

# The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXII, No. 7

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1912.

EMMA A. WALDO

## From Nearby Towns.

### Ledyard.

SEPT. 9—The fine weather of the past few days have been improved by many farmers who have threshed their barley in the fields this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Minard have been guests of friends down the Hudson for the past ten days.

Mrs. Mary Tilton, with other friends, visited her son and family here a few days last week.

Marilla Starkweather has entered a Teachers' Training class in Syracuse.

Abbie Main commenced her school here at Ledyard this morning.

The Young People's Club was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Pine last Friday evening.

Mrs. Alkin has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Jones, whom we are pleased to learn is improving.

Dannie Brennan left this morning to spend two days at the State Fair.

Horace Avery has entered his fine drove of Durham cattle at the State fair again this year, and expects to capture some of the prizes.

### Venice.

SEPT. 7—Walter Divine of Union Springs visited relatives in this vicinity part of last week.

School begins Monday with Miss Clara Cook as teacher.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Aid will be with Mrs. B. H. Thorpe on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 19; all are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Parks of Auburn were guests of Mrs. W. Booth Labor Day.

William Parks and Arthur Myers also visited their grandmother a few days last week.

Richard Fawcett and family visited at Ray Morse's last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barrus of Eagle Harbor were recent guests at J. C. Misner's and R. H. Thorpe's.

About sixty members of the Sunday school attended the picnic which was held in the grove by the church Saturday afternoon. All seemed to enjoy themselves. A bounteous supper was served at 5 o'clock.

One of the most severe electrical storms passed over this place last Sunday afternoon that we have had in years. No damage has been reported near here.

Miss Ida Thorpe of Fleming visited her brother, R. H. Thorpe, and family, part of last week.

### North Lansing.

SEPT. 10—Mrs. Gifford of Auburn visited Mrs. Dorothy Wilcox one day last week.

William Wilcox, Ed Smith and Willard Wilcox attended the political convention in Syracuse last week.

### Ellsworth.

SEPT. 8—The Cayuga Lake Grange held its picnic on the lawn at E. G. Bradley's last Thursday and a very enjoyable afternoon was passed.

E. L. Dillon and family attended the county fair with several exhibits. They were awarded fifteen prizes in all; among them Miss Pearl received one for ginger cookies.

Misses Pearl Dillon and Mildred Dixon and Frank Dixon have enrolled in the Moravia High school and left this week for that place.

Miss Bush Lane of Sherwood was a guest of Miss Margaret O'Connell last week.

Mrs. Darling and son, DeForest are at the home of Supervisor Streeter for the winter.

Mrs. M. L. Winn and daughter Allene returned the first of the week from Trumansburg where they spent the past week.

Mrs. S. C. Reynolds of Trumansburg called on Mrs. A. C. Corey last Sunday.

Mrs. Burdette Streeter was a guest of her parents in Ludlowville last week.

Miss May Morton returned to her home in Locke last week, after spending the summer with Mrs. Streeter.

F. H. Corey and wife were callers at Merrifield Sunday evening.

Mrs. Albert Gould accompanied her grandson, Orin Stewart, to Auburn Monday where he entered Crumb's Business school.

SEPT. 10—Our young people are leaving for their different schools.

Miss Lida Stephenson will study Home Economics in Cornell University. Miss Elizabeth Stephenson will enter Oakwood Seminary, while the sister, Miss Mary, will remain at home as housekeeper for the two brothers, John and Elwood.

Miss Harriet Judge will return to Oakwood Seminary for her last year of work.

Orin Stewart is studying wireless telegraphy in Auburn.

Miss Alleine Winn re-enters Sherwood Select School.

Clarence Minard will take a course in chemistry at Syracuse University.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Minard have been spending a week with relatives at Trumansburg.

Arthur Fox and bride have returned and are at the home of his parents.

Farms bought, sold and exchanged. Inquire of The People's Agency, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y. 7tf

### Poplar Ridge.

SEPT. 10—School opened last week with Miss VanDeBogart of Ithaca as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pyle leave today for their home in Redlands, Cal.

### Ludlowville.

SEPT. 4—Nelson Holden has been visiting friends in Elmira.

Clarence O'Hara is shingling and repairing his house.

Miss Lizzie Dempsey is visiting the Brown sisters.

At the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. which was held in the M. E. parsonage Thursday afternoon, the following officers were elected:

Mrs. H. K. Krotts, Pres.; Mrs. E. R. Evans, Vice-pres.; Mrs. Kate Thayer, Sec.; Mrs. A. J. Sperry, Treas.

Mrs. George Wager of Ithaca was a recent visitor of George Ryan and wife.

Miss Isabelle Wood has returned to Red Hook, where she will teach the coming year. Her mother accompanied her and will make her home there for the present.

The Misses Margaret, Dorothy and Lucy and Master Albert Chapman, who have been spending the summer at the home of their grandmother, Mrs. N. E. Lyon, have returned to their home in Port Richmond.

Mrs. Frisbie and children have moved into the south part of the Lyon house. Mrs. Frisbie is one of the teachers in the Union School and Mr. Frisbie is a student in Cornell.

Mrs. Anna Brown has returned to Ithaca, where she will keep roomers. Edward King has rented her home on Creek street.

Henry Turner recently injured his left hand quite badly on a saw.

Two cases of diphtheria have been reported at Myers, Mrs. Charles Wickens and son Earl.

A number from this place attended the funeral of Elisha Ludlow at the home of Joan Cobb near West Groton last Thursday.

Everett Bower of Rochester has been visiting friends and relatives here.

Miss Clara Storm has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. O. S. VanPatten.

Prof. Charles Carruthers and wife have arrived and will have rooms in part of the Goodwin house.

Rev. G. H. Winkworth preached at the Drake schoolhouse last Friday evening in the interest of the Boy Scout movement.

Miss Etta Drake recently entertained the Misses Rena Murray and Edna Smith of King Ferry.

Miss Ruth Bower is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. O. Munson, at West Groton.

Miss Florence Myers of Rochester is visiting Miss Lavina Mack.

Mrs. Cecil Sherwood and daughter Gertrude are visiting at the home of George Porter.

Myron Morey and family have moved into part of Benjamin Morey's house at Myers.

### Five Corners.

SEPT. 10—Miss Florence Todd expects to commence her teaching at Ellsworth this week.

Jay Swartwood of Trumansburg spent last Saturday afternoon and Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Swartwood. Monday he went to Auburn as a witness on the suit of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Snushall.

Wenas Con ad of Utica was calling on old friends here last week. He is now spending a few days at the Forks of the Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ferris spent last Sunday at the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Swartwood and children spent part of last Sunday at Allie Palmer's near Atwater's.

Mr. Homer Algard and little son and Mrs. Margaret Algard went to Ithaca last Sunday on the Short Line and spent the day with relatives.

Miss Veda Algard returned home with them after spending a week with relatives there.

Wilbur and George Cook and Frank Corwin were witnesses in the Snushall trial at Auburn Monday of this week. Mr. Corwin and S. B. Mead made the trip in his auto.

Mrs. Ella Algert spent this week Tuesday in Ithaca.

Mr. and Mrs. George Curtis expect to attend the state fair to-morrow, (Wednesday) They will go part of the way with their son Harry in his auto, and several others from here are going the same day.

Mrs. C. L. Morehouse returned to her home in Auburn Monday, after spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Clyde Mead.

L. G. Barger of Scranton, Pa., and H. A. Barger of Ludlowville were last Sunday guests at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Barger.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Ferris have returned from their cottage at Farley's.

Mr. and Mrs. James Curtis of Groton and Harry Curtis of Genoa were with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Curtis last Sunday.

Master Howell Mosher expects to commence school at Sherwood next week.

Miss Mattie DeBemer commenced her teaching here this week.

Andrew Brink and Howard Beardsley and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ross and little daughter Hazel all of North Lansing motored to Lake Ridge and from there to James Young's on the Lake Road, also came through here and were callers at C. G. Barger's.

John Orego of Chester, Pa., visited his sister, Mrs. George Hunt, a few days last week, returning to his home Monday morning.

Mrs. Frank Algard returned last week from attending the funeral of her mother in Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Palmer and Carrie Snushall made a trip to Syracuse Sunday and brought back a young girl in exchange for the one they had.

Master Russell Taplin returned to his home in Groton Saturday.

Geo. Hunt of Goodyears is in poor health and is spending this week with his parents, H. B. Hunt and wife.

### Sage.

SEPT. 9—Mrs. Erwin Davis returned from California Sept. 2. She expects to remain here about two months.

Several from this place attended the Dryden fair Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Miss Ethel Daball is assisting Mrs. M. J. Bruce for a few weeks.

Mrs. Olive Smith of Genoa recently visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fama Smith.

Mrs. Nellie Tuller and daughter Lucy left last week for Minnesota. She expects to be gone about a month.

There will be a harvest social at the Asbury M. E. church Friday evening, Sept. 13.

### The Tarbell Reunion.

The 37th annual Tarbell reunion was held Saturday, Aug. 31, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tarbell near Asbury. Seventy-three people were present, coming from Cortland, Groton, Locke, Moravia, Watkins, Ithaca, North Lansing, Willet, Fair Haven, Reading Center, Lansing and Detroit, Mich.

After the bounteous dinner was served, the election of officers took place, as follows: Frank L. Tarbell, president; F. H. Tarbell and Andrew Tarbell, vice-presidents; Miss Gavina Tarbell, secretary; William E. Davis, treasurer.

Piano selections were rendered by Mrs. Ella Edmunds and Mrs. Frank Halliday, and Miss Ida Haring recited the selection she gave in the medal contest, in which she was given the prize at North Lansing recently. A game of baseball was played by the children.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Tarbell of North Lansing extended an invitation for the next annual reunion to be held at their home, while the New Year's dinner will be given at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Roscoe Tarbell in Groton, Jan. 1.

### Then and Now.

One of our exchanges truthfully says: When pa was young, people who had bad colds, soaked their feet in hot water and took a few draughts of catnip and got well. Now they have grip, take quinine and feel sick all summer. Then they had sore throat, wrapped a piece of bacon in an old woolen stocking, tied it around the neck at night and went to work the next day. Now it's tonsillitis, a surgical operation and two weeks in the hospital. Then they had stomach trouble; took castor oil and recovered. Now they have appendicitis, a week in the hospital and six feet due east and west and six feet perpendicular. In those days they wore underclothes. Now they wear lingerie. Then they went to a restaurant; now they go to a cafe. Then they broke a leg; now they fracture a limb. People went crazy; now they have brain storms—or are born crazy, we don't know which. Yes, times have changed and we all change with the times. That's progress.

### Officers Elected.

At the meeting of Five Corners and West Genoa W. C. T. U., on Tuesday, Sept. 3, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Cora Chaffee; secretary, Mrs. Jessie Todd; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Jennie Palmer; treasurer, Mrs. Ella Algert; 1st vice president, Mrs. Elvenah Mead; 2nd vice, Miss Antoinette Bradley; 3rd vice, Mrs. Sarah Carter. Mrs. Jennie Palmer was elected delegate to the state convention at Canton. Mrs. Ella Algert and Mrs. Sarah Carter were elected delegates to the county convention at Auburn, Sept. 18 and 19, with Ella Atwater and Mrs. Ford as alternates.

Our Union numbers 55 active members.

### Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our appreciation of the kindness of the friends and neighbors during the illness and death of our husband and father; to Rev. F. J. Allington for his comforting words, to the singers, and to those who sent the flowers.

### Press Correspondent.

Mrs. Lucina Younglove and family.

## Dr. J. W. Whitbeck,

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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.

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I do not. The fools in this town

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# KEZIAH COFFIN

by  
**Joseph C. Lincoln**  
Author of  
**Cy Whittaker's Place**  
Cap'n Eri, Etc.  
Illustrations by  
**Ellsworth Young**  
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## CHAPTER XI.

### In Which Captain Eben Makes Port.

Half past eight. In the vestry of the Regular church John Ellery was conducting his prayer meeting. The attendance was as large as usual. Three seats, however, were vacant, and along the settees people were wondering where Captain Elkanah Daniels and his daughter might be. They had not missed a service for many a day. And where was Keziah Coffin?

At the Come-Outer chapel the testifying and singing were in full blast.



He Did Not Answer or Look Up.

But Ezekiel Bassett was leading, for Captain Eben Hammond had not made his appearance. Neither had Grace Van Horne, for that matter, but Captain Eben's absence was the most astonishing.

In the Regular parsonage Keziah sat alone by the sitting-room table. Prayer meeting and supper she had forgotten entirely. The minister had not come home for his evening meal, and food was furthest from the housekeeper's thoughts. What should she do? What ought she to do? How could she avert the disaster so certain to overwhelm those two young people the moment their secret became known?

She rose and again donned her bonnet and shawl. She was about to blow out the lamp when she heard rapid footsteps, the sound of some one running along the sidewalk

in front of the house. As she listened, the footsteps sounded on the path. Whoever the runner was he was coming to the parsonage. She stepped to the door and opened it.

The runner was a boy, Maria Higgins' boy Isaac, whose widowed mother lived down by the shore. He did the chores at the Hammond tavern. His freckled face was dripping with perspiration and he puffed and blew like a stranded whale.

"Have ye—have ye," panted Ike, "have ye seen the doctor anywhere, Mis' Coffin?"

"Who? Dr. Parker? Have I seen—what in the world are you comin' here after the doctor for?"

"Cause—cause I didn't know where else to come. I been to his house and he ain't to home. Nobody ain't to home. His wife, Mis' Parker, she's gone up to Boston yest'day on the coach, and—'nd it's all dark and the house door's open and the shay's gone, so—"

"Who's sick? Who wants him?"

"And—'nd—all the rest of the houses round here was shut up 'cause everybody's to meetin'. I peeked in at the meetin' house and he ain't there, and I see your light and—"

"Who's sick? Tell me that, won't you?"

"Cap'n Eben. He's awful sick. I cal'late he's goin' to die, and Grace she—"

"Cap'n Eben? Eben Hammond! Dyin'? What are you talkin' about?"

"Huh! huh!" puffed the messenger impatiently. "Didn't I tell ye? Cap'n Eben's dyin'. I seen him. All white and still and—'nd awful. And Grace, she's all alone and—"

"Hold on! Stop! I'll tell you where the doctor is most likely. Up to Mrs. Prince's. She's been poorly and he's prob'ly been called there. Run! run fast as ever you can and get him and I'll go to Grace this minute. The poor thing! Don't tell anybody. Not a soul but the doctor. Half this town'll be runnin' to find out if you do, and that poor girl must be distracted already. I'll go to her. You get Dr. Parker and tell him to hurry."

"I'll tell him; don't you fret." He was gone, running harder than ever. A moment later Keziah followed him, running also.

of the house was ajar and she opened it softly and entered. The dining room was empty. There was a light on the sitting-room table and low voices came from the little bedroom adjoining. Then, from the bedroom, emerged Dr. Parker and Grace Van Horne. The girl was white and there were dark circles under her eyes. The doctor was very grave.

Keziah stepped forward and held out both hands. Grace looked, recognized her, and with a cry ran toward her. Keziah took her in her arms and soothed her as if she were a child.

"Well, well, dear," went on Mrs. Coffin hurriedly. "He will be better soon, we'll hope. You mustn't give up the ship, you know. Now you go and lay down somewheres and I'll get my things off and see what there is to do. Some good strong tea might be good for all hands, I guess likely. Where's Hannah Poundberry?"

"She's gone to her cousin's to stay all night. I suppose I ought to send for her, but I—"

"No, no, you hadn't. Might's well send for a poll parrot, the critter would be just as much good and talk less. I'll look out for things, me and the doctor. Where's—where's Nat?"

"He came in just after I sent the boy for the doctor. He's in there with—'with him," indicating the bedroom. "Poor Nat!"

Keziah looked longingly toward the door.

"Yes," she said slowly. "Poor fellow, it's an awful shock to him. He and his father are— But there! you lay down on that lounge!"

Grace, protesting that she couldn't sit down, she couldn't leave uncle, and there were so many things to do, was at last persuaded by Keziah and the doctor to rest for a few moments in the big rocker. Then Mrs. Coffin went into the kitchen to prepare the tea. As she went, she beckoned to Dr. Parker, who joined her a moment later.

"Well, doctor?" she asked anxiously. The stout, gray-haired old physician—he had practiced in Trumet for nearly thirty years—shook his head.

"Not a single chance," he whispered. "He may possibly live till morning, but I doubt if he lasts an hour. It's his heart. I've expected it at any time."

Captain Nat was standing at the door of the bedroom. His face was drawn and he had seemingly grown years older since noon.

"He's come to himself, doc," he whispered. "He don't remember how it happened or anything. And he wants us all. Why! why, Keziah! are you here? You can come in, too. I know dad likes you and I, guess— Wait a minute; I'll ask him." He stepped back into the bedroom. "Yes," he nodded, returning, "you come, too. He wants you."

The little room, Captain Eben's own, was more like a skipper's cabin than a chamber on land. In the corner stood the captain's big boots and his oilskins hung about them. His Sunday cane was there also. And on the bureau was a worn, heavy Bible.

Dr. Parker brushed by the others and bent over the bed.

"Well, cap'n," he said cheerily, "how's she headed? How are you feeling now?"

The old face on the pillow smiled feebly.

"She's headed for home, I guess, doc," said Captain Eben. "Bound for home, and the harbor light broad abeam, I cal'late."

"Oh, no! you'll make a good many voyages yet."

"Not in this hulk, I won't, doctor. I hope I'll have a new command pretty soon. I'm trustin' in my owners and I guess they'll do the fair thing by me. Halloo, Grace, girl! Well, your old uncle's on his beam ends, ain't he?"

Grace glanced fearfully at his face. When he spoke her name she shrank back, as if she feared what he might say. But he only smiled, as with the tears streaming down her face, she bent over and kissed him.

"There! there!" he protested. "You mustn't cry. What are you cryin' about me for? I'm fit and ready for the sea I'm goin' to sail. His eyes wandered from his son to Mrs. Coffin. For an instant he seemed puzzled. Then he said:

"Evenin', Keziah. I don't know why you're here, but—"

"I heard that Grace was alone and that you was sick, Eben. So I come right down, to help if I could."



### "Keziah Coffin!" Cried Nat Hammond.

"Do You Tell Me to Marry Grace?"

"Hush! Don't pull your hand away, Grace. Nat, give me yours. That's it. Now I put them two hands together. See, doctor? See, Keziah?"

"Don't, uncle, don't!" pleaded Grace. "Don't worry about me. Think of yourself, please."

"S-sh-sh! Don't put me off. Just listen. I want you to marry my boy, after I'm gone. I want you to say you will—say it now, so's I can hear it. Will you, Grace?"

Grace would have withdrawn her hand, but he would not let her. He clung to it and to that of his son with all his falling strength.

"Will you, Grace?" he begged. "It's the last thing I'm goin' to ask of you. I've tried to be sort of good to you, in my way, and—"

"Don't, don't!" she sobbed. "Let me think a minute, uncle, dear. Oh, do let me think!"

"Won't you say it for me, Grace?" pleaded Captain Eben. She hesitated no longer.

"Yes, uncle," she answered through tears, "if Nat wants me he can have me."

Keziah clasped her hands. Captain Eben's face lit up with a great joy.

"Thank the Almighty!" he exclaimed. "Lord, I do thank you. Nat, boy, you're consider'ble older than she is and you'll have to plan for her. You be a good husband to her all her days, won't ye? Why, what are you waitin' for? Why don't you answer me?"

Nat groaned aloud.

"A minute dad," he stammered. "Just give me a minute, for Heaven sakes! Keziah—"

"Keziah!" repeated Eben. "Keziah? What are you talkin' to her for? She knows there couldn't be no better match in the world. You do know it, don't ye, Keziah?"

"Yes," said Keziah slowly. "I guess—I guess you're right, Eben."

"Keziah Coffin," cried Nat Hammond, "do you tell me to marry Grace?"

"Yes, Nat, I—I think your father's right."

"Then—then—what difference does— All right, dad. Just as Grace says."

"Thank God!" cried Captain Eben. "Doctor, you and Mrs. Coffin are witnesses to this. There! now my decks are clear and I'd better get ready to land. Grace, girl, the Good Book's over there on the bureau. Read me a chapter, won't you?"

An hour later Keziah sat alone in the dining room. She had stolen away when the reading began. Dr. Parker, talking very softly, came to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"He's gone," he said simply.

## CHAPTER XII.

### In Which Keziah Breaks the News.

It was nearly five o'clock, gray dawn of what was to be a clear, beautiful summer morning, when Keziah softly lifted the latch and entered the parsonage. All night she had been busy at the Hammond tavern. Busy with the doctor and the undertaker, who had been called from his bed by young Higgins; busy with Grace, soothing her, comforting her as best she could, and petting her as a mother might pet a stricken child. The poor girl was on the verge of prostration, and from hysterical spasms of sobs and weeping passed to stretches of silent, lry-eyed agony which were harder to witness and much more to be feared.

"It is all my fault," she repeated over and over again. "All my fault! I killed him! I killed him, Aunt Keziah! What shall I do? Oh, why couldn't I have died instead? It would have been so much better, better for everybody."

Dr. Parker was very anxious.

"She must rest," he told Mrs. Coffin. "She must, or her brain will give way. I'm going to give her something to make her sleep and you must get her to take it."

So Keziah tried and, at last, Grace did take the drug. In a little while she was sleeping, uneasily and with moans and sobbings, but sleeping, nevertheless.

"Now it's your turn, Keziah," said the doctor. "You go home now and rest, yourself. We don't need you any more just now. Now you go home. You've had a hard night, like the rest of us."

How hard he had no idea. And Keziah, as she wearily entered the parsonage, realized that the morning

would be perhaps the hardest of all. For upon her rested the responsibility of seeing that the minister's secret was kept. And she, and no other, must break the news to him.

The dining room was dark and gloomy. She lighted the lamp. Then she heard a door open and Ellery's voice, as he called down the stairs.

"Who is it?" he demanded. "Mrs. Coffin?"

She was startled. "Yes," she said softly, after a moment. "Yes, Mr. Ellery, it's me."

"It's morning," said the minister. "Are you sick? Has anything happened?"

"Yes," she answered slowly, "something has happened. Are you dressed? Could you come down?"

He replied that he would be down in a moment. When he came he found her standing by the table waiting for him. The look of her face in the lamplight shocked him.

"Why, Mrs. Coffin!" he exclaimed. "What is it? You look as if you had been through some dreadful experience."

Her heart went out to him. She held out both her hands.

"You poor boy," she cried, "I'm trying to tell you one of the hardest things a body can tell. Yes, some one is dead, but that ain't all. Eben Hammond, poor soul, is out of his troubles and gone."

"Eben Hammond! Captain Eben? Dead! Why, why—"

"Yes, Eben's gone. He was took down sudden and died about ten o'clock last night. I was there and—"

"Captain Eben dead! Why, he was as well as—" She said— "Oh, I must go! I must go at once!"

He was on his way to the door, but she held it shut.

"No," she said gravely, "you mustn't go. John—you won't mind me callin' you John. I'm old enough, pretty nigh, to be your mother, and I've come to feel almost as if I was. John, you've got to stay here with me. You can't go to that house. You can't go to her."

"Mrs. Coffin, what are you sayin'? Do you know—Have you—"

"Yes, I know all about it. I know about the meetin' in the pines and all. Oh, why didn't you trust me and tell me? If you had, all would have been so much better!"

He looked at her in utter amazement. The blood rushed to his face.

"You know that?" he whispered. "Yes, I know."

"Did she tell—"

"No, nobody told. That is, only a little. I got a hint and I suspicioned somethin' afore. The rest I saw with my own eyes."

He was now white, but his jaw shot forward and his teeth closed.

"If you do know," he said, "you must realize that my place is with her. Now, when she is in trouble—"

"It ain't the congregation, John," she said. "Nor Trumet, nor your ministry. That means more'n you think it does, now; but it ain't that. You mustn't go to her because—well, because she don't want you to."

"Doesn't want me? I know better." He laughed in supreme scorn.

"She doesn't want you, John. She wouldn't see you if you went. She would send you away again, sure, sartin sure. She would. And if you didn't go when she sent you, you wouldn't be the man I hope you are. John, you mustn't see Grace again. She ain't yours. She belongs to some one else."

"John, Grace Van Horne is goin' to marry Cap'n Nat Hammond. There! that's the livin' truth."

She led him over to the rocking-chair and gently forced him into it. He obeyed, although with no apparent realization of what he was doing. Still with her hand on his shoulder she went on speaking. She told him of her visit to the Hammond tavern, saying nothing of Mr. Pepper's call nor of her own experience in the grove. She told of Captain Eben's seizure, of that the doctor said, and of the old Come-Outer's return to consciousness. Then she described the scene in the sick room and how Nat and Grace had lighted troth. He listened, at first tunned and stolid, then with growing impatience.

## 1849 Auburn Savings Bank 1912

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

PAYS 3 1-2 per cent. on Deposits

One Dollar will open an Account

In This Bank

Loans Money on good farms at 5 per cent.



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WM. H. SEWARD, JR.  
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JOHN DUNN, JR.  
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ORGANIZED 1865  
**Cayuga County Savings Bank**  
UBURN, N. Y.  
W. F. WAIT, President. D. WADSWORTH, Jr. Vice-President.  
W. H. MEAKER, Treasurer. E. D. METCALF, Vice-President.  
INTERESTS PAID ON DEPOSIT  
Loans made on approved mortgages  
All Business Strictly Confidential.

## THE FREE

This is the machine you have been reading about in the magazines. You can learn to become an expert seamstress on the FREE, doing all kind of fancy sewing with the aid of the complete instruction book. Look at them now and decide on the FREE in time for your fall sewing.

In justice to yourself we ask that you call and see the FREE SEWING MACHINE. We do not ask you to buy the machine, but to see it, because the FREE will sell itself.

Sold on easy payments to suit your convenience.

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

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

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

## Good Clothing for Boys.

We do not pretend to have a monopoly of all the good things in Boys' Clothes but we do know that we have never shown any better values than we are for the coming season.

Every Suit is made as a Boys' Suit should be—good and strong—the fabrics were selected for their wear-resisting qualities, the patterns are neat and attractive and every garment fits—but come and see.

Prices from \$3.00 to \$10.00.

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

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

One year \$1.00  
Six months .50  
Three months .25  
Single copies .05

If no orders are received to discontinue the paper at the expiration of the time paid for, the publisher assumes that the subscriber desires the paper and intends to pay for it. No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Rates for space advertising made known on application. Readers 5c per line, specials 4c per line. Cards of thanks 2c.

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

Friday Morning, Sept. 13, 1912

It is just as necessary to fit a collar to a horse as it is to fit a shoe to the foot.

Ducks are very fond of dandelions chopped and mixed with ground grain.

From the time corn tassels out until it becomes ripe it increases its dry matter five-fold.

A 20-acre poultry farm has been added to the equipment of the University of Illinois.

Speaking of the matter now, second crop clover added to corn improves the ensilage.

The value of corn silage to the beef producer is not limited to its use in winter feeding alone.

A vessel holding 1,000 pounds of water will hold about 1,022 pounds of whole milk.

Poultry balance their own rations if they are given a wide variety of feeds to select from.

Some farmers are even so busy in harvest time that they haven't time to stop and do the culling.

Always water first, then a little hay, and follow with grain; this gives the animal a chance to digest.

This is a good time to put a square of tar paper in the bottom of each nest box for the benefit of lice.

The levelness with which a horse walks is one of the best evidences that his legs work in harmony.

When you get a good team let the other fellow whistle, but don't put a price on it, and so invite its early sale.

Prepare for the colt that's coming by giving the mare easy work, and plenty of nourishing food and good water.

**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 fitter, 10 South St., Auburn, N. Y., Cady block, up one flight.

**Dentists.**  
J. A. Spaulding, D. D. S.  
H. W. Reynolds, D. D. S.  
Preserving the natural teeth our specialty.

Fillings, gold, porcelain, silver and gold inlays. Crown and bridgework just like the natural teeth.

Plates that fit.  
Vitalized air for painless extracting. Write or phone for appointment.

Bell 57-J. Miller 90.  
ON THE BRIDGE, MORAVIA.

**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.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE

and N. Y. World \$1.65

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

**Keziah Coffin**  
Author of  
"Cy Whittaker's Place,"  
"Cap'n Ed,"  
Etc.  
By  
Joseph C. Lincoln  
Illustrations  
by  
Ellsworth Young

(Copyright, 1904, by J. Appleton & Company) without anyone's knowing it. I'll try. But do wait a little while, for her sake, won't you?"

At last he was listening, and heating.

"Won't you?" begged Keziah.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "I'll wait. I'll wait until noon, somehow, if I can. I'll try. But not a minute later. Not one. You don't know what you're talking about, Mrs. Coffin."

"Yes, I do. I know well. And I thank you for her sake."

But he did not have to wait until noon. At six o'clock, through the dew-soaked grass of the yard, came the Higgins boy. For the first time in his short life he had been awake all night and he moved slowly.

The housekeeper opened the door. He held up an envelope, clutched in a grimy hand.

"It's for you, Mrs. Keziah," he said. "Grace she sent it. There ain't no answer."

Mrs. Coffin closed the door and tore open the envelope. Within was another addressed, in Grace's handwriting, to Mr. Ellery. The housekeeper entered the study, handed it to him and turned away.

"Dear John," wrote Grace. "I presume Aunt Keziah has told you of uncle's death and of my promise to Nat. It is true. I am going to marry him. I am sure this is right and for the best. Our friendship was a mistake and you must not see me again. Please don't try."

"GRACE VAN HORNE."

Beneath was another paragraph. "Don't worry about me. I shall be happy, I am sure. And I shall hope that you may be. I shall pray for that."

The note fell to the floor with a rustle that sounded loud in the stillness. Then Keziah heard the minister's step. She turned. He was moving slowly across the room.

"John, what are you goin' to do?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Go away somewhere, first of all, I guess. Go somewhere and— and try to live it down. I can't, of course, but I must try."

She put out her hand. "I know it'll be hard," she said, "stayin' here, I mean. But your duty to others—"

"Don't you think we've heard enough about duty to others? How about my duty to myself?"

"I guess that's the last thing we ought to think about in the world, if we do try to be fair and square. Your church thinks a heap of you, John. They build on you. You've done more in the little while you've been here than Mr. Langley did in his last fifteen years."

"You've never been asked to sit quietly by and see the one you love more than all the world marry some one else."

"How do you know I ain't? How do you know I ain't doin' just that now?"

"Mrs. Coffin!"

"John Ellery, you listen to me. You think I'm a homely old woman, probably, set in my ways as an eight-day clock. I guess I look like it and act like it. But I ain't so awful old—on the edge of forty, that's all. And when I was your age I wa'n't so awful homely, either. I had fellers plenty hangin' round and I could have married any one of a dozen. This ain't nothin'; land knows I'm fur from that. I was brought up in this town and even when I was a girl at school there was only one boy I cared two straws about. He and I went to picnics together and to parties and everywhere. Folks used to laugh and say we was keepin' comp'ny, even then."

"Well, when I was eighteen, after father died, I went up to New Bedford to work in a store there. Wanted to earn my own way. And this young feller I'm tellin' you about went away to sea, but every time he come home from a voyage he come to see me and things went on that way till we was promised to each other. The engage-

ment wa'n't announced, but 'twas so, just the same. We'd have been married in another year. And then we quarreled."

"'Twas a fool quarrel, same as that kind gen'rally are. As much my fault as his and as much his as mine, I calculate. Anyhow, we was both proud, or thought we was, and neither would give in. And he says to me, 'You'll be sorry after I'm gone. You'll wish me back, then.' And says I, bein' a fool, 'I guess not. There's other fish in the sea.' He salled and I did wish him back, but I wouldn't write fust and neither would he. And then come another man."

She paused, hesitated, and then continued.

"Never mind about the other man. He was handsome then, in a way, and he had money to spend, and he liked me. He wanted me to marry him. If— if the other, the one that went away, had written I never would have thought of such a thing, but he didn't write. And, my pride bein' hurt, and all, I finally said yes to the second chap."

"Well, for the first year 'twan't so bad. Not happiness exactly, but not misery either. That come later. His people was well off and he'd never worked much of any. He did for a little while after we was married, but not for long. Then he begun to drink and carry on and lost his place. Pretty soon he begun to neglect me and at last went off to sea afore the mast. We was poor as poverty, but I could have stood that; I did stand it. I took in sewin' and kept up an appearance, somehow. Never told a soul. His folks come patronizin' around and offered me money, so's I needn't disgrace them. I sent 'em rightabout in a hurry. Once in a while he'd come home, get tipsy and abuse me. Still I said nothin'. Thank God, there was no children; that's the one thing I've been thankful for."

"You can't keep such things quiet always. People are bound to find out. They come to me and said, 'Why don't you leave him?' but I wouldn't. I could have divorced him easy enough, there was reasons plenty, but I wouldn't do that. Then word came that he was dead, drowned off in the East Indies somewheres. I come back here to keep house for Sol, my brother, and I kept house for him till he died and they offered me this place here at the parsonage. There! that's my story, part of it, more'n I ever told a livin' soul afore, except Sol."

She ceased speaking. The minister, who had sat silent by the window, apathetically listening or trying to listen, turned his head.

"I apologize, Mrs. Coffin," he said dully, "you have had trials, hard ones. But—"

"But they ain't as hard as yours, you think? Well, I haven't quite finished yet. After word come of my husband's death, the other man come and wanted me to marry him. And I wanted to—oh, how I wanted to! I cared as much for him as I ever did; more, I guess. But I wouldn't— I wouldn't, though it wrung my heart out to say no. I give him up—why? 'cause I thought I had a duty laid on me."

Ellery sighed. "I can see but one duty," he said. "That is the duty given us by God, to marry the one we love."

Keziah's agitation, which had grown as she told her story, suddenly flashed into flame.

"Is that as far as you can see?" she asked fiercely. "It's an easy duty, then—or looks easy now. I've got a harder one; it's to stand by the promise I gave and the man I married."

He looked at her as if he thought she had lost her wits.

"The man you married?" he replied. "Why, the man you married is dead."

"No, he ain't. You remember the letter you saw me readin' that night when you come back from Come-Outers' meetin'? Well, that letter was from him. He's alive. Yes, he's alive. Alive and knockin' round the world somewheres. Every little while he writes me for money and, if I have any, I send it to him. Why? 'cause I'm a coward, after all, I guess, and I'm scared he'll do what he says he will and come back. Perhaps you think I'm a fool to put up with it; that's what most folks would say if they knew it. They'd tell me I ought to divorce him. Well, I can't. I can't. I walked into the mess blindfolded; I married him in spite of warnin's and everything. I took him for better or for worse, and now that he's turned out wrong, I must take my medicine. I can't live with him—that I can't do—but while he lives I'll stay his wife and give him what money I can spare. That's the duty I told you was laid on me, and it's a hard one, but I don't run away from it."

She stopped short; then covering her face with her apron, she ran from the room. John Ellery heard her descending the stairs, sobbing as she went.

All that afternoon he remained in his chair by the window. It was six o'clock, supper time, when he entered the kitchen. Keziah, looking up from the ironing board, saw him. He was white and worn and grim, but he held out his hand to her.

"Mrs. Coffin," he said, "I'm not going away. You've shown me what devotion to duty really means. I shall stay here and go on with my work."

Her face lit up. "Will you?" she said. "I thought you would. I was sure you was that kind."

CHAPTER XIII.

In Which the Sea Mist Sails.

They buried Captain Eben in the little Come-Outer cemetery at the rear of the chapel. The Come-Outers were there, all of them, and some members of the Regular society, Captain Seb' Mayo, Dr. Parker, Keziah Coffin, Mrs.

Ellery and Eben Hammond were but a memory in Trumet.

Keziah lingered to speak a word with Grace. The girl, looking very white and worn, leaned on the arm of Captain Nat, whose big body acted as a buffer between her and oversympathetic Come-Outers. Mrs. Coffin silently held out both hands and Grace took them eagerly.

"Auntie," she whispered, "tell me: Did a letter—Did he—"

"Yes, it came. I gave it to him."

"Did—did he tell you? Do you know?"

"Yes, I know, deary."

"Did he—Is he—"

"He's well, deary. He'll be all right. I'll look out for him."

"You will, won't you? You won't let him do anything—"

"Not a thing. Don't worry. We've had a long talk and he's going to stay right here and go on with his work. And nobody else'll ever know, Grace."

"O Aunt Keziah! If I could be one half as patient and brave and sweet as you are—"

"Sssh! Here comes Nat. Be kind to him. He's sufferin', too; maybe more'n you imagine. Here she is, Nat. Take her back home and be good to her."

"I tell you," broke in the voice of Captain Zeb Mayo, "Keziah, I've been waitin' for you. Get in my shay and I'll drive you back to the parsonage."

Mrs. Coffin accepted the invitation and a seat in the chaise beside Captain Zeb. The captain spoke of the dead Come-Outer and of his respect for him in spite of the difference in creed. He also spoke of the Rev. John Ellery and of the affection he had come to feel for the young man.

"I'm glad to hear you say so. Of course Cap'n Elkannah is boss of the parish committee and—"

"What? No, he ain't nuther. He's head of it, but his vote counts just one and no more. What makes you say that?"

"Oh, nuthin'. Only I thought maybe, long as Elkannah was feelin' that Mr. Ellery wa'n't orthodox enough, he might be goin' to make a change. I didn't mean to stir you up, Zebedee. But from things Cap'n Daniels has said I gathered that he was runnin' the committee. And, as I'm a friend of Mr. Ellery, it—"

"Friend! Well, so'm I, ain't I? If you ever hear of Daniels tryin' any tricks against the minister, you send for me, that's all. I'll show him. Boss! Humph!"

The wily Keziah alighted at the parsonage gate with the feeling that she had sown seed in fertile ground. She was quite aware of Captain Zeb's jealousy of the great Daniels. And the time might come when her parson needed an influential friend on the committee and in the Regular society.

The news of the engagement between Captain Nat Hammond and Grace Van Horne, told by Dr. Parker to one or two of his patients, spread through Trumet like measles through a family of small children. Annabel Daniels and her father had not expected it. They were, however, greatly pleased. In their discussion, which lasted far into the night, Captain Elkannah expressed the opinion that the unexpected denouement was the result of his interview with Eben.

"I think, pa," she said, "that it's our duty, yours and mine, to treat him just as we always have. He doesn't know that we know, and we will keep the secret. And, as Christians, we should forget and forgive."

Kyan Pepper was another whom the news of the engagement surprised greatly. When Lavinia told him of it, at the dinner table, he dropped the knife he was holding and the greasy section of fishball balanced upon it. Remembering what he had seen in the

grove he could not understand; but he also remembered, even more vividly, what Keziah Coffin had promised to do if he ever breathed a word. And he vowed again that that word should not be breathed.

Keziah was the life of the gloomy parsonage. Without her the minister would have broken down. He called her "Aunt Keziah" at her request and she continued to call him "John." This was in private, of course; in public he was "Mr. Ellery" and she "Mrs. Coffin."

In his walks about town he saw nothing of Grace; she and Mrs. Poundberry and Captain Nat were still at the old home and no one save themselves knew what their plans might be. Yet oddly enough, Ellery was the first outsider to learn these plans and

(To Be Continued.)

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What Do You Want ?

Our stock is so large and varied and our relations with manufacturers are so close, we can supply your needs at the most advantageous prices.

**Piano Headquarters**  
Five different makes in stock, all full copper strung with the maker's name cast in the iron plate, and guaranteed for 10 years.

**7 Varieties of Piano Stools;**  
16 Patterns in Piano Scarfs

**Banjos, Guitars, Violins, Mandolins**  
Cases and Strings for all Instruments.

**Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Jewelry**  
No matter what you want, you will find it here and at a price you can pay.

**SILVERWARE**  
Everything in silver—sterling and plated and pearl handled goods. Great variety of designs.

**Columbia Phonographs \$10, \$20, \$30**  
Disc Records 32 1-2c each  
4 Minute Records for all machines, 26c  
2 Minute Records for all machines, 21c

**Largest Line of Optical Goods**  
A complete stock of Spectacles.  
Large lenses at the right price.

**Our Sewing Machines**  
We sell 5 different makes and from them you can select just the kind you want. All machines fully equipped and guaranteed.

Drop head Sewing Machine, \$10. Warranted 10 years.  
**Wagons and Harnesses—all kinds**

**F. B. PARKER,**  
Main Street, - Moravia, N. Y.

**New Suits and Cloaks.**

Every day we are receiving shipments of suits and coats for Fall and Winter wear; all sizes for Misses and Women. You can be fitted at a low cost.

**Autumn Dress Goods.**

The new dress goods are now ready. Beautiful French and domestic fabrics in exclusive weaves that cannot fail to please you. All colors in serges from 50c to 2.50 yard. Every department in our store is ready with a complete line of new goods.

May we ask you to see our stock before making your selections?

**JOHN W. RICE CO.,**  
103 Genesee Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

**Annual Blanket Sale.**

September 3rd to 15th

Entire stock at reduced prices, special preparations for this sale. All kinds and sizes direct from the mills. Largest and best assortments for the prices we ever offered.

It will be to your advantage if interested in Blankets, Bath Robes, etc. to attend this sale.

**BUSH & DEAN,**  
ITHACA, NEW YORK.

The store that sells Wooltex Coats, Suits and Skirts.

**FOR SALE!**

Potato Crates, Russelloid Roofing, Second hand Buggies and Democars, Osborne Corn Harvesters and Binding Twine, Bettendorf and Sterling Farm Wagons, Light and Heavy Harnesses, Dodd and Struthers Pure Copper Cable Lightning Rods, Edison Phonographs and Records.

**G. N. COON, King Ferry, N. Y.**  
Call, phone or write for prices.

**Paid your Subscription Yet?**

THE GENOA TRIBUNE

and N. Y. World \$1.65

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

THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

Friday Morning, Sept. 13, 1912

Published every Friday and entered at the post-office at Genoa, N. Y., as second class matter

BOOSTER TRIPS WORTH WHILE

If Actual Financial Benefit Cannot Be Shown, They Still Have a Distinct Value.

There is a difference of opinion among Burlington business men as to the value of so-called booster trips. Close figuring has convinced a number that these trips do not pay. That is, that there is not sufficient new business developed to make up for the time and money expended.

And perhaps that may be true. But there are always things which your mathematical man is apt to overlook. He is of the kind who counts the day wasted that is spent at the fishing club or on the golf grounds. The booster trip has a value, and a much greater one than is generally appreciated. It enables the members of the booster party to get acquainted with some of the actual or prospective customers. It may open the way for future business. But what is much more valuable and important, it makes the members of these parties better acquainted with each other. And, then, it is a day, or a week, ostensibly devoted to business, but partly devoted to pleasure. It is a change from the eternal routine, and few of your mathematical men realize how important, how necessary, an occasional change of this kind is, and how heavy is the cost that those are called upon to pay who never indulge themselves with such a change of program.

Even where there are no direct demonstrable benefits, the booster trip is of great value, of real benefit, to all who take part therein.—Burlington Hawkeye.

UPLIFT IN LOVE OF NATURE

Cultivation of Ornamental Trees and Plants Marks Always a People of Refinement.

It is an unquestioned fact, certified by all observant travelers of broad experience, that the cultivation of ornamental trees and plants has an uplifting and ennobling influence on all mankind. No matter in what quarter of the earth you are traveling, you will invariably meet with the best reception at that domicile where the greatest love of nature is manifest, through the cultivation or presence of plants and flowers.

Aside from the orchard sections, it is a rare occurrence, in any state, to note in rural districts a farmyard where any intelligent or orderly attempt has been made to beautify the grounds, and in small towns decorated, tidy premises are equally rare. Door yards in the outskirts of cities are often just as unkempt. In places of lawns, flowers, trees and shrubs we find broken-down wagons, farm implements and machinery about an unpainted house scarcely fit for a stable, and not infrequently stock runs loose about the house.

This disagreeable phase of life is pictured merely to ask if good, cheerful, intelligent citizens of high standard may be reared amid such surroundings. Can you expect culture and refinement in young men and women coming from such so-called homes? And the pathos of it all is that they are not to be held accountable for their uncouthness, for, given a fair chance, most of them would develop into men and women of many graces and accomplishments.—Exchange.

Street Paving.

Macadam roads, long the standard paving construction for highways, have had their day; the automobile has made it necessary to adapt pavements to a new traffic. Prof. Arthur H. Blanchard of Columbia notes in Engineering News that the yardage of new bituminous pavements, constructed by "penetration" methods, increased in eight states from 25,300 in 1908 to 8,680,900 in 1911, and, of bituminous concrete pavements, from 4,400 yards in 1908 to 508,100 in 1911. Of the surfaces for macadam pavements already laid, Professor Blanchard says:

"That more permanent forms of construction are favored by our state commission is clearly shown by the marked decrease in use of light oils for surface treatment of roads, and the decided increase in the surface treatment of roads with heavy asphalt cements."

Moves for Civic Beauty is Old. At Stockbridge, Mass., modern neighborhood improvements were begun through the efforts of Mrs. Mary G. Hopkins in 1883; she started the Laurel Hill Village Improvement association and rescued the neglected cemetery and church green from a condition reflecting on the refinement of the village which associates the names of Jonathan Edwards, Nathaniel Hawthorne, James Russell and others equally as distinguished.

Remarkable!

A local preacher who was addressing the public meeting of a Sunday school anniversary made an eloquent appeal to the risible faculties of his auditors by declaring: "I'm glad to be here, because this meeting has to do with boys and girls. I do not forget I was a boy and girl myself once!"

Visit the Schools.

If a woman owns a valuable horse that she is obliged to board at a livery stable, she goes occasionally to see the animal in its stall. No matter how much confidence she may have in the keeper of the stable, she wishes to assure herself that the horse has the right kind of food and enough of it, and is otherwise properly cared for.

So, too, with the man who owns a farm that he has put in charge of a superintendent. He is not content to rely on the superintendent's reports. He wants to see for himself whether the work is being properly planned and the soil wisely tilled; and so he visits the place whenever he can, and talks things over with his man. But when it comes to children—possessions that this man and his woman value above everything else in the world—they turn them over unquestioningly to managers whom they had only a small part in hiring and whom they may never have seen, and allow year after year to pass without ever paying a visit to the shop where these managers are doing their work—in other words, the schools.

The years in school are the most momentous in the child's whole life. The farm is now in the hands of the superintendent, who will determine whether the soil is to become truly fertile and remain productive through a long future, or whether it is to be superficially cultivated, for a mere showy and temporary crop. It is a time when every step of the child's progress should be watched by the parents, and when the lessons and daily influences of the schoolroom should be supplemented by intelligent co-operation in the home.

No body of men and women in the country stand on a higher plane than the teachers in the public schools. They work hard, for small pay, unselfishly striving to make the most of the inestimable wealth that the nation has entrusted to them. But they cannot do it all. Instead of being criticized by those who have no first-hand knowledge of their work, and discouraged by apparent indifference, they deserve to be cheered by intelligent interest and stimulated by close acquaintance with parents, and by the visits of parents to the schools.

If, then, you have never darkened the door of the building where your child studies, what right have you to complain of his lack of progress? Do you really know anything about it?—Youth's Companion.

We have city homes to exchange for farms. What have you to offer? The People's Agency, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y. 7tf

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

Report of the Condition of THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF GENOA, No. 9921.

at Genoa, in the State of New York, at the close of business, September 4, 1912.

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES, listing various financial items and their values.

STATE OF NEW YORK, County of Cayuga, s.s. I, A. H. Knapp, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. A. H. KNAPP, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of September, 1912. William H. Sharpsteen, Notary Public. Correct—Attest: J. D. Atwater, A. N. Cloes, Fox Holden, Directors.

The Shaw Reunion.

The tenth annual reunion of the Shaw family was held at Goodyear's Glen, on Cayuga lake, on Tuesday, Aug. 27, 1912. In spite of unpleasant weather early in the day, the attendance numbered nearly fifty. At 1 o'clock a bountiful repast was served to which all did ample justice. Many expressions of regret were heard that Mrs. Mary Shaw Bradt, the oldest living member of the family, was unable to be present.

The Shaws boast of the fact that they are direct descendants of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, who came from England to America on the Mayflower in 1620. A reunion of the Alden descendants was recently held at Duxbury, Mass., where the old Alden homestead still stands, and has always been owned and occupied by a John Alden.

After dinner a short business session was held, and the minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, G. W. Shaw. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Wm. P. Shaw; first vice-president, Harry S. Ferris; second vice-president, Mrs. Myron Hewes; secretary, G. W. Shaw; treasurer, Adelbert Shaw; historians, Mrs. John J. Shaw and Adelbert Shaw. Several invitations were extended for the year 1913. All present voted the occasion a very enjoyable one.

The following poem was written by Mrs. R. H. Thorpe, who was unable to attend the reunion, and sent the poem but it failed to arrive.

On the beautiful shores of Cayuga, We've gathered this lovely day To have our reunion and join hand in hand.

With our friends who live near and away. Ten times we have gathered together And talked of the days of yore, When our dear ancestors wore leather boots,

As is told in ancient lore. Methinks now I can see John Alden And Priscilla, that lovely wife, Stepping out of that world-renowned "Mayflower."

In this new land to start a new life. How proudly we all call them "our folks" Whose Bible was all of their laws, And with almost that same pride we answer,

"Why, yes, I am one of the Shaws." For haven't we proof we're descendants Of that wonderful man of fame And that Puritan maid, though we've no Priscillas.

We've several called John by name. We can't, of course, brag we're good looking. For our hair's a bit sandy or red, But we know how to have a first rate good time.

And we will brag a bit on our bread. As each year comes with its sorrows and joys, And so quickly passes away, And our bark drifts nearer the other shore.

And our hair is tinged with grey, May the boatman anchor us safe on that shore. Where no parting can ever be, Where our loved ones are waiting to clasp the dear hand.

Of those they have longed to see. May we all be there when the roll is called. In that home beyond the sky; For that last Reunion will be best of all, Where we'll all meet by and bye.

Money loaned on good security and on short notice. The People's Agency, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y. 7tf

Quiet Home Wedding.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Purdy C. Main was the scene of a happy event on Tuesday evening, Sept. 3, 1912, at 7 o'clock, when Mr. Main's sister, Edith May Main, was united in marriage to Chester Webster Madison of Fayetteville. The house was prettily decorated with pink and white flowers and creeping pine. The bride was attractively gowned in white charmeuse satin trimmed with princess lace, and carried a bouquet of brides roses. Mrs. Floyd E. Briggs of Moravia, matron of honor, wore a gown of imported lace over white duchess satin, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. E. Duane Sherwood of Fayetteville acted as best man. The wedding march from Lohengrin was rendered by Mrs. Dora Mead, piano, and Miss Lura Leonard, violin, who also gave selections during the ceremony and supper. The Episcopal ring service was used, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Elwyn Baker.

After the ceremony a four course supper was served by Miss Harrington of Moravia, after which they left for a trip. O. D. Hewitt's automobile, with Matt Guest, chauffeur, bore them away. They received many valuable presents, consisting of cut glass, silver, furniture, table linen, etc. There were about 45 guests present, from Syracuse, Fayetteville, Ithaca, Moravia and nearby places. Mr. and Mrs. Madison have the best wishes of many friends. After a short trip they will reside in Fayetteville.—Locke Courier.

If you want to buy, sell or rent a farm, consult The People's Agency, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y. 7tf

Positive Proof.

"Yes, I'm getting old." "Why, you're looking younger than ever." "That's it. You may be sure you're getting old when your friends tell you you're looking younger than ever."

The Country Church.

Rural Life recently contained the following article on the decadence of the rural church, and much of truth is herein set forth:

"The rural church is neglected. Farming communities do not take the interest in religion that they did a generation or so ago. The country 'meeting houses' which cost our forefathers many sacrifices to erect, are dilapidated and the pastors are poorly supported, while their congregations are dwindling away. This is a true picture of not all, but of many, communities in the Eastern states. These communities are by no means bad or unthrifty. The farmers who compose them are generally moral folk, who are not antagonistic, but only indifferent, towards the church and its activities. They are as vigorous in their opposition to the licensed saloon as they are neglectful in religious affairs.

The results of this negligence are not yet wholly apparent, but in the end, however, it cannot fail to lower the moral standard of country life. The churches, although struggling against great odds for an existence, still maintain religious services, if somewhat irregular, and as long as this is true their influence will be felt. They make the community worth living in. Even those who do not attend the church services or contribute to its support, are willing to admit that they would not care to live in a community where there are no churches. Only when these struggling churches are starved out and their pastors are compelled to abandon the work, will the farmers fully realize their loss in failing to maintain the community churches. Then will these worldly-wise communities reap sorrow and tears over the misdeeds and sins of their children who know not God.

The fathers and mothers on the farms and in the rural villages, who have a spark of religion left in their souls and who love their children should rally to the support of their church. Every man and woman living in the country, who has an interest in the welfare of the community, should aid in the support of the local church. They owe this much to their families, their country and their God."

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.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—The Ford house and lot in Genoa village. For particulars inquire at 1 Park ave., Auburn, N. Y. 7w8

LOST—Life insurance policy in Genoa village. Finder please return to Geo. T. SILL, Genoa. 7w1

FOR SALE—Two cheap horses, or will exchange for cows. 8 WRIGHT, Genoa. 7tf

We are now running every day by steam at Genoa Roller Mills and can grind your wheat and feed grists promptly. 4tf

FOUND—Stray hog in my pasture; owner can have same by paying for this notice, etc. S. S. GOODYEAR.

FOR SALE—100 White Leghorn yearling hens, also 75 Black Minorca yearling hens. WM. WARREN, Genoa. 6w3

FOR SALE—Steinway piano. 524f G. W. SHAW, King Ferry. Yearling colt for sale. 4tf B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa.

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

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. 3tf WEAVER & BHOOGAN, Genoa.

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

FOR SALE—Piano, couch suitable for porch, dishes, feather beds, pillows, etc. LOUISA G. BRENKDOT, 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. C. 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.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

Act of Courtesy That Brought Forth Hundred Fold.

James H. Rutter's Simple Kindness to Sidney Dillon Repaid in a Way That Relieved Him From Financial Stress.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

When William H. Vanderbilt, son of the Commodore, resigned the presidency of the New York Central railroad in order to become chairman of the board of directors, he was succeeded as president by James H. Rutter. Mr. Rutter began his career as a railroad employe as station and freight agent at a little town upon the Erie railroad. He was promoted rapidly and at last became an assistant freight traffic manager in the main offices of the Erie at Pavonia, near Jersey City. A few years later Mr. Rutter became general freight manager under Commodore Vanderbilt and gained a national reputation as a railway man—a reputation, in fact, as one of the most successful railway managers of his day. His ability always to mind his own business, and not to interfere with anybody else's business, he once said, had helped greatly to win him success. But there was another reason for his success, and that was his kindness of heart, his affability and consideration for others, even for the humblest of his employes. And it was this trait which brought to Mr. Rutter unexpected and much needed assistance in a financial crisis of his career.

When Commodore Vanderbilt tempted Mr. Rutter away from his service with the Erie railroad and made him freight traffic manager of the New York Central, Mr. Rutter thought he could afford to buy a house in New York city, and he did purchase a modest dwelling within convenient reach of the Grand Central station, paying some cash and giving a purchase money mortgage for the balance of the purchase price.

After he had owned the house about three years there came hard times. Mr. Rutter was pressed for the payment of the mortgage. He did not have the money, nor did he know where to turn to procure it. He was in despair, since he had been informed that foreclosure proceedings would be begun upon a certain day.

On the morning of that day Mr. Rutter happened to meet while on his way from his house to his office a railway magnate of much influence and large wealth, the late Sidney Dillon, who was director of the Union Pacific when the government was interested in that property.

Mr. Dillon stopped Mr. Rutter, apparently observing that the younger man was in some distress.

"Don't you feel well?" asked Mr. Dillon. "You look anxious."

"Oh, yes, I am perfectly well physically," Mr. Rutter replied. "But there is something the matter with you; you have something on your mind," persisted Mr. Dillon. "What is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Dillon, was the reply. "I suppose that today foreclosure proceedings will be brought to satisfy a purchase money mortgage which I gave when I bought my house."

"Can't you raise the money?" Mr. Dillon asked.

"No; I can't offer any security, and I can't find anyone who will assume the mortgage for me."

"How much is it?" Mr. Dillon asked, and he was told that the amount was \$12,000.

"I'll let you have the money, Jimmy," Mr. Dillon said. And he was as good as his word. Before afternoon the mortgage had been satisfied and had given a release. Then, while thanked Mr. Dillon, Mr. Rutter confessed that he could not understand why Mr. Dillon had been willing to do him a service.

"I'll tell you why, Jimmy," Mr. Dillon replied. "You remember when you were with the Erie railroad in their offices at the Pavonia ferry house? I had done some heavy contracting work for the Erie railroad. I found it impossible to get my money, and I needed it badly. I would go to the office day after day to see Mr. Gould or Jim Fisk, and would wait patiently a long time and be obliged to go away without seeing them. Well, one day you saw me standing there. You brought me a chair. You gave me a newspaper to while away the time. And you did that a second and a third time. It was a simple little courtesy, but I never forgot it. I always knew the time would come when I could make you some repayment. I have been glad to pay off today a debt of gratitude."

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Marching Backward. Two thousand years ago Hippocrates declared: "Nature cures, not the physician." Today, a great majority of doctors suppress the healing action of nature by drugs.

Two thousand years ago the ideal of the Greeks was "a sound mind in a sound body." Today the ideal of most men is a big bank account.

Two thousand years ago the Romans built roads, some of which are in good condition today. Two years ago Los Angeles county began the construction of a "good roads" system, and the roads are already beginning to wear out.

Yet we boast proudly of the "march of civilization." Yes, we are marching—like a crab, backward.



Rochester Rochester Industrial Exhibition. One and a half fare for round trip. Tickets on sale Sept. 16, 18, 24, 26. Good returning two days after date of sale.

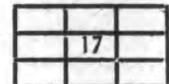
Consult local ticket agent for time of trains and other information.

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.

FREE!



Here are nine squares, in the center you will notice No. 17—insert additional numbers in the blank squares so which ever way you add them the total will be 51. For the nearest answers—we will give each a complete course at Thorpe's—Day—Night—or Home Study. Second 2 prizes each \$1.

Thorpe's Big National Business School, Auburn—N. Y., Floors 2 and 3, Corner North and Genesee.

Founded 1838

Mosher, Griswold & Co.

Hats, Clothing, Furnishing Goods.

Fall School

Suits for Boys

\$5 to \$10

Mosher, Griswold & Co.

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

FARMERS Please Notice!

Wood and iron work of 'all kinds. Wagons and farm tools repaired on short notice. WILLIAM HUSON, Genoa

The Editor Has His Troubles.

The editor of the Norwich Sun has received the following letter, which explains all that it is necessary to know:

"Mister editor, I want to see why hit is that you use so infernal much parsimony in your little ole paper. Me an' my folks has bin visitin' haf duzen times latly, an' you never set one word about hit. You run after one word about hit. You run after big bugs; an' let the little ones go. I have bin thinkin' of subscribin' for the Sun, but I wont do hit now. You so hoo this is.

One Hoo has Bin Ronged.

## Village and Vicinity News.

—Mrs Bert Gray has been sick with summer grip this week.

—Miss Lena Sullivan went to Auburn Wednesday night to spend some time.

—Mrs Jane Loomis is visiting her son, C. D. Loomis and family in Port Byron.

—Mrs. Libbie Lester of Syracuse was a guest of Mrs. A. J. Hurlbutt on Wednesday.

—A. H. Knapp and son, Blair Knapp, returned the first of the week from their Western trip.

—The total number of pupils in Genoa school to date is 85, and it is expected that more will attend later.

—Mrs. Jane Thome returned to Cortland on Wednesday, after spending two weeks with relatives here.

Jelly cups and moulds at Hagin's, Genoa.

—Miss Susan Howe of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly of Genoa, has been visiting friends in town a few days this week.

—S. C. Houghtaling, the poultry dealer, of Throopville, who has been ill with typhoid fever for several weeks, is recovering.

—M. G. Shapero left Tuesday to spend a week in New York and Syracuse. W. H. Sharpsteen is in charge of the clothing store.

—The celebration of the feast of Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, began Wednesday at sundown, the New Year falling on Thursday.

—Mrs. Milton Boyer spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Warren. She commenced her school in the German district, near Lansingville, this week.

All the new Drinks and Sundaes at Smith's Fountain

—A traveling umbrella-mender wandered through this section Tuesday, doing quite a little work in his line. In a wet season like this, everybody needs to have their umbrellas in good repair.

—C. A. Ames, former editor of THE TRIBUNE, with Mrs. Ames and little son, of Americus, Georgia, visited Genoa friends recently. Mr Ames assisted in the office a few hours during the Thursday rush.

—Sunday morning theme at the Presbyterian church, "Saved to Serve." Evening theme, "Love for this present world." Sunday school convenes at the close of the morning service, and Y. P. S. C. E. at usual time. All are invited.

—At the annual convention of the New York State Branch of the United States League of Third and Fourth Class Postmasters, held at Binghamton last week, D. W. Smith of Genoa was re-elected secretary and treasurer, and he was also elected a delegate to the national convention at Richmond, Va., Sept. 19-21.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Singer were at Willard State hospital, Wednesday, for the remains of the late Orrin Dayenport, who died there Tuesday. The remains were taken to Moravia where funeral services were held at the home of a sister, Mrs. Mary Davenport, on Thursday at 3 o'clock. Burial at Moravia. The deceased was the father of Mrs. G. W. Davis, formerly of Genoa.

—The special school meeting for Dist. No. 6, town of Genoa, on Monday evening of this week, was very largely attended. W. D. Norman was made chairman and W. H. Sharpsteen, secretary. The question of a Union Free school had been the subject of discussion by the residents of the district for several weeks, and it was thought that the vote would be pretty evenly divided, for and against. After some discussion, and reading of the law, the vote was taken, resulting in 62 voters for and 48 against. C. J. Wheeler and A. H. Knapp acted as tellers.

—Mrs. Geo. Bower has been on the sick list this week.

—Wm. Messer of Bridgeport, Conn., spent the past week with his aunt, Mrs. J. Connell.

—Don't sponge your news by borrowing this paper of your neighbor—subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

Smith serves the best Ice Cream to had.

—Miss June Skinner, who was very ill for several days last week, has recovered, and went to Syracuse this week.

—The fall meeting of Cayuga Presbytery will be held in the Presbyterian church at Cato, on Sept. 24 and 25.

—Mrs. H. L. Thayer, who was taken suddenly ill last week, does not improve very fast, although not confined to the bed.

—Pauline Law, who had been spending several days at D. C. Hunter's, returned to Moravia Sunday. Miss Edith Hunter also went to Moravia Sunday.

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

—The colored people of Rochester are making elaborate plans for celebrating the 50th anniversary of President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, on Sept. 22 and 23.

—The Genoa Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. Lucy B. Mead on Friday afternoon, Sept. 20, at 2:30 o'clock. All the ladies of the church are earnestly invited to be present.

—Sister M. Eusebius of Buffalo, who has been spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. C. Mulligan, at King Ferry, and her sister, Mrs. Bruton of Genoa, returned to her home Saturday.

—Mrs. C. A. Cannon and daughter of Auburn spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Emeline Shaw, near Genoa. Mr. Cannon was a guest of his parents in this village.

Visit Smith's Soda Fountain.

—Central New York M. E. conference will meet in the First M. E. church of Auburn, beginning Tuesday evening, Sept. 24, and ending Monday, Sept. 30. Bishop Burt of Buffalo will preside.

—It is said that if common salt is added to gasoline when used for cleaning spots on garments, no rim will be left about the spot cleaned. Gasoline must be used away from all possible contact of the vapor with fire.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Fenner and children and Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Davis and daughter, all of Lake Ridge, and E. D. Cheesman of Atwater, motored to Syracuse to spend Fair week with Mrs. Corena Skinner and daughter.

—Announcement has been received in Union Springs that the Spring Mill property in that village has been sold to the Roto Salt Company of Brooklyn. The company manufactures sanitary feeders and compressed salt cakes for horses and cattle.

See the 29c Wash Carpet at Smith's

—The Cuba Patriot hits the nail on the head when it says: "Perhaps you have been away and find nothing about it in the Patriot. Perhaps you have had friends visiting you and no mention has been made of it. Well, do you imagine we have a clairvoyant on the force? Haven't you a telephone or a postal card? Let us know about it."

—The funeral of Cornelius Younglove was largely attended at his late home at East Genoa, on Friday afternoon last. Rev. F. J. Allington officiated and appropriate selections were sung by C. J. Foster, Mrs. Robt. Mastin and Miss Ida Mastin of Genoa. Burial was made at North Lansing. The deceased was born at Gorham, N. Y., in 1834, and had lived in this vicinity for the past thirty years. He served nearly a year in the civil war, enlisting from Seneca Falls. He was twice married, the second wife being Miss Louisa Miller, whom he married at Ovid. Surviving are the wife and two sons, Eugene and Fred Younglove, also a daughter by the first marriage, Mrs. Peter Hall, all of this town.

—Trade in Genoa.

—Phone us when you have guests.

—Miss Mattie Waldo, who has been suffering from quinsy, is regaining her strength.

—A new state law permits town boards to meet quarterly and audit bills against the towns.

—Mrs. S. A. Haines has returned to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Van Marter, for the winter.

—Frank Hunter of Forks of the Creek has purchased of A. T. Parsons, a fine 4 year-old gelding.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Myer were guests of friends in Marcellus and Syracuse, Sunday and Monday.

—The Cayuga Baptist Association will hold its annual meeting in Skaneateles Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2d and 3d.

—James Dodd of Syracuse was in town over Wednesday night. He reports that Mrs. Dodd's mother, Mrs. Helen Hall, is in poor health.

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

—The orange is claimed to be unsurpassed as a blood builder, as it contains salts which no other fruits contain in such satisfying quantities or combinations. No other fruit has so much sulphur.

—A meeting of the stockholders of the Genoa Fire Association was held on Tuesday evening. A membership corporation was formed and eleven directors elected. This is a preliminary step, in order that the association may acquire property.

—Mrs. Morell Wilson is spending part of each week in Auburn for several weeks, while her sisters, the Misses Montgomery, are away on a trip through the Western states. Her son, William Wilson, is attending the Fulton street school in Auburn.

—The State department of agriculture says that a glass of buttermilk contains as much nutriment as two ounces of bread, a good-sized potato, or a half-pint of oysters. As a cooling, satisfying and wholesome beverage buttermilk stands unequalled.

—State Game Protector Willard A. Hoagland calls attention to the fact that the game laws have been changed this year providing that the raccoon, mink and sable can only be hunted and trapped from Nov. 1 to March 1. Heretofore the season has been open on raccoons. Game Protector Hoagland gives warning that this provision of the game law is to be strictly enforced this fall and that it will not be well for coon hunters to get busy before Nov. 1.

Trunks and Suit Cases at Smith's.

—Dr. Berry Hill of the United States Navy made the discovery that the irritating oil responsible for ivy poisoning and the irritation itself may be removed by "scrubbing the affected parts vigorously with hot soapsuds," followed by alcohol or ether. Dr. Robert T. Morris writes to the Journal of the American Medical Association that he has also found this an almost instantaneous cure and those peculiarly susceptible to the ivy have been relieved in five minutes by this treatment.

We have just unloaded a car of corn, hominy, gluten and winter feeds. Our prices are right.

—During the storm of Sunday afternoon, Sept. 1, the town of Romulus, Seneca Co., suffered from a terrible wind, which destroyed all the farm buildings on the late Peter VanRiper farm, the large grain barn, 36x85 feet, being a total wreck. Shingles and pieces of timber were strewn a half mile, the sheep house entirely destroyed, the horse barn and hay barn, which was filled with hay, being lifted from the foundation and thrown in the cellar. The shingles were torn from the house, windows blown out and bedding and furniture through the windows, trees blown down, wagons and farming tools wrecked, but fortunately no lives or livestock lost. It is stated that people went from every direction, for miles, to see the wreck.

**Defiance Eye Glass Mountings** will make you look and feel years younger. Don't put up with the discomfort and inconvenience of ordinary eyeglasses, let us fit you with Defiance mountings. Your sight is the hardest worked of all the fine senses. If you burden and strain overworked eyes with unsightly, ill-fitting eyeglasses your nervous system must suffer severely. Do not neglect your eyesight.

### A. T. HOYT,

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

—About the usual number from Genoa and vicinity attended the State fair one or more days this week.

Big line Fancy Cakes at Smith's. New Gingham at Smith's.

—Buffalo's epidemic of infantile paralysis is becoming serious, there being now 135 cases. Experts from Washington and New York are on the ground studying the cases and advising in their treatment.

—It is reported that those who favor the east route, through Scipio Center, Venice Center, Genoa and North Lansing, from Auburn to Ithaca, are not going to discontinue the fight to secure the State Trunk line of highways through these towns, despite the recent decision by Justice Howard of Troy declining to interfere with the decision of the Highway Commission in selecting the Poplar Ridge route for the highway. Attorney Amasa J. Parker has served notice on Attorney General Carmody that he intends to appeal from the decision of Justice Howard upon the entry of judgment. This action will probably prevent any work of construction this fall.

### Jailbirds Captured.

James Blake and Otis Comfort, who escaped from the county jail in Auburn last week Tuesday night, were captured Friday night last, Blake in the town of Venice, near Venice Center, and Comfort in the town of Genoa, about three miles west and south of King Ferry.

The men took a horse and buggy owned by Frank Casler in Fleming, and driving south until near Venice decided to separate Wednesday morning, Comfort going to the west with the rig alone. Blake remained in the town of Venice, and in due time arrived at the home of Stephen Donovan, about a mile and a half south and west of Venice Center, where he applied for work, under the name of Bradley. He was given employment, and went to the creamery at Venice Center with the milk two mornings on Friday about 84 was missing from Mrs. Donovan's purse and when he returned from his morning drive, he admitted the theft and returned the money. The family at once became suspicious of their new "hired man" and Mr. Donovan went to Venice Center that evening after Blake had retired for the night, where Frank Saxton telephoned to the sheriff's office. After getting the description of the man, Deputy Sheriff Thomas Walker decided that the man was Blake and motored to the Donovan home. He found his man in bed and promptly arrested him and returned to Auburn with him, arriving there at about 1:30 o'clock in the morning.

Under Sheriff Drake effected the capture of Comfort in an automobile driven by James Byrnes of Auburn. A clue was furnished by Clark Polard, about five miles out the Clark street road, who claimed the loss of a pair of lines and a bridle from his barn Thursday night, and that an old pair of lines and bridle had been left in their place. These were identified by Mr. Casler, as part of his harness which was stolen Tuesday night. Under Sheriff Drake took up the chase from this point and finally decided to cover the lake road from Cayuga to Ithaca. No trace of the rig was found as far south as Aurora, but about two miles south of Jump's Corners, the men in the auto saw a rig going south and, putting on a little more speed, soon overtook it, and the single occupant of the carriage proved to be none other than Otis Comfort. He was quickly handcuffed and transferred to the automobile, and taken to Auburn, reaching there about 12 o'clock.

The horse, which was in good condition, was taken to the barn of A. B. Slocum and Friday morning driven to Auburn. There was a good supply of oats and other grain in the buggy, also a lantern, woolen horse blanket and a lap robe.

## Ithaca Auburn Short Line

New York, Auburn & Lansing R. R.

In Effect July 20, 1912.

| SOUTHBOUND—Read Down |       |       |       | STATIONS      |  | NORTH BOUND—Read Up |       |       |       |
|----------------------|-------|-------|-------|---------------|--|---------------------|-------|-------|-------|
| 27                   | 23    | 21    | 201   |               |  | 200                 | 22    | 24    | 28    |
| Daily                | Daily | Daily | Daily |               |  | Daily               | Daily | Daily | Daily |
|                      |       |       |       | except Sun.   |  | except Sun.         |       |       |       |
| P M                  | P M   | A M   | A M   |               |  | A M                 | A M   | P M   | P M   |
| 6 20                 | 1 45  | 8 30  | 6 40  | AUBURN        |  | 9 23                | 11 09 | 4 59  | 8 59  |
| 6 35                 | 2 00  | 8 45  | 6 55  | Mapleton      |  | 9 08                | 10 54 | 4 44  | 8 44  |
| 6 46                 | 2 11  | 8 56  | 7 06  | Merrifield    |  | 8 56                | 10 43 | 4 33  | 8 33  |
| 6 55                 | 2 20  | 9 05  | 7 15  | Venice Center |  | 8 44                | 10 34 | 4 24  | 8 24  |
|                      |       |       |       | GENOA         |  | 8 29                | 10 19 | 4 09  | 8 09  |
| 7 10                 | 2 35  | 9 20  | 7 30  | North Lansing |  | 8 18                | 10 08 | 3 58  | 7 58  |
| 7 21                 | 2 46  | 9 31  | 7 41  | South Lansing |  | 8 05                | 9 55  | 3 45  | 7 45  |
| 7 40                 | 3 00  | 9 50  | 8 05  | ITHACA        |  | 7 30                | 9 20  | 3 15  | 7 10  |
| 8 05                 | 3 25  | 10 15 | 8 30  |               |  | A M                 | A M   | P M   | P M   |

Additional Trains between Ithaca and Rogues Harbor leave Ithaca 7:30 a. m., daily except Sunday) 9:20, 11:15, (daily except Sunday) 12:15, (Sunday only) 2:00, 3:15, 5:20 7:10 p. m. daily, and 9:30 p. m. Saturday only. Returning leave South Lansing for Ithaca 8:05 a. m. daily except Sunday, 9:50 a. m., 3:00 p. m. 3:45, 7:40 p. m. Also leave Rogues Harbor at 11:50 (daily except Sunday) 12:50, (Sunday only) 5:55 p. m., daily, and 10:05 p. m. Saturday only.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK of GENOA

GENOA, N. Y.

### The Foolish Way and the Wise Way of Saving Money.

There are two ways of saving your money—the foolish way and the wise way. The foolish way is to put it where fire, theft or other calamity can take it from you in a second. The wise way is to put it in a bank of good standing like ours, where it is taken care of in fire and burglar proof vaults. Follow the example of the best business men and farmers in this direction—start an account here at once—it is also the straightest road to success and wealth.

COME IN AND LET US TALK IT OVER.

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.

## Rochester Industrial Exhibition

(September 14 to 28)

One and a half fare for Round Trip FROM AUBURN September 16, 18, 24, 26

Return limit two days from date of sale

A fine display of Industrial Exhibits, Agriculture, Horticulture and Art. Horseshow on afternoons of September 17, 18 and 19. Free Vaudeville. Midway Attractions. Gorgeous fireworks nightly. Music by the famous bands of Pryor and Creators.

For time of trains and further information consult local ticket agent.



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

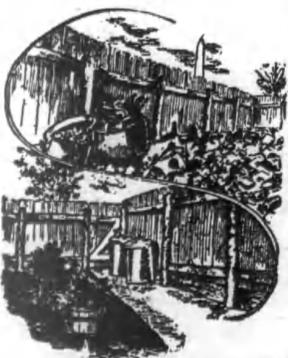
# HOME TOWN HELPS

HAS WORTH IN EVERY LINE

Clever Idea in Civic Alphabet That is Being Sent to Every Housekeeper in Atlanta.

- A—Aim to make Arbor day annual "clean-up" day.
- B—Banish the tin can district from your city.
- C—Clean up the backyards and alleys.
- D—Destroy the rubbish by burning.
- E—Educate housewives to demand clean markets.
- F—Fine every club member who does not work.
- G—Give free lectures upon civic improvement.
- H—Have campaigns against unsightly billboards.
- I—Interest city authorities in "clean-up" day.
- J—Join all forces for the anti-dirt crusade.
- K—Kill sidewalk spitting or it will kill you.
- L—Let your slogan be: "Do it for home, sweet home."
- M—Make requests of preachers for "clean-up" sermons.
- N—Next to godliness is cleanliness.
- O—Organize the children into civic leagues.
- P—Plant trees, and then plant trees, and plant more trees.
- Q—Question authorities about city expenditures.
- R—Remember to plan parks and playgrounds now.
- S—Study city ordinances and work for their enforcement.
- T—Try to make the school buildings social centers.
- U—Use every effort to arouse citizens.
- V—Vanquish the opposition with good nature.
- W—Wage increasing war upon all weeds, flies and mosquitoes.
- X—Exact obedience to the city sanitary laws.
- Y—Your city is YOU; never forget that.
- Z—Zeal, courage and patience will "clean up" the city.—Atlanta Constitution.

## WHAT MAY BE DONE.



The Washington Star publishes the above picture of "Before and After," showing the possibilities of a clean-up day in the backyard of a city.

### Era of City-Planning.

Seventy American cities are now spending \$100,000,000 to beautify themselves and 50 more will join in the movement within a year. This striking fact was brought out in Boston at the fourth national conference on city planning. In this new movement the cities of the United States are following a path where Europe has shown the way. Nearly half of the population of the United States is now urban. More than one-fifth is in towns or cities of more than 2,500 and less than 100,000 inhabitants. These are the very places that have the best opportunity for intelligent city planning. The time for it is while the town is small and while land is cheap. Mere multiplication of parks does not carry out the idea. The whole city should be treated as a park or landscaped garden and its public buildings should form a civic center on a definite architectural basis. The only effective machinery for the creation of a city beautiful is a permanent city-planning commission. Harmonious development of the growing city, with every street, tree, building and spot of ground treated as a detail in a harmonious ensemble, is not only art but business. Civic beauty is an immense municipal asset.

### Beautiful Parisian Streets.

In the streets and boulevards of Paris, even in the business section, are trees and flowers and gardens. These have contributed largely to making Paris one of the beautiful and distinctive cities of the world. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, is the beautiful and the utilitarian combined to the same extent.

### Women and Love.

Women for the most part do not love via. They do not choose a man because they love him, but because it pleases them to be loved by him. They love love of all things in the world, but there are very few men whom they love personally.—Alphonse Daudet.

# TEMPERANCE NOTES

## ALCOHOL IS SOMATIC POISON

Insidiously Attacks Highest Functions of Brain and Mind and Overthrows All the Faculties.

How alcohol destroys a man's faculties in an exactly inverse order to that of their acquirement has been most graphically depicted by Dr. A. D. Bush, the well known authority on mental diseases, says Mr. Elliot Flint in the *Vindicator*.

Doctor Bush declares alcohol to be a somatic (body) poison which acts upon the tissues destructively and produces more or less acute but well marked psychoses (derangements of the nervous system).

"Opium," he says, "overwhelms the organism producing collapse; strychnine exhausts the centers of respiration; prussic acid paralyzes at once, but alcohol insidiously attacks the highest functions of the brain and mind and successively and in inverse order overthrows all the intellectual faculties acquired by the evolutionary process, reduces man to the level of the brute and finally to the gutter as a mere animate being."

One day of heavy drinking is, according to Doctor Bush, sufficient to overthrow the cumulative work of ages and to resolve man into his primitive capacity of simple nervous response.

In the development of the child the emotion of shame is a later acquirement than the emotion of fear, and hence in the process of devolution or regression the former would be sooner lost. Likewise the faculty of reason, first manifested by the infant in the fourth month, is a higher faculty than that of memory shown in the second week of life. Consequently the power of reasoning would be surrendered while memory remained active. And so with other faculties, which will be enumerated presently, the highest being the power of discrimination and of self-control.

Among the first faculties then which a man loses when he becomes intoxicated are his fine self-control, his discrimination and his sense of shame. Hence he raises his voice and talks inconsiderately, disagreements of no moment irritate him, he becomes voluble and indulges in high-flown rhetoric, in patriotic buncombs, or in shallow sentimentality. In short, alcohol so weakens his judgment that he can no longer distinguish the trivial from the important.

Also he grows restless and walks about gesticulating wildly, for, as his power for deliberative movements is impaired, so his ability for expressive movements which was an earlier acquirement, is temporarily increased. As a consequence, besides his gesticulations with arms, shoulders and body, he makes grimaces, wags his head and laughs and cries by turns easily and exceedingly. Next, this faculty in its turn weakening, the imitative faculty appears. He now yelps, barks and crows or imitates ridiculously the speech of those about him. Then at last his attention wanes and his movements become more uncertain until no longer able to co-ordinate his muscles, he sinks to the floor, where he lies twitching, and then still breathing stertorously. Thus he returns by the alcohol route to the helplessness of the babe.

The superficial brilliancy of speech sometimes displayed by the intoxicated comes from the loss of the higher faculty of abstract thought and the consequent increase of constructive imagination, with its still more inferior companion, reminiscent imagination. But though the speech of the drunkard appear brilliant, adorned as it is with metaphor and extravagant imagery, his thoughts lack coherence and rationality, and his seeming brilliancy soon abates and ends in unintelligible gibbering.

### Anti-Alcohol Labor Union.

The Paris correspondent of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* writes that the scourge of alcoholism to which for a long time the working class of France has been very indifferent, has, at least, begun to really and vitally interest them. There has been recently organized a Federation of Anti-Alcohol Workers which is sending out an appeal to all the syndical organizations inviting them to take part in anti-alcohol propaganda. The federation has already held several meetings and given moving picture lectures in Paris. Like other continental workers the French begin to realize that drink by dulling ambition and impaired efficiency is a handicap to the workmen at the very points where he needs to be strongest if he is to improve his condition.

### The Economy of Prevention.

To spend money lavishly on hospitals, insane asylums, jails and reformatories is well, but better would be a public desire to go behind the pauper, criminal and diseased in mind and body, seek the causes that made them thus inefficient units, and to apply the prevention, if it is in the public power, as it has been demonstrated, largely to do.

### Dangerous Enemy.

Beer is a far more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the armies of France.—Von Moitke.

## MINUTELY OLD BAVARIAN RULES

Ample Reasons Why Duke Max Was Popular Within and Without His Dominions.

Duke Max of Bavaria had no greater delight than leaning over the counter of some small shopkeeper, talking gossip or purchasing toys for his great-granddaughters in Austria. Innumerable stories are told illustrating his character. R. H. Goldschmidt, a wealthy banker of Frankfurt, was once journeying to Vienna. Opposite him on the velvet cushion of the first class car sat an old gentleman, whose dress and looks betrayed no uncommon rank. "Are you on a pleasure trip?" asked the banker's *vis-a-vis*. "Yes," answered the latter, "I am going to visit my daughter, who, thank God, fortunately married the Banker Wiener in Vienna." "How strange," replied his companion; "the incentive to my trip is the same. I am going to visit my daughter in Vienna. Thank God; she, too, is rather fortunately married to the emperor of Austria."

The duke's pocketbook was open to all. Many a poor creature in that Catholic city told of beads for "good Duke Max," and blessed his name. A disciple of old Baltazarina, whose art had once charged the ballet lovers of music, having grown old in her profession, was unable to get employment. In despair she wrote to Duke Max, giving an account of her situation. His secretary handed him the letter with the remark: "She deserves nothing; she has lived a fast life." "Then," answered his highness, "she will miss her former splendor so much the more," and, sitting down, he wrote her a letter, enclosing money, and signed "From an admirer of your art."—The Argonaut.

## ONE THING RIGIDLY BARRED

Seemingly Small Point That Threatened to Disturb Etiquette of Royal Procession.

"There is just one thing the law-abiding citizen may not do when watching a royal procession in London, and my wife, through attempting to do it, might soon find out what it is," said the traveler. "There was a marrow-piercing wind to chill us and icy slush lay thick on the pavements that day we stood to see the king go by. After teetering around for a few minutes in a vain endeavor to keep her feet warm my wife folded a newspaper and stood on that. The policeman at her side looked on in kindly disapproval."

"Mustn't do that," he said. "Of course she asked, 'Why not?'" "Looks bad," said he. "If you was back in the crowd it wouldn't make so much difference, but right in the front row it's against the rules to throw a scrap of paper on the ground."

"My wife glanced at the long line of muddy shoes of all colors, sizes and conditions, and wondered how one edge of white paper could damage the display, but the policeman's tone precluded argument, so she picked up the paper."

### Made Up in Quantity.

An old colored woman, who had grown gray and bent in the service of the family who had raised her from childhood, was not gifted with an overabundance of gray matter, and her mistakes and queer ideas furnished much amusement to those about her.

One day a Yorkshire pudding that she had made for dinner did not seem quite as it should be, and the mistress called Eunice and said: "What is the matter with the pudding, Eunice; did you make it in the usual way?"

"Yes'm," said Eunice.

"How many eggs did you put in it?"

"Six,"

"Six," exclaimed the mistress; "why, the recipe only calls for four!"

"Yes'm, I know," said Eunice; "but they weren't very good, so I put in more of 'em."

### Things Fish Can See.

It is doubtful if fish can distinguish forms outside the water, but they unquestionably can see moving objects at considerable distance. Their instinct teaches them to flee from strange moving things and from shadows thrown on the water by persons moving along the water's edge or by birds flying over. The proof that they cannot see the outlines of forms sufficiently well to distinguish between animate and inanimate objects, is that they will show no more fear of an angler standing perfectly still in the water, than they will of a tree or other harmless object. That their sight is keen in the water is evidenced by the fact that game fishes, that prey on their fellows, do much of their feeding at night, pursuing and capturing minnows and other small fish in deep, dark holes.

### Literary Tailors.

One does not look for literary men among tailors, but none the less the profession can claim some illustrious names. John Stow, the antiquary and author of the "Survey of London," for instance, began life at a tailor, and another famous tailoring antiquary was John Speed, one of our early map-makers and member of the Society of Antiquaries.

And then there was Robert Hill, "the learned tailor" of Birmingham, who contrived to teach himself Greek and Hebrew and became famous as a writer of theological treatises. And George Meredith was born over the tailor's shop.

## REMEMBER OF YESTERDAY

Story of Abolitionist Days Before the Civil War.

How Marshal Rhynders, Violent Pro-Slavery Democrat, Quit Catching Fugitive Slaves to Show His Gratitude to Mr. Seward.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

Recently I told of the chance that made two old-time enemies friends—Williams Lloyd Garrison and Isalah Rhynders, whose name, though now forgotten, was almost as well known in ante-bellum days as that of the great abolitionist leader. During the period of abolition agitation Rhynders personified to a large part of the north the pro-slavery Democracy of that section of the country. He was, in fact, one of the most radical pro-slavery Democrats in all the north, and as United States marshal for the southern district of New York, to which office he was first appointed by President Pierce, he earned the unmitigated hatred of all abolitionists and a great many other persons by the vigor he displayed from 1853 to 1857 in apprehending fugitive slaves and returning them to their owners. But, lo and behold when Marshal Rhynders was reappointed by President Buchanan, from that time on until he quit the post of marshal at the end of Buchanan's term never pursued or tried to arrest a fugitive slave, and great was the wonder thereat among the abolitionists.

Fifteen years after Rhynders had quit office I met him and I asked him to tell me how it happened that, after his reappointment, he had left off pursuing and arresting fugitive slaves, to the utter bewilderment of his opponents.

This man who had been branded in ante-bellum days as a demon in human form smiled gently upon me, and when he spoke his voice was a soft and gentle as his smile.

"That's a story I haven't told to many persons," he said. "But I will tell it to you, and first off I'll tell that I wouldn't have been reappointed marshal by Buchanan if it hadn't been for William H. Seward. That's funny, isn't it? Seward, you know, was the great leader of the anti-slavery party in the north, and yet he told me to say to President Buchanan that if my name was sent to the senate for reappointment as United States marshal, he would rise in executive session of the senate and say that he gave the nomination his cordial approval because he thought Marshal Rhynders was the best representative of the Democratic party in New York."

"Of course, there was a joke behind that; Seward was very fond of joking. But the message that I carried from him to Buchanan induced the latter to send in my reappointment to the senate, and there, in executive session, Seward did exactly what he promised he would do, and because he did that my appointment was confirmed."

"Now how could I show my gratitude towards an anti-slavery Republican? That was a question which I tried to answer for several weeks after my reappointment was confirmed. At last I said to myself:

"Senator Seward is down on the fugitive slave law. He doesn't want to see any fugitive slave arrested. I will see to it that there won't be any arrested while I am marshal, and I will do it in this way: If I get a warrant for the arrest of a fugitive slave, I will cause that fact to be widely circulated. I will let the fugitive slave's friends have a tip. Then they can get him out of the way."

"I pledged myself to do this, and I did do it. And it is true, as you have heard, that not one fugitive slave was arrested in New York between 1857 and 1861. That was the way I paid Senator Seward for the kindness he did me."

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### Music a Cure.

Believing that charms of music will lure men back from paths of crime to lives of righteousness, Warden Moyer, of the Atlanta federal prison, where Morse, Green, Gaynor and other unfortunates are confined, has asked the department of justice and received permission to hire a guard whose real duties will be to direct the band at the prison. As a result of his persuasions the civil service commissioner in Atlanta has been instructed to hold an examination there for a man qualified as prison guard and orchestra and band leader. The prison has had a band for some time, but the soothing effects of music kept the members in good standing and correspondingly shortened their sentences to such an extent that the band has been depleted of its best players.

### "W. P. F."

Senator Frye, when a student at Bowdoin college, roomed at 5 Bath street, Brunswick, and some time during his college course cut with a diamond on a window pane his initials, "W. P. F." He graduated in 1850, but the initials are still there. Writing to Senator Frye to thank him for a package of seeds, E. T. Getchell of Brunswick called his attention to the memento of his student days at old Bowdoin. In reply Senator Frye expressed the hope that the window would be preserved, because, he said, "It is the only memorial window for me in the whole country."—Bath Times.

## BREAKING AWAY FROM TRUTH

Two Opinions With Respect to a False Statement Minister Admits He Made.

A curiously interesting question of ethics has arisen over the failure of a minister to secure employment for an erring but repentant woman until he told prospective employers that she was a woman of good character. He had often been on the point of getting for her the work she needed in order to make an honest living and to regain the moral equilibrium which had been disturbed by her wrongdoing. But as soon as the minister, in his devotion to the strict letter of the truth, admitted that the woman had sinned, the doors of honest living were closed in her face, the "unco' good" people who were in a position to lend a helping hand refusing to run the risk of "contamination," unwilling to follow the example of Him who said to another erring woman: "Go and sin no more."

Now a rather lively local discussion has arisen as to whether the minister was justified under the circumstances, or whether anybody is ever justified under any circumstances, in telling a lie. Perhaps few will deny that if this minister really lied at all he strained the truth in a good cause and that the imposition practiced upon those who refused to give to another the chance of reform which they themselves would have welcomed in their own cases was intended to serve a humane purpose. All who are inclined to take an ultra conservative view of the inviolability of truth might ponder the splendid words of Dickens when he wrote Tom Pinch and the lie that he did only good to another human being:

"There are some falsehoods, Tom, on which men mount, as on bright wings, to heaven. There are truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, that bind men down to earth. Who would not rather have to fan him in his dying hour the lightest feather of a falsehood such as thine, than all the quills snubbed from the sharp porcupine, revengeful truth, since Time began?"—Kansas City Journal.

## JUDGE STILL HAS THE \$50

Condition Competitors Did Not Seem to Notice Went With Offer of Prize.

The walking craze of a few years ago gave a well-known sporting man an opportunity which he could not resist taking advantage of. He had handbills widely distributed on which was stated:

"A Great Crosby gentleman will give \$50 to the man, woman or child who first succeeds in doing the following task: To walk from the Pierhead (Liverpool) to Crosby village. There each competitor must buy a meat pie and walk around the Big Stone and eat it."

About a hundred entries were received, and the walk took place on Whit Monday. Much excitement prevailed and a great cheer rose as a local pedestrian was seen leading the rest of the crowd. His meat pie was soon eaten as he walked round the stone, and he went to the judge for the \$50.

"Why," exclaimed the judge, "I didn't think you could have done it. The stone seemed too hard to eat."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked the ped.

"Everything to do with it," answered the judge, "and nobody gets the \$50 till they do."—London Tit-Bits.

### Mother Kangaroo's Bravery.

During a severe drought in a certain section of Australia, the owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the porch when he saw a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as if half in doubt and fear what to do.

At length she approached the water pails, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While her baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with apprehension, for she was but a few feet from the porch where one of her foes was watching her.

The baby having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch and the old kangaroo set off at a rapid pace. The spectator was so much impressed by the astonishing bravery of the affectionate mother that he made a vow—and kept it—never again to shoot a kangaroo.

### Eccentric Tides.

Owing to the effects of shore lines and other influences which are more or less obscure it is very difficult to account for the peculiarities exhibited by tidal waves in various parts of the world.

Interfering waves cause once-a-day tides at Tahiti and in some other places, while on the other hand in the harbors back of the Isle of Wight and in the Tay in Scotland there are three tides in a day. The latter have been ascribed to overtones, produced by the modification of tidal waves running ashore and resembling the overtones of musical sounds.

### Diamonds in a Rat's Nest.

Seven years ago Mrs. Charles DeLong lost trace of two diamond earrings valued at \$200. Carpenters, remodeling the house, found the jewels in a partition where rats had a nest. Incidentally, an apology was made to a servant who had been indirectly accused of the theft.—Milwaukee Journal.

## 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 said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 10th day of November, 1912. Dated April 22nd, 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 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 executor of said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Seipio, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1912. Dated April 19, 1912. HARLES W. SMITH, ULYSSES G. SMITH, Executors.

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

### Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an Order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of 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, at his place of residence in the town of Seipio, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of November, 1912. Dated April 22nd, 1912. AUSTIN B. COMSTOCK, Administrator. Benjamin C. Mead, Attorney for Administrator, 126 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To John W. Holden, Winfield S. Holden, Mary Powell, Leona Wilson, David Wilson, Samuel B. Wilson, Mary J. Bradford and William Mitchell.

Send Greeting: Whereas, Carl J. Thayer, of Genoa, N. Y., has lately applied to our Surrogate of the County of Cayuga for the proof and probate of a certain instrument in writing, dated the 2nd day of July, 1912, purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Mary J. Branch, late of Genoa, in said county, deceased, which relates to personal estate.

Therefore, you and each of you are cited to appear in our said Surrogate's Court, before the Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at his office in the Court House, in the City of Auburn, on the 22nd day of October, 1912, at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, and attend the probate of said Last Will and Testament.

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

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at the Surrogate's office in the City of Auburn, this 31st day of August in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twelve. FREDERICK B. WILLS, Clerk of the Surrogate's Court. S. Edwin Day, Attorney for Petitioner, Office and P. O. Address, Moravia, N. Y.

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

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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.

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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

## Are You Happy?

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

For the past 42 years SEVEN MARKS has proved to be the unequalled remedy for all STOMACH, LIVER and KIDNEY troubles, and the greatest tonic and blood purifier known. It makes your digestion what it should be and keeps your entire system in good condition. Price of SEVEN MARKS is but 50 cents a bottle at all druggists. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address LYMAN BROWN, 85 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

**RHEUMATISM**  
FROM THE ENGLISH  
DRUGGISTS  
SAFE & EFFECTUAL  
CURE

# Religious Conversation

By Rev. Howard W. Pope  
Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute  
Chicago

TEXT: Only let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ.—Phil. 1:27.

Talking is one of the things that many people do not consider themselves responsible for. It costs so little, and is so common, that the world does not appreciate its value. But if our Saviour's words be true, that for "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account in the day of judgment," talking is pretty serious business.

It is said of Samuel that "The Lord let none of his words fall to the ground." In other words, none of them were lost, but all found their way to their proper destination, did their appointed work and returned laden with blessing to the God who gave them.

In the Saviour's prayer recorded in John 17, He says, "Father I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." Finished! Not a word left unsaid, not a deed undone, of all that was given Him to do. How unfinished and incomplete do our lives seem in comparison.

Talking is a very potent agency for good. When we see how persuasive and forceful some men are in presenting a business proposition, how eloquent in pleading a political cause, we cannot but wish that their talents were consecrated to the service of Christ. And whatever one may think about women speaking in meeting, certainly out of meeting women have a fluency and fervor which would make them valuable allies of any cause which they might espouse.

A single word fitly spoken has often changed one's whole career. Said a noble man, "If I have been happy or useful in the world, it is due largely to a chance question from a stranger. I was a poor boy and a cripple. Watching a game of ball one day with envious feelings, a man at my side said to me, 'You wish you were in the place of those boys, do you not?' 'Yes, I do,' was the answer. 'I reckon God gave them their money and health to enable them to be of some use in the world. Did it ever occur to you that He gave you your lame leg for the same reason, to make a man of you?' I did not reply. But I could not get his words out of my mind. My crippled leg God's gift, to teach me patience and strength! I did not believe it, but I was a thoughtful boy, and the more I thought of it the more I was convinced that the stranger had told the truth. It worked on my temper, my thoughts and at last upon my actions. The idea has sweetened and blessed all my life."

Christian conversation seems to be almost a lost art in some quarters. How seldom does one hear the subject broached in public places like a drawing room, or at a dinner party even when all the people present are professing Christians! Riding in the cars with a stranger one day I opened the subject of religion. After a while he admitted that he was a member of a church. "If that is the case," I said, "why didn't you talk to me like a Christian, and not compel me to work so long to find out your position?" "People don't do that down our way," said he. "I would speak to a man who came into my store, on the subject of religion, what do you suppose he would think of me?" "He would probably think you were a Christian," I replied. "Well, no one talks about religion down our way, not even the ministers. We never hear from them on the subject, except from the pulpit."

That Christians do not talk more about the things of the Kingdom is a constant surprise to the un saved, and often an occasion of doubt. Said a skeptical lady to a friend of mine, "I will tell you why I am a doubter. I was in a sewing society last week. Forty ladies were present and every one a church member except myself. I was there three hours. We talked of everything down to crazy patchwork, but not a word about Jesus. I cannot believe that they see in Jesus Christ any such beauty or power as you speak of. I am convinced that there is a great deal of sham in the profession of Christian people."

That it requires tact and skill to carry on religious conversation, no one can deny, but is it not worth while to study the art until we become proficient in it? If we follow Paul's advice to the Colossians, we shall always have something to say. If we begin each day with David's prayer, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer," we shall keep in touch with God. And if we watch for souls as those that must give an account, we shall have opportunities enough so that, in a short time, we shall find Christian conversation a real pleasure to ourselves and a blessing to others.

## NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

### Two Famous Men Who Sized Each Other Up.

How Samuel J. Tilden Met Thomas B. Reed at Session of Committee That Was Investigating the Presidential Election.

By E. J. EDWARDS.  
The first congress which was organized after the inauguration of President Hayes adopted a resolution providing for an investigation of the manner in which the presidential election of the year previous was conducted in the states of Louisiana and South Carolina. The purpose of this investigation, although not the acknowledged purpose, was to discover whether returning boards in either or both of those states had been bribed to make returns in favor of the Republican electors of those states. Clarkson M. Potter was the chairman of this committee. He was the elder brother of Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, who afterwards became bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York. He was a lawyer of some distinction and a man of unusual charm of personal character.

This committee held several sessions at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York in the winter of 1878. Samuel J. Tilden, the defeated Democratic candidate for president, for whom nevertheless a plurality of the people had voted, was subpoenaed as a witness to appear before this committee. Some of the Republican members of the committee were anxious to test Governor Tilden's knowledge as to whether or not cipher dispatches, so called, containing improper propositions, had been sent by some of those who were managing the Democratic campaign to the returning boards of South Carolina and Louisiana.

Mr. Tilden appeared before the committee in response to the subpoena one afternoon. He stood beside the chair of Mr. Potter, one hand resting upon the back of the chair. The expression on Governor Tilden's face was extremely stern. Of course he commanded the intensest interest on the part of every member of the committee, some of whom had never before seen him. Slowly, with penetrating although almost furtive look, he glanced from one member of the committee to the other as though trying to measure them. At last his eyes fell upon the junior member of the committee; and the defeated presidential candidate seemed to be fascinated, or at least intensely occupied, with the conduct of that young man.

This youngest member of the committee sat at the lower end of the table, his chin resting in the palm of one hand. He fixed upon Governor Tilden a strange, curious glance, with something of quizzical suggestion, and there seemed to play about his lips the faint flicker of a smile. And so these two men watched each other, each apparently being oblivious to the presence of any other person.

I was sitting a little to the rear of my friend, the late Congressman William M. Springer of Illinois, who was a member of the committee. He turned to me and said:

"The governor and Reed are measuring each other up."

The young man at the end of the table was Thomas B. Reed, at that time at the beginning of his first term as a member of congress.

During the entire giving of the testimony by Governor Tilden Reed maintained the same peculiar attitude, his chin upon the palm of one hand, and that half whimsical light in his eyes, which had come to him when Tilden first took his place beside Chairman Potter. It was upon Mr. Reed during all the questioning and cross-questioning that the eyes of Samuel J. Tilden were fixed. And Reed, in that strange, nasal, drawing tone, which he could use with skill when he desired to annoy or confuse or bewilder anyone, asked Governor Tilden two or three questions. They were leading questions, and there seemed to be to some members of the committee a lurking tone of almost insolence in them.

After the committee had adjourned for the day Mr. Reed said to Mr. Springer, "If you had put that man into the White House you would have nothing but ice and intellect there"—as at a summing up of Samuel J. Tilden as was ever made.

So, also, after the committee had adjourned for the day, Governor Tilden said to Clarkson M. Potter: "At the foot of the table sat the man who is to be the leader of his party. He has more personal power than all the other members of the committee. You will find, in the course of a few years, that he will be the master in the house of representatives and will become the leader of his party. He is the man against whom you should concentrate your strength and of whom you should be ever watchful."

A few years later Thomas B. Reed was the big man on the Republican side in the national house of representatives.

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The Animatophone.  
The animatophone is the latest thing in the public entertainment line. It is a combination of the cinematograph and the gramophone. By its means one may hear the music of the finest operas, and watch at the same time the movement in a dumb show of the principal singers on the stage. The future development of this new invention will be followed with interest.

### Metal McKinley Held Most Valuable to America.

He Believed Tin Was of Greatest Importance to This Country in the Way of Its Possible Development.

By E. J. EDWARDS.  
"I sometimes think that the greatest schoolmaster, both for an American business man and for a member of congress, is a tariff bill when it is under consideration," either by the ways and means committee of the house of representatives, or by the house itself in committee of the whole.

It was in 1882 that this statement was made to me by William McKinley, who at that time had been for six years a member of congress and had already become prominent because of his mastery from the protectionist point of view of all questions relating to the tariff. A tariff commission had been appointed in 1882 whose duty it was to report to congress a revision of the tariff. It was while Mr. McKinley was discussing some of the difficulties that this commission would be compelled to meet and overcome that he made the remark to me which is quoted above.

"It is impossible for any man faithfully to follow the hearings before the ways and means committee, or to serve upon that committee, without learning more of the material resources of the United States, whether they are developed or latent, or what the possibilities of development are, than could be learned by him in any other way," continued Mr. McKinley. "If I have any special information which qualifies me to speak with some authority upon the resources of the United States and their development and their chances of development, it is due wholly to the fact that I have made a careful study of the tariff my chief work, especially since I have been a member of the ways and means committee. I will illustrate what I am saying to you by asking you a question. It is this: What, do you think, is the most valuable mineral—valuable in the sense of the greatest possible development—to the United States?"

"Do you mean to include the precious metals, like gold or silver?" I asked.

"No, because gold and silver are of especial and exclusive importance because they are the basis of our money."

"Well, then, of course, I should say that iron is the most valuable." "I have my doubts about that," Mr. McKinley replied. "Of course, iron is of the utmost importance for the development of our industries, and for our railroads; we have, however, plenty of iron. On the other hand the metal which, in my opinion, is almost as valuable and important as iron to this country, is one of the few minerals which the United States does not produce in any commercial quantity. Can you guess now what it is?"

"I shook my head.

"It is tin," said the man who was to be the framer of a tariff bill, who was to write the tariff plank in two national Republican platforms, and who was to be elected president upon a protection tariff plank. "The world now largely depends upon the use of tin for no small part of its food. Without tin food could not be put into packages so that armies can be fed wherever they are; without tin prospectors who are exploiting our resources and explorers could not be assured of their daily supply of food. Without food, what is an army, what the ability of the men who are building railroads across deserts, or through the great forests and mountain stretches of the west? Tin cans, tin cases, humble tin receptacles of all sorts—what an important part they play in every day life, in the average kitchen of the Republic? Yes, my experience in the school of tariff making has led me to the belief that this humble metal, which nature has denied the United States, may be compared with iron itself so far as its material importance to this country is concerned, and though I do not care to say this publicly at this time, some day I shall do so."

Seven years later, as chairman of the ways and means committee of the house, William McKinley framed the tariff bill that bears his name in history. Probably the most striking single schedule in it—and unquestionably the greatest popular discussion—was that which placed a duty upon tin plate; and before he died McKinley had the satisfaction of knowing that because of this duty the United States had become independent of the world as a manufacturer of tin products, and an exporter of them as well.

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Rubbing it In.  
The girl was telling the man an anecdote and a queer look passed over his face. The girl stopped, embarrassed. "I am afraid I have told you this story before," she stammered.

## Advertising Talks

### FALSE ADVERTISING PUNISHED

Misrepresentation of Goods and Their Value a Serious Offense in Germany.

False representation in advertising is a serious offense over in Germany, and is punishable by fine for the first offense and by fine and imprisonment for succeeding offenses. For this reason merchants in the Fatherland are careful not to put extravagant values on goods that are not worth the prices quoted.

That part of the law covering such cases provides that: "Whoever with intent to call forth the appearance of an especially advantageous offer shall in public announcements or communications intended for a larger circle of persons, as touching business relations, especially as touching the character, origin, manner of production, or the fixing of the price of goods or industrial products, the manner of acquisition, or the sources of supply of goods, the possession of marks of distinction, the motive or purpose of sale, or the abundance of supplies, shall knowingly make false representations tending to mislead, is liable to imprisonment up to one year and to a money penalty up to 5,000 marks or to one of these punishments.

When a person is found guilty of a fine of 5,000 marks (\$1,190) is imposed for the first offense; for the second offense a fine of 5,000 marks, or imprisonment up to one year; and for the third offense the guilty party is invariably sent to prison for a term not exceeding one year.

In addition to fine and imprisonment, a person convicted of false advertisement is obliged to insert an advertisement in a certain number of newspapers stating that he has been convicted of unfair competition. Usually he is required by the judge to insert the advertisement in at least 25 papers, and sometimes in as many as 100. The judge usually dictates the text of the advertisement and specifies the papers in which it shall be inserted.

"Believe me, the American people do not like to be humbugged, and they catch on mighty quick nowadays when anyone tries it on them."

### "FIRST KNOW YOUR PUBLIC."

Essential Fundamental That Governs Every Phase of Successful Advertising, Says Expert.

Julius Schneider of the Chicago Tribune, in a speech at the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, recently held at Dallas, treated of the general subject of newspaper advertising, pointing out its defects and advantages, alluded to the change of national advertisers to the newspapers, showed that collecting is highly developed, but that the retailers are without efficient organization in their advertising departments, and suggested that there are "signs that error is being discovered and corrected."

He said that "chief of the fundamentals governing every phase of successful advertising is to know your public," and developed his thought cleverly and convincingly. He then took up the practice of the department stores, and showed wherein they are deficient and their advertising policy "fallen into a rut."

He dealt with several features of ordinary department store advertising that seemed to him to be faulty, such as the attempt to make advertising "balance" the undue use of superlative adjectives in price making, the overworking of advertising men, "copying a style that does not fit," etc. Then he proceeded to say that these things are trivial matters when viewed in the light that they are simply the details of inefficient administration due to inefficient expenditure for organization.

Town Knockers.  
The men who do a town more harm than good may be classed as follows: First, those who oppose improvement. Second, those who run it down to strangers. Third, those who never advertise their business. Fourth, those who distrust public spirited men. Fifth, those who show no hospitality to any one. Sixth, those who hate to see others make money. Seventh, those who oppose every movement that doesn't originate with themselves. Eighth, those who put on long faces when a stranger speaks of locating in their town. Ninth, those who oppose every public enterprise which does not appear of personal benefit to themselves.

Novel Advertising Schemes.  
There is a project afoot for using the bare sides of the 2,000,000 or more freight cars in the United States for advertising purposes. Tin "signs" will be used for this purpose and a net revenue of several million of dollars yearly will fall into the treasuries of the can companies that make the signs.

## The KITCHEN CABINET



All year's at the spring  
Add day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven

The Middle's dew-peared  
The lady's on the wing  
The smile's on the thorn  
God in his heaven—  
All's right with the world.  
—Robert Browning.

### THE VALUABLE LEMON.

The lemon is a palatable medicine and one that is especially good for the blood. For thick, sluggish blood and an inactive liver, the juice of a lemon in a glass of water every morning on rising is a most beneficial tonic. The lemon juice should be taken without sugar and drunk at least half an hour before eating, to give it time to be absorbed into the system before anything is taken into the stomach.

As a drink, hot or cold lemonade still stands first on the list of drinks. In combination with other foods and fruits it is also both refreshing and stimulating. A few tablespoonfuls of lemon juice in barley water is a splendid drink for the sick.

There is a zest about a dish of lemon jelly to be served with different meats (fish and poultry), which is especially pleasing.

When serving bananas and oranges, fruits that are nearly always on the market, a bit of lemon juice squeezed over the fruit brings out the flavor of each.

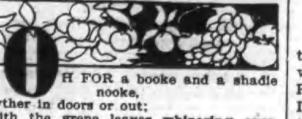
In preparing frozen dishes, like raspberry or grape ice or ice cream, a tablespoon of lemon juice not only enhances the flavor, but makes the color more beautiful; a desirable addition to any dish.

Lemon juice and olive oil, with salt and cayenne pepper, is a simple and easily assimilated salad dressing for many vegetables and fruits.

As a garnish for fish, cut in dainty slices or in eighths, there is no prettier decoration, if combined with a touch of parsley.

Lemon Sauce for Puddings.—Stir until well mixed, a tablespoonful of flour and a half cup of sugar; add a cup of boiling water and cook until smooth; add a tablespoonful of butter, two or three drops of lemon juice and a little of the rind. Pour over the well-beaten yolk of an egg.

## Nellie Maxwell's The KITCHEN CABINET



FOR a bookie and a shade  
nook.

Either in doors or out;  
With the green leaves whispering overhead  
Or the streets cryers all about,  
Where I make reads all at my ease,  
Both for the new and old;  
For a jollie goodie bookie whereon to look,  
Is better to me than gold.

### EXPERT LAUNDERING.

There are people, and those who should know better, who labor under the impression that laundry work is merely a matter of muscle, and that any one with the physical strength and little intelligence will make a good laundress. There was never a more mistaken idea, as we have learned by sad experience.

A successful laundress must be an educated woman, something of a chemist, a good fair amount of judgment and a conscientious, painstaking worker.

There is knowledge to be used in the choice of soap and starches, in the removing of spots and stains. To do the right kind of laundry work it is necessary to know how to wash the most delicate colors without fading them.

Most colors may be retained by a salt or vinegar bath, a tablespoonful to a quart of water. A general rule is to immerse all light colors in salt water and dark colors in vinegar.

Blue is a delicate color, yet any shade may be permanently fixed by being soaked before it is laundered for half an hour in eight or ten quarts of water in which is dissolved an ounce of sugar of lead.

Green is another frail color; a lump of alum in the rinse water will set this color.

There are three important things to consider in washing colored clothes, after the treatment which sets the color. First, they should never be washed in boiling hot water; second, soap should never be rubbed on, but always dissolved, and third, they should always be dried as quickly as possible in the shade and ironed, when possible, before they are quite dry, and on the wrong side.

If a garment is only slightly soiled, the rubbing and soaping in the soapy water will cleanse it, then the rinsing should be very thorough. The whole process should be done as quickly as possible.

The most careful washer may ruin the result of her work by careless ironing.  
To be a good ironer means much practice and infinite patience.

## IS DEMAND FOR ORANGEWOOD

Trees Sacrificed for Building Sites in San Gabriel Valley in California.

The sale of orangewood is a new and profitable industry, which is being developed by the owners of Michillinda tract in the San Gabriel valley. The wood is being cleared from building sites in the subdivisions and it is being sold for \$22 a cord. It is said to be used in the manufacture of manicure implements.

The orangewood harvest is something new in real estate tracts. Usually wherever an orange tree grows it is something to be cherished and protected, but at Michillinda there are whole groves and some of them must be sacrificed to allow space for building.

Through a remarkable orchard system established by the former owners of the Michillinda site many of the choicest building lots now afford a selection of orange, lemon and tangerine. Thus the builder may establish his home in a grove of semi-tropical trees, where he may select his breakfast grapefruit or orange as it hangs on the trees outside his dining room window.

Already the orangewood which has been sold from this suburb has netted more than \$2,000 and this from trees cut for the drives and streets through the residential park.—Los Angeles Express.

## REAL FOUNTAIN OF PUNCH

Provided by a British Officer in 1694 for the Entertainment of Six Thousand Guests.

Some of the papers have recently devoted attention to the origin of punch, that famous seventeenth century drink which has long lost its popularity in this country, though it still survives to some extent in Europe.

Owing to its intimate connection with rum one might easily have imagined that punch originated in the West Indies. In fact, however, it actually came from the East Indies and the name is said to be derived from the Sanskrit "pancha," five, on account of its five ingredients—arrak (afterward rum), tea, sugar, lemon and hot water.

The most magnificent bowl of punch the world has ever seen was probably that provided by the Right Hon. Edward Russel, who, when commanding the British forces in the Mediterranean in 1694, entertained 6,000 guests at Alicante, where a large marble fountain was filled with the liquor, the ingredients being:

Four hogheads of brandy, a pipe of Malaga wine, 2,500 lemons, 20 gallons of lime juice, 8 hogheads of water, 5 pounds of grated nutmeg in weight, 300 toasted biscuits and 13 hundredweight of fine white sugar.

## Deeper Than Highest Mountain.

The depth of 9,780 meters to which the founding line of a German survey ship is said to have sunk in the Pacific ocean near the Philippine Islands is some 1,000 meters deeper than the previous deepest sounding. Of the total water surface of the globe, 145,000,000 square miles, about one-third stands more than three miles above the bottom of the sea, but until now no part of the great oceans has been discovered deep enough to submerge Mount Everest. But if there is no mistake about this depth of 9,780 meters (32,088 feet) the world's highest mountain could be sunk there until its highest peak was 3,000 feet below the water's level. The deepest soundings have all been made in the Pacific; 22,250 feet is the record of the Atlantic, in proximity to the West Indian Island of St. Thomas; while the North sea only averages 300 feet, or about one-tenth the maximum depth of the icy waters of the Arctic ocean.

## Sensitiveness of Blow-Fly.

It is well known, says Knowledge, that the blow-fly (Calliphora vomitoria) has an extraordinarily keen sensitiveness to the odor of flesh, detecting it from a distance. Xasler Raspaill has made some observations on the rapidly with which the flies find a bird has just died and he maintains that they do not alight a second before that. An apocryphal pigeon that looked dead, but was not, was left unvisited. A moribund magpie, lying beside two others which had just been killed, was left unvisited, though the flies were on the dead birds just beside it. The instinct not to lay eggs in anything not quite dead seems to be strongly developed. But Raspaill goes on to draw the hazardous conclusion that in the article of death an animal gives off a volatile something of infinite subtlety, which serves as a clue to the fly.

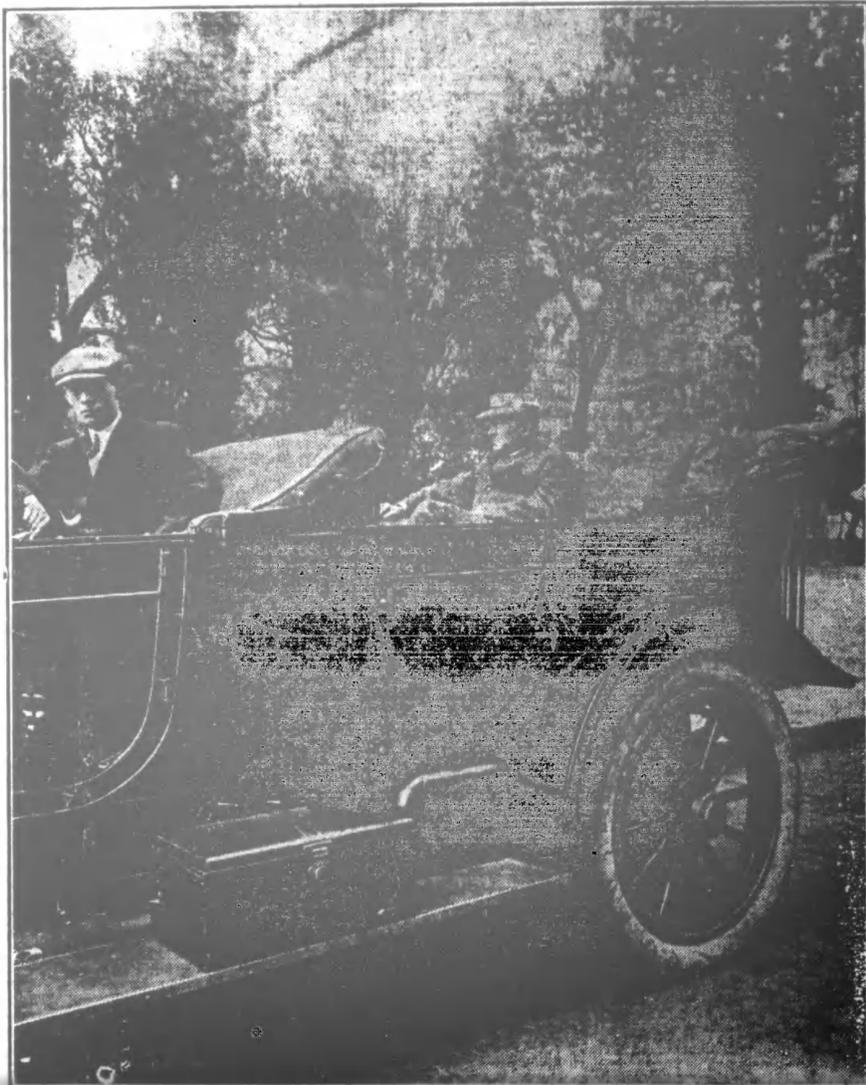
## She Knew.

The city girl, on her first vacation in the country, was sitting at the side of the first beau she had ever had, looking at the first full moon she had ever seen in a perfectly clear sky.

"Billy," she squealed ecstatically, "how perfectly delightfully dear, and yet how horribly sweetly sad is the music of those toadstools, out there in the woods!"

"Why, darling," breathed William, who had been in the country before, once—"you can't mean 'toadstools.' The noise you hear is being made by crickets."

"Of course," answered the city girl—"you know what I mean. I got the names mixed up. I knew it was something to sit on!"



Job E. Hedges of New York, candidate for governor on the Republican ticket, starting on his second tour of the state, this time through the southern tier of counties to Buffalo and back to New York through the central counties. The picture shows Judge Hedges in his Peerless car, accompanied by John A. Stewart, his campaign manager and president of the Republican League of Clubs, and Fred Vinton, the driver.

In instituting this method of campaigning Judge Hedges became the first practical exemplar of the theory and practice of the direct primary, using his Peerless as a means of meeting the people direct, so that he may talk with them and they with him in relation to his candidacy.

"No man should be eligible for nomination," says Mr. Hedges, "who does not announce his candidacy before the primaries are held and tell the people what he stands for. Nothing is so broadening and so educating as this kind of politics. No man who is worthy of elective office should be afraid to come out into the open with his candidacy and let the voters know beforehand what his views are on public questions. No man can be elected this year who will not do this."

**Foster, Ross & Company**  
THE BIG STORE

Auburn, N. Y.

## Upholstery and Art Goods

See the Store Windows Entirely Given Over to these Goods This Week.

Nearly every one's back home for the season and new things are needed here and there for improving the appearance and for the comfort of the house during the Fall and Winter months.

WE ARE FULLY READY TO SUPPLY THESE NEEDS

There are splendid assortments of new things here to choose from. Artistic decorations are here brought within the reach of the most economical. You can follow out your own ideas or accept suggestions from us.

Fine showing of new Cretonnes, Chintzes, Momic Cloths, Art Tickings, French and English Taffetas, French Repts, Crofters Cloth, &c., for overhangings, Pillows, Laundry Bags, &c.

New Scrims, Voiles, Etamines, Marquisettes, &c., for sash or long curtains. Also a fine range of Colonial Border Scrims in Stencil designs. 15c to 35c yard

Beautiful showing of new Curtain Nets for long Curtains, Sash Curtains or door panels. The latest are Filet, Effet, Caledonian and French Nets.

### New Line of the Aurora Goods

both in draperies by the pair and in yard goods. These grow in favor every season. They are beautifully made and economically priced.

Many other materials for door hangings, Monk's Cloth, Antique Crash, &c.

New line of the latest Tapestries for Upholstery purposes.

Complete showing of Irish Point, Cluny and Scrim Curtains.

### In the Art Section

A comprehensive showing of the latest things in Art Goods for home decoration and needle work.

The Articles in Roman cut embroidery, punch work, tapestry work are very attractive.

The new Irish Crochet, Solomon's Knot, Macrame Hand Bags will be much sought after. We have a full line and also the Cottons and instructions for making same.

Among the New Stamped Goods ready for Embroidery are Towels, Night Gowns, Doylies, Center Pieces, Baby Sacques, Baby Pillows, Baby Shoes, Pin Cushion Covers, Dresser Covers, Table Runners, Shopping Bags, Collar and Cuff Sets, Collar Bags, Carriage Robes, Handkerchiefs, Napkins, Aprons, Jabots, &c. Also a fine assortment of Royal Society and Artam's package goods.

See the new Pillows for Embroidery—The raised rose, cross stitch, punch work and Tapestry embroidery.

54 in. Tan Linen for Table Runners, Linen Colored Fringe for Pillows and Table Runners, full line of D. M. C. Irish Crochet and Embroidery Cottons, A complete line of the Bear Brand Yarns, books containing full information on Irish Crochet and Filet.

This is merely the A B C of the goods being shown in these departments. You can be entertained for hours looking at the display. COME!

The Big Store. Come Shop With Us.

**Foster, Ross & Co.**

### HUMAN BURRS IN THE WORLD

Unwise People Who Bore Their Friends With Their Display of Lack of Tact.

Do you ever encounter inquisitive people who are really annoying—people who have not the least interest in your affairs, but simply "want to know" out of idle curiosity? A great share of America's reputation for rudeness may be laid entirely to the charge of their riling questions. Equally undesirable is the person who confides her family troubles to all her friends, instead of putting the stoutest kind of padlock on the closet door where the family skeleton lurks, some women shamelessly drag it out and parade in the public eye.

The too-friendly individual who runs in at all hours without ringing and offers her services upon every occasion, and the woman who monopolizes or tries to monopolize all the time and attention of her friends is likewise to be avoided. "Dearie, if you are thinking of going shopping this week, let me know and I'll go with you. Stop for me if you go to the matinee on Wednesday."

It never occurs to them that their company might not be appreciated. But just as the burrs of the field make us appreciate the flowers more than ever, so do the human burrs teach us to rejoice in the pleasant, considerate, sensible friends that fall to one's lot for the latter outnumber the former many, many times.—Exchange.

### DIGNITY IN LOW NUMBERS

New York Business Men Said to Attach Importance to Figures of Their Telephones.

"Such a small thing as a telephone number has some significance in the standing of a firm," remarked a New Yorker who had little else to do but talk and observe.

"How so?" asked the other.

"Take the low numbers—'Broad 1,' for instance—and, as a rule, it will be the number belonging to an old established firm, provided, of course, that firm has remained in one location. The firm now bearing the above number was in existence before telephones were in use at all, and in like manner it is possible to ascertain the old established business houses. If a firm moves, but remains in the same exchange, it has the privilege of retaining its original telephone number. Americans don't care much for age and long established anything, as a class, but there are many firms in this city that are proud of their telephone numbers in a system where the numbers run high up in the thousands."

Saints and Sinners. Goodness itself can be so overgood that you can't distinguish it from badness.

When saints make sandwich men of themselves, advertising their virtues to the public, extolling their own tender, angelic qualities, you want to kill them.

If only some of the pains taken to make human beings good were expended in trying to make them happy what a different place this old world would be.

If only teachers and preachers and parents and fanatics and reformers would realize that what people need is a little sunshine sent into their lives before they talk about responsibilities and a future state.

There are children and grown people so coddled over with care and misery that all talk of "how good" to them is useless. Their only hope—their only salvation—lies in infusing a little sympathy, consideration and happiness into their lives.

Often it is a mother—worn, body and soul. Tired of plodding, tired of working on in a round of endless detail—little, insignificant, provoking items that she gets no credit for doing, but fatal discredit for leaving undone.

Telling the Time in Turkey.

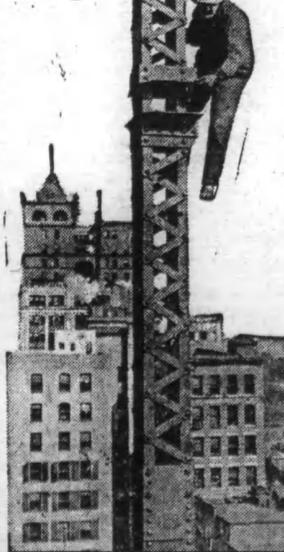
In Turkey the watch and clock are extremely rare and a big crowd of persons could be rounded up on the street without finding a watch among them, but the natives have an exceedingly ingenious way of approximating the time and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass and then folding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions, they observe the shadow cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours between. Another system followed in that country and some others of the orient is to observe the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupils are round. At nine and three o'clock, it is oval and at noon it consists of a narrow slit.

Girl Walks to Work Asleep.

Miss Nellie Lerra, a pretty young girl of Point township, in her sleep early this morning arose from her bed and walked to a local cap factory, where she was an employe. She was barefooted and attired only in a flimsy low-necked night gown. She was not seen by anybody and finally reached the factory and was about to try to enter when the tooting of a locomotive close by woke her.

Realizing her predicament, the girl grew excited and ran back home at top speed. She fell senseless from nervous exhaustion to the floor of her home.—Northumberland Correspondent Pittsburg Post.

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