

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XXII. No. 34

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 21, 1913.

EMMA A. WALDO

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

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

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

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

DR. J. W. SKINNER,

Homeopathist and Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.
Special attention given to diseases of
women and children. Cancer removed with
out pain by escharotic. Office at residence.

E. B. DANIELS

UNDERTAKER

Moravia, N. Y.

Telephone Connections for
Day and Night Calls.

R. W. HURLBUT,

Real Estate, Loans, &c. Farms and
Village Property.

P. O. Locke, N. Y.

FIRE!

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

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

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-mor-
row 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 3:30 p. m.
7:30 p. m., evening worship.
Mid-week Service, Thursday evening,
at 7:30.
A Cordial Welcome Extended to all.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Prevents itching and dandruff.
Keeps the hair soft and glossy.
Prevents hair falling.
Sole and Best at Druggists.



Many growing girls in school
or business are frail—delicate—
anemic—lack energy and am-
bition and have thin blood. It is
all unnatural and unless checked
leads to serious and chronic ills.
Nourishment, not drugs, is the
law of reason to build strength
—but when appetite is poor and
digestion weak, ordinary foods
do not nourish—then SCOTT'S
EMULSION is necessary.

SCOTT'S EMULSION over-
comes just such conditions; its
tissue material enters the
blood without digestive effort
and makes it rich. It tones the
whole system and starts the
healthy action of cells throughout
the body.

Imitations are often
offered, but to get results
you must get SCOTT'S.
Sole and Best at Druggists,
112 N. 3rd St., New York, N. Y.

From Nearby Towns.

Five Corners.

March 17—Mrs. Mary Hunt spent
last week with relatives at Ledyard.
The roads are in a terrible condi-
tion—almost impassable in some
places.

Wilbur Cook spent last week at
Genoa with B. J. Brightman and re-
turned Friday night from Groton and
North Lansing, where he visited rela-
tives.

The Ladies' Aid of this place will
meet at the home of Asa Coon and
wife on Thursday, March 27, when
dinner will be served. A very cor-
dial invitation is extended to the
Belltown society and also the Lan-
singville society, and to everybody
whether members of the Aid societies
or not.

Mrs. Ella Algert spent a few days
last week with her sister in Auburn.
Miss Cora Goodyear spent Tuesday
and Wednesday with relatives at
Ithaca.

Mrs. Hattie Bingham of Groton and
her son, Frank Bingham and wife of
Northeast, Pa., visited at the homes
of Oscar Hunt and John Palmer last
week Wednesday and Thursday.

A telephone was placed in B. B.
Ferris' residence last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Atwater were
the heaviest couple at the weight
social recently held in Jump's hall.

The Easter social announced for
this week Friday evening has been
postponed until next week Friday
evening, the 28th, on account of the
bad traveling.

The West Genoa and Five Corners
W. C. T. U. will hold their regular
business meeting at the home of Mrs.
S. B. Mead on Wednesday, the 26th,
at 2 o'clock.

Miss Mary King of Ludlowville
spent a few days last week with her
friend, Mattie DeRemer.

Dr. Besemer of Ithaca was called
last week Wednesday in consultation
with Dr. Skinner of Genoa for Mrs.
James DeRemer who was critically
ill. We are pleased to note that she
is more comfortable, and her many
relatives and friends wish her a quick
recovery.

Fred Ford and family attended the
funeral of his mother, Mrs. Mapes, at
King Ferry last week Tuesday.

Mrs. R. B. Ferris is suffering from
neuralgia of the face.

George Curtis, who was taken ill
a week ago last Sunday, is again
slowly recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Smith and little
son of Lake Ridge spent last Friday
at Walter Hunt's.

Claude Palmer has purchased a fine
black team of horses. He sold one of
his others to Thomas O'Neil.

Calvin Kratzer, wife and daughter
Laura of Forks of the Creek spent a
day recently at John Palmer's, by
invitation.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Curtis who
were married last week are well
known here and have a host of
friends who wish them a life of
pleasure and happiness.

Daniel DeRemer of Locke is spend-
ing the week with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Ferris re-
cently entertained Eugene Bradley
and wife, Wilbur Shaw and wife and
John Shaw and wife, all of King
Ferry, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sin-
clair of Knowlesville, who were vis-
iting there.

The Lansingville Aid society and
the Five Corners Aid society were in-
vited to meet with the Belltown Aid
at the pleasant home of George At-
water and wife, last Thursday. Sev-
enty people partook of the excellent
dinner, and a very pleasant day was
enjoyed by all. Mr. and Mrs. At-
water are good entertainers and
everybody always has a good time
at their house. Others would have
attended but the roads were some-
thing terrible.

Fred Swartwood returned home
from Trumansburg last Thursday.

The Belltown Sunday school will
give an Easter program next Sunday
evening in the church. All are in-
vited.

Our feed mill at the Genoa clev-
er is now ready for custom business.
We can handle grain or car corn;
will grind Tuesday and Friday of
each week.

J. G. ATWATER & SON.

King Ferry.

March 19—Dayton Atwater is mov-
ing to property recently purchased of
Frank Brill.

Gay Slocum recently purchased in
Auburn a gasoline traction engine.
Alonzo Chase is very ill at his
home on Lake Road.

O. B. Drake is the new sexton at
the Presbyterian church.

William McCormick lost a fine
young horse on Friday from lockjaw.
A Southern Cayuga phone was put
in Ellison's market last week.

Ward Atwater and Leslie Ford,
after several days' illness are back in
the store again.

Archie Smith will sell farm tools
for Horace Avery.

Wesley Wilbur is repairing his ten-
ant house and will occupy it soon.
Hosmer Dudley will live on the
farm of his brother Dr. F. A. Dudley.
He has purchased the gray farm team
from Charles Fenner.

The young people of the Eastern
Star lodge gave a play, entitled "All
a Mistake" at McCormick's hall Fri-
day and Saturday evenings last. A
large crowd greeted them.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Fallon will oc-
cupy the house soon to be vacated by
D. Hatch.

March 18—Rev. Robert Ivey was
in Auburn Monday.

Mrs. E. S. Fessenden entertained a
number of her friends at dinner Sat-
urday last.

Several from this place were enter-
tained at Roy Holland's on Saturday
to celebrate his father's birthday.
Relatives of Fred Bradley received
word of the arrival, March 9, of a
daughter—Mary Louise.

E. A. Bradley and family were in
Syracuse Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Chase are very
poor health.

Miss A. S. Bradley is delegate
from the Missionary society to the
annual Home and Foreign Missionary
societies which are held in Auburn
on Tuesday and Wednesday of this
week.

Arthur Counsell is in Union Springs
this week.

North Lansing.

March 18—There was a quiet wed-
ding at the parsonage last Wednes-
day, March 12 when Rev. F. Alling-
ton united in marriage Miss Edith
Sill and Harry Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Briak enter-
tained the bride and groom.

Mrs. May Darling and son De-
Forest made a short visit at their
home here.

Bad roads! Yes! they are bad every
spring.

Mrs. Mary Small visited at J. G.
Whitten's, north of Genoa, Wednes-
day and Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mangang of Ithaca
visited at Charles Bower's last Sat-
urday.

One of the twin baby boys of Mr.
and Mrs. Frank Moravia was buried
last Friday.

Miss Estella Short, who has been
visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles
Bower, returns to her home and her
school in Detroit, Mich., this week.

Who is not delighted with the sen-
sible plans at Washington.

Our mail has necessarily been later
for a few days.

We think all who have moved are
especially glad when they ride over
these roads.

Please remember the rally day ser-
vice at Asbury on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morey are
keeping house in her grandfather's,
Manning Austin house.

Lansingville.

March 17—Miss Julia Smith is im-
proving.

Miss Jessie Boles spent part of last
week with Mrs. Clarence Lyon at
Myers.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlando White have
returned home from Ithaca where
they visited the latter's parents.

Messrs. Symonds and Brown of Ith-
aca addressed the congregation Sun-
day in the interests of the Laymen's
Missionary Movement. They were
endeavoring to secure delegates to
the convention to be held in Ithaca
in April.

The Lansingville L. A. S. has been
invited to meet with the Five Corners
L. A. S. at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
Asa Coon, Thursday, March 27.

Trip to Washington.

After one has taken an extended
trip, it is only just that the traveler
come home and describe the delights
of the journey to those who have not
been so fortunate. Therefore, for the
benefit of my friends, I should like to
describe my trip to the Capitol City
during inaugural week.

The Friday morning of Feb. 28,
saw the nine prize winners for rais-
ing corn in Tompkins county, be-
sides Mr. Farrell and myself, gather-
ed at the Lehigh Valley railroad
station. Although strangers it did
not take long for the fellows to be
come acquainted. We waited until
nearly ten o'clock before we took the
fast train which sped away toward
the south. We all enjoyed the sights
of the country through which we
went. The last snow was seen at
Sayre. Pennsylvania seemed no dif-
ferent than New York until we came
to the mountains and the coal regions.

The scenery through these moun-
tains and along the Lehigh river was
truly beautiful and especially at
Mauch Chunk. We passed through
several tunnels which proved very
interesting. The train reached South
Bethlehem, some 215 miles from Ith-
aca at 3:30. After waiting here for
about an hour which gave opportu-
nity for post card sending, we took the
Philadelphia & Reading train for
Philadelphia where we arrived at
6:30, or just as it was getting dark.

We walked from one depot to the
other, enjoying the sights of the
Quaker City, especially the mammoth
City Hall where a street passes right
through the center of the building.
We then took the Baltimore & Ohio
train for Washington. This train
was a limited, stopping only at Wil-
mington and Baltimore. Washing-
ton was finally reached at 12:55 p. m.
and here we met Mr. Pickering who
was to guide us about Washington.
We found our beds in private homes
on North Capitol Street and Todd
Place very inviting as we bunked I
only to rest a few hours.

The next morning (Saturday,
March 1) discovered us as fresh as
ever and ready to take a walk
through the market place where the
farmer's wagons were backed up to
the curb and where people were seen
with market baskets buying vegeta-
bles and fruits. After this we
climbed in a "Blue Line" automobile
and were shown all the sights of the
city. We saw all the government
buildings, statues, embassies of for-
eign nations, and all other points of
interest. A special guide was with
us who explained everything as we
passed. Being left at the Agricul-
tural Department where we first met
Mr. Dwight, we were introduced to
Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture,
and also at this time we had pictures
taken with the two above mentioned
men. Having inspected very thor-
oughly all the agriculture buildings,
the boys made their way to the cap-
itol building where passes admitted
us to the House of Representatives.

We watched the workings of this
House where the members were de-
bating on the appropriations bill al-
lowing two new battleships to be
made. We then found a guide who
exposed all the secrets of this wonder-
ful building by showing the beauti-
ful paintings and statuary. The Senate
was in executive session and so we
were not admitted there. The Su-
preme court room was visited, and in
here all hats were removed in respect
to the highest court of the land. We
left the Capitol late in the afternoon.
The evening was spent at Chase's
theater where excellent vaudeville
was seen.

Sunday, March 2, took us to George-
town and Arlington cemetery. This
honored place of the brave dead was
very interesting. Fort Meyer was
also visited. We returned to Mr.
Dwight's office and later met Uncle
Joe Cannon, once Speaker of the
House, and Capt. Hobson who sunk
the "Merrimac" bottling up Santiago
during the Spanish war. We also
met Champ Clark, now Speaker of
the House. We had an auto trip to
an ice cream factory and were shown
all the processes of ice cream making.
After spending most of the afternoon
in the Congressional library which
proved to be the most magnificent
building of all those seen on the trip,
we visited the National museum.

In the evening we went to church.

March 3, Monday, was the day we
all shook hands with Mr. Taft who
was then president. Here we also
met Governor Sulzer who was visit-
ing Washington. We were then
hurried off to Mount Vernon where
we saw Washington's old home, the
old coach and the tomb of both
George and Martha Washington.
This place represented a typical
old Virginia plantation. The scenery
including the Potomac was very
beautiful. Returning to Washington
we were just in time to see the Su-
fragists Parade.

The inauguration day, March 4,
was really the most important day.
We had reserved seats for this and
sat very close to the platform where
the president's oath was taken. We
saw Mr. Wilson take the oath of office
administered by Chief Justice White.
We also saw all the high officials of
the nation including Mr. Bryan who
received more applause than even Mr.
Wilson himself. We then moved
down on Pennsylvania Avenue to
another reviewing stand where we
saw the inaugural parade. This pa-
rade lasted four hours being the long-
est of its kind ever seen. It included
the crews of several battleships, the
representatives of the national naval
academies, the governors of ten or
twelve states with their state mil-
itias, besides numerous bands and
representatives from Princeton and
Tammany. The most interesting
was a band of some thirty or forty
boys of eight or ten years of age who
came from St. Mary's of Maryland.

They played full as well as the other
bands and some of the instruments
seemed larger than the player. That
evening we witnessed the inaugural
fire works which were shown on the
monumental grounds. Upon reach-
ing home, we were startled by the
passing of the Washington Fire De-
partments who were rushing to a fire
in that section.

Wednesday found us on our way to
Fort Meyer where we enjoyed a cav-
alry drill which proved to be better
than any circus that New York state
ever saw. Our only disappoint-
ment was that it did not last long
enough. Returning to Washington
we visited the Bureau of Engraving
and Printing where we saw how a
bill of currency is made from the
plain paper to the packages for dis-
tribution. We also saw the printing,
perforating, counting and gumming of
stamps, both postage and parcel post.

Next we went to the noted Washing-
ton monument which is 555 ft. in
height. We all walked from the
bottom to the top, two of the fellows
reaching the top in eight minutes,
and myself reaching it in thirteen
minutes. There are 961 steps besides
the landings that we passed over.
The spiral stairs seem to have no end
for the slow walker, who would take
from thirty to forty minutes to
traverse them.

With much regret did we finally
come to our last day, Thursday,
March 6. Early in the morning we
were bound for Annapolis, forty
miles southeast of Washington, on
Chesapeake Bay. Here we went
through the cannon factory and saw
a cannon that was destructive at
eight miles distance. We inspected
the naval academy and were shown
through a station ship where the
crew were all at work.

We returned to Washington and
then left for home at 3:00 p. m.
We enjoyed the scenery between
there and Philadelphia, as we saw
Baltimore and Wilmington and the
Susquehanna and Delaware rivers.
We arrived in Philadelphia at 6:30
and went to the "movies" where we
saw the inauguration pictures and
even recognized ourselves in the
pictures. We were also on a subway
train in Philadelphia. We then left
for South Bethlehem where we
changed to the specially chartered
sleeping car. We enjoyed the ex-
perience of sleeping on the train from
there until we reached Ithaca at 7:10
the next morning. There we broke
up, each going in a different direction
to his own home.

We have all sent our appreciation
and thanks to Mr. Dwight who in-
vited and financed our trip; also
to Mr. Farrell and Mr. Pickering, the
best of guides. Personally, I wish
to publicly express my sincere grati-
tude to Mrs. Hattie Knapp Buck who
obtained my place among the corn
club and to whom I am greatly in-
debted for this extraordinary, in-
comparable journey, never to be for-
gotten as long as memory lasts.

LELAND W. SINGER

Merrifield.

March 18—Easter exercises will be
held in the Baptist church next Sun-
day afternoon at the usual hour of
service, 2 o'clock. A four piece
orchestra, under the direction of Chas.
A. Wyant of Auburn, will furnish
part of the music.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher and
daughter Edith have returned from a
few days' visit with relatives in
Locke.

No hopes are entertained for the
recovery of Miss Alice Reilly, daugh-
ter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reilly,
who lies at the point of death at this
writing.

Miss Hazel Gulliver of Fleming
was a recent guest at Allen Hoxie's.

Mrs. Daniel VanLiew of Fleming
is visiting her sister, Miss Eliza Post.

Mrs. Allen Hoxie has been enter-
taining Mrs. Herbert Strang and two
children of Port Byron for the past
five days.

F. D. Nellis and wife of Auburn
were in town Monday, tuning piano.
Charles Elliot of Auburn has taken
possession of his farm and started in
work Monday.

Wedding bells are soon to ring in
this place.

Hobart Loyster is off on a business
trip to the western part of the state.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our thanks to
our friends and neighbors for the
many acts of kindness and expressions
of sympathy extended to us during
our mother's illness and death. To
Rev. Robert Ivey for his kind words
of comfort, also to the singers and
those who gave flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ford,
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ford,
Mr. and Mrs. Allie Dean,
Mr. and Mrs. Allan Palmer.

Don't Get All Run Down.

Weak and miserable. If you have kid-
ney 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 EX-
CHANGED. Inquire of THE PEOP-
LE'S AGENCY, 93 Genesee St., Au-
burn, N. Y.

Large Magazine in World.

TO-DAY'S MAGAZINE is the largest
and best edited magazine published at
50c 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

Sounded Ominous.

"Your father said something about
my staying so late last night, didn't
he?" asked the young man.

"Yes," replied the dear girl, "he did
say something, but I don't know just
what he meant. He said if you didn't
go home earlier hereafter there'd be a
kick coming from him."—Philadelphia
Press

There is more Catarrh in this section
of the country than all other diseases
put together, and until the last few
years was supposed to be incurable. For
a great many years doctors pronounced
it a local disease and prescribed local
remedies, and by constantly failing to
cure with local treatment, pronounced
it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh
to be a constitutional disease, and there-
fore requires constitutional treatment.
Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is
the only Constitutional cure on the
market. It is taken internally in doses
from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts
directly on the blood and mucous sur-
faces of the system. They offer One
Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to
cure. Send for circulars and testimo-
nials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipa-
tion.

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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"I think my arm is broken," was the feeble reply. "I wish you would get me a surgeon."

An ambulance took him to the rear at the field hospital at Wilderness Tavern.



From "Battles and Leaders."

"General Jackson moved cautiously down the shadowed road."

ern Dr. Hunter McGuire amputated Jackson's left arm near the shoulder.

Early the next morning a note came from General Lee at the front saying:

"I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events I should have chosen to be disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your energy and skill."

"General Lee should give the praise to God," said Jackson, fervently happy at the receipt of this message.

It still remained for General Lee to complete the victory which Jackson had begun, and he did so in a series of operations which occupied two strenuous days and involved risks fully as great as "Stonewall" had taken in his great flanking movement.

General Jackson meanwhile had been removed to the Chandler house, near Guinea Station, on the railroad from Fredericksburg to Richmond. Here his wife and child joined him, and he was not only comforted, but seemed to share with those about him the hope of recovery. Then came a change for the worse and pleuro pneumonia developed. His last words were:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

"If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?"

So President Lincoln wrote to General Hooker toward the middle of June. But the Army of the Potomac was kept busy watching the Army of Northern Virginia, and the movements of the latter set the pace of action at that time.

Lee had sent Ewell, Jackson's successor in command, to the valley to drive the Federal force under Milroy out of Winchester, thus clearing the route for another demonstration toward Washington. This accomplished, Ewell had entered Maryland, followed thither by Lee's other two corps under Longstreet and Hill.

Then, even as Lee had calculated, Hooker also marched northward on a line parallel to his own, but, of course, much nearer to Washington. The battle of Gettysburg was already planned in embryo, but the Federal side of it was not to be commanded by "Fighting Joe" Hooker. As soon as the Federal army was ready to cross the Potomac a new leader was put in the saddle in the person of Major General George Gordon Meade.

CHAPTER XI.

Whirling Through Winchester.

THE great, epic three days' battle of Gettysburg, the most stupendous artillery and infantry combat that ever took place on American soil, saw the high water mark of the rebellion. Shortly after Ewell's column had dashed itself to pieces against the iron band, fame

fringed Union lines on Cemetery ridge the tide began to ebb, slowly but steadily, back from the hills of Pennsylvania and Maryland, below the old triumphant lines of the Potomac and the Rappahannock, finally to cease, twenty months later, by the remote banks of the Appomattox.

The Federal army, cautiously maneuvered by Meade, followed Lee into Virginia, but did not attack him, and the remainder of the summer season was one of welcome repose to both sides.

At the headquarters of the Federal Army of the Potomac, now encamped along the Rapidan, General Meade had a gorgeous Sollerino silken flag with a golden eagle in a silver wreath emblazoned on it flying over his tent. One day in March a silent, bearded stranger paused in passing to gaze upon this splendid emblem as he exclaimed involuntarily:

"What's this? Is imperious Caesar anywhere about here?"

The bearded stranger was Lieutenant General Ulysses S. Grant, newly commissioned in command of all the armies of the United States. The Washington authorities had finally come to the decision that their immense plans of campaign should be put under one head for execution. Such head must necessarily be a hard and stubborn one. It rested, in the opinion of Mr. Lincoln and of others high in the Federal councils of war, upon the sturdy shoulders of the conqueror of Vicksburg. General Grant was not addicted to high military strategy, but for direct tactics and plain fighting he was undoubtedly a match for General Lee.

The first important vacancy now to be filled in the Army of the Potomac was that of commander of the cavalry corps.

When Grant asked for a chief of cavalry Halleck suggested General Philip Sheridan, who had served with distinction under his own command in the west and under Grant at Chattanooga. The suggestion therefore was one after Grant's own heart, and he promptly adopted it. The general belief indeed was that Grant himself had selected Sheridan, though such did not happen to be the case.

Personally Sheridan was not an imposing figure. Short and slight, he looked even younger than his age, which was just past thirty. He was reticent in speech and manner and to a casual observer seemed lacking in the essential qualities of a cavalry leader which had distinguished such officers in the Federal service as Sumner, Sedgwick, McClellan, Thomas, Stoneman and others.

"Does Sheridan say if he has a free hand he can beat the enemy's cavalry?" asked General Grant of General Meade a few days after crossing the Rapidan into the Wilderness, sixty miles from Richmond, to fight his way to the James. "Then let him go ahead and do it."

That settled the dispute between Meade and the new cavalry commander, and thereafter the three divisions of the reorganized Federal mounted force under Generals Torbert, Gregg and Wilson had comparatively loose rein. The cavalry gave a fairly good

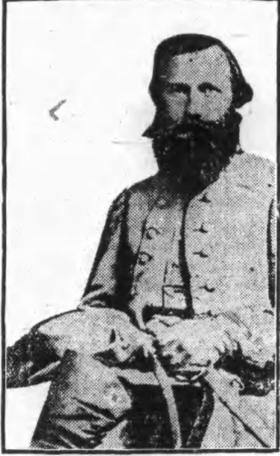


account of itself, but it found little or no opportunity for concentrated action in a region where even Grant's infantry hordes got in each other's way, even as Hooker's had in that same Wilderness around Chancellorsville.

The singular horrors of the year before were renewed at Spottsylvania and the "bloody angle," but they could not stop Grant. He could keep up his "hammering" process all summer if necessary, because the resources of the Federal reservoir of human supply were so much greater than those of the Confederates that he could afford to

lose three men to Lee's one and still ultimately beat him. At Cold Harbor, the old McClellan battleground, the Federal losses came near to wiping out even this liberal margin.

Meanwhile Sheridan found his long-awaited opportunity in a grand raid toward Richmond with an overwhelming force, including the enterprising brigades of Custer and Merritt, the object being to tear up Lee's communication with his capital and to be in a position to dispatch the remainder of the Army of Northern Virginia—if Grant had defeated it in the Wilder-



General J. E. B. Stuart, C. S. A., Cavalry Leader and Beau Sabreur.

ness. This latter part of the program was never carried out, but in opposing it at Yellow Tavern, only a few miles from Richmond, the Confederates lost their gallant cavalry leader and beau sabreur, the incomparable Stuart.

Relentlessly the war went on. Lee a second time had checked the Federal forces at the gate of Richmond. Grant, in the middle of June, settled down in front of Petersburg, determined to "fight it out on that line if it took all summer." It did. In fact, the siege was destined to last ten long, weary months.

General Lee sent as large a force as he dared detach under Early, once more to march down the Shenandoah valley and threaten Washington.

Sheridan's orders from Grant were to press Early and cut Lee's communications by which he got supplies from the rich valley for his dwindling army. This was a large contract for the young commander of the Army of the Shenandoah. If he could fulfill it, Richmond was doomed and the days of the Confederacy were numbered. Moreover, this was the region where the prestige of the Federal arms most sorely needed rehabilitation.

Hence the desirability, as Grant said, of Sheridan's driving the enemy out of the valley and of leaving nothing there to invite their return. With some idea of the magnitude of the task before him, but confident in the strong backing and broad discretion given him by the lieutenant general, Sheridan made his plans to "sweep the valley so clean that a crow flying over it would have to carry its rations."

The defenders met this move with a relatively small force, but including as many troops as possible who had previously tramped the Winchester pike with "Stonewall" Jackson's "foot cavalry." Among these youthful veterans now led by Jubal Early was Colonel Robert Ellingham—still Bob to his Virginia comrades, as once again he faced homeward.

Homeward indeed he marched, yet with strange feelings of anxiety and depression. What if the ill turn for time had taken of late pursued them now even beyond the Blue Ridge mountain walls? Far south, in Georgia, Sherman's army was marching victoriously to the sea. The Confederacy had been cut in twain by the fall of Vicksburg and again by the loss of Atlanta. Now Sheridan proposed to establish a line of supplies at Washington that would subdivide Virginia and isolate Richmond. The hardships as well as the horrors of war were now coming home to the people of the valley as never before.

But ripened summer was all around, and outward peace and plenty abounded that late August afternoon when Ellingham galloped up the sunlit Linden avenue to Belle Bosquet. Gertrude rushed out from the veranda to meet him. She was re-enforced by a buxom and animated young person wearing a blue dress of military cut and a soldier's cap.

"Why, Miss Buckthorn!" exclaimed Bob, flinging himself from the saddle and throwing the bridle of his horse to Josephus Orangeblossom, the negro hostler, who grinned an effusive dental welcome. "It is a delightful surprise to see you here—makes me think the war is over."

"Thank you, Lieutenant—oh, pardon me! I mean Colonel Ellingham, of course," responded Jenny. "Heartiness has come over to the valley, and so has papa—with General Sheridan. I hope there won't be any serious mis-

understanding. Meanwhile I am a prisoner of hospitality, and I'm in no hurry to be exchanged."

"And now, Robert," Gertrude went on eagerly, "prepare yourself for more news. Some one else whom you know is coming."

"Madeline—but, no!"

"But yes! How did you think of it? She was in Washington visiting Mrs. Haverill, and I urged her to come over here and see us—that before I knew of General Sheridan's intentions; they keep their plans so secret, you know. But Madeline accepted the invitation, and she's coming anyway."

"Hurrab!" cried Bob, flustered out of all self control. "Well, sis, that's a big surprise you've sprung—and now, let's see what I can do in the same line. You have announced Madeline, maybe I can give you some information about her brother Kerchival."

Gertrude uttered a little cry and her hand trembled as she laid it impulsively upon her brother's shoulder.

"Yes," he continued, with sudden seriousness, "you know Sheridan is bringing over a lot of people. He has the whole Sixth corps of the Army of the Potomac, under Major General Wright. I understand, besides a division of the Nineteenth corps, and I don't know how much of the Army of Western Virginia, with General Crook. Besides, they say he is especially strong in cavalry, under Torbert, with such brigadier troopers as Wilson and Merritt and Custer. Our General Early has got some re-enforcement from Longstreet's corps and will try to make it interesting for Sheridan when he comes down Winchester way. Yes, girls, as I was saying, we expect to have rather a busy time."

Poor Bob said this in an offhand, flippancy tone, but he was in an agony of apprehension lest he should be far away from Belle Bosquet when Madeline West arrived—if, indeed, she did safely reach that destination.

His fears in regard to the first part of the proposition were quickly realized. The very next day he was ordered to join his regiment at Shepherdstown, on the Potomac, where the Federal army was starting its vigorous offensive campaign.

Madeline West, as gentle and loving as she was loyal and courageous, came to the valley on the first day of September, with the first mellow mists of gold on the Massanutten mountains. Her welcome at Belle Bosquet made the place seem strangely dear to her from the first moment she crossed its threshold.

The next day Jenny was seated outdoors under a cottonwood when black Josephus came clattering up on a mule. In half a minute the whole household were listening breathlessly to him:

"It's de Lor's truth! De Yankees have done driv de army out from Winchester!"

While they were talking an old mountaineer had slouched up to the gate, unobserved, though plainly enough to be seen. He stood a moment gazing about in aimless fashion, then quickly raised the flat stone cap on one of the brick pillars of the gateway, deposited something beneath it and moved on.

CHAPTER XII.

Strange Fortunes of War.

GERTRUDE excused herself, ran down to the gate, raised the stone and took a packet of letters from beneath it.

"My private postoffice," she whispered to Madeline. "Here is a line from Robert. You shall read it. Hello! and here is a dispatch for me to deliver—you know, dear, you are in Confed-



© by Patriot Publishing company.

"There's a Union regiment coming up the pike."

erate country now, but that makes no difference between us, does it? And, what do you think? Here is a letter from Washington—from Mrs. Haverill and with a United States postmark. Fancy, Robert says it was in a mail bag which the Mosby guerrillas captured when they stopped a train!"

"What does she say?" asked Madeline eagerly.

"You shall hear. She says: 'My dear Gertrude—When Kerchival West was in Washington last week on his way from Chattanooga to serve under Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley he called upon me.—I should hope so! 'Darling, he still!'"

"Loves you!" interjected Madeline.

(To Be Continued.)

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Friday Morning, Mar. 21, 1913

SAVED A DOUGLAS.

Mr. William Ramsay's Quick Wit at the Battle of Poitiers.

In the battle of Poitiers (1356) a number of Scottish soldiers fought on the side of the French, and several of them were taken prisoners by the English. Among them was Sir Archibald Douglas. Being dressed in a suit of splendid armor, the victors thought they had captured—as indeed they had—some great nobleman. Several of the English were about to strip off his armor when Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, who was also a prisoner, happening to catch Sir Archibald's eye, gave him a meaning look.

Pretending to be very angry, he cried out: "You rascal, how is it that you are wearing your master's armor? Come here and pull off my boots!" Douglas, seemingly thoroughly cowed, went humbly forward and drew off a boot, with which Sir William began to beat him. The English onlookers at once interfered on Douglas' behalf, saying that he was a person of great rank and a lord.

"What!" shouted Ramsay. "He a lord? Why, he is a base knave and, I suppose, has slain his master. Go, you villain, and search the field for the body of my cousin, your master, and when you have found it let me know, that I may give it decent burial."

All this was acted so naturally that the English allowed Ramsay to ransom the pretended manservant for 40 shillings. The money having been paid, Sir William gave Douglas another thrashing and then bade him begone. Sir Archibald lost no time in effecting his escape, which he owed solely to the ingenuity of his friend.

BULLS IN PARLIAMENT.

The Welcome Sound That Cheered Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

It would be hard to say which of England's two houses of legislature "takes the cake" for committing howlers, and still more difficult to pick out the member who has taken pride of place in this respect during recent years. But perhaps for simple effectiveness Lord Balfour of Burleigh would be hard to beat when he said: "The noble lord shakes his head, and I am glad to hear it!"

Another noble lord during a debate on Indian affairs exclaimed: "Talk of this as a loan to India! It is a flea bite in the ocean!" Nevertheless it stands to reason that the lower house is more prolific in quantity, if not in quality, in its stock of howlers than the upper, seeing that it has so many more opportunities.

Captain Craig, the fiery Ulsterman, cooked the following oratorical stew: "The naked sword is drawn for the fight, and never again will the black smoke of the Nationalists' tar barrels drift on the home rule wind to darken the hearts of Englishmen." If anything could kill home rule one would think that would.

Sir W. Hart Dyke was criticising the standing order forbidding peers from speaking during general elections. Some one had quoted Lord Halsbury as doing so, and Sir William solemnly said: "I must admit that the honorable gentleman has gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."

—London Tit-Bits.

Easy.

"Henry," she said, "I wish I could organize a society of some kind. It seems to be the only way to secure social recognition in this town."

"Well, why don't you go ahead and organize one?"

"I can't think of anything that I'm an authority on. If I should organize a drama club some other woman who knew more about the drama than I would butt in and get herself elected president. It would be the same way with suffrage, ethical culture and child study and music. I'm unfortunately not an authority on any of these things, and if I got up a society I should, of course, want to be the head of it."

"Well, why not organize a Browning club? You can pretend to know all about Browning, and the other women who pretend to know all about him won't know whether you're fooling them or not."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Five Varieties of Salmon.

Kamchatka has five varieties of salmon—chavitcha (king salmon), krasnaja (red salmon), keta (dog salmon), gorbuscha (humpback salmon) and kishutch (sockeye salmon). The run of chavitcha begins about May 10 to 20 (old style) during the period of spring rains and the overflow of muddy water. They run in large schools, and the run continues for several days. The fish, which weigh twenty to twenty-five pounds, is purely a Kamchatka fish and is not found in the Okhotsk and other districts.—Consular and Trade Reports.

Pictures framed at Hagia's.

Easter Offering



The Easter Chimes

I wonder if they know it, those little ones whose days
Are spent where sadness hovers and beauty
never strays;

Whose childhood ceased the moment that they
had strength to bear
The burdens which were waiting, whose little
faces care
Has marked with cruel fingers, whose eyes have
lost their glow,
Whose hopes have withered early—I wonder
if they know?

The bells are ringing loudly, the splendid
anthems rise,
And hatred is forgotten and ruthless frenzy
dies;
The story of His glory we gladly hear
again,
And for a precious moment Love comes once
more to reign.

But they whose cheeks are pallid, poor little
heirs of woe,
Who sit in darkened hovels—I wonder if they
know?

Around the altars lilies in spotless white are
set,
That we may still remember, that no one may
forget;
The brave words that He uttered we solemnly
repeat,
We learn again the lesson and deem the learning
sweet;

His message to the children is reverently
heard,
But are the little toilers by glad emotion
stirred?

His promise is repeated where heads are gravely
bowed,
Men cease a while to covet, and women, fair
and proud,
Kneel proudly and humbly and for His
mercy pray,
Their vanity forgotten, their envy put away;
We sing that he is risen, the lordly and the
low,

But, poor, wan little toilers, I wonder if they
know?

Ring out, O chimes of Easter, that all mankind
may hear,
That pride may be forgotten and love may
reappear,

That they who proudly covet and they who
foster greed
May hear the saving message and, hearing, pause
to heed—
That they, poor little toilers, condemned to early
woe,
And cheated of their childhood, at last may
gladly know!

S. E. KISER

HAVE SPECIAL EASTER DISH

Gammon of Bacon and a Tansy Pudding Are Features of the Season in English Country.

In Devonshire, England, the special Easter dish is a gammon of bacon and a tansy pudding, the latter being so well established a custom that it is celebrated in an old ballad:

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar, cakes and wine;
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss be thine or mine.
If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wages thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.

In Staffordshire the men lift the women of the various villages on Easter Monday, and the women have to take a try at lifting the men on Easter Tuesday. In Cheshire there is a lifting chair. In Chester Easter Monday is celebrated by ball playing between the clergy and laity. In Durham the men take off the women's shoes on Monday and have the unique courtesy returned in kind on Tuesday. Nearly all these customs of Easter have been too closely associated with the place of their occurrence to suffer transplantation, although the whip-lashing of the Polish children bears a striking resemblance in its turn-about-is-fair-play idea to the English customs.

Christ's Promise to the World.
"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."—Hebrews 9:28.

Hugo's Faith in Immortality

FEEL in myself the future life.
I am like a forest once cut down;
The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising,
I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.—Victor Hugo.

WHY THE RABBIT AT EASTER

Pretty Legend of Olden Times Connects Bunny and the Eggs It is Supposed to Lay.

So many have asked, "Why is the rabbit so closely associated with Easter?" Each year at this season the cunning little bunny appears in the shop windows beside downy chicks and gayly-colored eggs. The legend of the Easter rabbit is one of the most ancient in mythological lore and is closely related to the folk tales of southern Germany.

In the beginning of things, it seems, the rabbit was a bird. As a great favor to the goddess Ostara, who was the patron of spring, gave it four legs, for which the rabbit was deeply grateful. In remembrance of its former life as a bird, when the spring or Easter season comes it lays eggs of gorgeous colors, and the egg has always been a symbol of the resurrection, and therefore used at Easter time when we look for the life everlasting and all things made new.

It is a German custom for children to go to their godmothers at Easter for the gift of colored eggs and a baked rabbit. Just before Easter the children are sent to the garden to build a nest for the expected rabbit, and early Easter morning they go with great expectations, and are never disappointed, to get the eggs which the rabbit has laid for them. Even in Africa, among the heathen tribes, worship of the egg is common. No altar is complete without its egg decoration, and most huts have at least one sacred egg. On all the eggs devoted to the rites of worship a verse from the Koran is written at each end, while the sides are ornamented by scenes from the Nile.

A rare specimen of these eggs is to be seen in the Detroit Museum of Art. The etchings on the shell follow closely the same general design as the paintings of men and women that were recently found in Cairo.

Consider The Lilies

"CONSIDER the lilies of the field."—Matt. 6:26, 28, 29.

What has this text to do with Easter day? Let us think awhile Life and death; the battle between life and death; life conquered by death; and conquered again by life. Those were the mysteries over which the men of old time thought, often till their hearts were sad. And because our forefathers were a sad and earnest folk; because they lived in a sad and dreary climate, where winter was far longer and more bitter than it is, thank God, now; therefore all their thoughts about winter and spring were sad; and they grew to despair, at last, of life ever conquering death, or light conquering darkness.

All living things would die. The very gods would die, fighting to the last against the powers of evil, till the sun should sink forever, and the world be a heap of ashes. And then—so strangely does God's gift of hope linger in the hearts of men—they saw—beyond all that, a dim dream of a new heaven and a new earth, in which should dwell righteousness; and of a new sun, more beautiful than ours; of a woman called "Life," hid safe, while all the world around her was destroyed, fed on the morning dew, preserved to be the mother of a new and happier race of men. And so to them, heathens as they were, God whispered that Christ should some day bring life and immortality to light.

"So it pleased the Father," says St. Paul, "to gather together in Christ all things, whether in heaven or in earth."

In him were fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, the dim longings, the childlike dreams, of heathen poets and sages, and of our own ancestors from whom we spring. He is the desire of all nations, for whom all were longing, though they knew it not. And now we may see, it seems to me, what the text has to do with Easter day. Be not anxious, says our Lord, for your life. Is not the life more than meat? There is an eternal life which depends not on earthly food, but on the will and word of God your Father; and that life in you will conquer death. Consider the lilies in the field. All the winter they are dead, unobscured roots, hidden in the earth. What can come of them? But no sooner does the sun of spring shine on their graves than they rise into sudden life and beauty as it pleases God, and every seed takes its own peculiar body. Even so is the resurrection of the dead.—Charles Kingsley.

ADOPT CUSTOMS OF EUROPE

Old Country Ideas for the Celebration of Easter Have Found Favor in America.

In many homes in America there have been transplanted some of the old country Easter customs. One of these is the Scotch custom of egg rolling. On Easter morning the entire family practices this custom with brightly decorated eggs, boiled so hard that there is no danger of their cracking. Very few of the English customs have been transplanted, however, although the various shires of England have notably quaint Easter observances.

In Shropshire and Herefordshire, and especially at Shrewsbury, it is the custom to make for Easter a rich and expensive cake that is known as simnel cake. These simnel cakes are raised cakes, with a crust made of fine flour and water with saffron color added to give it a deep yellow color. The cake itself is a very rich plum cake, with candied lemon peel added. The crust is of the consistency of set cement. There is a tradition that Herefordshire women have used simnel cakes as footstools, and it is known that the cake is commonly boiled in order to be made edible. The simnels are usually marked with a figure of Christ or of the Virgin, thus preserving the religious significance of the day.

Another special English Easter cake is the Biddenden cake. In the parish of Biddenden there is an endowment of unknown date, supposed to have been made by two women named Preston, for making a distribution of cakes among the poor every Easter Sunday afternoon. The source of the benefaction consists of twenty acres of land, commonly called the "bread and cheese" lands. Six hundred of these Biddenden cakes and 270 loaves of bread are distributed under this endowment.

The Great Beyond.

The return of Easter is one of our Lord's ways of letting down a ladder to us that we may climb to the stars and see a little of the great beyond. Toilers of the plains below, we often miss the flashing lights thrown across the battlements for our relief. Enriched in soul we shall descend tomorrow to follow again the well-worn path of duty. But there will be a cheer upon the lips and a song in the heart, for we have dwelt a little in the heights, and the consumption of our hope draweth night.—Rev. M. Campbell.

Spring Suits and Coats.

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are being shown in our windows and comparison with other displays shows how far ahead of other shoes Walk-Overs are. Come in and select your Easter Shoes now.

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Friday Morning, Mar. 21, 1913

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

Baracas vs. Independents.

The Genoa Baracas were defeated in a game of basket ball, Friday evening, March 14, by the Groton Independents, the score being 20 to 18. It was a fast game from start to finish, Baracas out-classing the Independents in field baskets. But Begent from Groton was right there with the wallop on shooting fouls.

The line up was as follows:

Baracas	Independents
Hand	Locke
Reeves	Begent
Hahn	
	Center
Bancroft	Clapp
	Guards
Norman	Wallpoll
Reeves	McCarthy
Field Baskets: Locke 3, Begent 1, Clapp 2, Hand 6, Bancroft 2	
Fouls: Locke 1, Begent 6, Clapp 1, Bancroft 2. Total, Baracas 18, Independents 20.	
The Baracas go to Groton to play April 3.	

SIX SENTENCE SERMONS.

What is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee. —Marcus Aurelius.

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works.—Cervantes.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust. Ere here cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just: Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside. Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified. —Lowell.

Nothing is so dear and so precious as time.—Rabelais.

The bravest are the tenderest; The loving are the daring. —Bayard Taylor.

Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue or if there be any praise, think on these things.—St. Paul.

WHAT THOUGH THE GREEN LEAF GROW?

What though the green leaf grow? 'Twill last a month and a day. In all sweet flowers that blow Lurks Death, his slave Decay.

But if my lady smile— There is no death at all. The world is fair the while. What though the red leaf fall. —Maybury Fleming.

MISSION OF THE SCHOOL OF TODAY.

We are beginning to understand that the responsibility of the school relates not merely to a girl's general cultivation nor her preparation for livelihood, but it is also concerned with her training for what we may call her major vocation, the rearing of children and the maintenance of the home. While she may not be privileged to preside over a "home of her own," she may, nevertheless, be called upon to influence the nurture and education of children and to be related to the home in which she resides. She must not, therefore, be considered simply as the girl to be educated or the worker to be trained, but as the home maker, to be so taught as to influence in the most wholesome fashion the coming generations. At this point the state will eventually recognize a minimum requirement. If the girl has been so taught that she is likely to be competent to assume the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood and the various minor cares involved in home making, she may safely be dismissed from school after she has fulfilled the minimum intellectual requirement.—Sarah Louise Arnold.



By MARGARET E. JANGSTER

ASTER day comes to us clothed upon with glory. Of all days in the year, it is the most regal. Father Tabb in the exquisite little poem said that the bud that first unfolded at Christmas reached its splendid bloom at Easter. From Christmas to Easter the weeks are processional. After the holidays social gayety is in full swing until arrested by the thoughtful and meditative aspect of Lent. In the shadowy gloom of Good Friday Lent reaches its culmination, and after that pause, when even the stir of business ceases and the world looks back to its Redeemer, we reach the summit and crown of Christendom on Easter Sunday. Fiftly, Easter comes in the spring. Nature, too, has been processional. During the frost and ice and snow, the wild gales and low hanging clouds, nature, seeming to be asleep, was in reality very busy. The bare trees were getting ready to burst into leaf, the brown grasses were to put on vivid green, and everywhere the flowers and the blossoms, the bees and the birds were coming, coming day by day, to keep high festival once more.

The pretty girl who likes on Easter Sunday to dress herself in spring apparel from the hat on her head to the shoes on her feet, and the dainty gloves on her hands, is in sympathetic accord with nature. Easter is a movable feast, and when the calendar brings it to us on a day of sleet and snow, we find it hard to believe altogether in the fitness of things. To be at its royal best, Easter should be an April day. The bright sunbeams, dashing showers and changeful moods of April symbolize the eternal youth of the world. Easter Sunday in this year of grace will wear the same joyous look that it has worn ever since the resurrection. So the maidens who go forth from home in raiment befitting the spring will wear the same attractive charm that has been girlhood's own in every century. Pagan and Christian, under every sun, in every period, in every clime, girlhood in its flower is the sweetest thing beneath the sky.

I am always sorry when the time comes for girl to lay aside their soft furs, heightening as they do the bloom of the face and giving an air to the toilet more enchanting than that conferred by the most delicate lace. When an Easter costume can combine an effect of flowers and furs, it is simply perfect. In our large cities the churches are always thronged to the doors on Easter day, among the worshipers being those who have kept from childhood a feeling of reverence, thankfulness and humility that sends them to church on that Sunday, if on no other. The organ peals in solemn chords, the hymns are full of triumph, the choirs sing with a note of jubilant exultation. We bring the flowers to church, and the lilies and roses, azaleas and hyacinths are very much at home there. Altar and chancel are beautiful with palms and rich with garlands and growing plants. Flowers symbolize the thought of resurrection, the thought that there is no death, but only, even in this world of loss and change, the life everlasting. The daisies were here last summer; they will be here again covering a million fields with their cloth of gold a few weeks hence, and the lilies never die. They may seem to pass away, but their proud succession has no break.

As for us who begin our lives in the cradle, and go on through glad and busy years, from youth to age, our lives are processional, and every Easter marks them with its white stone. Often as Easter returns we remember those who were once at our side and are visible no longer. They have left us for awhile, but they are living beyond our sight, and their invisible presence may be our comfort and support and our armor against sorrow.

They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed through the shadows of death to the sunlight above; A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast To the places they blest with their presence and love.

The work that they left and the books that they read, Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare; And the songs that they sung, the dear words that they said, Yet linger and sigh on the desolate air.

And oft when alone, and as oft in the throng, Or when evil allures us or sin draweth nigh, A whisper comes gently, "Nay, do not be wrong."

And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high.

We toil at our tasks in the burden and heat Of life's passionate noon; they are folded in peace, it is well; we rejoice that their heaven is sweet, And one day for us all the bitter will cease.

The cemeteries have many visitors on Easter afternoon. The quiet sleepers in God's Acre are not forgotten; they have never quite left us. Only the mortal part lies beneath the turf. The soul of ethereal essence cannot perish with the body. It comforts our hearts to carry our gifts of flowers and leave them on the mounds under which our dead repose.

A friend tells a touching story of a visit she paid to the grave of a departed friend last Easter Sunday. She had with her a superb bunch of roses, a tribute to the memory of the dead. On the car was a plain day laborer. He also carried flowers. He had a large tin pail overflowing with beautiful lilies. Touching his hat, he addressed the lady. "I think we are bound for the same place," he said, "and we have a similar errand. Rich people like you may carry such roses as yours to adorn the graves of their dead. A friend in the far south sent me these lilies, and I am taking them to the grave of my wife. I am very lonely without her, but it is a comfort to me to give her these lilies. She loved them so dearly." The two mourners in their different stations were drawn together in sympathy by a common grief and a common reverence as they went on their way, each bearing a burden of fragrance and bloom.

While we carry flowers on Easter to the church and the cemetery, we should not omit to carry them or send them to the hospital, the sickroom, the chamber of the shut-in sufferer, the Old Ladies' Home and the homes of the very poor. No one can walk through a crowded quarter in the poorest part of any town bearing flowers without being besieged by the children of the streets. They hunger and thirst for flowers, as sometimes they hunger for bread. I knew an instance in which for many weeks a woman who might have been called the angel of the tenements tried in vain to secure an entrance into a home where poverty and crime had been linked together. The door was always shut in her face. The sad-faced mother did not want compassion and scorned its offer. One day, it must have been in the spring and near the blessed Eastertide, the kind visitor bethought her of a method that might be winning. She went into the house as usual, and as she tapped at the door, which was opened as usual by only the merest crack, she held in front of her a superb rose, a rose



THE RESURRECTION.

In bloom. The flower did what nothing else could have done—it transformed an enemy into a friend.

Easter day reminding us of the resurrection, of the ceaseless friendship of heaven for earth, and of the life everlasting, is the most glorious day of the whole round year. As we sing the songs of Easter, let us forget sadness and cowardice and unkindness; let us walk onward bravely and with good cheer on our appointed ways.

Therefore, we look within for our peace and happiness and we value a clear conscience above rubies.—Elizabeth Towne in Nautika.

Poetry and Prose of Easter Time

By S. E. KISER

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

A thistle once grew near a lily, A stately lily and fair, And the wind away-ed the one to the other, And the spirit of love was there. Unto the lily and thistle A sweet little flower was born, And the lily bent down to caress it, And her finger was pierced by a thorn. The rose that the pale, pure lily In the joy of her motherhood shed Gave the sweet little stranger its color, Gave the rose its beautiful red.

The rose that unto the lily And the wondering thistle was born By the lily was given its beauty, By the thistle was given its thorn.

More Important Than Teeth. "Well, Willie, my boy, what makes you so happy?"

"I've just had a piece of good luck. You see my front teeth. They're all gettin' decayed."

"Yes. That's too bad. You ought to have them filled at once."

"That's what the dentist said, and he told pa it would cost \$30."

"Can't your father raise the money?"

"He had \$30, but ma wanted it for an Easter hat, so we tossed a coin for it and ma won. Now I'll not have to get them filled."

Wily Woman.

"Does your husband ever complain about the cost of your Easter hats and gowns?"

"No. You see I always keep a lot of old bills handy to show him when he starts anything of that kind."

"What good do old bills do?"

"They show how much more my first husband used to be able to pay for my Easter hats and gowns than this one can afford to."

Nice Thing About It.

"There's a nice thing about Easter that I've never heard anybody mention."

"What is that?"

"It comes at a time when there's no danger that people who haven't any more sense than to do such things will not be likely to overcrowd excursion boats."

SUPREMELY HAPPY.

Her look was very glad, Her heart was very light; The troubles she had had Were all swept out of sight; She hummed a little song, And gladly free from care, Forgot that any wrong Existed anywhere.

She gayly tripped about, Although the sky was gray; Her cares were put to rout, Her troubles flung away; You ask the cause? 'Twas that The happy girl had worn The finest Easter hat

In church that Easter morn.

A Sign.

When a woman who has a new gown and an expensive new hat is able to see her shadow on Easter it is a sign of fair weather for at least a few days, as far as she is concerned.

Woman's Point of View.

"Easter," he said, "is a time when happiness should reign."

"Yes," she replied, "but too often that isn't the only kind of a rain we get on Easter."

Man Never Knows.

"A man never knows what there is in life until he gets married."

"No, nor in the dry goods stores, either."

If.

A fine Easter outfit is all right if one tries to live up to it.

Easter Great Russian Feast.

Easter is pre-eminently the great feast of Russia. In the old country at midnight on Easter eve the bells of the great tower of the Kremlin in Moscow peal out the tidings of the resurrection, to be followed by the clamorous chords of every church bell in the empire. The cities of the country blaze into light. Around every church, large and small, are piles of Easter cakes. Processions of priests go through the streets in the towns. People bearing tapers follow them back to the impressive services. The Easter kiss, that special Russian custom of Easter greeting, is everywhere exchanged.

T. C. McCormick & Son, King Ferry, N. Y.

We have just received a carload of Milburn Farm Wagons, also a car of Weber Farm Wagons.

Cyphers Incubators, LeRoy and Syracuse Plows, Light and heavy Harnesses. Prices right.



8 Grade Holstein Heifers, 5 Guernsey Heifers, due to freshen soon.

T. C. McCormick & Son.

Don't Throw Your Dollars Away.

Trade at the store that is away from high rents. Let us convince you that low rents mean bigger and better values for your money. Come here for your Spring Garments—Clothing, Furnishings, Hats for Men, Young Men, Boys.

Money back if you want it.

Double Stamps Friday and Saturday.

SAPERSTEIN,

56 State St., AUBURN, N. Y.

LOOK! LISTEN!

We can furnish you with Farm Implements, Grass Seed, Harnesses and Wagons for your Spring Trade.

Flour, Feed and Poultry Supplies of all kinds.

J. G. ATWATER & SON Clear View and Genoa, N. Y. Dealers in Lumber, Coal, Feed, Farm Implements, Etc.

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

Village and Vicinity News.

—Easter next Sunday.

—Attend the fire bell benefit at the rink next Tuesday evening.

—Harry Hoskins of Auburn spent Sunday at his home here.

—Genoa school will have the usual Easter vacation next week.

—Mrs. Mary Hunt of Auburn spent Sunday and Monday with Genoa friends.

—The country roads have been in an almost impassable condition for the past week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hyde of Groton were Sunday guests at W. D. Norman's.

—Miss Mabel Cannon of Brooklyn is spending this week with her parents in Genoa.

—The Baraca class of Genoa are preparing to give an entertainment in the near future.

—Frank Brock has rented A. A. Mastin's farm, and with Mr. and Mrs. Will Haskin will occupy the same.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Gibson and two children of Groton were guests at D. W. Smith's, Saturday and Sunday last.

—Leave your orders early for Easter flowers, hyacinths, lilies and potted plants, at Hagin's.

—Miss Mary Tyrrell of Auburn City hospital spent Sunday in town. Miss Tyrrell is now night superintendent in the hospital.

—Mrs. Milton J. Boyer returned Wednesday afternoon from Rochester. Her school will commence next Monday in the German district, north of Lansingville.

—Captain John J. McGraw has signed a new contract for five years with the New York National League club of baseball players at the rate of \$20,000 a year.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Searls and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Searls and daughter of Auburn spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents, Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Searls. Mrs. Elmer Searls and daughter remained this week.

—An adjourned meeting of the Genoa Fire Association Inc., for the election of directors and such other business as may regularly come before the meeting will be held in the Fire hall at 8 o'clock this (Friday) evening, March 21. A. H. Knapp, Secretary.

—Sunday morning theme at the Presbyterian church "What does Easter mean to you." Every Christian ought to attend this service if possible. All are cordially invited. Every singer is especially requested to come and lend good will and voice to the Lord's worship. Sunday school and C. E. and evening service as usual.

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

—Thomas Steele was taken very ill Wednesday afternoon of last week, and on Thursday afternoon Dr. M. K. Willoughby accompanied him to the Auburn City hospital, taking the 4 o'clock train. He underwent a double operation that evening for strangulation of the intestines, and appendicitis. Very favorable reports of his condition have been received from the first, and he is doing finely. Mr. Steele was moving to Locke when taken ill and all but one load of goods had been taken there. His family are staying at Wm. Steele's in Genoa at present.

—Elmira was visited by one of the most disastrous conflagrations in years last week Thursday evening, when the plant of The Elmira Telegram, the N. J. Thompson wholesale dry goods house, and J. T. Connolly grocery, the Amuse Theater and several other small establishments were completely wiped out, with an estimated loss of \$350,000. The Thompson dry goods house is represented in this section by J. H. Smith of Ithaca. Mr. Smith has been in town this week taking orders, as usual. The company expect to continue the business right along.

We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without friends, we may live without fads,
But business to-day cannot live without ads.

—Fire meeting to-night.

—Watch out for the Baraca minstrels.

—Mrs. W. E. Leonard remains about the same.

—Miss Anna Bush of South Lansing is home for a time.

—Thomas Riley will occupy the Leonard farm, vacated by Thomas Steele

—Geo. T. Sill of Genoa has purchased the Sherman house on North St.

—Mrs. D. W. Smith and Mrs. J. Myer were in Syracuse a few days this week.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Waldo, who has been quite ill for the past week, is slowly gaining.

—Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lane left this week for Cortland where they will reside at 75 Hamlin St.

—B. F. Samson attended the automobile show in Cortland Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week.

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

—Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Rawley and little son of Richford were guests at E. F. Keefe's from Saturday to Wednesday.

—Miss Kathleen Norman of Arlington, N. J., arrived home Saturday morning to spend the Easter vacation of a week.

—Miss Charnley of Genoa was a guest at J. G. Whitten's last week Wednesday. Mrs. Mary Small of North Lansing spent two days at the same place last week.

—Dr. Albert Abrams of San Francisco, predicts the early disappearance of surgery as a remedy for appendicitis. He says a massage treatment will displace it.

—Homer's veteran barber is Philip Zimmer, who is said to be the oldest barber in Central New York. He has been in business at Homer almost continuously for sixty-one years.

—There will be a game of basket ball between the regular Genoa team and the Ithaca Firemen team for the Central New York 170 pound championship on Saturday evening at the rink.

—An Easter dance will be held at Snyder's hall, Scipio Center, on Monday evening, March 24. Erncanbrack's orchestra of 6 pieces will furnish the music. The ladies will furnish box luncheon.

—It is reported that the Catholic church society has purchased land of John Hubert on west hill for a cemetery. The land is opposite the Bancroft place, and adjoining the Warren place.

—W. A. Counsell of Union Springs, formerly of Genoa, left Wednesday for Elyria, Ohio, to get a very fine horse and a carload of goods for C. T. Backus. He will be gone about a week.

—Governor Sulzer has appointed Elliott B. Norris of Sodus, formerly master of the State Grange, as one of the delegates to the International Institute of Agriculture to be held in Rome, Italy, next May.

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

—About thirty five Genoa Odd Fellows went to Auburn Tuesday evening on a special train, to attend a meeting of Hardenburgh Lodge and witness the working of the second degree. The train returned at midnight.

—L. E. Barger will come back to Genoa next Tuesday night at the rink, and show five reels of pictures—nothing that has been shown here before. The pictures will consist of a two-reel feature, entitled "The Lieutenant's Last Fight," also dramas and comedies. Do not miss this for we need the fire bell, and these pictures are among the best on the road. There will be a dance after the pictures. Good music will be in attendance all the evening. Tickets for both 50c; or pictures 25c and dancing 25c.

At Easter Time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world is glad to hear your chime.
Across wide fields of melting snow
The winds of summer softly blow,
And birds and streams repeat the chime
Of Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime,
"The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws
near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime
Of Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
Our happy hearts give back your chime,
"The Lord is risen!" We die no more;
He opens wide the heavenly door;
He meets us, while to Him we climb,
At Easter time.
—Lucy Larcom.

Another Fire in Genoa.

The usual quiet of our peaceful little village was broken Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock by an alarm of fire. A large volume of black smoke was seen arising from the central part of the village on Main street, the fire being in the kitchen of the apartment of Mrs. Ruth Avery, in the large double house occupied by Mrs. Avery and Dr. M. K. Willoughby.

Mrs. Avery had lighted her oil stove and put some water on to boil in a covered dish. She then went into the diningroom, and in a moment or two heard a crackling sound and looked up to see flames shooting up in the kitchen. She went to a door leading into the other part of the house to call Dr. Willoughby and then came back through the kitchen, and in this way was quite badly burned about the face and hands, but it is thought the burns are not very deep, and will not prove serious. It is supposed that the stove exploded.

Mrs. Avery was taken at once to the home of A. H. Knapp next door, and Dr. Skinner dressed the burns.

Meanwhile a large number of the men, women and children in town had arrived at the scene and were working like beavers. The chemical engines were soon at work, throwing two streams into the blazing house. At first, it looked to all that the structure could not be saved, but good, persistent work with the chemicals and by the "bucket brigade" won the battle, and the fire was under control in about half an hour, although it was necessary to keep at work an hour longer. Holes were chopped in the roof and side of the house in places and a stream from the chemicals turned in.

The household goods in the front rooms and upper part of Mrs. Avery's apartment were most of them gotten out, but it was impossible to save anything in the back rooms. The rear of the house on the west side is burned to a char, and the walls of the front rooms are black.

Dr. Willoughby's goods were all taken out in good shape, and that part of the house was not damaged to any extent. It can soon be put in readiness to occupy again.

Mrs. Avery is now at the home of her daughter, Mrs. T. Sill, and is doing well, although suffering from shock in addition to the burns. Mrs. Avery, it will be remembered, was one of those burned out in the big fire here six years ago this spring, when she lost, considerable, and much sympathy is expressed for her in having a like experience the second time.

Dr. Willoughby and mother and Miss Nina Thayer are staying for a few days at the hotel, but expect to be back in the house again soon.

The house is owned by Mrs. T. Sill and brother, A. G. Avery. It was well insured and both occupants carried insurance on their goods.

The people of Genoa have great reason to be thankful for the very efficient work which the chemical engines did Wednesday morning. We do not need a better demonstration of what the engines can do, and even the most skeptical must now be convinced of their value to the town. Had it not been for the chemicals, this house, and probably others, would now be in ashes. The firemen and all who assisted did splendid work, and they have received much praise. One woman was heard to remark that she "pumped thirteen pails of water without stopping," and other women and boys worked hard in carrying articles to a place of safety.

Bert Gray has been unable to work since the fire, on account of both hands being severely burned.

One thing was clearly demonstrated Wednesday morning and that is that we need and must have a fire bell. A subscription paper has already been started for this object, and any and all contributions will be gladly received. Bert Gray has one subscription paper and Wm. Warren another, and these gentlemen will be pleased to add your name for any amount you wish to give.

Jewelry for Easter.

Jewelry selling with us means giving dollar value for dollar purchase and our entire line of jewelry, gold and silver ware bears out the truth of this statement.

Easter tokens are very popular and your friends will expect some token from you. We have some moderately priced gifts, jewelry is the most appropriate gift you can make. We have fresh from the manufacturer rosaries, prayer books, veil pins, bracelets, chains, lockets, tie clasps, scarf pins, cuff links, fobs, pendants and many other articles which we invite you to inspect whether you purchase or not.

I have a splendid selection of diamonds and Easter tide and diamond tide are quite synonymous, because in the spring a young man's fancy—well, it's the same old love story. We have diamonds without flaws and flaws are as impractical in diamonds as in character.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—A Chicago Cottage organ in good condition. Price \$20.
Mrs. W. A. Counsell,
Union Springs, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Two large Holstein cows due to freshen soon.
Chas. E. Shaw,
34w1 King Ferry.

FOR SALE—Three horse sulkey plow, Oliver, a good one.
C. F. Strong, East Genoa.

FOR SALE—80 White Leghorn eggs for hatching.
W. W. Minsard,
Ledyard, N. Y.
Phone: 21-15, Poplar Ridge central

FOR SALE—240 egg Cyphers incubator. Practically new. Also United States Cream Separator, No. 6, good for 10 or 12 cows. Good condition, both cheap.
C. I. Hebbard,
Lodiowville, N. Y.

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

Until further notice we will sell the Superior 11-7 Double Disk Drill made by the American Seeding Machine Company, for \$82 50.
ALLEN & STODDARD
Groton, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Choice White Leghorn hens.
HOMER ALGARD,
RD 25 Five Corners, N. Y.,
33w2 P. O. Atwater

FOR SALE OR RENT—The farm known as the Doyle farm northeast of King Ferry. Possession given April 1st. Inquire at 708 East Buffalo St., Ithaca, N. Y.
33w4

FOR SALE CHEAP—good work team, sound, kind and true, weighing 2400 pounds.
E. J. Brightman, Genoa
33tf

FOR SALE—A pair of sorrel Morgan road horses, sound, kind and clever, safe for lady to drive and extra good roaders.
E. J. Brightman, Genoa
33tf

WANTED—Thoroughly competent woman for general housework, \$26 a month.
Mrs. F. F. Messner,
128 Victoria Place, Syracuse, or inquire of W. E. Leonard, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Nice eating potatoes 60 cents per bushel.
John Braton,
32w3 Genoa

Orders taken for Black Minorca chicks; also eggs for hatching.
Wm. SMITH Genoa.
32tf

FOR SALE—Single comb White Leghorn eggs; pay their keep all winter.
W. H. Parry, Venice Center, RD 19.
Miller phone. 32w6

FOR SALE—Residence and blacksmith shop at Five Corners, 4 miles west and south of Genoa village.
Inquire of FLOYD W. YOUNG,
11 Washington St.,
Auburn, N. Y.

White Leghorn chicks, \$8 per hundred for May and June delivery.
J. W. Wagon, Atwater
32w4

WHITE LEGHORN EGGS FOR HATCHING—My strain of Leghorns is of the very best the country affords. From 200 pullets between Nov. 1st and Mar. 1st I have marketed 524 dozen eggs. Price of selected eggs \$8 per 100.
J. G. WHITTEN, Genoa, N. Y.
32tf

FOR SALE—House and lot on Indian Field road. Inquire C. B. Kenyon, Venice Center, N. Y. 25tf

FOR SALE—75 locust posts.
B. J. Brightman, Genoa.
30tf

FOR SALE—Piano, couch, feather beds, pillows, dishes, etc.
Louisa G. Benedict, admx,
30tf Genoa, N. Y.

FOR SALE—A large twelve-room house, desirable location near car line. Can be used as a two flat house. All improvements.
CLARRISON SHERWOOD,
694 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.
29w6

Having introduced new blood this year from a heavy laying strain, my E. C. White Leghorns will produce a better laying strain than ever. Orders booked now for hatching eggs.
27tf F. D. Brinkerhoff,
Genoa, N. Y.

FOR SALE—For \$2,000, house and lot 57x200 ft., good sized garden, pleasantly situated on Main St., Genoa, N. Y.
LOUISA G. BENEDICT, ADMX.
49tf Genoa.

Ithaca Auburn Short Line

New York, Auburn & Lansing R. R.
In Effect December 29, 1912.

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

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

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of GENOA

GENOA, N. Y.

A YEAR'S GROWTH.

	Close of 1st year March 8, 1912	Close of 2d year March 8, 1913
RESOURCES		
Loans and Discount	\$50,000.34	\$105,480.19
U. S. Bonds with Premium	25,302.80	25,290.00
Bonds and Securities	56,845.20	35,846.92
Banking House, Furniture & Fixtures	4,839.58	4,667.00
5 per cent. Fund	1,250.00	1,250.00
Due from Reserve Agents, Banks & Cash on Hand	17,647.42	27,672.86
	155,885.34	200,206.97
LIABILITIES		
Capital Stock	\$25,000.00	\$25,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits less Expenses and Taxes	2,956.28	5,737.38
Reserved for Interest	200.00	400.00
Circulation	25,000.00	25,000.00
Deposits	102,729.06	144,069.59
	155,885.34	200,206.97

Your careful attention is invited to the above statement which needs no comment.

Easter Flowers

Beautiful Easter Lilies, Hyacinths, Daffodils, Primroses and Ferns.

What is finer for an Easter Gift than a beautiful flower or plant?

We also have received this week 50 New Books just fresh from the press.

Increase the joy of Eastertide by giving some friend a book or potted plant.

You will find these at

HAGIN'S GROCERY

Miller 'Phone GENOA, N. Y.

New Spring Goods

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We guarantee our shoes to give service. Try a pair this season. Make our store your headquarters while in Auburn.

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SHE GOT RID OF HIM

By HELEN MILLER.

"Some men are born persistent," remarked Miss Pearl Fattershall to the stenographer from across the hall, as they ate their noon sandwiches together behind the files. "It nearly drives a girl crazy trying to discourage 'em. I don't know whether they are so stuck on themselves they can't believe any human woman wouldn't choke to death with joy at being noticed by them or whether they are just ordinary stupid. Believe me, I know—after Mr. Blewer!"

"Who's he?" asked the stenographer from across the hall.

"Him?" inquired Miss Fattershall, pointing the remnants of her ham sandwich daintily in the air. "Why, Mr. Blewer is the only one out of captivity, that's who he is—and he just waited for handcuffs put on by me, but I couldn't see it that way—not with the prospect of Jimmy's getting more pay after New Year's! Mr. Blewer is tall and looks as though he was varnished. You know that kind—varnished collar 'n' cuffs, an' hair an' teeth an' everything!"

"I don't believe he ever sat down after his clothes were pressed till he got to our house. I never saw such a perfectly immaculate man. There wasn't a thing to object to in that line. He was always just right and I guess that's why he made me so tired."

"He's manager for the third floor at Pickle's factory and he can take a taxi whenever he wants to. That kind of dazzled me at first after hanging to a street car strap all the way home, but constant luxury soon palls."

"I treated that man to more varieties of snubs than you could count and he just hung around all the steadier. When I snapped his head off he merely murmured that he liked my sparkling vivacity and when I sulked he admired my dignified reserve. I got engagements with him and he kept right on asking me. Why, do you know, if I ever forgot to keep an engagement with Jimmy he'd drop me like a hot potato! You can't fool with Jimmy! But Mr. Blewer, he just came right on. I'd keep him waiting an hour while I dressed and when I came down, instead of his gnawing his cane with rage, I'd find him comfortably reading a last month's magazine."

"If he brought me flowers I'd pin them on so they'd drop and get lost before we were a block away and when it was candy I always gave it to my little brother before him, saying I couldn't eat that variety of bunnies. No, I wasn't ashamed of myself, because he might have had less conceit and more sense! A perfect lady hasn't much of any way of telling a man he's a bore and a back number with her except by the indirect lighting system—and if he's as blind as a bat that isn't her fault!"

"Well, I had to get rid of Mr. Blewer somehow, because Jimmy was beginning to paw the air and breathe hard and I didn't want any duel on our front doorstep an' my picture in the papers labeled, 'Beautiful an' wealthy society girl, heroine of a romance!' Not for me! I have a little pride left!"

"How do you suppose I got rid of Mr. Blewer—now, honest? Perfectly simple, my dear, and I'm telling you in case you get desperate some time, same as I was. I suddenly began dropping hints to him what a wonderfully fine cook I was and how I hated pounding a typewriter all day when my soul just longed for a gas range and a sack of flour and a recipe book. I said the dream of my life was to have time to cook delicious things that would melt in your mouth and that sometimes when I could persuade mother to go and visit her sister I got the dinner."

"He actually stuttered trying to say fast enough that he'd like so much to be invited to one of my own dinners some time, and after hesitating cooly I said he might have the chance soon."

"Mother is peculiar—she's so frightfully honest—so I had to get her out of the house before I could turn the trick. She nearly gave me heart disease the last minute by saying she guessed she wouldn't go to Aunt Jessie's that day after all—but I finally got her started. Maybe I didn't rush home from the office that night! I told my kid brother and sister that if they so much as peeped at anything they had to eat that night I was no longer a sister of theirs—and then I set to work."

"I sugared the soup and spilled the saltbox into the boiled cabbage and burned the meat till it was like leather and flavored the gravy with vanilla. I'd bet no cannonball was ever harder'n the biscuit I turned out and I made an apple pie that was lumpy and half done inside and not sweet enough and with a doughy tough crust—and if there's anything worse than that I'd hate to have to eat it!"

"Oh, it was a splendid dinner of its kind and I heaped that Blewer man's plate. I made him eat two helpings of everything—there was plenty because the kids couldn't swallow a thing and stared at me so bewildered at the handout sister had cooked, I nearly died laughing inside!"

"Toward the pie Mr. Blewer began getting pale and soon after he said he must be going. I told him I had so enjoyed having him see what I could do in the culinary line and he said yes, it had been a wonderful an' illuminating experience. And he hasn't been near me since! Not once! What do you think of that?"

"I think you probably killed the poor man with your cooking," replied the stenographer from across the hall—Chicago Daily News.



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March 23rd

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The Glory of Easter Day

In the land of the Crescent and Star, As the Easter day draws nigh, I pondered the tale of the Holy Cross, The tale that redeemeth my soul from loss;

And from lips of Mary afar I hear an echoing sigh: "They have taken away my Lord, And I know not where he is laid!" Ah, Mary, your plaint is mine!

Too often we come thru the gloom In the dawn of the Easter morning, Its beautiful messages scoring, To weep at an empty tomb. He is risen, he is not here, Go out on the highways to meet him; Go bring the disciples to greet him, Go scatter the glad Easter cheer.

Truly are those to be pitted who fall of realizing the real message of Easter cheer. And there is a sad, significant lesson in the way that Easter is understood and regarded before sorrow and bereavement have touched and shadowed the life, and then the way it is welcomed and harbored after affliction has altered one's entire outlook on life.

To the young it is a day of rejoicing. With its lilies, azaleas and roses, its carols of hope and triumph, its breath of spring and promise of renewal, it seems an echo of their own youth and joyousness, a glad reminder that the winter is over and past, and the voice of turtle-doves is heard in the land.

This is as it should be. We are not of those who think that stern and sorrowful truth should be impressed upon the young. Time, the great reformer, will soon enough acquaint them with life's vicissitudes and losses, and for those who long escape the scorching breath of sorrow we are glad and thankful. They know that grief exists, that trials are known, that afflictions come, but usually hope and buoyancy whisper, "Not for us; no, not for us." And so the strength and cheer of youth furnish strength and endurance for the years to come.

How soon in the wide school of experience the most of us find life out! How impressions alter and views change as "events like billows roll," and whether we will or not the exacting hand of time shapes and matures and settles our convictions and beliefs. Blessed and fortunate are those who, through the guidance of Christian parents and the teachings of the Scriptures, have attained to manhood and to womanhood armored to a degree against the thrusts and wounds of time.

But, after all, that which poor humanity dreads most, shrinks from with greatest quivering at heart, is the separation from those held most dear, whose lives are our lives, whose removal is the stroke sounding the death knell of joyousness and content. And it is to those whose whole future has been darkened by dire affliction that Easter is most precious, because



THREE MARYS AT THE TOMB.

It is full of teaching and hope and promise not only for the life that now is, but also to a marked degree for the one that is to come. Often and often the only gleam of comfort to a stricken heart can feel is the hope of reunion in a brighter world to come. It buoyons one up when the deep waters of grief and bereavement threaten to engulf the soul.

Many mourners find a forlorn satisfaction in standing by the spot where their beloved ones have been laid. If they could only realize that in reality it is empty! No love, no remembrance, nothing that constitutes life is there. Life, love, memory and vitality revel in a land

"Whose fields are ever vernal, Where nothing beautiful can ever fade, But bloom for aye, eternal."

It would seem that the most significant, comforting and inspiring lessons of Easter were for those who mourn. It has to do with the sepulchre and the sleep of the dead. Yet only in their past tense. Its true meaning is resurgam—I shall rise again; it has to do chiefly with life, renewal, vigor, activity, endurance, all that goes to make up the great word, Life!

That definition is not to be applied only to those who have passed out of this present life. Souls there are which are dead to all their best interests; buried, as it were, in iniquity and sin. Their lives darkened by separation from all that constitutes a true and worthy life. To such comes the clarion cry: "Awake, thou that

sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." These words were not spoken to the physically dead, but to the dead in trespasses and sins.

A resurrection from one's old self, and from an existence at variance with truth and righteousness, might well be begun at Easter-tide. It would, indeed, be the beginning of eternal life. The purity of the lilies, with their waxen petals, symbolize the white and spotless bloom of the soul that, freed from all mortal trammels, has arisen to celestial spheres. In like manner a soiled and broken life may become cleansed and pure by the casting away of the garment of sin, and seeking at the hands of God a garment new, and clean, and white, the beautiful garment of righteousness.

Ever from the land of the Crescent and Star "As the Easter day draws nigh, We ponder the tale of the Holy Cross, The tale that redeems our souls from loss—"

and most thankfully and with sacred joy do we welcome this most inspiring and inspiring day.

What should we do for comfort, if when we stand by the cypress trees



EASTER MORNING.

we could not look beyond the mournful shadows and see the glimmer of a breaking Easter day? What hope would there be for crushed and poor earthbound souls if for them there could be no spiritual resurrection, no rising into a new life, now and here, through a renewing by Christ?

To every mourner we would say,

"Have faith in a third-day morning,"

believe the true lesson of Easter day, and you shall be comforted.—The Christian Work and Evangelist.

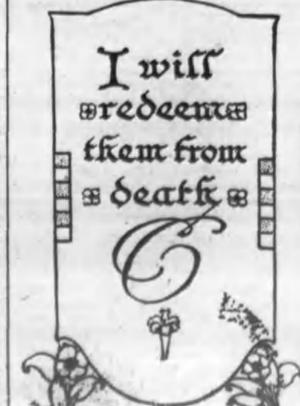
LOVE AND SERVICE

ALL Christendom at this season proclaims the resurrection of Jesus Christ and rejoices in the promise of immortality.

No other figure of history has left such an indelible impress upon hearts and minds of men. His was a life of service, of love, of devotion to mankind, and even in the hearts of those to whom the resurrection is not accepted belief, there is reverence and admiration for the life and works of the Great Teacher. The lesson of his life has spread from the little band of disciples he gathered about him until today nearly one-third of the entire people of the world are devoted and acknowledged followers of the Nazarene, and to the intelligent followers of other creeds he is a teacher and leader of men, comparable to Brahma, Buddha, Zoroaster and Confucius.

It is fitting that the commemoration of his resurrection should be contemporaneous, with us at least, with the rebirth of nature. Even as he rolled the stone away and put aside the habiliments of death, so at this season the timid violet, the jonquil, the crocus, the spear of grass push aside the coverings of darkness and death, and look up with smiling faces to the sunshine of life. On every hilltop and in every valley the story of the resurrection is being re-enacted day by day.

The greatest lesson in the life of Jesus Christ was that that of service, and more year after year is the idea of service entering into the hearts and minds of men. The world is growing better. Millions of men and women are striving today, individually or collectively, to alleviate suffering, to promote health and happiness, and in a myriad ways to make better the condition of their fellowmen. To him who brought light from darkness, life from death, immortality from oblivion, may be attributed all that is good in our modern civilization.



I will Redeem them from Death

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, and required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of, &c., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 30th day of April, 1913.

Dated October 24, 1912. CARL J. THAYER, Executor.

S. Edwin Day, Attorney for Executor, Moravia, 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 Mary Nolan, late of the town of Venice, DeLos Alkin, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of, &c., of said deceased, at his place of business at King Ferry, County of Cayuga, on or before the 1st day of May, 1913.

Dated, King Ferry, N. Y., October 28, 1912. 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 Venice, DeLos Alkin, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of, &c., of said deceased, at the office of the undersigned, the administrator of, &c., of said deceased, at the City of Auburn, County of Cayuga, on or before the 8th day of June, 1913.

Dated Nov. 22, 1912. CATHERINE A. COATES, Administratrix. Benjamin C. Mead, Attorney for Administratrix, 126 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 Maria T. Birmingham, 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 administratrix with the will annexed, of said deceased, at the law office of her attorney, F. B. Ruggitt, No. 41 Genesee St. in the City of Auburn, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of July, 1913.

Dated Jan. 14th, 1913. 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 herein.

Therefore, you and each of you are hereby cited to appear before our Surrogate, at a Surrogate's Court to be held in and for the County of Cayuga, at the Court House, in the City of Auburn, in said County, on the 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, [L.S.] 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, S. EDWIN DAY, Attorney for Petitioner, Office and P. O. Address, Moravia, N. Y.

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1 pkg. 50 Pk. Hay 50c
1 pkg. 50 Pk. Straw 50c
1 pkg. 50 Pk. Wood 50c
1 pkg. 50 Pk. Coal 50c
1 pkg. 50 Pk. Oil 50c
1 pkg. 50 Pk. Gas 50c
1 pkg. 50 Pk. Electricity 50c
1 pkg. 50 Pk. Water 50c
1 pkg. 50 Pk. Air 50c
1 pkg. 50 Pk. Earth 50c
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WANTED—Good homes wanted for boys and girls under 14 years of age, where they will be received as members of the family; apply to Children's Department, State Charities Aid Association, 289 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Dickens in Australia.

It is said that when a Scotsman leaves old Scotia to make his home in some other land he solaces his exile with the book of Robert Burns' poems, and that the Scot abroad comes to be even better versed in the rhymes of the peasant poet than the Scot who has remained at home. It has been remarked that the same is true as regards the Englishman and Charles Dickens. W. M. Hughes, acting prime minister of Australia, goes further than this and asserts that Dickens had an important influence on Australian democracy, and through men who read him and loved him, men imbued with his hatred of shams and humbugs, who wanted freer and better conditions, to have some other place to look to than the workhouse, had made Australia what it is today.

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

AN EASTER OFFERING

By Dorothy Douglas



REV. MILTON DAVIS entered his study after having eaten a lonesome Easter breakfast and threw himself into a big chair by the window for a few moments of quiet before beginning his strenuous day. He heaved a sigh as he glanced at the empty chair on the opposite side—empty save for the mind picture of the young minister: was wont to draw on occasions when the world would seem well lost for the possession of one particular woman. But that woman had not, as yet, appeared upon the ecclesiastical heart-strings of Rev. Mr. Davis.

There were many fair parishioners who would gladly have been that fortunate maid; their inclinations, however, were restricted to the gifts which constantly found their way to the rectory. The wide couch in the rector's study was a heterogeneous collection of sofa pillows; the walls were lined with biblical subjects, evidently considered the only art appropriate for ministerial eyes. Rev. Mr. Davis had been the recipient of eighteen pairs of slippers and three house coats.

In his turn, he sought diligently among his flock for the girl who might do; she apparently sunned herself in another fold, for she certainly did not thrive in his pasture.

The choir, which weekly occupied four seats facing the pulpit, gave forth to the little church such quartet music as it felt equal to. It was comprised entirely of village talent. Jimmie Langhorn, the tenor, considered the world and all its machinations a joke; if the soprano felt a jolt in her side when sustaining a high G it was nothing more nor less than Jimmie's elbow prodding her along. The contralto was a small maiden to whom the tenor made love during the darkness of the sermon; the bass singer was also the choir-master.

The soprano, a young matron, and Jimmie Langhorn were fast friends, and many a plot against ministerial bachelorhood was hatched between them. It seemed to them a shame that so good-looking a minister should remain a bachelor.

So it happened that as Rev. Mr. Davis bemoaned the singleness of his own state and others bemoaned it for him, the god of love entered his study. His buxom housekeeper was the literal bearer, and she offered it to him as a package, labeled and wrapped in much tissue paper. Upon being unwrapped the Easter gift proved to be a small marble statue of Cupid.

"And which of your lambs is it this time?" she asked with motherly interest, and noticing surprise on the rector's face.

The minister read the card: "From the soprano, Easter greetings."

"And her a married woman!" sniffed Mrs. Mallory. "It's a wonder some of them don't offer themselves



Heaved a Sigh as He Glanced at the Empty Chair.

as housekeepers!" She made her exit with high scorn for the susceptible sex of which she was an humble member.

"It certainly seems odd," reflected Rev. Mr. Davis, casting a quizzical glance at the small god of love. "I had not suspected Mrs. Wade of a secret attachment—for me—but you represent a subtle hint of some kind." He smiled.

He called up Mrs. Wade. No; she had not sent it. Her voice, over the phone, sounded more or less indignant at the idea.

Rev. Mr. Davis prepared for his Easter service and dismissed the thought of the mysterious gift.

The door leading to the chancel faced the choir. As the minister entered, his eyes lifted a moment and met those of a girl who occupied the soprano's usual place in the choir, and for a moment he had apprehensions. Was it possible that the Easter music, after all the careful preparation, was to be sung by the substitute—a stranger? Where was Mrs. Wade?

But as the service progressed the minister realized that his fears were groundless. And that was not all—he was keenly conscious of the presence of the new soprano.

After service, while he stood shaking hands with his departing parishioners, according to his usual custom, he anticipated with unusual pleasure his meeting with the girl who had so graciously assisted the choir. He was anxious to congratulate her and thank her.

"Doctor Davis," said the voice of Jimmie Langhorn at his side, "I want to present you to this sister of mine. Muriel, our rector, Doctor Davis," he said turning to the girl. "She cried to be allowed to sing in our choir, so we had to let her. Mrs. Wade has a cold, you know, and was glad of an opportunity to be excused. Sis, here, has just returned from Germany and was anxious to try her wings." Jimmie Langhorn joked even with the minister.

Muriel cast an indignant glance at her brother as her hand met that of the minister. "It isn't so, Doctor Davis," she said with mounting color, for the young minister's gray eyes had not once left her face. "He and Mrs. Wade made dire threats until I consented."

"For which they deserve a gold medal," affirmed the dominie.

"Don't!" exclaimed Jimmie. "She is conceited enough now, between her voice and her collection of statuary!" "Statuary!" inquired the minister. "Then perhaps I can thank you, Miss



"Yes," Returned the Girl.

Langhorn, for the dainty bit I received this morning?" Jimmie became suddenly interested in the arrangement of the music for the evening service.

"I'm sorry," laughed Muriel, "but I happen not to be the guilty party." "Some one sent me Easter greetings in the form of a little marble god of love; and I have already insulted Mrs. Wade by accusing her of sending it."

"And me! An absolute stranger—I like that!" Muriel spoke with some asperity and her manner, the minister noted, was much like her brother's.

"Oh, please, Miss Langhorn," begged the minister contritely. "I'm really awfully sorry."

"Well—I'll think about it." She cast him one glance and turned to Jimmie. "Come, brother mine, or we won't get any dinner." She turned again to Doctor Davis, "Can't you take dinner with us?"

"Under the condition that you will all come and eat cold turkey with me after the service tonight. I have a housekeeper who must be appeased."

Since Muriel expected to be in Lee only a month before going to the city to start a concert career, Rev. Dr. Davis lost no time in laying siege to her heart. The minister's decisive chin denoted that when he knew what he wanted he went straight for it.

Luckily, they lived in a healthy, cheerful community where calls upon the world-weary were not necessary and the dominie robbed no one in the time devoted to courting. Since it was nearing the end of the opera season, he took Muriel frequently to that realm of wonderful music.

When she sang at concerts in the city, he was always there to escort her home and carry her floral tributes. These flowers invariably lent their sweetness to some humble dwelling in the village.

"Isn't it wonderful to be blessed with the power to help our fellow men?" Rev. Mr. Davis voiced this sentiment one evening as they walked home through the lanes after having called to see old Mrs. Gabel, who didn't get to church often on account of the distance. Muriel had sung some of the familiar old hymns for her until the dear old soul had wept from sheer happiness.

"Yes," returned the girl with tears not far from her own eyes. "I have wondered lately if all the applause of a great, clapping audience will ever bring me one-tenth of the joy that the tears in Mrs. Gabel's eyes brought?" She looked out over the broad country. "Anyway, I shall often look out over the footlights and see—not a swarm of faces—but this! Muriel's gesture swept in the starry heavens, the moonlit road and the great arch of trees.

Suddenly the dominie turned and took her in his arms. "You are not going on any stage! It would take you too far from me. You may do all the concert work—all the church singing you like—but always I will come for you when night falls. Your Brother Jim sent me the god of love! and I am going to hold on to it! What do you think about it, dear?" "Evidently I am not to be allowed to think," murmured Muriel, but with finality in her resignation.

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FATHER'S EASTER OUTFIT

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

Father's had the grumbles lately; he's been fussing at the bills—
Oh, if he but knew the worry that a woman's bosom fills!
Mother's been at the dressmaker's half a dozen times this week,
And they've got her so bewildered that she's positively meek.
Sister Alice begs her tailor—and she really almost weeps—
To be sure her suit is ready. Why, she scarcely eats or sleeps!



Sister Gladys is a shadow of her bonny former self,
But her lovely frock for Easter is upon the wardrobe shelf.
My! The way she bluffed and bullied till the woman worked at night
Though she said her eyes were failing and she needed better light.
Father looked at Gladys' outfit, then his brows knit in a frown
And he went around all morning with his lips drawn grimly down.



And the hats—O, they are beautiful! Mother has the dearest thing
With a bunch of apple blossoms and a cunning sea gull's wing.
She thinks that it is too youthful, but my goodness! Nowadays
Women wear hats that are girlish till they're eighty, anyways.
Sister Alice—she was lucky! Hers is just a week from France—
But when father saw the price mark there was anger in his glance.



Sister Gladys got a model that's exclusive, and brand new;
It is just a simple bonnet with a trimming of pale blue.
Ninety dollars—and it's charming and is simply rich and grand,
But dear father kicked about it, for he couldn't understand.
You would think he'd be proud of us—for there isn't a design
That's as costly and as splendid as this hat and dress of mine.



Mother took his silk hat Thursday, and has had it ironed now,
And the cleaner says his clothing can be furnished up somehow—
So he hasn't any bother, and we'll all be out at church—
Though he says he'll give the heathen all they find if they will search
Through his pockets for a penny! Father grumbles like a brute.
Why, a man is always stylish if he has a Sunday suit!



to start questions and stimulate vague hopes, like unto those which had been destroyed on Calvary.

The Stranger felt this mood, and said to them: "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?" One of them was so full of his own thoughts and of the event that had engrossed their attention that he said in reply: "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?"

Soon the Stranger was opening up to the two sad companions the treasure-house of the Scriptures. They were now near the village. It appeared that their new comrade was going straight on and away from them. He had bidden them a good evening. Something in them, however, made it impossible for them to let him go. Something in him was life and light, and it must not be lost. The night was near; would he not abide with them. Besides the dictate of hospitality thus expressed, their hearts were speaking. He had warmed into life the dearest hope they ever had, and they thought it had perished. A resurrection had already occurred to them. If they failed to hear all that he had to say they might lose everything.

As we read the gospel story we have a sense of glad relief when we come upon Luke's words: "But they constrained him, saying, 'Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.' He went in to tarry with them." Who has not expressed the desire to have been there with the three, as they sat at the evening meal together? Was anything to remind them of that Last Supper? As was customary, the guest had the chief seat at the table, and he took the bread, uttered the blessing and gave it to them.

Then came their glad cry: "It is the Lord!" Was it his touch upon the bread so like the touch upon the bread and wine at the supper in the upper room, where they saw him last—"the Last Supper"—that made them recognize him? Certainly he seems to hint this, in the phrase which recalls the past, as he says: "While I was yet with you."

The lesson for us is to look for our Lost Ideals, which are Eternal Ideals, in the very circumstances where they were lost. Expect them to appear to you and to me, in the mental mood and tense which were yours and mine, when we confessed to our hearts that we had seen them betrayed and forsaken.

Every new turn of events served only

Secondly, we will know our Lost Cause when we get back to something like the sad set of circumstances in which we lost the thing so dear. There is always a place where we mentally lose our Christ—where we spiritually recognize the tragedy of the overwhelming of our adored Ideal. If that adored Ideal is to have a resurrection, and we are to know it, as our Christ—that is, as the Power in our life which saves us—we must be ready to find Christ in the same circumstances—at the same mental crossroads where we lost him.

These disciples knew their tragic loss at the Last Supper. Crucifixion and Easter followed. Easter Sunday evening came, and some of the disciples started out, perplexed and bewildered, on an eight-mile journey to Emmaus, with a mysterious fellow traveler. Their mood was like the April weather. The springtime was walking through the gardens, opening buds into bloom, and liberating the song in the bird's throat, as these men passed on; but they were thinking of little save the news which stirred uncertainly in heart and brain. Every new turn of events served only

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Temperance

(Conducted by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union.)

ALCOHOL IS BANEFUL POISON

While It Furnishes Temporary Heat and Energy It Eats and Destroys Tissues and Organs.

"A true food will yield heat and energy without any harm to the organs and tissues of the body. Alcohol, while it yields heat and energy, acts at the same time as a poison. This may be illustrated as follows: It is well known that when sulphuric acid and water are mixed together in about equal parts, the mixture will become very hot. This acid will also corrode and 'eat up' iron. Suppose, now, that an engineer should adopt the plan of mixing sulphuric acid with the water in the boiler when he wanted to 'get up' steam. The water would be rapidly heated, and, to an ignorant person, this would seem to be a good plan. It would soon be found, however, that the material of the engine was being rapidly destroyed by the acid, and either this method of getting up energy would have to be discontinued or the boiler would soon need to go to the shop for repairs or be abandoned altogether."—Dr. Culler.

Alcohol corrodes and "eats up" the organs and tissues; it injures the delicate machinery of the body and finally destroys it so that the body decays and disintegrates.

MAKES HIS TONGUE WIGGLE

Young Man Given Ordinary Drink of Whisky Loses Control of Himself and Talks Too Much.

Speaking at a temperance meeting in England recently, Dr. W. A. Chapple, M. P., said: "Let us suppose a strong, healthy young man were to come into this room, and we were to do what would be a wrong thing—give him an ordinary dose of whisky—what would happen? He would come in, say, shy, diffident and reserved, as became a young man. First of all we would notice that he lost his shyness, reserve and self-restraint, and perhaps begin to talk. He would want to do all the talking. He would begin to talk all the time. He would begin to talk about subjects he would never mention if something very strange and disturbing had not occurred. He is, perhaps, a bank clerk, and talks of the private affairs of the bank. Why does he talk? Because he has lost his control over the layer of brain-cells which preside over his self-restraint."

REMOVING BARS FROM BOATS

Managers of Excursion Steamers on Great Lakes Banishing Sale of Intoxicating Liquor.

Excursion steamers on the Great Lakes are banishing the sale of liquor. Concerning the action of the managers of these boat lines the Detroit Journal says: "One company after another has removed the bars and has adopted strict regulations against even allowing intoxicated persons to board the boats. This action means that one old theory of the excursion business, that it must cater to the gay crowds, has been exploded. The first big boat that sailed without a bar proved that while license and freedom attracted a few it repelled many. The general public is temperate and orderly by an overwhelming majority. It is good morality and good sense to cater to this majority."

Decrees Worth While.

"How the church dealt with drunkards in the third and fifth centuries may be learned from the following degrees: 'All Christians must guard themselves by all means against the great evil of drunkenness, from which all vices emanate. Wherefore we have decreed that he who should refuse to avoid the evil must be excommunicated until he shall have made satisfactory amendment.'

"Another decree reads thus: 'No one can be a competent master of his body and soul who shows himself, whilst in the captivity of wine, a stranger to all senses, and allows himself to be led by the bent of his passions whilst the mind is defective. Such a one generally runs the risk of committing sin or crime before he knows it, but this ignorance does not excuse from guilt.'"

Bad for the Nerves.

Nerves are undermined by alcohol and endangered by the use of alcohol from youth up.—Emperor William of Germany.

Listen, boys! If you aspire to run a motor car or an airship; if you would be a captain of industry; if you would make good in any business or profession, train your nerves to be strong, steady, and obedient.

An Election Day Hint.

Ten-year-old Dollie gives a practical suggestion for Christian voters who have been praying lustily against the saloon for "lo! these many years," but who never vote for the party which purposes to "smash the trap," because they don't like to "throw away their vote."

"O Lord, do not let the birds get into Robbie's trap—O! I know they can't—Amen!"

"Dolly," said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"Cause I smashed the trap."

Farm and Garden

SILO A MONEY MAKER.

Reasons For Its Use by All Interested in Every Form of Live Stock.

No other subject is receiving so much attention from the experiment stations, farm papers and farmers' institutes as the silo. All the great industries depending on live stock are advocating its use.

It is a conservation subject of great importance, for with it can be saved a large part of our principal crop. Nearly 40 per cent of the food elements of the corn crop of this country is now wasted. By the use of the silo this could be saved, and by so doing hundreds of millions of dollars could be added to our national wealth.

In the past eleven years the great stock industry of the United States, in comparison with our population, has been showing a decline. This condition



FEEDING ENSILAGE.

has been brought about largely by the rise in price of all kinds of stock foods. This in turn has driven many men out of the stock business and discouraged others from going in. With the silo the cost of producing stock and stock products can be greatly lowered. Experiments have shown that by the use of the silo in place of the old feeding methods butter can be produced from 9 to 10 cents per pound cheaper and a saving made on the production of beef of from \$1.50 to \$2 per hundred pounds.

Silage, or ensilage, can be made from nearly all kinds of farm forage and is a good and cheap ration for horses, cattle, sheep, swine and chickens. It requires little storage space, is a labor saving device, doubles the value of the corn crop, triples the stock carrying capacity of the land, restores the fertility of the soil and returns its user annually 100 per cent on the investment.—Farm and Ranch.

FINE WAY TO SAVE.

Each farmer should write to the state experiment station and secure the proper fertilizer formula for whatever crop he desires to grow and mix his plant food indoors on rainy days at a great saving to his pocketbook and soil. Conservation means saving, preserving, and every dollar which the farmer pays out for the middlemen's profits for wages and for freight must eventually come out of the soil.—Gleaner.

To Secure Farm Bridges.

Use No. 12 wire, but No. 9 is stronger, from the upper silos of your farm bridges on both sides of the stream to a tree up the bank. If fifty yards off it will do all right, or if none plant posts on the banks five feet deep and tie to these, and if the plank on the bridge is well nailed with twenty-penny wire nails high water will not carry off the bridges every freshet, as is now often the case.—Progressive Farmer.

"The Lowing of the Kine."

The dairy cow should not be required to drink water that a person would be unwilling to drink himself.

A good tank heater for the cows' drinking water and a sheltered place for the tank save feed and make more milk.

After the first week of sleeping and resting the young calf should be allowed to exercise freely in the open air in order to develop muscles, lungs and heart.

A concrete floor is the only kind that will insure perfect drainage for the cheese making room. It will also help to keep the curing room cool in hot weather and warm in cold weather.

Be careful about feeding beet tops to the cattle. Heavy feeding of this material is somewhat dangerous, as it tends to purge animals. Feed in limited quantities and with other feeds.

Probably no single cause tends more to check milk secretion than the failure to remove all the milk at the time of milking, says Hoard's Dairyman. The presence of even a little milk in the ducts may act as a powerful check on the secretion of fresh milk.

WHICH KIND ARE YOU?

In the opinion of a current writer, there are three varieties of farmers—the new farmer, who is the progressive business agriculturist; the old farmer, once up with his times, the pioneer with a wholesome love of work, but little ability as an administrator, and the mossback or the old farmer who has gone to seed, who does not love work and is hopelessly lost in modern competition. He is a drag upon the progress of agriculture and an obstruction in the wheels of the country community organization. The new farmer will take care of himself, and the old farmer and the mossback are rapidly disappearing, but the extension idea is the idea of taking to them the inspiration and help that the new farmers can give.—Country Gentleman.

TOOLS FOR THE FARMER.

Save Money, Time and Temper by Having the Proper Equipment.

Every farmer should keep good tools, so that during bad weather, when work cannot be done in the fields, repairs may be made. This work can be done in the shop. A small shop may be built cheaply.

There are many repairs that will be needed during the year. Buildings will need repairs, implements need fixing, fence materials are to be cut and put up, new devices, handy, contrivances, etc., made. A man handy with tools can save much expense during the year, and the tools will give him employment when perhaps his time would not be profitable otherwise. Boys usually find pleasure in using carpenter's tools.

H. B. White of the agricultural engineering department of the University of Minnesota gives the following list of tools that the average farmer should have: Square, rule, rip saw, mallet, hammer, oilstone, handsaw, wood rasp, jack plane, drawknife, ratchet brace, screwdriver, expansive brace, marking gauge, chisels—half, one and one and a half inch; bits—one-quarter, three-eighths, one-half, five-eighths and three-quarter inch.

The best plan is to buy good tools. Cheap tools will seldom give satisfaction. Then the tools should be kept in a tool box in the shop or some place where they can be protected. Whenever you have finished with one always put it back in its place.

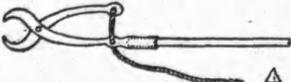
Tools to be truly serviceable must be kept sharp. No progressive person can afford to waste time using dull tools. They should also be polished and kept bright.—Farm and Ranch.

GETS THEM BY THE LEGS.

This Hog Catcher is the Work of an Old Time Practical Blacksmith.

I am an old time blacksmith and have made a good many hog catchers like that in the picture, says a correspondent of Farm and Fireside, from which paper cut and description are reproduced.

It is a common pair of pliers, only the jaws are rounded in place of flat. Make them about eight inches long



GOOD HOG CATCHER.

from rivet to eye in end of handle. One handle has a socket as illustrated. Fasten a half inch rope in the eye by making a knot in end; then pass the other end through the second eye. This rope should be as long as the pole, which is from twelve to sixteen feet. Put it in the socket loosely.

When catching the hog, throw a little corn down or in the trough, open the catcher wide, reach with the pole to one of his hind legs and pull the rope. Pull the handle or pole out of the socket and draw the hog toward you.

Have You a Colt?

If the colt is bred right and handled right he does not need to be broken. He breaks himself. If the owner is on proper terms with his mares and begins handling the colts when they are quite young and if they are bred of draft type the matter of breaking them is not a question of breaking at all, but one of education. A colt can be educated just the same as a boy. It can be done by the use of the brains or a hickory stick. If brains are used a good colt will develop into a good horse, just as a good boy will develop into a good man. If the club is used good cannot be expected from either.—Kansas Farmer.

Keeping Calves Well Bedded.

The stomach of the little calf is very sensitive and easily ruined. Nothing will do it sooner than keeping the animal confined in a wet, dirty pen. Clean the calf often and bed it with a liberal supply of dry straw or other material. It is no little labor to keep a stall where several calves run clean and dry, but there is no other way if you want to raise good calves.—Farm Progress.

Give the Little Pigs a Chance.

A trough for the pigs arranged with V shaped partitions set strongly in the trough would give the little fellows an equal show with the big ones and the weaker ones could get their share of food. A handy man can make such a trough arrangement in an hour or so.—Farm Progress.

God Made Real

By REV. J. H. RALSTON,
Secretary of Correspondence Department,
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."—Heb. 11:27.



The confessed atheist in these days is practically unknown. The man who declines to acknowledge God calls himself a materialist, or rationalist, and in these terms endeavors to shield himself from being called an atheist. But the man who bears the badge of a believer in God often comes very far short of realizing God. He says God is a proper conception. He is more than thinkable, but he is not real. It is with such that we would like to think for a few minutes, because the words of the text are a statement of historical facts—Moses saw God.

Religion nowadays is realistic, or it is nothing. The difficulty with most is that God being spirit, he cannot be made as real as if he were material. We would note that the thought that God is spirit does not preclude his being made manifest in physical form if he chooses, something which he has chosen to do in the past, although we cannot believe that in the text such physical manifestation was in mind. Not only has God been realized in the past, but he is being realized by vast multitudes today, and only because of this is the sinful world borne with a little longer. This manifestation, however, is spiritual.

What is it to realize anything? The dictionary says: "To perceive as a reality; to apprehend the meaning, reality, or real nature of; feel or appreciate fully and vividly; and think of as real." Can God be thus realized? This depends upon whether the spiritual is as real as the material. The great pragmatists, many of the leading statesmen, and men called to the highest offices in the land, are in the lead of the contention that faith in a spiritual God, a full realization of God, is absolutely essential to the greatest accomplishments.

How prove reality in spirit? Just as you prove the reality of electricity, and the agency that enables men to send messages across the wide seas without visible or tangible connections. There is a realization of the fact of the subtle thing whatever it may be. Why not apply the same principle to God? Man should realize a spiritual God because he is himself spiritual, this term not being used here in the strict evangelical sense. Moses realized God—he saw him. If a man sees a thing it is, to him real, and while that is not absolutely so, it is so generally accepted as true, that God in his word uses sight to illustrate the truth that is here presented.

If we accept the proposition that Moses in some sense saw God, how much is that fact worth? Was Moses a visionary, a mere enthusiast or sentimentalist? Was that the conception of Angelo, as he carved him in marble? Was that the conception that lawmakers in all times have had of him as the greatest law-giver of history? Was that the conception that those who have studied him as a constructive statesman, making provision for private and public life, pure sanitation, and the most practical education? Was the writer of the text carried away, by sentiment and habitually given to exaggeration, or was he considered a great thinker, a man of religious and spiritual wisdom, and with an intellect to which reference is made by the enemies of Christianity as the greatest of the Christian era? With these two great men presenting this truth, should it not be accepted? So many men and women testify to the fact that they have realized God, that if there was any possibility of showing these that they were mistaken the wall would be that of the lower world. Oliver Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, Chinese Gordon, and others in the clash of battle have clearly recognized God.

Man says, "I would like to realize God, I would like to practice his presence, if I knew how." We must first accept that the testimony of the spiritual sense in man is just as reliable as that of the physical. As God has recognized that man must have something objective before him, he has given his own son to become the historical manifestation of himself, what a leading minister in Chicago a few days ago called the Christmas manifestation. Study God in the face of Jesus Christ, and he becomes real, and then the spirit of man yearns to have communion with him.

If a man realizes God, what results? Of the many results we may suggest that he loses fear, in which there is torment. This explains the joyful singing of hymns as the martyrs went to the stake. Man gets power. Did not God use Dwight L. Moody, a man fully surrendered to him, to revolutionize Christendom in an important sense? Man as he realizes God rises in all those qualities that God gave him in his creation, both intellectual and moral.

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"Wear long" silk lisle Hose, positive guarantee on each pair, if not satisfactory we give another, all the popular shades 25c pair

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Beautiful Pure Silk Hose, the McCallum Brand, in the season's latest colorings \$1 to \$6 per pair

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"Esco" Pure Silk Hose with lisle thread heel, sole, toe and top, in black and tan 50c pair

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

He Didn't Hush.

"Mamma," queried little Willie, "what is 'hush'?" "Why do you ask, dear?" said his mother. "Because," explained the observing urchin, "when I asked sister what made her hair all mussed after her beau was here this afternoon she said, 'Hush, dear.'"—Chicago News.

Deadlier and Safer.

"Let's send the czar a bomb concealed in a plum pudding." "Why not merely send him a plum pudding?" suggested the other callous plotter. "If he eats it our work is done and we run no risks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If you would raise others live your self as a mountain.—Farrar.

Looked Like It.

"This passage in the news article says, 'The man, with an effort, gathered himself together.' Now, what does that mean?" "It must mean that he had gone to pieces."—Baltimore American.

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