

The Genoa Tribune.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1913.

EMMA A. WALDO

VOL. XXII No. 31

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

Office hours 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.
Miller 'Phone.
Special attention given to diseases of
digestion and kidneys.

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

Office hours 7 to 8:30 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m.
7 to 9 p. m. Bell 'Phone.
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Special attention given to diseases of
Eye and
FITTING OF GLASSES.

DR. J. W. SKINNER,
Homoeopathist and Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.
Special attention given to diseases of
men and children. Cancer removed with
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Day and Night Calls.

R. W. HURLBURT
Real Estate, Loans, &c. Farm and
Village Property.

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FIRE!
E. C. HILLMAN,
GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE
Levanna, N. Y.

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

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-mor-
row. 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.

J. WILL TREE,
BOOK BINDING
ITHACA.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Genoa, N. Y.

Rev. T. J. Searis, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.
11 a. m., Preaching service.
12:05 p. m., Sunday school.
Y. P. S. C. at 6:30 p. m.
7:30 p. m., vening worship.
Mid-week Service, Thursday evening,
at 7:30.
A Cordial Welcome Extended to all.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Prevents hair falling
out, and restores
the hair to its
natural color.

AGED PEOPLE
cannot properly masticate solid
foods and digestion is often
upset—they do not receive the
needed nourishment to make
strength and preserve health, but
if aged people everywhere could
only realize the strength-ensuring
nourishment in Scott's
Emulsion they would take it after
every meal.

It possesses the nourishing elements
of cod liver oil, the vital
powers of the hypophosphites of
lime and soda and the curative
qualities of glycerine, all so perfectly
combined that nature immediately
appropriates them to create
strength—nourish the organs and
build the body. It relieves rheumatism
and ailments due to declining
years. It adds to the span of life.
Beware substitutes for SCOTT'S.
Scott & Bowers, Bloomfield, N. J., 12-13

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

From Nearby Towns.

Lake Ridge.

Feb. 25—Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Smith
drove to Ithaca Thursday, Feb. 20.
The Lansingville Ladies' Aid met
with Mrs. Floyd Davis Thursday,
Feb. 20. A number from Five Corners,
Belltown and Ludlowville were
present. About 125 were there and
all report a very enjoyable time.

A surprise was given for Mr. and
Merton VanNest and family Feb. 21.
Fifty invitations were sent out.

Albert Buckingham and sister
Charlotte of Ithaca spent the week-
end with their grandparents, Mr. and
Mrs. Albert Bissell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Davis enter-
tained the card club at their home
Friday evening, Feb. 21.

Ernest Buchanan has resigned his
position as carrier of route No. 9. Mr.
Buchanan has driven the route for
several years and has always been
cheerful and accommodating. We wish
him success in his future work and
only hope the carrier that succeeds
him will please the people as well as
did Mr. Buchanan.

The party given for Mr. and Mrs.
Glenn Smith at their home Saturday
Feb. 15, was enjoyed by nearly one
hundred and fifteen people. A boun-
tiful dinner was served.

Lansingville.

Feb. 24—S. I. Barnes visited his
son in Auburn last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tucker and Mrs.
Parke Minturn and her daughter
Ruth, spent Friday with Mrs. Lucy
Baker.

Mrs. Sarah Reynolds has returned
home from Ithaca.

Mrs. Bay Smith spent several days
with friends in Auburn.

Prayer meeting will be held at the
home of Mr. and Mrs. George Stout
this week.

There were about one hundred and
thirty present at the Lansingville
Ladies' Aid society which met with
Mrs. Floyd Davis Thursday. People
were present from Five Corners, West
Genoa, Lake Ridge, Ludlowville and
Ithaca.

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold
their next meeting at the home of
Mrs. LeRoy Lobdell, Thursday, Mar.
6.

Mr. Arthur Buckingham and her
daughter Charlotte of Ithaca, visited
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bis-
sell one day last week.

James Magoris of North Dakota
spends day with his nephew, Floyd
King recently.

Sage.

Feb. 17—Several from this place
attended Farmers' week at Cornell.

Mrs. Juliette Daball is better.

Mr. and Mrs. Lew Hugunine and
little daughter Lena spent Sunday
with Mrs. Hugunine's grandparents,
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Henry, at East
Genoa.

Frank Drake and wife attended the
funeral of David Bothwell at
North Lansing Monday.

Ralph Hare, wife and son of North
Lansing spent Sunday with the for-
mer's father, Lloyd Hare and family.
Grover Tolvey is ill and under the
care of Dr. Skinner of Genoa.

Mrs. Mary Morgan is visiting her
son, Charles Morgan near Groton.

Feb. 26—L. Hugunine and his
family have moved to the Baptist
parsonage at North Lansing.

Olin Brown visited his grand-
mother, Mrs. Lettie Teeter, recently.

Grover Townley is a little better.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins spent
several days last week in Ithaca with
their daughter, Miss Emma Collins.

Harry Hugunine of Venice has
moved in the Davis house, recently
vacated by L. Hugunine.

Largest Magazine in World.

TO-DAY'S MAGAZINE is the largest
and best edited magazine published at
50¢ per year. Five cents per copy at
all newsdealers. Every lady who
appreciates a good magazine should
send for a free sample copy and pre-
mium catalog. Address, TODAY'S
MAGAZINE, Canton, Ohio.

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

Ledyard.

Feb. 24—Another taste of winter
which we hope may be prolonged.
Charles Veley is visiting friends in
Wayne Co.

Mrs. Tilton of King Ferry is a guest
of her son, Wm. Tilton and family.

A J. Hodge of Syracuse spent last
week with his daughter, Mrs. F.
Starkweather.

Miss Anna Minard returned last
week from an extended visit with
friends along the Hudson.

It was a distinguished gathering
that assembled at the home of Mr.
and Mrs. Walter Corey on Friday
evening to participate in a New
England supper. Many of the Pur-
itans of ancient fame were present in
costume and we also noted one lone
Indian maid, but was glad to note
that the color line was not drawn by
the people of Ledyard.

Frank Corey and two lady friends
from Oakwood Seminary were over-
Sunday guests of the former's par-
ents.

Jesse Corey attended the funeral of
a brother across the lake on Saturday.
John, Thad and Walter Corey also
Mrs. H. C. Willis were in attendance.

The Ledyard school had the dis-
tinction of having the best display of
leaves and wood at Cornell Farmers
week. They had sixty-six different
varieties of leaves, each one mounted
on a sheet of drawing paper and
waxed and over thirty different kinds
of wood showing the bark, grain and
quarter grain. It was a vast amount
of work and showed much patience
and perseverance, but they feel
amply repaid by the congratulations
they have received. There was no
prize offered, but they are to receive
a book from Cornell as an apprecia-
tion of their good work.

The Reading Club meets this week
at Mrs. Kirkland's. A lady from
Cornell will speak on bacteriology.

We will be sorry to lose Walter
Corey and family from our neigh-
borhood as we had hoped they would
make a permanent home here, but
they have sold their farm and will
move back on his father's farm in
the near future.

Alice Minard entertained a few of
her friends on Saturday in honor of
her 14th birthday.

Belltown.

Feb. 18—Frank Thompson is sick
with grip.

Miss Lizzie Andrews of Buffalo is
visiting at E. M. Hilliard's.

Miss Julia Wilson of Ludlowville
is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W.
Wager.

E. D. Cheesman and wife spent
part of last week, as guests of Mr.
and Mrs. Percy Hilliard of Ithaca.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Mann were in
Auburn on Thursday of last week
and purchased a Studebaker 25.

Geo. Ferris and son Harry attended
Farmers' Week in Ithaca.

Geo. Atwater made a business trip
to Auburn last week.

Louis Tallmadge of Canada visited
at Geo. Atwater's Friday of last
week.

Geo. Hunt is under the doctor's
care again.

Fred Mann and family will soon
take possession of the farm he recent-
ly purchased of Mrs. E. H. Shangle.

Alva McBary will work for N. J.
Atwater and occupy his tenant house.

Frank Young has begun moving
onto the farm he purchased last
spring of his brother, Fred Young.

Anstin Kane is harvesting ice from
his new pond.

Miss Florence Dates was a week-
end guest at the home of S. S. Good-
year.

Thomas Keane is ill of the grip.

Mrs. Mary Parr has returned from
an extended visit with her daughter
in Levanna.

LADY AGENTS WANTED.

To introduce our attractive Dress
Goods, Silks and Fine Cotton Fabrics
in every town—Handsome goods—
popular prices—exclusive patterns.
Large sample outfit FREE. Write
for liberal commission offer and se-
cure territory now.

National Dress Goods Company,
8 Beach St., (Dept. O) New York City.
30083

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

North Lansing.

Feb. 26—Mrs. Josephine Townley,
a prominent resident of the town of
Lansing, dropped dead at Grange hall
last Wednesday evening, where she
had come to attend the donation.

She and her daughter-in-law came
together. As she stepped into the
hall she said "Oh! my head" and fell.
Dr. Skinner was hastily summoned
and was there as soon as possible,
but she was beyond help. He pro-
nounced it apoplexy. The son was
sent for and the body was removed to
her home. Mrs. Townley was 63
years old, and the widow of Well-
more Townley who died six years
ago, and who was Supervisor of
Lansing. She was the daughter of
Horatio Brown, one of the best known
men in the town.

Mrs. Townley had lived all her life in the town and
nearly all her married life in the
home from which she went out.
She will be greatly missed. Her next
door neighbor on one side was her
only brother, on the other side aged
people who lived there when she
came to the present home, and she
went nearly every day to see them,
and then a little farther she would
go to her girlhood home to see her
sisters. She had made these calls the
day she died. She leaves a son, Gar-
field Townley, a brother, John Brown
and four sisters, the Misses Sarah,
Lydia and Emma Brown and Mrs.
Lodeman of Ludlowville and two
grandchildren. The funeral was
held at her home on Saturday after-
noon, Rev. F. Allington officiating.
Burial in Pine Grove cemetery.

There was a large crowd at the
donation last week. \$137 was real-
ized.

Lewis Hugunine has moved into
the Baptist parsonage.

West Venice.

Feb. 24—Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Cook
and children and Miss Clara Cook
were visitors in Auburn Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tighe were
in Auburn one day last week on
business.

Jesse Corey, son Thaddeus and
nephew, J. W. Corey, were called to
Perry City, N. Y., last week to at-
tend the funeral of their brother and
uncle. They went Friday afternoon,
the funeral being on Saturday.

The new mail route, No. 60, will
do away with the stage route from
Poplar Ridge to Merrifield. The
Poplar Ridge office will get the mail
by the rural carrier from Venice Cen-
ter. "Dannie" O'Herron, who has
been the stage driver on the Ridge
road so long, says he will feel lost
after next Friday.

Charlie Doyle returned home from
DePew, near Buffalo, Thursday. He
has been there at work since last fall.

Charles Bush was a visitor at Ith-
aca one day last week.

Mrs. Elisha Cook returned home
Friday after spending a few days in
Auburn with her daughter, Mrs.
Mattie Beardsley.

We wish to correct an item in last
week's paper. Roy Jacobs will move
to the Andrew Brink farm at North
Lansing.

Horace Avery, West Venice's up-to-
date farmer and stockman, has a
proposition that the farmers want to
investigate.

Venice.

Feb. 26—Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Divine
visited Lansing relatives Saturday
and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Miles entertain-
ed a company of friends last Thurs-
day evening at their new home.

Carrie, Howard and Frank Mimer
have the measles.

Boss Armstrong was home Satur-
day and Sunday, returning to his
work Sunday evening.

Carrie Arnold is attending school
in Moravia.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Streeter enter-
tained Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Divine and
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Manchester of
Scipioville last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton DeLap of
Moravia visited her parents, Bobt.
Armstrong and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Whiting is visiting her
sister, Mrs. Dana Brong, in Syracuse
for a few days.

Claude Stuttle has moved to Locke.
Florence Arnold of Moravia was
an over-Sunday guest of her cousin,
Carrie Arnold.

Five Corners.

Feb. 24—George Curtis is very ill
with appendicitis. Dr. Willoughby
of Genoa is attending him. His
very many friends wish him a speedy
recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lick and
little son Floyd of Moravia visited
at the home of their daughter, Mrs.
Will Ferris, last week Wednesday
night, and Thursday they went to
Ledyard to visit Dr. and Mrs. Frost,
the latter being another daughter.

Fred Swartwood and family and
Mrs. Margaret Algard and Herman
Ferris go to Trumansburg this week
Wednesday to attend the wedding of
the former's son, Lee Swartwood.

Mrs. Mary Hunt returned last
week from Groton, where she had
spent several weeks with her son
Jay and wife.

Mrs. Leona King and Mrs. B. B.
Ferris spent last week Friday with
Will Ferris and wife.

Miss Cora Goodyear spent last
week Wednesday with Mrs. C. G.
Barger.

Mrs. Oscar Hunt and John Palmer
and wife spent last Friday in Ithaca.

Miss Mildred Best returned from
the hospital at Auburn last week
Monday. Her sister, Elizabeth Best
of Sayre, Pa., is with her. She is a
trained nurse. Mildred wishes to ex-
tend thanks to her many friends who
so kindly remembered her with post
cards. She received 62.

Harry Curtis of Genoa spent last
Sunday with his parents, Geo. Curtis
and wife.

George Jump has recovered from
his severe illness and is at his store
once more.

Fred Ford was called to King Ferry
last Wednesday on account of the
serious illness of his mother, Mrs.
Mapes, who is with her son George
at that place.

Mrs. Rachel Sanford has nearly
recovered from the measles.

Dorothy, the little daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Charles Stevenson, is in
quite poor health.

Master Leslie Hunt is detained
from attending school on account
of trouble with his eyes.

The man who forgot to draw his
corn in last fall came to last week
and drew it all in the barn. Lucky
for him.

The West Genoa Ladies' Aid Society
will hold a 10 cent social at the home
of Mrs. Cora Chaffee on Wednesday
evening, March 5.

Lonson G. Barger of the General
Superintendent's office of the D. L.
& W. at Scranton, Pa., and Henry A.
Barger of Ludlowville, and daughter
Iva of the Cortland Business school,
spent last Sunday with their parents.
Lonson returned to Scranton Sunday
and the others remained until the
next day.

S. B. Mead and wife made a busi-
ness trip to Auburn Saturday.

The Ladies' Aid society of Five
Corners will meet at the home of Mr.
and Mrs. S. B. Mead next week
Thursday, March 6. A 10 cent dinner
will be served. The proceeds are to
be used for new lights in the church.
A very cordial invitation is extended
to each and every one to come and
assist. The ladies of the society have
been and still are working hard to
keep the church in good repair. You
can get a better dinner for 10 cents
there than you can cook at home.

Mrs. E. H. Shangle goes to her
home in Virginia this week. Their
many friends feel sad to have them
sell their farm, knowing that they
will not come to live among us any
more.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our thanks to
friends and neighbors who so kindly
aided us during the illness and death
of our beloved husband and father;
to Rev. Mr. Allington for his kind
words of comfort and to Mr. Foster
and Miss Mastin for their singing;
to the order of F. & A. M. for their beau-
tiful flowers, the Lansing Chapter
and the Grange; and to all others
who brought flowers and assisted in
any way.

Mrs. Helen M. Bothwell,
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bothwell,
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Pierce.

IF IT'S MONEY you want we have
plenty to loan on good security. THE
PEOPLE'S AGENCY, 93 Genesee St.,
Auburn, N. Y.

An Interesting Number.

With the March number The
Ladies' World becomes the Ladies'
World and Housekeeper, the publi-
cation formerly known as The House-
keeper ceasing existence as a separate
magazine. The combination is very
effective, the brightness and sparkle
of the one being heightened by the
practicality of the other. Certainly
this issue in its increased size offers
a tempting choice to readers, the
stories, special articles and household
and other contributions being all ex-
cellent. Notable, of course, is the
What Happened to Mary adventure,
which provides all the thrills that
should be absorbed at a single sitting.
There is also a page describing the
various activities which "Mary" has
started; then there are the first chap-
ters of a new novel by Mrs. C. N.
Williamson, called The Girl Who Had
Nothing, which promises plenty of
excitement. The later romance of a
well known writer is delightfully
told in The Garden; there is a sym-
pathetic unveiling of a young girl's
heart in My First Lover, and a
strong story of temptation in Things
That Count. In Calling On My
Women Parishioners, the actual ex-
periences of an Episcopal clergyman
are given, while a woman makes a
brave plea for greater individual
freedom in married life in a fine
article called The Stranglehold of Mat-
rimony. These, with many depart-
ments, and a very striking double
page cartoon by Charles Dana Gib-
son, make a number that marks a
new high level in this magazine.—
[New York: Fifty Cents a Year.]

Great Army to Camp.

Secretary of War Stimson has ap-
proved plans for the mammoth camp
to shelter surviving Union and Con-
federate veterans, who will meet at
Gettysburg battlefield next July to
commemorate the 50th anniversary
of the battle.

The camp will consist of about
54,000 tents, affording accommoda-
tions for 60,000 and 70,000 veterans,
300 kitchen tents, a complete divi-
sional field hospital and three fully
equipped infirmaries. The camp
will spread over 276 acres. Congress
has appropriated \$150,000 for the
celebration, the State of Pennsylvania
\$250,000 more and both Northern
and Southern States will make ap-
propriations to defray the transporta-
tion expenses of their respective
veterans.

It is now stated that veterans in-
tending to go to Gettysburg next
July must file application for trans-
portation before April 1, the commis-
sion having fixed that date instead of
May 1 as at first announced.

Sempronius Wedding.

Two popular young people of Sem-
pronius were married Saturday, Feb.
15, when Miss Mabel Ingram Rynders
became the wife of William McCaull
Murray. The ceremony was per-
formed at noon at the home of the
bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert
Rynders. Rev. G. W. Perkins of
Union Springs, was the officiating
clergyman. Only a few immediate
relatives and friends were present.
Mr. Murray is in the creamery and
his bride is widely known as a tal-
ented musician.—Moravia Rep.

Auction.

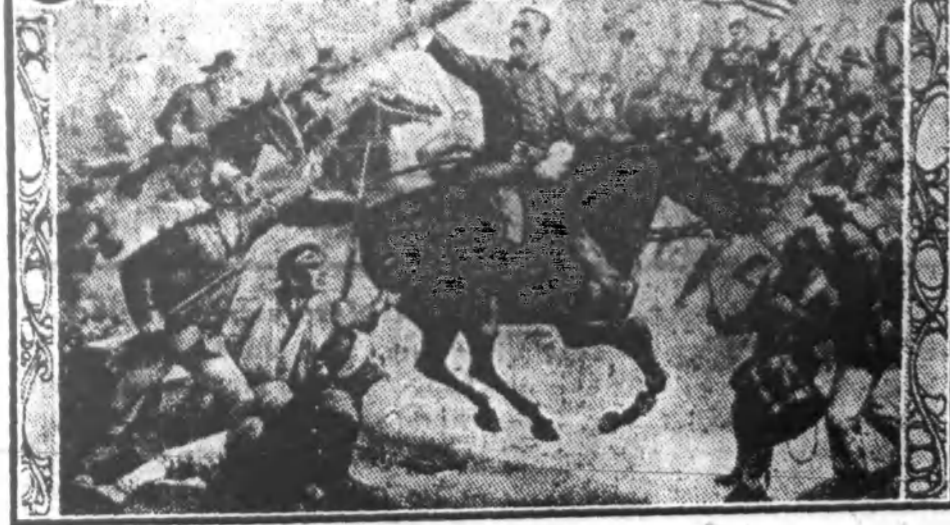
Mrs. R. Lane will sell at public
auction on the A. A. Mastin farm, in
Genoa village, on Friday, Feb. 28
commencing at 1 o'clock sharp, the
following property: Jersey cow, top
buggy, pair heavy bobs, McCormick
mower, LeRoy plow, caldron kettle,
grindstone, lawn swing, 3 or 3 tons
of hay, 2 20-gallon pork jars, cap-
board, revolving churn, bedstead and
springs, forks, shovels, pick, chains,
hog rack, corn marker, crosscut saw,
ice tong, and other articles not men-
tioned. L. B. Norman, auctioneer.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for
Children relieve Feverishness, Headache,
Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move
and regulate the Bowels and destroy
worms. They break up Colds in 24
hours. Used by mothers for 22 years.
All Druggists, 25¢. Sample Free. Ad-
dress, A. S. Omsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

MONEY LOANED on good security
and on short notice. THE PEOPLE'S
AGENCY, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

SHENANDOAH



A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing, Founded on the Great Play of the Same Name

By BRONSON HOWARD AND HENRY TYRRELL

Illustrations From Actual Wartime Photographs by Brady

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"Dat's Dr. Ellingham," the negro whispered, "and he's one of de richest men in Charleston, when he's home. But we ain't got no money now, and here's poor Sam Pinckney shot—I reckon de Yanks have done for him, sho'. De doctor's a little bit out of his mind, too, on 'count of de fever, but he reckoned he'd stick to Sam, an' of course I sticks to de doctor."

"Pete," said Dr. Ellingham in his dazed way, "you might ask the gentleman if he has anything besides water in his canteen."

The young man drew a small wicker flask from his pocket and handed it over. The surgeon took out a shaking hand, they said.

"You had better give him a little; you are staidier than I am."

Here the wounded man made a sound as if choking.

"Mebbe it's phlegm in his throat," said the faithful old slave. He poked a black finger into the poor fellow's mouth and pulled out a quid of tobacco that must have been there ever since Sam was shot. Then a small quantity of liquor was poured between the pallid lips, but the case seemed hopeless.

At that instant loud voices were heard outside, and then a Confederate captain and two soldiers rushed into the cabin.

"Ah, here they are," shouted the captain. "Major Ellingham, I've been searching for you everywhere. You shouldn't have left the ambulance in your condition. Pete, you black scoundrel, is that the way you take care of your master?"

"I am glad you have come, Captain Thornton," said Dr. Ellingham, feebly. "Here is Sam Pinckney, in very bad shape."

"And whom have we here?" asked the captain, staring at the young stranger who had proffered the flask and paying no attention to the wounded man.

"Great God! Ed Thornton—I thought I knew you!" exclaimed the young man addressed, peering into the insolent, scarred face of his questioner. "And I presume you know me as well."

"I know you're in a pretty ticklish position with that Union belt on under a Confederate uniform and inside our lines. Men, search your prisoner. He's a Yankee spy."

"That's a lie, Thornton, and you know it. I was in the fight, open and fair, and I wouldn't be here now only that I stopped to try to help your comrades. Let me alone, I say."

He struggled so fiercely, despite his weak condition, that the efforts of the



Libby Prison.

two soldiers were required to hold him while Thornton minutely searched his person.

"Letters—Washington and New York postmarks—and—ah! What have we here? Pretty little sentimental keepsake, eh? Where have I seen the lady's face? Pardon me if I read this inscription on the back of the case."

What he had found was a miniature, the portrait of a lady, carefully protected in a morocco case. The owner resisted so desperately the taking of this treasure that he finally sank to the floor, livid, panting, foaming and cursing, as Captain Thornton mockingly read the lines inscribed on the back of the picture:

The flashing light may lighten thy form
In living lines of breathing grace,
May give each that a tone as warm
As that which melts o'er thy dear face
But in my soul and on my heart
With deeper colors, truer aim,
A letter power than mangel art
Eath graven thy image and thy name.
"He is dead," said Dr. Ellingham, let-

light fallin' on it this minute out there in Kentuck or Ohio or wherever it is. Mine's in Indiana, thank God! I remember when I was!"

"Deacon," protested the sick man, "I'm not feeling very chipper today."

"Oh, you'll come round all right. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving. As I was saying—"

"That's what poor Ralph's afraid of, deacon," interposed Captain Cox. "Monotony is what's killing him, and I'll leave it to you if the novelty isn't long since worn off those endless reminiscences of the time when you used to be!"

"Rear admiral on the Wabash canal," chimed the chorus.

"All right, boys, poke all the fun at me you like, smite me on the other cheek. You know I'm meek and lowly. Darn this hand o' cards anyway. But with all your cuteness I'll bet \$5 none o' you can tell how we used to take in sail out there on the Wabash, eh?"

"Well, sir, they go out aloft on the towpath and knock down a mule."

"Ho, ho! How's that, Ralph?" laughed Cox, rising and going over to the sick man's couch. "Come, brighten up. Are you sick in mind too?"

Hunt sighed impatiently. Deacon Hart rattled again.

"Look on the bright side, what may happen any minute. Suppose, first thing you know, you get called out and exchanged. Just as soon as our army captures some of the Johnnies, if it ever does. Then you can go home on crutches, and the neighbors'll bring in a dozen different things at once to kill or cure you."

"I don't seem to care about anything," said Ralph Hunt, gloomily. "If I can't die on the field it may as well be here as anywhere else."

"It's a good thing I'm here to give you spiritual counsel," interjected Deacon Hart, turning away from his cards for a second. "Oh, is it my deal?"

CHAPTER VIII.

Libby Prison.

CAPTAIN COX sat beside Hunt's couch and conversed with him in low, earnest tones.

"There are other places," said he, "besides the field of battle, where a man can be brave."

"Oh, no doubt," was the bitter reply. "You find it easy to keep up your courage when I am in despair."

"What do you mean?"

"You know. We were boys together, and I have always put up with second best. You've always stood in front of me, Tom Cox—at school, at sport, in business, in love."

"Tell me one thing," urged Cox. "Have I ever played you false?"

"No, you haven't. You haven't need of it. Your cursed fatal good luck does it all for you."

"Now you talk like a whining child."

"No, I don't. At this moment your heart's inmost thought is identical with mine. Marie Mason—great God! How my heart beats at the speaking of that name! Marie—she was the one woman in all the world to me. Why did you cross my path there, too, when it was as sure as fate that her preference would fall on you?"

"If it was fate, what's the use of talking about it now?" retorted Cox doggedly. "And to what avail to either of us now can that girl's favor be? You know she is an irrevocable southerner, like all the rest of her family. You know that I came out for the Union, as you did, when the first gun was fired on Sumter. Perhaps you don't know, but I will tell you now, that when I left Lexington she—Marie Mason—said she would rather see me lying dead on the battlefield wearing the southern gray than marching against her people in the blue uniform of the north. That was our parting. Well, you and I have drunk from the same canteen. We have fought side by side in the same battles; we have both won our captain's swords—and lost them. Now, in misfortune, we are still together. And yet, on the petty pretext of disparity in our lots, you would banish the one ray of sunshine penetrating these prison walls—our old comradeship."

"You are well and strong. I am ill," pleaded Hunt.

"I don't forget that, either," murmured Cox, softening.

"I've talked too much, I suppose. It's all over now. Here's my hand, if you will take it."

Cox did not take it immediately, but answered:

"It's all right, Ralph. Only give me a little time to get over it, for you cut deep, old fellow."

At this moment a sudden silence fell, and a general movement and whisper made themselves manifest. Enter Captain Jackson Warner, the prison commissary.

"Evening, Yanks," was his gruff but not unkindly greeting. "What devil try are you up to now?"

"Talking over old times and old comrades, captain, that's all," replied Cox gently.

"Well, you may have an opportunity of seeing some more o' them 'ere old comrades o' yours, I reckon, before long."

"What? Are we going to get out?"

"No; they're coming in here. I suppose you've heard the news?"

At these words a young lieutenant, who had sat silently in an opposite corner reading a copy of the Richmond Dispatch weeks old, threw down the paper and listened attentively.

"Let us know the worst, Captain Warner," urged Cox. "We're used to it—haven't got feelings any more, you know. What's the news?"

"Oh, some more fighting in the valley, you know. Yanks licked out o' their boots again, as usual. More prisoners, more hard luck stories."

"What's that?" cried Deacon Hart. "Another fight? More prisoners? Oh,

Lord!"

"You're on the religious, aren't you?" inquired the commissary scoffingly.

"I'm a shouting Methodist these forty years, thank the Lord!" answered the deacon, holding his hand of cards behind his back.

"Well, your shouting hasn't benefited Abe Lincoln nor yourself very much so far. You'd better swing around and pray for Jeff Davis, I reckon, and be on the safe side."

"Never, till this right hand"—putting out his left with the cards, then jerking it back and holding up the right—"shall lose its cunning."

"Oh, go ahead, deacon, and pray for Jeff Davis if they want you to," suggested Cox. "He'll need it before this war's over."

"You can talk with your friends just from the front about that," retorted Warner gruffly. "Here's one of 'em coming upstairs now."

A measured tramp was heard approaching outside. The commissary opened the door, and the new Union prisoner was marched in between two guards. He saluted and introduced himself.

"Gentlemen, permit me. I am Colonel Cogswell of the Forty-second New York."

"The Tammany regiment of New York city!" exclaimed Lieutenant Bedloe, sotto voce.

Captain Cox returned the newcomer's salute and responded:

"We have heard of you, colonel, and we are right proud to meet you. My comrades here are Captain Hunt of Kentucky, Chaplain Hart of Indiana and Lieutenant Bedloe, from—why, from your own state, I believe. I am Captain Cox of the Tenth Kentucky."

Colonel Cogswell shook hands all around and said:

"I am fortunate to have the honor of sharing your quarters. I don't suppose you find it exactly lonesome here."

"The place is quite populous. It seems as if the fortunes of war had picked out the flower of our army to pine away in infernal holes like this. Oh, for an hour of action!"

"Just wait till the exchange," said the hopeful Hart. "With a dozen men like us they might redeem a whole Confederate regiment."

"I understand," said Ralph Hunt gloomily. "That their idea is to get the well kept Confederate prisoners back from the Union camps and send us as living skeletons in exchange."

"Do you think, Colonel Cogswell," asked Cox, "that things are going as badly with us in the valley and elsewhere as they try to make out?"

"Yes, and a slight worse. I should say, at the present moment."

"Then," interposed Hart tragically, "all is lost save honor."

The colonel drew himself up proudly, glanced around to make sure that the commissary and guard had retired, then with a superb dramatic gesture opened the coat of his uniform, which had been tightly buttoned up to his chin, and displayed the stars and stripes wrapped around his body.

"Not all lost, sir. Our colors, by God!"

The prisoners rushed forward, their eyes bulging and cheeks glowing with patriotic ardor. Even poor Hunt rose excitedly from his couch.

"Three cheers, boys," cried Cox. "All together—let her go!"

They gave a rousing round of cheers that brought Captain Warner rushing back into the room.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Remember where you are. This ain't Washington. What are you feeling so ornery about?"

"We were just welcoming an old friend," explained Cox.

"And, besides, cap," interposed Hart, "ain't this Thanksgiving eve? How about them pumpkin pies we ordered and paid for in good United States money?"

"That's a fact," answered the commissary. "Well, the cook tackled 'em, according to directions. They ought to be pretty high done by this time. Queer grub, that."

At this juncture the door opened and immediately a joyous commotion ensued.

"Pie, pie! Oh, pumpkin pie! Attention, all! Salute the pastry! Let the noble pumpkin approach its doom with military honors."

The prisoners drew up in line opposite Captain Warner, while in march ed a dimmed old negro with a red bandanna turban on her head, bearing an enormous pie. This she solemnly deposited on the table, then turned and made her exit in silence, saluted profoundly by the company.

"Chaplain Hart will ask a blessing—will you join us, Captain Warner?"

"No, thank you," replied the commissary, making his exit. "The atmosphere's getting too Yankeeified to suit me, and I'll beg to be excused."

Knife in hand, Hart stood in an attitude of devotion at the head of the table.

"All I can say is, Lord bless this 'ere pie"—then, as an expression of horror and disgust overpread his homely face—"and the Lord help us here, we've eaten it! Why, darn my skin, if they ain't gone and put an upper crust on a pumpkin pie! And the pumpkin cut into hunks as big as your fist, without no milk nor sugar, and not half baked, neither."

"The devil! Those Virginia darkies are good cooks, but they don't know what pumpkin pie is."

Deacon Hart carved the pie and distributed slabs all around, remarking philosophically:

"The blacks must be freed and educated. Think of a whole race in such benighted ignorance as this!"

The attack had scarcely begun when Captain Warner once more appeared at the door, making a sign which all the imprisoned officers instantly understood.

(To Be Continued.)

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Friday Morning, Feb. 28, 1913

READ A HALF HOUR A DAY

How a Housewife With Intelligence Kept Herself From Drifting Into a Dull, Old Woman.

A woman who has brought up a big family on a small income, yet has managed to keep mentally alert, says it is due to a Half-Hour club.

This club has as its fixed rule that half an hour each day must be spent in solid reading. There was a leeway of 24 hours, after that there was a fine of five cents each day for failure to get through the prescribed reading.

Twice a month the club meets for discussion of the reading done and to collect fines of delinquents and spur them on to fresh effort.

The woman who told of this club says: "No one knows what it has meant to me. When you are the one woman in a family of boys, have a bushel basket of stockings to darn weekly, six children to sew for, lessons to be heard, it is a big temptation to stop reading entirely or to fritter spare minutes on novels. That half hour a day of solid reading has kept me up with the times, has rested my body and stimulated my brain, and, best of all, it has kept me from drifting into a dull old woman, of whom my sons might love, but would pity for her ignorance.

Especially if you live in a small town is such a club of importance. It is easy to stagnate, unless a conscious effort is made. The winter season is the time to start such a club among your neighbors. Do not be content with planning a half-hour reading daily for yourself. You will never hold to it without the stimulus of companionship and the broadening interest of the fortnightly meetings.

WHEN PINS WERE VALUABLE

In Years Gone By, the Humble Household Utensil Was Given Much Consideration.

The custom of making presents on New Year's day is now practically obsolete among English speaking people, the day of gift giving now being Christmas. When pins were first invented and brought into use about the beginning of the sixteenth century they were a New Year's gift very acceptable to ladies, and money given for the purchase of them was called "pin money." This expression has since been extended to money settled by a husband on his marriage for the private expenses of his wife. Pins made of metal, in their present form, were in use some time before the year 1543. It was during the reign of Henry VII. that "an act for the true making of pynnes" was made in which it was enacted that the price should not exceed 6 shillings 8 pence a thousand. Pins had previously been made of box wood, bone and silver for the richer classes. Those used by the common folks were made of common wood and were, in fact, skewers.

Bacilli for Consumption.

An alleged new bacilli treatment for consumption, an alleged discovery of a Dr. Friedmann, which has been widely exploited by a newspaper syndicate, is discredited by the Journal of the American Medical Association. In order to secure curative effects it is asserted that these living bacilli derived from some kind of a turtle must be injected deep into the muscles of the patient. The preparation of the remedy is secret. "The use of the fluid," says the Journal, "is probably not without danger. There is not sufficient warrant for any other attitude toward Friedmann's treatment of tuberculosis than one of critical neutrality and judicious skepticism."

Newest Pest.

The newest pest in the west and middle west is the dog. Not the prairie dog, just the common dog. He is responsible for the decline in the sheep raising industry. In many states in the section of the country once largely devoted to cattle and sheep raising, there are more dogs than there are sheep. It takes three barb wires on top of two feet of woven wire to make a fence that will keep dogs away from sheep. Kansas had 175,000 sheep and 199,000 dogs in 1910, according to the secretary of the Kansas board of agriculture. The usual answer farmers in the west give to the question, "Why don't you keep sheep?" is "We can't keep dogs from killing them."

Don't Shoot.

"Here's an item," observed Rivers, who was looking over the exchanges, "to the effect that the king of Sweden raises prize dogs on his farm." "I suppose he uses them," suggested Brook, "to drive his Stockholm."

Victim of Noise.

"Why did the elopement fall through?" "We had a signal arranged. She told me to come to her window and make a noise like a robin. I did so."

Still Wild Turkeys.

Among present day good livers in clubdom and on the exchanges and among national guardsmen who hunt a good deal wild turkeys are preferred to farm raised birds. There are yet millions of wild turkeys west and south. A few days ago the writer hereof shot half a dozen wild turkeys within four miles of the city hall at Savannah, Ga. He told the secretary of the board of trade of that city of the matter and was informed that a Savannah boy had on the previous day shot a wild turkey within the city's bounds.—New York Sun.

KEEPING UP WITH BESS

By ANNIE SEIGERBACHER.

After the stout woman had flopped into the nearest armchair, scattering about twenty-four Christmas bundles on the floor as she did so, she heaved even a deeper sigh than one would naturally have expected under the circumstances.

"What's the matter?" asked her friend. "You look as though you'd lost pounds and pounds from worry."

"I think I have," replied the stout woman, rather feebly. "You see, it's Bessie. Bessie's my favorite niece, as you know, and she's burdened with over-indulgent parents who give her everything she wants before she knows that she wants it. Now, how is it possible to please such a girl with any kind of gift? She has jewelry by the pound and she gets enough candy every Christmas to feed an orphan asylum. So whenever December comes around I begin to wring my hands and say, 'What under the shining sun can I get for Bessie?' That's the way I got my first gray hairs! I get a fresh installment of them every Christmas."

She was calming down now. Her friend had politely assumed an air of deep attention.

"After hours and hours of brain racking effort," went on the stout woman, "I found out that Bessie wanted a Princeton pennant. There was one Princeton pennant left in the sporting goods section the day I went to buy Bessie's present and I wrestled for it with two husky youths, a middle aged woman and half a dozen giggly girls. I got it, too, although in the process I lost three perfectly good jet buttons and sprained my wrist."

"That night Bessie's beau brought her an atrocious big Princeton pennant about three times the size of the one I had worked so hard for. Sweet of him, wasn't it?"

"Go on," begged her friend. "Your thrilling recital makes a war story look as flat as a plug hat that's been sat on. What happened next?"

"Bessie came over to my house one day," said the stout woman, "and raved about an embroidered shirt waist of mine that some poor soul had spent six months making. Well, that gave me an idea and I immediately started to make Bessie one like it in six days. I embroidered until I saw French knots dancing all over the wall and I counted stitches in my sleep. Even my football playing son, who reels off signals in his dreams, became alarmed at the symptoms that I displayed. My family rose in wrath when I brought the thing to the table at dinner and embroidered between courses. And then when the waist was nearly completed Bessie casually announced that she thought embroidered shirt waists were getting common and she wouldn't wear one for anything."

"Dear, dear!" murmured her friend, sympathetically.

"I felt like telling Bessie that if she changed her mind again she wouldn't get any present from me," said the stout woman. "But next morning I started out on the warpath, all spilled up in my oldest clothes, so that I could grab bargains with the best of them. I ran into a sale of jewelry—women six deep fighting over little 99 cent reduced from \$1 coin purses, and all trying to get waited on at once. It took me half an hour to get next to the counter. Really, it was cruel the way I climbed over people, but it was for a worthy cause. Anyway, I got there, found the coin purses all gone, took another half hour getting untangled and had to pay \$3 for the same thing in another store."

"After I'd been patting myself on the back for about a day for having solved the problem I met Bessie on the street. She hailed me, and then broke into lamentations. 'What do you think, Aunt Helen?' she said. 'Uncle Billy brought me another coin purse last night, and I had three already!'"

"When I came to I was in a drug store and Bessie was rubbing my head and cooing, 'You shouldn't worry so over Christmas. You know you do too much, auntie.'"

"Yes, I know, Bessie," I said. "What do you want for Christmas?"

"Why, I don't know," she replied. "Nothing much that I can think of. I want a diamond ring, but daddy won't give me one. Must you go so soon?"

"I think now that I'll go a florist's and order a couple of dozen roses for Bessie—the stems to be at least three feet long. I sent her some when she had appendicitis and she raved over them then, but now—goodness knows! She may have developed a case of rose fever by this time."

"Honestly, the thought of all the Christmases that are yet to come is enough to kill any one. Yes, I do feel as though I'd been through a key-hole."

"Well, Merry Christmas! Here goes for Bessie's!"

HIS DIPLOMATIC WIFE

By GEORGE KRIESSL.

"Your cigars," said Mrs. Birdsell, "are on the mantel. Here are the matches. Do you know, Hiram, I think it was the wisest thing we ever did when we concluded to stay in town this summer and not take the cottage at the lake as usual?"

"You do!" ejaculated Birdsell, pausing with a flaming match in the air. "I thought you were completely upset about it when I said we'd better not go. You—"

"Mercy me!" broke in Mrs. Birdsell, lifting her eyebrows prettily and smiling at him protestingly. "If you don't know me any better than that after being married to me ten years, I must say you are unobservant! Don't you suppose I think you know best? What fun would it be for me to have the cottage, knowing it was against your will and your best judgment? Hiram, I'm ashamed of you! Lots of people stay in town, and I've no doubt we can stand the heat as well as the rest of them. It is just a matter of making up your mind to be uncomfortable, and then forgetting it!"

"For the matter of that," said Birdsell, "I remember some days at the lake when you could have fried eggs on the front porch and you would have been scalded if you had plunged into the lake to swim!"

"Oh, but the nights were so delightfully cool," said the wife. "People here were tossing sleepless and gasping, and there we had to sleep under blankets. But I don't suppose there will be many such intolerable nights in Chicago. I am sure I can stand them if I have to. And with all our friends away I won't have to have any new clothes to speak of, and that will, of course, save you a lot of money."

"I haven't asked you to economize," Birdsell reminded her. "Go ahead and get any clothes you want, as usual."

"What's the use?" inquired his wife, with a little sigh. "There'll be no one to see them. There won't be any places to go except the summer gardens, and I can just as well wear my old things—"

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At 84 State Street, AUBURN, N. Y.
The \$16,000 stock of the late John Taylor, consisting of Harness, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Suit Cases and Hand Bags.
This stock is strictly first-class and comprises the most complete line of Harness Makers' Supplies, Satchels, Grips, Blankets, Suit Cases and Harness Makers' Specialties, ever offered to the public.

THE ENTIRE STOCK IS NOW ON SALE EVERY DAY AND EVENINGS

until closed out, regardless of cost, as the estate must be closed and this stock will be slaughtered at your price for the next 30 days. Come early and get the bargains. Strictly cash sale. Sold either in lots or retail.

EDWARD B. KOON, Administrator.

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

ALTERED IN THEIR MEANING

Phrases, Passing Through Generations, Become Distorted Before Generally Acknowledged.

Word building is as much a piece of carpentry as is house building. Only it takes longer. Sometimes a century more. And by that time the word's first meaning is usually changed.

For example, the old word for "neighbor" was "sib." One's good neighbor was known as one's "sib." This became "sibber," "sibbs," and later to "sibber." Then the word's whole meaning changed and "sib" no longer meant good neighbor, but applied to the sort of talk exchanged between good neighbors.

Take the word "farmer," too. The old word for "farmer" was "boor." (And "boor" later was used for describing farmer-like or rough persons.) The farmer living nearest to one was known as the "neighbor," and this phrase, in course of time, was twisted to "neighbor."

PRETTY LANGUAGE OF LOVE

In Switzerland Flowers Are Made Use of by Those Who Seek Their Companions in Life.

In remote Alpine hamlets and villages especially in the Swiss Oberland there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers. If a maid accepts a bouquet of edelweiss from a man as her fiance, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers for the woman he loves.

Another method which exists in the Canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flowerpot containing a single rose and a bunch of violets in the window sill of the girl's room when she is absent from home and wait—perhaps days—for a reply. If the maid enters the house to arrange matters with her parents, but if the rose is allowed to fade away the proposition is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple.

FRUIT TREES IN A GARDEN

Apple Will Thrive in Almost Any Soil Providing It is Not Too Moist—Add Some Humus.

In the house garden we have found that while it may cost us a little more to grow our fruit, we can get better quality, have varieties we cannot buy, have the pleasure of seeing the trees in full growth, and, if we are fast, getting in close personal touch with an occupation which is at once healthful, beautiful and practical.

Many of us are restricted more or less in our choice of soils, location and exposure; our gardens may be small, too dry, or too wet, with little or no sun; yet, says a writer in the American Cultivator, these conditions should not deter us from planting our native hardy fruits.

New England's Advantage.

Here is how the spirits of the "even sit in the clouds and mock us with the risk of arousing western prejudice. I maintain that New England and all broken, hilly, rocky countries have a decided advantage over the rest of great fertility, in that human stupidity and moneyed greed can never wholly drive them of forests—these sturdy crags and steep and rugged mountain sides are left to wood

A Lenten Sermon

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

Next-Then Jesus, six days before the passover, came to Bethany where Lazarus was, whom he raised from the dead.

We are now in the season of Lent, so-called from the period of the year when the days begin to lengthen. It is a period of forty days beginning with Ash Wednesday, and continuing until Easter, and commemorated by some churches as a commemorative of the forty days' fasting of our Saviour in the wilderness. It is a time in which particular emphasis is laid to preaching upon the substitutional obedience and sufferings of our Divine Redeemer, and when we ought to follow in the footsteps of the Redeemer to the triumphal feast of the resurrection morning.

In harmony with this, our present sermon deals with one of the tenderest events of a social nature occurring in the last week of his earthly life. "Then Jesus six days before the passover came to Bethany," you did it. If you would understand the significance of the word "then," you must go back to the previous chapter, which tells us that all the people were gathering to Jerusalem for the feast, and that Jesus had given a commandment that if any man loved him, he should show it by that which he loved. Then it was that he came. Before this on different occasions he had hidden himself from his enemies, not through cowardice or fear, but because his hour had not yet come, he was not yet ready to be offered.

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ALL THE MAN'S FAULT BIG JABOTS STILL PREVAIL

No One Tires of the Immense Affairs Because They Are So Graceful and Becoming.

"No," said Bella, "I'll not go with you on a lake boat this year. I have too vivid a recollection of my last lake trip. Mrs. Clark invited me to take trip to Escanaba with her and Fay on a freight boat. I was delighted. Fay had been on the trip before and reported that she had had the time of her life.

"The trip to Escanaba was a dream. The captain and sailors could not do enough for us. It was moonlight and the lake looked beautiful. I felt as if I was on a private yacht. It was perfect till we started back.

"At Escanaba they loaded the boat with tons of iron ore. The vessel sank deeper and deeper into the water, until it began to look like a submarine. Then when we started for Chicago we were towing a barge loaded with more tons and tons of ore.

"We had been on our way a day when I saw that the sky looked like lead, with ugly yellow streaks across it. I said to Mrs. Clark, 'I think we shall have a storm.' 'You know how optimistic she is!' With that she above us, she gayly remarked, 'Oh, do you think so?'

"It was not long before the storm broke. The wind came suddenly and the rain came down like an overturned sea. We hurried into the protection of the cabin and watched the storm. It was awful the way the boat creaked. I will say nothing about the way it rocked. The rope which held the barge broke like a thread. In a few minutes it seemed miles away.

"Presently I saw a sailor make his way to the lifeboat. I watched him anxiously. He was working at the ropes. 'She did not answer me, but pushed the screen door open and ran out to the man, pulled his sleeve and asked, 'Are you going to lower the lifeboat?' He paid no attention to her.

"The screen door, threw herself into a seat and sobbed. 'I shall never see my husband again.' 'Tables and chairs were sliding about in despair I dropped upon the floor. Oh, why did I ever come! Tons of iron below me! I could see the boat go down into the lake like a cannon ball.

"I know when I strike the water, I'll go straight to the bottom." 'Fay answered me despairingly. 'We all will. There'll be no other place to go!'

"Like a flash all the mean things I had ever done rushed through my mind. I never knew before that crisis on the lake that there were so many of them.

NOTICE!

Have you been in and looked over my Fresh Stock of Spring Harnesses, all lefth and styles, both heavy and light, the largest and best stock I have ever carried,

Hand-Made, Star Oak Stock

every strap guaranteed; also those genuine BOSTON TRUCK COLLARS that never GALL the horse.

Call and look my stock over before buying elsewhere. Prices right.

B. J. Brightman,

Genoa, N. Y.

remodeling our store it is not as convenient to shop here as usual. We are, however, offering so many exceptional values in Suits, Overcoats and Raincoats that you will feel fully repaid for your trouble. The fact that our February business so far is ahead of last year, indicates that many people fully appreciate our special offerings. If you are going to buy a Raincoat, buy it this week.

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C. R. EGBERT,

The Peoples' Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,

75 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

SALE OVER.

Our sale is over but we still have some damaged goods that we will continue to sell at sale prices while they last, and you will now have a better opportunity of looking them over at your leisure. And while you are looking at the bargains spend a little time looking at the new goods. We are showing a goodly number of early styles of

Spring Coats and Suits.

BUSH & DEAN,

151 East State St., ITHACA, NEW YORK.

WHEN IN AUBURN

Accept this as an invitation to call and inspect our new stock whether you are ready to buy or not, as I would consider it a favor to show you our new Spring lines and get acquainted with you. Everything that's new in

Curtains, Shades, Rugs, Linoleum, Dinnerware, Agateware, Aluminum Goods and Pictures

Let me quote you prices on window shades in special sizes or large size floor rugs.

Chas. W. McClelland, 19 1-2 Genesee St., Auburn

Opposite Int. Harvester Co. Office. Upholstery & Housefurn.

Present this advertisement before April 1st and receive a special dish towel.

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Village and Vicinity News.

Several small icehouses have been filled this week.

—Fred Adolph went to New York Wednesday night.

—Miss Florence Norman returned home Tuesday, after spending two weeks in Groton.

—Miss Jennie Banker has been the guest of friends in Syracuse several days this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bert Gray entertained a company of friends at cards, Friday evening last.

—Mrs. Fulmer of Poplar Ridge is spending some time at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Walter Tilton.

—Thirty old neighbors and friends were entertained at the home of George Stevens and family on Friday evening last.

—Niagara Falls has an ice bridge stretching solid from the American to the Canadian shores, below the cataract.

Delicious celery, curly lettuce, squash, turnip, onions (homegrown and Spanish) and cabbage at Hagin's.

—About twenty-four boys and girls gave Lucella Steele a surprise party last Friday evening. A very sumptuous supper was served, and the young people spent a merry evening.

—W. B. Heald, who has been the carrier for Rural Route, No. 19, from Moravia, will move to Venice Center to take one of the two routes, starting from that place, March 1.

—Mrs. Horace L. Bronson left Friday morning for Milwaukee, Wis., where she will spend six weeks with her sister, Mrs. H. L. Schlarck. She will also visit in Chicago.—Cortland Standard.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huff of Genoa, Feb. 21, 1913, twin children—a son and daughter. The boy will be called Albert Nettleton, and the girl Alberta Laura. Mother and children are doing well.

—William M. Westfall, who is seriously ill, shows little change in his condition. —Mr. and Mrs. William Shaffer of Genoa, were guests Sunday of Edgar Shaffer and wife.—Moravia Rep.

—Every business man and farmer should see the advantage of conducting their affairs on business principles. This is impracticable without the use of commercial stationery—envelopes, letterheads, billheads, and the like. THE TRIBUNE office can supply your needs in this line.

—Theme at the Presbyterian church, Sunday morning "Give them to Eat;" evening, "Salt." C. E. society and Sunday school as usual. Last Sunday evening, Organist Foster not being able to present, Miss Clyde Mastin presided at the organ and members of the Baraca class led the singing.

—Leland Singer went to Ithaca yesterday and will leave this morning, with the nine winners of the Tompkins county corn contest, for Washington, D. C., where the boys will be shown the sights and places of interest in and near the national capital and attend the inauguration ceremonies on March 4. The trip will last a week.

—Mrs. Abbie J. Mastin, aged 79 years, died at her home at Sherwood after a long illness, last Saturday evening. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Minnie Ward, and several grandchildren. The funeral was held at her late home Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial was made at Sherwood. Miss Ida Mastin and Chas. J. Foster of Genoa sang at the funeral.

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—Miss Effie Blair spent Sunday at her home at Merrifield.

—Mrs. D. C. Hunter has been quite ill for the past few days.

—An automobile show will be held at Cortland on March 13, 14, and 15.

—J. S. Banker spent Sunday in Meridian, returning with Mrs. Banker on Monday.

—Mrs. B. F. Samson is visiting her daughters, Mrs. Chas. Morris, at Cortland and Mrs. John O'Neill at Fabius.

—Former County Treasurer Longborough has been elected assistant treasurer of the Cayuga County Savings Bank of Auburn.

—We stated last week that the sale of Red Cross seals amounted to \$81.12 in this town. We should have said the three towns in Supt. Springer's district.

—Mrs. Ai Lanterman and Mrs. J. F. Brown went to Moravia Friday last to visit the former's sister, Mrs. Ralph W. Hawley. They returned home Monday.

—The new town superintendents of highways elected last week will not take office until Nov. 1 next, the present superintendents holding over for the ensuing season.

Orange, lemons, bananas, grape fruit and cranberries at Hagin's.

—The annual encampment of the G. A. R. for the state of New York will be held in Syracuse June 12 and 13. Four thousand visitors and representatives of seven hundred Posts are expected to attend.

—Patrick Conway has completed arrangements to furnish the concert music at the Toronto Exposition in August. It is stated that this is the first time an American band has been engaged for this exposition.

Subscribe for The Tribune.

—Ice cutters on Cayuga lake report that the ice on the lake this year is not uniform in thickness. In many instances the saws of ploughs have broken through because of soft places in the ice and several of the workmen have received duckings.

—At the annual town meeting last week, the town of Moravia voted no on all four license propositions by an average majority of 10. The whole Republican ticket was elected except supervisor, to which office George L. Cady, Democrat, was re-elected.

—During a heavy windstorm the large grain and stock barn on the farm of Daniel Horrigan, two miles north of Meridian in the town of Ira, was blown down Saturday afternoon. About fifteen cows and horses were in the barn and were buried under the debris.

Orders taken for cat flowers—floral designs—and potted plants at Hagin's.

—Rev. George H. Bailey, a pastor of Moravia Congregational church twenty years ago, died Sunday last in Vermont. His remains were brought to Moravia, where funeral services were held on Wednesday in the Congregational church, and burial was made in Indian Mound cemetery.

—Nearly \$1,000,000 is now on deposit in school savings banks in 1,149 schools throughout the United States. That speaks well for the thrift of the pupils and those who learn the value of saving while they are in school will be quite likely to continue the practice when they are out in the world-earning their living.

To Rent—My house in Genoa village. Inquire of Mrs. Mary Hill 31-2 Mrs. Roy Sherman, I. C. Ke.

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HE CAUGHT THE CAT

By EDITH COHEN.

"Did you know there were thirty-six flats in this building?" Althea Simpson inquired casually, as they stood at the back door of the Simpson flat. Young Dewberry was cracking ice on the stone doorstep by way of helping Althea make lemonade for the rest of the callers in the living room. He had attained this privilege by sheer force, inasmuch as three other young men had sprung to their feet when Althea had murmured something about making the lemonade. Young Dewberry had simply heven a path through their ranks as he headed for the icebox and a bit of solitude with Althea.

"Is that so?" he remarked in response to her remark about the thirty-six flats. He looked down into the huge curved court, which nearly bisected the long building. It was a canyon with walls showing spidery staircases and narrow little porches and it ended in a cement well at the ground, with an exit through the basement to the street.

"Oh!" Althea cried at that moment. For something lithe and gray leaped over young Dewberry to the porch and vanished. "There goes my cat! I never allow him out at night! Catch him, quick!"

Dropping the ice, young Dewberry made a leap after the cat. It glided down the narrow staircases like a ghost. Breathless, its pursuer reached the bottom and chased the elusive feline around the cement court. At last he grabbed its tail and hung on. The cat, scratching furiously, was gathered to his manly chest and furtively choked.

"Now I've got you!" young Dewberry muttered viciously. "Consarn you! Why should she waste affection on you?"

He looked up at the canyon wall and was impressed by its unvaried monotony. Then, seeing a staircase near, he started up. Mechanically after a while he stopped. All the back doors on that floor were closed. All looked alike. It suddenly dawned on young Dewberry that he was confronted by thirty-six back doors and that his chance of finding the right one was rather slim.

Peering over the rail, he counted up from the ground and found that he was on the third floor. He began considering doors. Most of them had names on them and none of the names was Simpson. He had not realized before how very many other names there were in the world. Finally he came to a nameless door and took a sight out over the court. This must be the one, for the angle was similar to that he had seen when Althea had called his attention to the size of the court. He tapped gently.

The door flew open with disquieting suddenness and a fist was shaken under young Dewberry's nose.

"You clear out!" said the voice that went with the fist. "I've been waiting for you—and let me tell you, if you come around again bothering my cook I'll have the law on you! A loafing, drunken husband and she a hard-working woman!" Then the door was slammed in young Dewberry's face.

Walking very rapidly and very straight, young Dewberry headed for the end of that row of porches. He was lost and must go at it sensibly. Selecting a door, he knocked. After a while he found the bell and rang. Presently it opened and a woman peered out over the chain.

"Excuse me, madam," Dewberry began in his politest tones. "I have—" "Good gracious!" the woman cried. "An agent at this time of night! It's perfectly disgraceful disturbing people who don't want to buy anything." She slammed the door shut and rattled the chain pointedly.

Young Dewberry leaned against a post and gazed at the cold, twinkling stars. He and the cat were very much alone. It occurred to him that all this trouble could have been averted had Althea remained on her back porch and watched his progress. He began to feel bitter toward Althea.

Suddenly he realized that he was not on the third floor, but the second—he had counted the back stairs up from the cement basement where he had caught the cat!

Hastily ascending another flight, he renewed his scrutiny of doors. The name of Simpson was not on any of them. So, still clutching the disgusted cat, he went downstairs once more and ascended the flights on the opposite side of the canyon.

Presently he paused before a door. There were bits of ice on the doorstep! Thus encouraged, Dewberry turned the knob and entered.

"Why, where on earth have you been?" asked Althea in some confusion. She was at the icebox and young Spriggs, who was with her, moved aside quickly. "You've been gone ages! They've drunk up all the lemonade and eaten everything! I don't think it was nice of you!"

"Oh," said young Dewberry, grimly. "kitty and I have been taking a little stroll in the rose garden and sitting by the fountain! I don't mind your haste with the lemonade. But you'd better brush the powder off Spriggs' shoulder!"

"I think you are perfectly horrid!" said Althea. "It's your own fault that you missed the lemonade. All you had to do was go down stairs and come up again."

"Well, I did it," returned young Dewberry.

Their Method.

"How do needle-guns work?" "Just as you see."

DAIRY

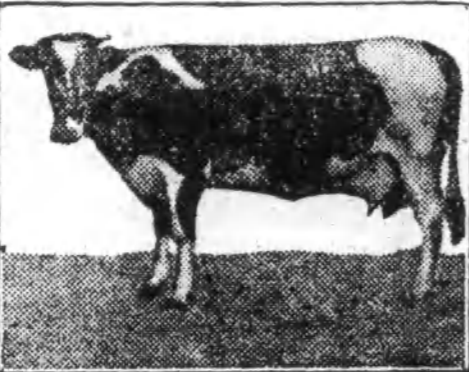


EXPENSE OF PRODUCING MILK

Interesting Investigation Made by Dairy Department of Ohio College of Agriculture.

The people of cities who complain about the high price of milk may be interested in knowing what it costs to produce and distribute good marketable milk. An investigation made last year by the dairy department of the college of agriculture, Ohio State university, shows that the average cost of producing a gallon of milk in Ohio is about 25 cents, or 6.25 cents per quart, allowing 3,200 pounds per cow per year as the average milk production.

This takes into consideration the cost of feeds, labor, interest on investment, maintenance, insurance,



High-Producing Holstein.

taxes, etc. When the average milk production per cow is increased the cost of milk is decreased. The average cost of distribution is 3 1/2 cents per quart, making a total of 9.75 cents per quart as the cost of producing milk and delivering it to the consumer. This means that when the milk retails at ten cents a quart, the average producer and distributor is making little or no profit in the transaction.

Where the high-producing cows are kept, and economic methods of handling and distributing on a large scale are employed, the above figures are greatly reduced, and there is a fair profit in the dairy business. However, it is the average producer, who keeps average cows, the increasing cost of feeds and labor, and the greater demand for sanitary conditions that are contributing to the high price of milk.

NEED FOR GOOD VENTILATION

Dairy Cow Is Often Required to Work Under Unfavorable Influences—Make Plans Now.

Farmers who are going to build barns next summer should make arrangements now to put in the King system of ventilation in their stables. It is not expensive if you make calculations in time.

The Washington Agricultural college has the following to say on the necessity of ventilation:

"Dairy barns are very frequently poorly ventilated. The dairy cow is then not only required to live, but to work under unfavorable influences, and she often falls a victim to such diseases as tuberculosis, pneumonia, bronchitis and colds. Foul air is one of the prime factors in the production of such diseases. Since the advent of sanitary science in connection with ventilation, the air space allowed for each animal has been increased, and a number of methods of ventilation have been devised. The exercise of a little care in such matters will protect the health of animals, prevent premature death and also make possible the highest working efficiency of the herd."

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The KITCHEN CABINET



OR the test of the heart is trouble; And it always comes with the years; But the smile that is worth the praise of earth Is the smile that comes through tears.

MORE PAPER BAG COOKERY.

Tomatoes Baked in Small Paper Bags.—Wash the tomatoes, lay them in greased paper bags. It is nice to allow a bag for each tomato and serve them in the bag. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. They should be tender, without being broken. The flavor of tomatoes baked this way is so much better that it is worth trying.

Stuffed Onions.—Parboil a sufficient number of medium-sized onions for the meal, put them into cold water, drain and, when cold, remove the centers. Fill the onions with a savory stuffing or chopped ham, or nuts or bits of sausage; anything that will make a stuffing of sufficient flavor. Place in a buttered bag with a little water and butter, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Remove from the bag to a hot vegetable dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve with the sauce from the bag poured around them.

Baked Potatoes.—Parboil for ten minutes a sufficient amount of potatoes for the family, then place in a buttered paper bag with a few table-spoonfuls of butter. Bake for half an hour, then tear open the bag, sprinkle with parsley and serve from the bag, placed on a platter. Salt should be added to the potatoes before putting them in the bag. The flavor of potatoes baked in this manner is really surprising to those who have never eaten them.

A fish steak may be stuffed and laid in a paper bag and baked, making a most elegant dish.

Liver, previously parboiled and cooked in a paper bag, would never be recognized as the same dish which we so often serve on our tables. Lay the bacon in the bag, and on these pieces of calf's liver, which have been well scalded in boiling water, season and fold the bag; lay on the rack in a hot oven and bake for twenty minutes or until the bag is a golden brown. Slide the bag off on a hot platter and carry to the table before opening.

Pigeons, squabs and small game are delicious baked in paper bags. Stuff wild duck, after parboiling, with a bunch of celery or an onion, and put into the buttered bag. Bake in a hot oven for twenty to thirty minutes.

Nellie Maxwell.

The KITCHEN CABINET

HE thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while That costs the least and does the most, Is just a pleasant smile.

WHAT TO EAT.

He is of all men miserable who enjoys not his food.

Spanish Stew.—Buy beef ribs at the price your butcher insists on asking; put them, after a thorough wiping, into a pot with cold water, a peeled and sliced onion and a half can of tomatoes, a red pepper well minced, and five whole cloves. Simmer gently for three hours, setting on the back part of the range. Thicken with browned flour and serve. Three pounds of beef ribs is sufficient for a family of six. A little chopped ham left from dinner, added to a white sauce and used on creamed potatoes, makes a very appetizing dish.

Beans and Bacon.—Soak a pint of beans over night and cook in fresh water until tender the next morning. Just before serving add a seasoning of cream, salt and pepper and serve hot. Bacon cut in dice and fried, the beans added and cooked five minutes, is also a nice way to serve them.

Potato Croquettes.—Take a cup and a half of mashed potatoes and mix with a tablespoonful of butter and the yolk of an egg. Season with salt and pepper and milk to moisten. Mold into croquettes, make a hole in each and stuff with a little green pepper which has been fried in butter. Dip the croquette in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat.

Banana Pie.—Fill a dish with alternate layers of sliced bananas and bread crumbs, beginning with the crumbs and ending with the banana. Pour in rich milk enough to fill the spaces, dot with bits of butter and bake twenty minutes.

Nellie Maxwell.

Business Annoyances.

"I suppose nearly everybody wants something cheaper than you have in stock."

"No," said the girl at the counter, "occasionally somebody wants something more expensive."

"Ah!"

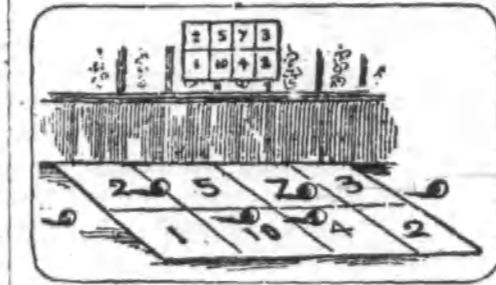
"And the trouble is that you can never sin 'em up in time to write a new price tag."

GAME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Will Afford Much Quiet Fun and Amusement During the Winter Months.

During the winter, when outdoor amusements are often not possible, any suggestions for new and easily arranged games that can be played at home are more than welcome.

We give a sketch, therefore, illustrating a game that may be prepared in a few moments with articles we shall certainly find ready to hand at home, and out of which a great deal of



fun and amusement may be derived, and also it is a game in which several little friends can take part at the same time.

A large sheet of brown paper or cardboard must be procured and marked into eight divisions in the manner shown in the diagram on the left of the illustration. In each of the squares so formed, a number must be written. The paper or cardboard is then laid perfectly flat upon the floor, against the wainscoting at one side of the room. The players stand at the opposite side and are each provided with two or three tennis balls (and other balls would do equally well) and in turn roll them across the floor with the object of making them rest upon the highest number, or players can take it in turn to have half a dozen throws one after the other, and then reckon up the points they have scored.

For instance, the score shown in the sketch is twenty-three. Possibly a hundred may be the number agreed upon, and the first competitor who gains these points wins the game.

HOME THAT REALLY CHARMS

The Cottage and Not the Mansion Most Often Presents Perfect Picture of Home.

It is not necessarily the large and wealthy house that is the prettiest; the cottage may far exceed it in beauty and present the most perfect picture of home, whereas the mansion may be cold-looking and formal. Most of us visit the house that never appears to be lived in, where there is no charm, no taste, no warmth; yet the furniture is good, there is no lack of money to keep up a good appearance, and there are servants to do the necessary work.

The woman who insists on her rooms always looking pretty will spend a little money each week on flowers or pot ferns. Small laurels in pots look well and last well; they also make economical window plants.

Of course, a window-box should find a place on the ground floor sill if not above, and should be filled with evergreens in winter and flowers in summer. Blue tiles or green tiles look well in flower boxes.

Picture frames are often allowed to hang on the walls in a disgraceful condition, especially white-painted frames, and those can so easily be freshened up with a coat of enamel paint, which should not be stinted when required.

Then, again, the material of upholstered furniture is sometimes as much soiled as the picture frames, and its unfit condition is a great offense to the eye. It may not be convenient to reupholster, but at any rate chintz or cretonne loose covers could be provided.

Let all draperies used in the home be clean, otherwise there will be a lack of freshness about the house. Send chair and sofa covers and curtains to the wash before their soiled condition is over-aggressive, and bear the same rule in mind with regard to muslin covers.

The pretty home is the one that is clean and tasteful.

Pretty Fireplace Screens.

A most attractive screen can be made at small cost of labor and money. Two laths from an old Venetian blind provide the sides of the framework, and two more are fixed on the back to strengthen it, whilst yet another is fixed as a hinged support. All these are secured firmly by means of screws, and then are stained and varnished in brown or dark green. Small slabs of beaten copper are placed on the corners as ornaments, and at the bottom of these a painted brass hook is screwed. On to these hooks is suspended a screen of thick canvas embroidered in silk, or, falling this, a piece of fancy printed linen or India silk would do.

A French Touch.

The girl with a knack at little home-made touches to her gowns that give them "quite an air" should try a new ribbon effect. This is butterfly bows or rosettes and long ends of two delicate tones of ribbon, as pale pink and lavender, lavender and green, corn color and white, blue and pink, flame color and fawn. Used with lingerie or light wool house-dresses these combinations are exceedingly good.

Leather Bodkin Cases.

Leather bodkin cases, containing three or four chased silver bodkins, for use with so many different widths of ribbon, are so flat and small that they can easily be held in the palm of the hand, and are an especial convenience for travelers.

AVOID SPREADERS OF GLOOM

Chronic Grumblers and Avowed Discontented Persons Are Never the Best of Companions in Life.

The chronic grumbler is not a good companion nor in any way an admirable person. We fly from her as from a contagious disease. Nothing so certainly affects one's spirits as being in the constant company of a person who has a grievance.

The cherishing of discontent with our circumstances, business, dress, or any other thing in life soon robs us of beauty and marks the countenance with the lines of worry and ill temper that tell their own unhappy story.

Why anybody who is young should indulge in grumbling as a pastime is one of the puzzles that never is solved, yet such people there are, and we meet them to our sorrow almost every day.

If they happen to be passengers on a railway train they pile their bags and bundles on an extra seat for which they have not paid, are conveniently blind to the weariness of other passengers who are standing, and assume the aspect of martyrs when the conductor courteously but peremptorily informs them that they must make room.

They object to having the windows open, although the air may be loaded with impurities from the congestion of the crowd; they scold and fret at the throng or the conductor and rail at Providence in general because everything in life is not arranged with a view to their comfort.

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SLUM

Society Can Not Ignore Its Share of Blame When the Facts Are Brought to Light of Day.

Children work out their destiny along the lines of environment. If two infants, one born in a slum hovel and the other in a palace, were exchanged on the day of birth, each would work out his destiny in accordance with his surroundings. The child of the hovel would grow up to the palace. The child of the palace would remain on the level of the slum hovel.

While a noted physician was making these statements before a body of learned colleagues, a jury in Chicago found three boys, aged consecutively seventeen, eighteen and nineteen years, guilty of murder and convicted them to long terms in prison. The slayers were all slum products. Their youth saved them from hanging.

Society cannot afford to wax sentimental over a murderer because of his youth. Its duty, in self-preservation, is to inflict punishment. A part of this self-preservation duty, however, is to prevent the growth of murderers. In so far as society allows slums to exist and other degrading influences to be fostered, it is not without responsibility for the criminal.

Wanted—Woman.

For a good many years now all civilized nations have had the census, in order to determine scientifically the approximate conditions of population at home and throughout the world. Some of the statistics relating to the proportions of the sexes in different parts are interesting.

The total population of the world is estimated to be 1,700,000,000, and the proportion is said to be 1,000 men and 990 women.

The proportion varies considerably according to the region. In Europe there are, for each 1,000 men, 1,027 women; in Africa, 1,045; in America, 964; in Asia, 961; in Australia, 937. The maximum feminine population is in Uganda, where there are 1,467 women to each 1,000 men, and the minimum in the gold countries of Alaska and in Malaysia, where there are found only 391 and 589 women, respectively to each 1,000 men.—Harper's Weekly.

Encouraging Generosity.

One of the cleverest of Cleveland's blind newspaper merchants takes his stand daily at one of the corners of the public square. He's got a sarcastic little sign that reads:

"Don't be ashamed to give me a penny—I'm blind."

The other day a friend of ours dropped a nickel in front of this chap, just to see if he was taking. The blind never shifted his blank gaze, but he said:

"Make it a quarter, boss, and I'm likely to forget myself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Can Write in the Dark.

A novelty is a penholder permitting one to write in the dark, since it is provided with an electric light. The tube through which the point of the pencil goes is fitted with a small accumulator and an electric lamp. The latter throws a disk of light over the point where the writing is being done. This luminous pencil has been invented for the use of doctors, reporters, detectives, etc., whose work necessitates the taking of notes in the street and in darkness.—Harper's Weekly.

Was Misquoted.

The king of the hobos slouched into the office of The Daily Bread to make a complaint.

"You th' editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"In yore paper this mornin' you said I made a talk to th' boys last night on 'How to Be at Work All th' Time.'"

"Well?"

"You got it wrong. Th' subject of my th' talk was 'How to Beat Work All th' Time.' I want it c'orrected, mister. That's all."

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 Mary J. Branch, late of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of, etc., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 31st day of April, 1912.

Dated October 24, 1911.
CARL J. THAYER, 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 Delos Aikin, late of the town of Venetia, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of, etc., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venetia, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of May, 1912.

Dated, King Ferry, N. Y., October 25, 1911.
G. S. AIKIN, Administrator.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Mary Nolan, late of the town of Auburn, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of, etc., of said deceased, at the office of B. C. Mead, 125 Genesee st., in the city of Auburn, County of Cayuga, on or before the 8th day of June, 1912.

Dated Nov. 24, 1911.
CAROLINE A. COATES, Administratrix.
Benjamin C. Mead, Attorney for Administratrix, 125 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 Mark A. Houghton, late of the town of Auburn, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administratrix with the will annexed, of said deceased, at the law office of her attorney, F. E. Hughton, No. 41 Genesee st., in the city of Auburn, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of July, 1912.

Dated Jan. 14th, 1912.
CAROLINE J. CLARK, Administratrix with the will annexed.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

To Edwin Parsons, John Parsons, Mary D. Sherwood, Elijah Sherwood, Lucy Husseman, John Sherwood, Edwin Sherwood, Eliza Parin and Benjamin Sherwood.

Whereas, Edwin Parsons 2d, has presented to the Surrogate's Court, County of Cayuga, his petition and account as Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Eliza M. Parsons, deceased, praying that said account may be judicially settled and that you be cited to appear therein.

Therefore, you and each of you are hereby cited to appear before our Surrogate, at a Surrogate's Court to be held in and for the County of Cayuga, at the Court House, in the City of Auburn, in said County, on the 18th day of March, 1913, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the said account.

In Testimony Whereof, We have caused the seal of our Surrogate's Court to be hereunto affixed. Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of our said County, at the City of Auburn, on the 27th day of January, 1913.
FREDERICK B. WILLS, Clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

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

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly

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

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

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

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

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED—To engage in the sale of a wonderful popular and valuable American educational publication.

A work with no competitor; containing 1500 original illustrations by the most famous American artists. A patriotic work, appeals to every citizen with red blood in his veins. First agent appointed sold 45 copies in a week. Sample books now ready; exclusive territory assigned; previous experience not necessary. Address, HENRY W. KNIGHT, Publisher, 520 West 26th St., New York City.

To Mothers in This Town.

Children who are delicate feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney troubles, try Mother Gray's AROMATIC LEAF, a pleasant herb for women's ills and a great system regulator. At Druggists or by mail \$0.50, sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Dentist.

J. A. Spaulding, 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.

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T. F. ARUNDELL
Auctioneer and Appraiser

of Farms, Stock and Tools, also Household Goods. Terms reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Care Byrnes' Real Estate Office
94 Genesee St., Auburn.
Bell Phone 110-1.

If in keeping hens you want ornaments don't feed 'Heaty'—but if you want egg machines give them all



HEAVY LAYING MASH

And watch the plant work overtime

J. H. Cruthers, Genoa.

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Fresh, Reliable, Pure Guaranteed to Please

Every Gardener and Planter should test the superior merits of our Northern Grower Seed.

SPECIAL OFFER
FOR 10 CENTS we will send postpaid our FAMOUS COLLECTION

1 pkg. 60 Day Tomato	20c
1 pkg. Princess Radish	10c
1 pkg. Red-Dressing Celeriac	10c
1 pkg. Early Arrow-head Cabbage	10c
1 pkg. Proliferator Market Lettuce	10c
1 pkg. 13 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds	25c

Also today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage and receive the above "Famous Collection." Order with our Seed Catalogue or write to: **GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO.** 416 Rose St., Rockford, Illinois



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MAKES GLASSES THAT FIT WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

69 Genesee St. AUBURN, N.Y.

THERE IS NO CASE OF INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, BLOOD OR SKIN DISEASE arising from a disordered stomach, bowels, liver or kidneys which

"SEVEN BARKS"

will not materially benefit, or permanently cure; this has been proven for the past 42 years. Ask your parents, or neighbors, about SEVEN BARKS, as thousands have testified to its merits. Don't delay to get a 50 cent bottle at your druggist, and start yourself on the road to complete recovery.

LYMAN BROWN, 65 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

RHEUMATISM

PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY

BLAIR'S PILLS

SAFE & EFFECTIVE SOLELY DRUGGISTS' OR 95 HUNTER ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Shake into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It relieves tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet, and makes walking easy. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Over 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

No Backache or Kidney Pains.

If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, dizziness and lack of energy, try Mother Gray's AROMATIC-LEAF, the pleasant herb remedy. As a tonic laxative it has no equal. At Druggists, or by mail, 50c. Ask to-day. SAMPLE FREE. Address The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

WANTED—Good home wanted for boys and girls under 14 years of age where they will be treated as members of the family; apply to Children's Department, State Charities A. H. Association, 239 Fulton Ave., New York City.

A Welcome For You

By REV. PARLEY ZARTMANN, D.D., Secretary of Extension Department of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—This man receiveth sinners.—Luke 15:2.



Thank God for that statement. In a world full of sinners that is a great fact; in such a dark night that is a gleam of hope; in a world of discordant notes that sentence comes like sweetest music.

The Pharisees and scribes made the accusation; they meant it in scorn and rebuke, and they could not understand how the holy Jesus could associate with these unholly people, nor how he could lower himself to their level. The more we know of God, the more we say, Behold what manner of love! It was a bitter charge and a grave accusation concerning Jesus, and the statement was true, but not in the way his accusers meant it; it was the highest tribute they could pay Jesus and it contains the most welcome tidings. The Pharisees were sincere but they did not understand Christ, nor his message, nor his mission. If they had known the scriptures and their own hearts they would have recognized him as the Savior of the world, received him as such, and gone on their way rejoicing. What they uttered in reproach has become his glory and our greatest blessing.

A Great Prophecy.

When the first sin was committed in the Garden of Eden there came the promise that one should come who would overcome the evil one. This promise increases in definiteness and broadens in scope through types, and symbols, and sacrifices; in character, and story, and song, until we read "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. But he was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. When the angel announced the incarnation he said "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins;" and when the angels proclaimed his coming they said "A Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Jesus himself bore witness to these statements in that jewel "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

A Glorious Fact.

This man receiveth sinners. He did and he does—men and women of the worst character and reputation, people of every clime and every condition. Come, let us see, and meditate, and rejoice. In the days of his flesh he received a woman who was a sinner (Luke 7:47); Matthew the tax-gatherer, despised by his own people, hated by the Romans, but under the touch of Jesus an apostle and a winner of others; Mary Magdalene, possessed of devils, but subdued by Christ and becoming an ardent follower, Zacharias, once seeking Christ out of curiosity and then rejoicing in a salvation brought to him and his house by the seeking Savior; the thief of the cross, coming at almost the last hour of his earthly life but repentant and full of trust in the suffering Savior and receiving the assurance of immediate reward and blessing; Paul, once Saul of Tarsus, persecuting the church and making havoc of the saints, changed by a vision of the ascended lord, becoming a mighty and unconquerable missionary of the cross and saying of this same Jesus, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Time would fail me to tell of Augustine changed from sinfulness to sanctity; of John Bunyan, the swearing tinker, becoming a faithful preacher and the author of that wonderful book, "Pilgrim's Progress;" of Sam Hadley, changed in a moment from a drunken sot to an ardent believer and through all his remaining years a flaming evangelist to the outcast and lost; of Old Born Drunk, inheriting a passion for drink and apparently hopeless, but so changed by a vision of Christ that he became the marvel of his community and an inspiration to other outcasts; of men and women in their own community who have been changed from vice to virtue, from lawlessness to peaceableness, from impurity and dishonesty to purity and uprightness, from sinners to saints. Verily, the testimony of all the ages since the day of this story is "This man receiveth sinners." There may be murmuring here, but there are rejoicings in heaven. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

"Sing it over and over again Christ receiveth sinful men. Make the message clear and plain, Christ receiveth sinful men."

TOKEN OF ADMIRATION

By JULIA CONWAY.

It had always been the rule in the Crompton family for the children to share and share alike, but when pretty Claribel, the eldest, received the day after her sixteenth birthday a beautiful basket of bonbons, a token of the admiration of a youth whom she had met while visiting in the summer, she inwardly rebelled at the prospect of seeing the delicious sweets melt away like the dew before the sun. For the young Cromptons always made remarkably short work of a box of candy.

"I speak first for that big piece of candied pineapple," said Alice as the children gathered around Claribel to see the delectable package opened. "Can I have some of them candied violets, Claribel?" asked small Joe. "No, you can't." Claribel quickly raised the basket beyond the reach of Joe's nose too clean hand. "You can't have any, because you said, 'them' instead of 'those'."

"Well, I don't care if I did. You ate more'n half the taffy I bought with the nickel dad gave me for having my spelling paper right."

"And it was the first time he ever got a perfect mark," chimed Helen. "Why, Claribel, aren't you going to let us have any of the candy? You shut down the basket lid with a regular forever bang."

"Mayn't I have that pineapple to put in my lunch box?" asked Alice. "I guess if you had to take an old lunch to school every day the way I do, you'd—"

"No, Alice," returned Claribel with dignity. "I'm going to save this candy."

"Save it!" exclaimed all the children.

"What for?" demanded Carita. "You know I had the toothache yesterday and couldn't eat any of your birthday candy. I think I ought to have a lot of this."

"And get the toothache again," scornfully remarked Claribel. "If you weren't such a baby about going to the dentist you could have your teeth fixed."

"Well, what good would it do if you're always going to save your candy?"

"I'm not always going to save it," replied Claribel in a tone of martyred patience, "but this is a very special basket of candy and I think if I don't want it all gobbled up the first minute I've a right to keep it. My sorority is going to meet here a week from next Saturday and I want to show all the girls this beautiful basket just as it is. Then I'll pass it around and you can all have some."

"Yes, after the sorority girls have picked it all over," grumbled Alice.

"Some day you may wish to join my sorority, Alice."

Alice, being an aspirant for early election to her sister's sorority, looked somewhat chagrined and mentioned casually that it was time to be going to school. After the others were gone Claribel hastily looked about for a hiding place for her basket of candy. After a moment's desperate thought—for nothing was sacred in the house of Crompton—she flew into the library and secreted the candy with considerable satisfaction at her bright idea.

"Where on earth did you put your candy?" asked Helen the next day.

"Oh, were you looking for it?"

"No, of course not, but I didn't see it anywhere and I just wondered where it was."

"I suppose you all wondered." Claribel was smiling superior. "I just put it away."

Joe, coming in from play on the Saturday of the sorority meeting, forced his way into the library against the advice of his young sisters, who warned him that Claribel would be angry if he went into the meeting, which was always very secret.

"I don't care if it is a secret," declared Joe. "Claribel promised me some candied violets today and I want 'em."

"Joe, run right away," commanded Claribel as he entered the room. "You know you can't come to our meeting."

"I don't want to come to your meeting. All I want is the candy you said I could—"

"Oh, my basket of candy!" fairly shrieked Claribel. "It's all burned up."

"Why, how can it be?" asked Alice, who had rushed in, having been listening at the door. "Where was it?"

Claribel pointed at the fireplace. "I put it under the cedar boughs father brought in from the country to make the fireplace look pretty, and when the girls came today I thought how cheerful the fire would be and I lighted it and forgot all about the candy!"

All her sisters, sorority and real, gathered sympathetically about the weeping Claribel, but Joe said, "I guess now you're sorry you didn't give them candied violets."

Bobby's Circumlocution.

Mrs. Kawler—Who is the smartest boy in your school, Bobby?

Bobby—Well, Johnny Smith says he is.

Mrs. Kawler—But who do you think is?

Bobby—I'd rather not say. I'm not so conceited as Johnny Smith's—Boston Transcript.

Culinary Demand.

"Sure, m'm," said the new cook, suddenly appearing in the doorway, "could I be a fatter boy'n' th' boss's safety razor for a little whiff?"

"Safety razor?" echoed Mrs. Neo.

"What for, Norah?"

"Sure, m'm, I want to shave that rabbit before I strew him."—Harper's Weekly.

Advertising Talks

BRITISH ATTITUDE TOWARD PUBLICITY

Englishman Suspicious of Advertised Article, and Harder to Convince Than American.

By H. WENTWORTH JAMES.

Generally speaking, the Britisher's attitude to advertising is one of deep suspicion, contrasted with the American's trust and confidence. One frequently meets the type of Briton who positively shies at a well-advertised article, because he feels there must be some catch in it. In no country in the world does personal recommendation count for so much as in Britain. The fact that Jones has tried somebody's backache pills and had relief from them is worth much more from our countrymen's point of view than full pages.

The average Briton has no appreciation for smart or humorous advertising. Smartness and humor are poor games here. Some portion of the populace may be tickled, but they will not buy. If analyzed their feeling would be that the smart advertiser is probably going to be too smart for them. I once heard a friend of mine (a typical Briton) remark that so and so's advertisements are wonderfully smart. I asked him whether he had bought the articles advertised, but he had not, although he was the very prospect the advertising was searching for.

Every advertising critic will give you instances proving the contrary regarding smartness in advertising, but the truth is that many advertisers have succeeded in spite of this fact, not because of it. When the conditions are examined, we discover that the general truth of this axiom is maintained.

An Advertisement Dodger.

The Briton is, of course, susceptible to advertising, as is every member of the human race. His outer skin, however, is much thicker than the American's. He is racially not an advertisement reader (as are many Americans), but an advertisement dodger. If I had to describe the processes or the stages of the average Briton's mind with regard to the successfully advertised article, I would put them as follows:

1. Oblivious;
2. Irritation;
3. Grudging notice;
4. Skepticism;
5. Drawing feeling that there must be something in it;
6. Personal inquiries;
7. Purchase.

Naturally advertising takes longer to soak in. The results are slower, but they are more lasting. Once captured the Briton is as often as not a lifelong customer. Moreover, once convinced, he is a staunch friend and an advertising force in himself.

There are makers of certain articles in England to whom advertising, in the ordinary sense, would spell ruin. The well-dressed Englishman of the upper middle and the upper classes would sooner wear his hair over his collar (almost) than wear boots, hats, ties, or sartorial necessities that had been widely advertised. There is one hatter at least in London who advertises largely and well and the name of his hats is a standing bye among our middle class Beau Brummels. Not because the hats are bad hats, because they are not, but simply because they are branded with the plebeian stain of publicity.

The well-born Englishman is the most difficult fish for the advertiser to land, and the fisherman must be skillful with his lure. The lower classes are much more susceptible and form an entirely different proposition. They are not free from the customary characteristics I have named, but, on the other hand, 20 years of nationalized education, which has given them the power to read, has still left them with remnants of the touching belief that a thing which is "in print" must be true.

Kipling Voices His Sentiment.

The sentiment of the ordinary, well-to-do Englishman, it might almost be said (were it not so dangerous to dogmatize), are crystallized by our poet Kipling, who gave Lord Roberts, the famous British general, the following testimonial in verse:

"He's little, but he's wise; He's a terror for his size, And he does not advertise."

Remember, however, that, with the sole exception of America, Great Britain is the most remarkable country on earth. France is France and Germany is Germany through the ages, but the Britain of today (historically speaking) is not the Britain of tomorrow. With the blood of a score of nations in our veins we can shed our skins and our presumed national characteristics in a fashion which though by no means speedy, is yet remarkable.

As a nation we are beginning to wonder if there is not something in advertising. In 50 years we may be teaching the world the true art of advertising. On the other hand, we may—but this is speculation, which, as every advertising expert will tell you, has nothing to do with advertising.

FLIPPANCY IN GIRLS

By BARBARA BOYD.

"It's all very well," the quiet girl was saying to the little group of intimate friends, "for mother and aunt and grandmother to insist on a girl's being ladylike and retiring and modest and all that. But if she does, she gets left."

"What's the trouble, Phoebe?" chorused the group.

"No particular trouble," blithely returned Phoebe. "But I was just thinking such advice is out of date. If a girl takes it nowadays, it'll make her a wallflower and eventually an old maid, or, I suppose I should say, bachelor girl."

"Something has gone wrong," said one of the girls sagely.

"Did you know Sue Dickinson is married again?" asked Phoebe.

"No!" ejaculated the others. "Who to?"

"Kenneth Leaverett."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do. And that's what set me to thinking upon old-time advice. In spite of everything her parents said, she ran away, you remember, and married Ned Willoughby. Then she quarreled with him and finally got a divorce. And now in less than a year she is married again. And here are all of us, quiet, ladylike, well-bred girls, hanging yet on the parental stem."

"Huh!" said one indignantly. "I wouldn't want to marry either Ned Willoughby or Kenneth Leaverett."

"That may be," replied Phoebe. "But even if you had, you wouldn't have had the chance. You're not forward enough. I don't want to get into personalities," she said hastily, as she saw a gleam in the other girl's eye. "I'm just drawing deductions. As you know, I was invited to a house party last week, out at Whitney's perfectly superb home. And who do you think was the most popular girl there, quiet, well-bred little me or charming Alice Markham? Not a bit of it. It was a loud, giggling individual who talked constantly, laughed constantly, played jokes on the men, kept herself in every way possible in the center of the stage. The men simply flocked around her. They hovered over her like bees over a flower. And the rest of us sat off in well-bred and ladylike quiet and talked to each other."

"That sort of thing doesn't last," observed one.

"She had a good time while it did last, though. And that's more than the rest of us did."

"I wouldn't care for the attentions of men like that," said another.

"Oh, they were good enough, as men go," replied Phoebe. "You have to take them as they are. You can't make them to order."

"It seems to me, then," said a fourth, "that the men are to blame for all the forwardness and flippancy in girls, and the way they dress and all the other things they do that they shouldn't. It would be sort of comfortable to blame the men for it all, wouldn't it?"

"They won't care," quoth Phoebe. "They'll go right on showering all their attentions on the girl with the most false hair and the biggest hats and the tightest skirts and the readiest laugh, whether there is anything to laugh at or not."

"Let them," interrupted another.

"There's something more to life than merely pleasing the men. If I prefer refinement and good breeding and good taste, or think they are right and their opposites wrong, I am not going to throw them over merely to win masculine favor. I think we ought to get down to the bedrock fact of what is right and worth while, not merely to whether our conduct will win fleeting popular favor. We want those things in our character that are going to give us lasting satisfaction. And, believe me, none of us here would find lasting satisfaction in the regard of men who like vulgarity in dress and manner. And, believe me, too, the nicest men don't. And even if they seem to for a little while, it is either out of idle curiosity, or to put in time, or a mere passing fancy. I'll stick to the advices of mothers and aunts and grandmothers. They have been observing human nature a much longer time than we have, and they know how it wears."

"Well," said Phoebe, "I suppose the girl with high standards of conduct is of more value to society than the girl without them. And I suppose it is worth while to be of some value somewhere."

"And I'd rather have my self-respect," said another, "than the attention of a dozen men for doing something that I thought beneath me."

Sergeant Didn't "Babby."

Sergt. Mike Drew was at one time a quartermaster sergeant in the Philippines. He believed he had a working knowledge of the language of the islands, which the soldiers call "Bambo Spanish."

One day a party of tourists were trying to get two Filipinos to understand that they wanted some trunks taken down to the station. The tourists did everything they knew to get this instruction into the heads of the brown brothers, but it was useless.

Sergeant Drew then offered his services.

"Say, you," he said, turning to the natives, "when the whistle blows on the railroad train, too hoo, you get your bull cart, moo moo, and take these trunks down to the station before the engine starts, ding ding. Babby?"

"To no saves," the natives replied.

"What!" roared Sergeant Drew. "Don't you understand your own language?"

Devotee of Dress.

Titta Ruffo, the new barytone, praised in Philadelphia the elegance of the American woman.

"At one of your Rittenhouse Square houses," he said, "I complimented a husband on the elegance of his wife. He laughed and replied: 'Yes, my wife is indeed a devotee of fashion. I'm sure if she were to die she'd never consent to be an angel unless they'd let her wear a robe with a draped skirt.'"

A Gallant Answer.

"You seem to be an able-bodied man. You ought to be strong enough to work."

"I know, m'm. And you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

After that speech he got a square meal and no reference to the wood pile.—Maddler.

Home Town Helps

IMPROVE THE COUNTRY TOWN

Purely as a Business Proposition, Beautifying Any Village Will Be Found to Pay.

The cities, great and small, are doing their whole duty in providing parks, but the villages and small towns seem to think that parks are luxuries beyond them. We hear political economists bewailing the fact that the cities are growing faster than the country, and they ask why it is. Parks, boulevards, libraries, added to the other attractions of the cities are sure to entice the country youth from the humdrum life in a frowsy hamlet. And who can blame them?

But if Mr. Carnegie, or Mr. Rockefeller, or other of our rich men, should assist and encourage our country towns to build parks, to plant trees and beautify their towns, thus making their homes pleasant, the glamour of the city would not be so striking, the building and endowing of great libraries is most commendable, but there are many things we need more. Those fine palaces filled with books are handsome monuments to the rich donor, but the same amount of money expended in playgrounds about the city schools and in parks in country villages would bring more health and happiness to all the people. Our country people need to be educated along this line. Make the country towns more beautiful, and the desire to leave them for the great cities will not be so great. In spring time the dwellers in the cities turn with longing to the country and the country town. They long for green fields and singing birds, and happy the suburban town whose people have made its streets shady, its appearance attractive, for to such will come people who add to the community's life and prosperity. From an economic view, village improvement pays. It fills up vacant houses, it increases the value of your property, it educates your boy and girl, and it will make this world a pleasanter place than you found it.

GARDEN CITY NEAR CHICAGO

Men Out of Employment Because of Age Will Run the Proposed Farms.

A garden city, similar to those of England and other European countries, will be built on a farm to be purchased by the Anti-Forty-five Limit league, organized for the purpose of providing a means of livelihood for men who have been thrown out of employment because of their ages.

The league will purchase a farm of 1,500 acres, near enough to Chicago that the garden products may find a ready market.

The farm is to be divided into five-acre tracts. One family will be established on each plot and given the means of operating the tract until able to pay for it.

The small farms will be close enough together to permit of the garden city plan. The residents will be under regular city government, the only restriction being that no saloons shall be allowed in the city.

Schools will be provided and churches will be built, streets laid out and all requisites of a modern city established.

The league has arranged for the sale of bonds to raise the money necessary for the enterprise. Five hundred dollars will establish a family on one of the farms and as soon as the man is able to pay the \$500 and an extra \$500 to bring another family the farm will be transferred to him.

Street Trees Valuable Assets.

No one has ever been overheard saying that any community, town, city, state or nation grew too many street trees. On the other hand those having the most have become famous for their civic pride and progressiveness. Again, countries or sections of countries have become barren, uninhabited wastes when denuded of all trees. Therefore, trees are in some cases a prime necessity and in all cases a valuable asset. So clearly is this recognized that there is much good-natured rivalry as to which city is best planted or has the most street trees. In fact street trees are the finest municipal asset a city may have, when well-grown and officially controlled.

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HOME TOWN HELPS

BEAUTY IN AMERICAN CITIES

Field for Artists Has as Yet Scarcely Been Prospected, Says Writer in Scribner's.

As I wandered about the streets and the parks, studying them under the constantly shifting and kaleidoscopic effects which are peculiar to our changeable climate (it might be at twilight, with the lights reflected in long streamers from the wet pavements, or perhaps twinkling through a blur of snow on rainy days, at night, or during the Indian summer days, when the tall skyscrapers showed only as towering ghosts through the universal purple haze.) I came gradually to perceive that there was another kind of beautiful which, however much it might differ from that to which I had been so long accustomed abroad, was none the less intrinsic and admirable, says a writer in Scribner's. As time went on I became more and more fascinated with this strange new loveliness. And now, after thirty years, I have come to hold New York the most beautiful city in the world! Not Paris, nor London, nor Rome, nor Antwerp can, in my opinion, compare with it, either in color or effect, or in the unexpected character and beauty of its piled-up buildings. Even the admitted charm of Venice becomes somewhat petty by comparison; for mere picturesque comparison does not necessarily connote beauty, and a scene which will make an excellent picture postal card will not always make an excellent picture.

I soon found that what was true of New York city was equally true of our American landscape in general. The quality of its beauty differed wholly from that of northern Europe, but it was equally adapted to pictorial expression on canvas. It had only to be approached by a systematic temperament and with unprejudiced eyes to yield limitless material for the painter's art. And, inasmuch as nature's moods on this side of the ocean are infinitely more varied than they are abroad, they lend themselves to the most divergent artistic temperament and permit of a very wide range of personal expression in art.

Finally, it can safely be stated that the field has as yet scarcely been prospected. Between Quebec and New Orleans, between the coast of Maine and California, there are countless beauty spots which are still virgin soil for the artist—each offering motives as different from those of Inness, Wyant, Homer, Martin and Winslow Homer as theirs were from the motives employed by Corot and Mauve, and Millet and Monet.

NEED CARE IN ARRANGEMENT

Proper Display of Trees and Shrubs Must Be Made, to Secure the Best Results.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, one of our most artistic writers on the subject of landscape gardening, says: "If now we ask when and where we need the fine art of landscape gardening, must not the answer be: Whenever and wherever we touch the surface of the ground and the plants it bears with the wish to produce an organized result that shall please the eye? The name we usually apply to it must not mislead us into thinking that this art is needed only for the creation of broad landscape effects. It is needed wherever we do more than grow plants for the money we may save or gain by them. It does not matter whether we have in mind a great park or a small city square, a large estate or a modest dooryard, we must go about our work in an artistic spirit if we want a good result. Two trees and six shrubs, a scrap of lawn and a dozen flowering plants may form either a beautiful little picture or a disarray of forms and colors."

Offenses Against Public Taste.

It is astonishing that men of wealth and culture should fail to recognize the rights of the public in property which is owned in fee by individuals or corporations. Putting up bill boards, unsightly walls or fences, the cutting of a sightly tree or hedge or the failure to cut an unsightly one are offenses against the public which the owner of otherwise private grounds has no moral right to commit. We should remember that the earth was made for man—that we should keep and leave it more beautiful than we found it. This is true of our home acre as well as the more elaborate park systems of our largest cities.

For Rural Highways.

The blue gum probably makes our finest country avenue trees, but it should be planted only where it will have plenty of room when fully grown, and where it will not be injurious to adjoining property. It is easily and quickly grown, but is a gross feeder, the roots spreading severely on adjoining fields. Its bark shedding is objectionable, especially along sidewalks or grates. On the street the blue gum should stand not less than 40 or 50 feet apart to secure spreading growth and best type of individual trees.

Board of Supervisors.

The board of Supervisors for 1913-14 will include 20 Republicans, 12 Democrats, 1 Socialist, as follows: Auburn—Ward 1—Frank H. Steigerwald, R
Ward 2—Valentine Artmann, R
Ward 3—Robert Aiken, jr., D
Ward 4—Edmund Glavir, D
Ward 5—James D. Shayler, R
Ward 6—William J. Hayden, D
Ward 7—William H. Cronk, S
Ward 8—Jeremiah Fitzgerald, D
Ward 9—Alfred F. Hanning, R
Ward 10—Henry H. Guppy, R
Aurelius—W. W. Patterson, D*
Brutus—C. S. Caywood, R
Cato—E. C. Pooler, R*
Conquest—Judson Green, D*
Flaming—J. G. Langham, D*
Genoa—A. L. Loomis, D*
Ira—Philip J. Maurer, R
Ledyard—James Avery, R
Locke—A. C. McIntosh, R*
Mentz—George Newkirk, R*
Montezuma—Charles Higgins, R*
Moravia—George S. Cady, D*
Niles—William E. Rouns, R
Owaseo—James L. McGarr, D
Scipio—Daniel Mullalley, R
Sempronius—Clinton B. Rhoads, D*
Sennett—A. H. Wheeler, R*
Springport—Frederick A. Guile, D*
Sterling—Frank Hendrick, R
Summerhill—Joseph A. Rabney, R
Throop—Wallis J. Hadden, R*
Venice—William F. Whitman, R*
Victory—Edward A. Hornburg, R
*—Re-elected

Valuable Horses Killed.

The Lehigh Valley train leaving here at 6:15 last evening southbound for Ithaca on the Cayuga Lake Road ran into four horses that had wandered on the tracks near the Big Gully at Levanna and two of the equines were killed outright while the other two received injuries that necessitated that they be humanely killed.

Three of the horses belonging to Robert Dills of Union Springs and one belonged to Asa Huff of Springport. It is believed that some careless hunter left a gate open and they wandered out and got down on the railroad tracks. The train was going at a good clip when it ran into them and the mass of horse flesh was tossed into the air.

Two of the horses were dead when the train came to a stop and the crew went back to investigate. One of the others had a fractured skull and the fourth a broken leg and it was necessary to kill them. The railroad officials are investigating the case.

The four horses must have aggregated \$1,000 in value as they were young and good specimens of horse-flesh.—Citiz n, Feb. 26.

Don't Get All Run Down.

Weak and miserable. If you have kidney or bladder trouble, headache, pains in the back, and feel tired all over and want a pleasant herb remedy, try Mother Gray's AROMATIC-LEAF. As a tonic laxative it has no equal. All Druggists, 50c. Ask to-day. Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

FARMS BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED. Inquire of THE PEOPLE'S AGENCY, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

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

If you want to BUY, SELL OR RENT A FARM, consult THE PEOPLE'S AGENCY, 93 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.



Blacksmithing and Repairing.
WM. HUSON, Genoa, N. Y.

SEEDS
Buckeye's Special Offer:
Write to-day! Mention this Paper.
SEND 10 COPIES

Election in Nearby Towns.

Ledyard.
Everything went Republican in Ledyard.
Supervisor—James Avery.
Town Clerk—Thomas Hickey.
Collector—Cecil B. Phelps.
Superintendent of Highways—Wallace G. Carr.
Superintendent of the Poor—John Heffernan, Sr.
Justices of the Peace—Amos Searing, Elmer Dillon.
Constables—Lee Myers, Fred Brewster, Thomas Tierney, Lewis G. Smith.
Locke.

The town of Locke went Republican the whole length of the ticket as follows: Supervisor—A. C. McIntosh.
Town Clerk—John Carl.
Collector—Jarvis Thomas.
Superintendent of Highways—W. J. Young.
Superintendent of Poor—Perley Minton, William Robinson.
Justices—H. Cornwall, Smith Minton.
Assessors—D. B. Heath, J. B. Snover, Venice.

In the town of Venice the Republican ticket was elected with the exception of the offices of collector and superintendent of highways.
Supervisor—William Whitman, R.
Town Clerk—S. W. Kenyon, R.
Collector—George Crawford, D.
Superintendent of Highways—John Bruton, D.
Justices of the Peace—C. C. Culver, C. H. Wood, R.
Assessors—George B. Husted, W. B. Teeter, R.
Constables—Fay Teeter, G. N. Coon, R. O. Sherman, all R.

Pomona Grange Meeting.

The members of Cayuga County Pomona Grange will meet at Auburn in Osborne hall, Friday, March 7, 1913, at 10 a. m. At this session we will have with us F. L. Strivings of Castle, Wyoming Co., chaplain of State Grange. His subject will be "Country Life to-morrow." At 1:30 a lecturer's conference will be held and all subordinate lecturers are urged to be present. Following is the lecturer's program:

- Music by Grange.
- Rec Mrs. Myrtle Harris
- Paper—Education of girls, Mrs. Chas. Hart
- Solo Miss Celia Atwood
- Paper—Sunny and Shady Sides of Farm Life Mrs. Minerva Roe
- Music Mrs. Edward Harris
- Report from State Grange G. W. Nellis
- Solo Mrs. Mary Harris
- Question Box
- Music by Grange.

Send it in.

An exchange extends the following invitation to its readers:

If you are going away, send it in.
If you have visitors, send it in.
If you have something of interest, send it in.

If you are painting the house or making improvements, send it in.
If there is a new baby next door, send it in.

The value of a local newspaper depends in a great measure on the amount of local news and the editor cannot be omnipresent, he must depend a great deal on readers of the local paper for accounts of local happenings. Call, write or telephone

Deafness Cannot be Cured

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

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Names Himself.

A baby who says "Votes for Women" when asked his name, was the chief attraction at Washington Woman's Suffrage headquarters the other day. The women arranging for the great Pageant Procession of March 3, left their work to play with Jan, the 2-year-old son of Mrs. Raymond Haebronck, active in the procession plans. "What is your name, little boy?" said one of the leaders, as she checked the little tot under the chin. "Votes for Women!" came back in answer in clear, distinct tones.—The Woman's Journal.

ANNUAL Inventory Sale OF CARPETS AT G. W. RICHARDSON & SON

Several hundred yards of high grade Carpets, including best grade of Lowell and Bigelow Body Brussels and Wilton Velvets, regular prices from \$1.75 to \$2 per yard, sale price.....\$1.00 per yard
Velvet Carpets at75c per yard
Tapestry Brussels Carpets from50c to 65c per yard
Best All Wool Ingrain Carpets from50c to 65c per yard
Other Ingrain Carpets at40c per yard

INLAID LINOLEUMS

Best grade, including English and German from\$1.10 to \$1.35 per yard
Best grade American from\$1.00 to \$1.25 per yard
500 yards Inlaid at75c per yard
1,000 Printed Linoleums from40c to 60c per yard
Wood Grain for edges of rugs from30c to 50c per yard
Ingrain Filling at25c per yard
Straw Matting from20c per yard and upwards
Fibre Matting25c per yard
Cocoa Matting25c per yard

LARGE RUGS--Size 9x12

French Wilton and High Pile Rugs, regular price from \$55 to \$65, sale price from\$27.50 to \$37.50
Wilton Rugs ranging in price from \$40 to \$35, sale price from\$22.50 to \$35
Body Brussels Rugs ranging in price from \$27.50 to \$35, sale price from \$20 to \$25
Axminster and Velvet Rugs, sale price from\$15 to \$20
Tapestry Brussels Rugs from\$9.50 to \$15
Wool Fibre Rugs 9x12, price\$7.50
Wool Fibre Rugs, 8-3x10-6, price\$6.50
Wool Fibre Rugs, size 7-6x10-6, price\$5.50
Wool Fibre Rugs, size 6x9, price\$4.50

250 Small Rugs at 1-2 Price

Sample lengths of Body Brussels Carpet and Border, one and one-half yards each for\$1.00

G. W. RICHARDSON & SON

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Furniture Carpets Draperies
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