured. Just precisely how these waves pass through the atmosphere is not wholly understood, but it is believed that they have some relation to ether, which is omnipresent and which is believed to constitute all matter under different negative electrical conditions. In wireless telegraphy a series of Hertzian waves are set up by powerful electrical dynamos or batteries, and these are discharged from the top of a high mast or pole. These waves extend in all directions, and, unless their force is expended by distance they excite certain effects in the receiver of wireless telegraph instruments within the zone, just as the waves disturb chips on a pool. Messages are sent and received somewhat on the plan of ordinary Morse code by wires, in that electrical impulses are regulated so as to spell words according to a code.

To Marconi belongs the credit of making a practical success of the discoveries of others, but to Hertz belongs the credit of making the system possible.

PASSED AN UNQUIET NIGHT

Traveler, Lost in the Bush, Was Glad to Do Without the Blessings of Slumber.

But I had never given a thought to the course I had taken in my gallop across the veldt. I kept on and on, and before long it grew dark and somewhat cold. So I dismounted, and after thinking it over, I knee-haltered the horse and let him go, crept head first into a large ant-bear hole for a night's lodging, and made myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, using the blebok hide for a blanket. The night was dark as pitch.

Sleep was out of question. I suppose it was the haunches and the raw hide that attracted the creatures, but before long it really seemed as if I had settled down in a village of wild pigs and insulted the whole community. To begin with, squealing incessantly, they seemed to be racing round and round in a circle, taking me for its center. Then a number of jackals drawing nearer and nearer, joined in the chorus. But I soon discovered that if I disliked the noise I fairly dreaded the silence. During the quiet spells I knew that something was chewing industriously at the projecting ends of the raw hide in which I was enveloped. It was hard work for me to keep from kicking incessantly, but whenever I rested for a minute the chewing developed into vigorous tugs, the significance of which it was easy for one in my position to appreciate.

However, I kicked the night through in safety, and early in the morning, to my delight, I found my horse a short distance away, nibbling contentedly at his breakfast.—Atlantic Monthly.

Most Popular Character.

Charles Dickens once received an invitation to a "Walter Scott" party, each guest being expected to attend in the character of one or another of Scott's heroes. On the eventful night, however, greatly to the astonishment of the assembled Rob Roys and Waverleys, Dickens turned up in ordinary evening dress and apparently quite unconcerned. At length the host, who was feeling uneasy, came up to the novelist and inquired:

"Fray, Mr. Dickens, what character of Scott's can you possibly be supposed to represent?"

"Character!" said Dickens. "Why, sir, a character you will find in every one of Scott's novels. I," he went on, smiling, "am the 'gentle reader.'"

Terrible Ordeal.

"It was perfectly frightful," said Chubbleigh. "There we ran at top speed around the corner, and the first thing I knew we dashed plumb into that grocer's wagon. I guess, it must have held a hundred dozen eggs."

"Oh, well, that wasn't so bad, was it?" said Hicks. "You could afford to pay for 'em, couldn't you?"

"Oh, it wasn't that," said Chubbleigh, with a shudder. "But I don't believe there was a good egg in the whole lot!" —Harper's Weekly.

Already Accomplished.

A reader asked the sage for advice, saying:

"I am engaged to Kate Murphy, but my former fiancée, Kate Dooley, threatens to sue me for breach of promise. Can you advise me how to extricate myself from this difficulty?"

The reply of the sage was short. It ran:

"My dear reader, if I may say so, you seem to have extra-kated yourself already!"

The KITCHEN CABINET



IF YOU can't be a lighthouse, be a gandle.

One better not know so much than to know so much that ain't so. —Josh Billings.

DISHES FOR THE VEGETARIAN.

For the increasing number of those who are eschewing meat for one reason or another, and who are studying food values, in order to choose intelligently when arranging menus, the following suggestions may prove helpful:

It is never wise to make a radical change all at once in one's diet; but bring it about by degrees. There are many foods of high value in protein that are not nearly as expensive as meat. Among the foods that may take the place of meat in the diet are nuts, cheese, macaroni, rice, beans, peas, oatmeal, entire wheat, and graham, as well as the whole kernel of wheat cooked until tender. These foods save the meat bills.

Here are a few menus that will be suggestive: Breakfast—Fruit, cereal, corn cakes, maple syrup and coffee. Dinner—Baked beans, brown bread, apple and celery salad, coffee suffice and coffee. When a green salad is used a custard for dessert will supply the food value needed.

Mock Fowl.—To a cupful of bread crumbs add a cup of water and stir over the fire until boiling hot. Take from the heat and add three hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine, a cup of pecan meats or hickory nut meats, a cup of cold boiled rice, a teaspoon and a half of salt, half a tablespoonful of grated onion and the same amount of powdered sage. Mix well and stir in two well-beaten eggs, mold into the form of a fowl, reserving a portion for the wings and legs, stick in a piece of macaroni for the bone and press them against the body of the fowl. Form the wings and press them against the body. Brush with butter and sprinkle with bread crumbs and bake in a quick oven, basting two or three times with melted butter. Serve with apple or gooseberry sauce.

Another dinner menu for the meatless eater is peanut soup, potatoes, egg salad, string beans, stewed figs and cup cakes. Another—Cream of tomato soup, pea timbales, potatoes or rice, fruit salad and graham pudding.

Scalloped Cheese.—Cheese in different forms is an excellent substitute for meat. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of bread cut in squares, add a layer of cheese cut small, dust with salt and pepper, add more bread, using half a loaf to a cup of cheese. Beat two eggs light, add a pint of milk and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

Nellie Maxwell.

The KITCHEN CABINET



COME forth into the light of things, let nature be your teacher. —Wordsworth.

To make work happy and rest fruitful, is the aim of art. —William Morris.

CHEESE DISHES.

Cheese is very acceptable in an endless variety of combinations, as sandwiches. A sandwich is prepared thus: Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add half a cup of grated American cheese, two tablespoonfuls of anchovy essence, one-fourth of a teaspoon of paprika and mustard, and one-half cup of olives chopped. Season with salt and spread between thin slices of bread.

Cheese Squares.—Prepare a pie crust, roll out and spread thinly with soft butter and sprinkle little dots of cheese no larger than a pea all over it; then lay over this another sheet of crust, press slightly, then cut in two-inch squares and bake. Frick with a fork before baking.

Cheese Balls.—Roll seasoned cream cheese into balls and roll in chopped nuts or parsley or in paprika to serve with the salad at dinner.

Cheese Souffle.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour, and when well mixed add a half cupful of milk. Season with salt, cayenne to taste and add a cup of chopped cheese; stir over the heat until the cheese melts, remove and cool and add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and fold in carefully the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake a half hour in a slow oven.

Cheese Salad.—Take two cream cheeses, soften with cream, and add a half cup of grated American cheese. Soak three-fourths of a tablespoon of gelatine in a tablespoonful of cold water, add a tablespoonful of boiling water and set the dish over hot water until the gelatine is dissolved. Add salt and paprika, the cheese, and a cup of cream whipped. Turn into a mold and garnish with red peppers and asparagus tips. Serve with French dressing.

Nellie Maxwell.

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