

# THE GENOA REPUBLICAN

VOLUME I.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

GENOA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1902.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

NO. 5.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

A Large Audience at M. E. Church Sunday Morning.

SERMON BY REV. HESTER.

M. E. Pastor Talks to the Graduating Class of the High School and Tells Them of the Duties to Come.

Sunday morning the Methodist Episcopal church was well filled. The occasion was the delivery of the annual baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of the Genoa High school by the pastor, Rev. Hester.

The church was prettily decorated with palms, ferns and flowers.

Green and white, the colors of the class, prevailed.

The following is the sermon in brief:

### THINGS WE MAY FIX UPON.

Rev. E. K. D. Hester.

Phil. iv. : 8. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

It is a most gracious act of a kind Providence that the changes and insecurities of our present estate have been brushed aside and that we have been permitted to catch an inspiring view of the securities of life, and to feel, even though faintly, that there are things as eternal as God, upon which man may plant his faith, build his hope and establish his life. However the heart has been heard to sigh, and the lips to groan as the eyes have caught the vanishing forms of fond hopes, and have gazed upon the wrecks of the soul's ambitions, while the mind has inquired whether all is a dream of sighs and shadows.

It is at this point for our encouragement that the Infinite Father has given us the knowledge of the existence of the everlasting things, and graciously points us to the path which leads to them.

The great problem for every Christian's solution is, if I am to look beyond the compass of my earthly sphere and make the everlasting things my objective, what are my relations to this present distress and decay?

Am I to discard the interest of the world in which I dwell in order to obtain the sureties of heaven? This problem becomes the more perplexing when it is recognized that much of this changing earthly life is not apparently in harmony with the indications of the larger and higher destiny of the soul.

But what can we make of this life if we are not interested in it? Is this state of ours valueless? Are we to dream ourselves away, and look with contempt upon the things in transition simply because they are transitory? Do we charge the Infinite with a blunder in sending us here or permitting us to remain here? Nay! Nay! Life is real, life is earnest! It is the scene of search and inquiry into the things about us, as well as the things above us.

While the transitory aspects are to have their place and this life is to demand our keenest interest, there are other aspects, other momentous interests which

demand our attention. All of the experiences of this life go out to the eternal, not an act or thought but has much to do with the beyond. So the changing experiences of our humanity when seen in their true light have a very interesting and important part in our higher and eternal life. They mark the unfolding of our destiny and eternity shall witness our larger life.

The Apostle includes all the excellent things, "whatsoever things are true honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report under 'virtue and praise'. 'If there be any virtue, if there be any praise think on these things.' If there be any good or praiseworthy things think on them.

There have always been things which men have considered of the highest virtue and praise. The most uncivilized and criminal have not been devoid of this conception of things. The development of the principles of virtue and praise in the race's history, is an interesting line of thought. The things that make for virtue praise among men constitute a standard unto which we feel obligated. We thus seek the approbation of men. We have regard for their opinions and judgments.

This is a powerful force in our lives, even more powerful in many instances than conscience and God.

This element, however, is not without its good results. It helps to sustain common morals. Many men desist from a course of immorality because of the verdict of human society. So as the things that make for virtue and praise among men are carried higher, society will advance in its common morals. Here is the vast field for the world's moral development.

These obligations to the virtue and praise of men we all owe, but a new element has entered into the world and new light is shining upon human standards. The mountains and crags and valleys and plains and woodlands of our experiences have felt the quiver of the light of glory! The Lord in whom we trust has opened the windows of heaven and descended into our humanity and brought us what are the things which He counts for virtue and praise.

To you who have know him He has become most precious. His will is your will. His ways are your ways. No longer the mutual judgment of erring man, but the standards of God—what he approves.

Through his Son he has given to you a crown which shines with more luster each passing day—the crown of Divine approbation. More beautiful than any royal crown. It is the King's crown—your crown! Take it. Wear it. It is not only glory to the head but peace to the heart. "Let no man take thy crown."

The Apostle enjoins us to think upon these things. We are to learn our lesson of life. We cannot learn without thinking. Your problems of the schoolroom were not solved without thought. The problem of your destiny is weightier and demands thought. Life is a study—how we may find God's standard of "virtue and praise."

### ELGIN BUTTER PRICES.

The butter market dropped a half cent on the board of trade Monday at Elgin. The offerings were 310 tubs and all sold at 22 cents.

The official market was made steady at 21½ cents.

The output for the week was 825,000 pounds.

## SURPRISES HIS FRIENDS.

F. T. Robinson Returns with His Bride Wednesday Evening.

WERE MARRIED IN CHICAGO.

Jeanette Pearson of Boloxi, Mississippi, the Bride, Meets Her Finances in Chicago and They are Wed.

Congratulations and re-congratulations occurred in F. T. Robinson's drug store, Thursday morning after the news of his unexpected marriage had spread about the town.

Surprised! He took Genoa by storm and stole a march on his many friends. No one seemed to expect it and it was hard for them to believe the news as it spread rapidly Thursday morning.

Many were aware that Mr. Robinson was in Chicago for a few days.

The ceremony took place Wednesday morning at ten o'clock at the home of Judge Murphy, who officiated.

The bride came from Boloxi, Mississippi, where she has a wide circle of friends who bade her farewell on her departure and wished her happiness.

The bride and groom met in Chicago on Wednesday morning and the ceremony soon followed, being witnessed by Mrs. Murphy and family.

A wedding dinner followed and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson returned home Wednesday evening.

They will make their home here and Mr. Robinson's many friends welcome Mrs. Robinson to Genoa and congratulate them both on their happy marriage.

### IN HONOR OF MISS WATSON.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Stiles Entertain in Honor of Miss Hattie Watson of LaFayette, Indiana.

About twenty-five friends were entertained Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Stiles in honor of Miss Hattie Watson of LaFayette, Indiana.

Music was enjoyed throughout the evening. Miss Watson, who possesses a rich soprano voice, favored with a number of selections.

Dr. and Mrs. Satterfield, who are here from Austin, favored with a number of vocal and instrumental selections.

### MRS. CHAS. DELVIN DIES.

Passes Away in Chicago Saturday, June 7, and is Brought to Genoa on Monday for Interment.

Mrs. Chas. Delvin, aged thirty-three years, died Saturday, June 7. The deceased was born at East Burlington, Sept. 7, 1869. When quite young she moved with her parents to Hampshire, residing there until her twenty-first year, when, in 1891, she was united in marriage to Chas. Delvin. They made their home in Chicago since their marriage.

The remains were brought to Hampshire on Saturday and the interment took place Monday in Genoa. The deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Ellithorpe of Hampshire. News of her illness was first received June 1, and the parents went to her bedside.

Besides her parents, a husband and two daughters survive.

### MRS. HENRY BECKER DEAD.

Passes Away at Her Home Near New Lebanon. Was Buried in Genoa Cemetery Last Monday.

Sophia, wife of Henry Becker, living near New Lebanon, passed away June 7 after a long illness; aged twenty-seven years.

The funeral was held Monday morning at 10.30 from the Lutheran church burial in Genoa cemetery.

### BALL TEAM ORGANIZES.

Members of the Old Team Grow Enthusiastic and Take up the Sport Again. Meeting Held Monday Night.

The base ball players of Genoa, after a lapse of two years without a team, have again become enthusiastic over the sport.

Five of the best players on the old team with a number of the younger players compose the team.

The election of officers at the meeting Monday night resulted as follows: Michael McDonald, captain; W. F. Dumser, manager.

The following are the players: M. McDonald, C. A. Patterson, Wm. Schmidt, Tom Hutchison, Eddie Duval, Harvey Ide, Joe Gallagher, John James, Jack Dempsey, Chas. Sager, Jess Burton. This should make one of the fastest amateur teams in this section of the state and should be well supported.

### SYCAMORE WINS FROM GENOA.

Genoa Base Ball Team Beaten on a Wet Field Saturday Afternoon. Good Bunch of Rooters Attend.

The Genoa base ball team met defeat at the hands of Sycamore on a wet field Saturday afternoon, by a score of nineteen to eleven.

Rain fell before and during the game and the field was in terrible shape. The ball was wet and slippery and the men in the box were unable to handle it to advantage, but Sycamore proved to be the better team under the conditions and after the third inning they piled up fifteen runs, seven in the fourth and eight in the sixth, while Genoa let up in the third and closed with but eleven runs to their credit.

Duval, who pitched his first game for Genoa, done very well the first three innings, letting up in the fourth. Hutchinson went into the box in the fifth and finished the game.

Tisdell, pitched a fair game for Sycamore but weather conditions were not conducive to fast ball playing. Genoa had the only double play of the game to their credit—Gallagher to McDonald.

Hall of the local team done some exceedingly clever base running throughout the game.

The following was the line-up:

Sycamore	Genoa	
Seal	left field	Burton
Lampson	right field	Geithman
Brown	center field	Hall
Read	first base	McDonald
McGill	second base	Gallagher
White	third base	Heckman
Fimer	short stop	Hutchinson
Thomas	catcher	James
Tisdell	pitcher	Duval

Score—Sycamore 19, Genoa, 11  
Time—2 hours.  
Innings—6.  
Umpire—Dumser.

### WILL ADDRESS LADIES.

Mrs. N. S. Bliss, evangelist for the Florence Crittendon Anchorage will talk to the ladies of Genoa who take an interest in the work Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Dean.

## GRADUATING EXERCISES.

Nineteenth Annual Commencement Held Friday Evening.

LARGE CROWD IN ATTENDANCE

D. S. Brown Presents Graduates With Diplomas. Gualano Orchestra Furnishes Excellent Music.

Five hundred people filled the Methodist Episcopal church Friday evening in attendance at the nineteenth annual commencement of the Genoa high school.

The auditorium was prettily decorated with the flowers of spring, and green and white, the class colors, prevailed.

Bunting of green and white drooped from the upper projections, while Old Glory made up the back ground.

The foremost portion of the rostrum was a bank of foliage.

In the choir loft was seated the Gualano orchestra. The numbers rendered were most appropriate for the occasion. The harp solo proved an appreciated number and received the hearty applause of the audience.

The foremost six rows of seats in the auditorium were reserved for relatives of the members of the class.

Nine members of the graded school were chosen as ushers.

The were: Misses Ila Patterson, Bessie Gabriel, Louise Stewart, Margaret Hutchinson, Marjorie Rowen, Sadie Oursler, Belle Simmons, Florence Clefford, Fannie Lord.

At the close of the program the president of the board, D. S. Brown, with a few well chosen words presented each graduate with a diploma from the board of education of Genoa.

The addresses of the graduates were unusually well given. Each delivered an address in a pleasing manner.

The following are the graduates: Margaret Corson, Sabina Canavan, Lila Holtgren, Frank Little, Jennie Stewart, William Little, Ida Thompson, Della Olmsted, Jessie Thompson.

Following are the orations in full:

### THE WEB AND THE WEAVERS.

Margaret May Corson.

In this busy world of hurry and bustle, one scarcely stops to think of what this great, moving, seething, never-tiring world is composed. Hither and thither this one and that one goes pellmell, never stopping to question upon whose rights he is treading, or what helpless fellow creature he is imposing, perhaps through selfishness, perhaps through carelessness, but more often through thoughtless ignorance. Every living creature, large or small, has been put into the world to fill its place in the great divine plan and if we but only investigate and examine it, in its own little realm, we may find the most insignificant, to be full of beauty, interest and usefulness. Let us

look at the spider, that loathsome, despised creature that seems to be the pest of every household. Look at their beautiful colors, their wonderful structure and investigate their usefulness and you will be compelled to admire him rather than trample him under foot. They are an industrious and honest family. They go about quietly weaving their webs, neither flaunting in gaudy colors,

like the butterfly, nor making noise enough to craze one, like the bumble-bee; but in fact a spider could show us a more wonderful and artistic mechanism than either, if our eyes were not too blinded with prejudice to see. If you think them uninteresting, examine their great variety of houses. Some locate in the garden among the bushes; some under a clod or stone, while others have a strange fancy for living about the water. And, too, you will find the methods by which they weave their webs, even more interesting than the meshes it produces. Each spider is furnished with what is known as spinning glands, either four or six in number. These are pierced with a large number of holes filled with a gummy matter analogous to silk.

This matter produces threads of exceeding fineness, more than a thousand being required to make the thickness of a human hair. As these threads leave the spinning glands the spider, by the aid of its feet notched like combs, unites them in a single filament. With these threads the spider weaves its web, and stretches a bridge from place to place, or descends to the ground as it desires. All spiders are spinners but all do not weave webs and those that construct webs do not all work in the same way. Thus with the great variety of spiders themselves and the greater variety of their work and mission of destroying the insects, whose increase would threaten the life of mankind, interest grows until one feels it a cruel task to destroy them or disturb their webs.

Spiders are short lived, and often, when a spider has lived a life full of storms and misfortunes he is compelled to live off his neighbors, for a spider that is forced to repair his own house a number of times soon runs out of materials and is out in a cold and the cruel world to wander about at the mercy of his fellow creatures.

When we have observed closely these webs and their weavers we cannot help being impressed with the likeness of the fates of all living creatures and how similar to the lives of men. As the spider spins its web, so we draw out the threads of our lives some in one place, some in another, under the same variation of environments and circumstances until the last bit of energy has been used and we are left to lean upon the resources of those about us. And when we examine the finished web, the warp and woof of each are peculiar to itself, no two exactly alike, and yet enough alike to show that the plan of an all-wise God is behind it all to adjust the working of every part of the machine. Should we not feel a great responsibility, in whose hands he has placed a shuttle here with to complete a web of divine origin? Bishop Vincent once said: "Well for us and well for the work, if God's design suffers no harm through our carelessness and self will. Well for us and well for the work if we follow the appointed plan and say each day by lip and life 'Thy will, not ours be done.'"

God, in turn, does the best he can with our efforts, and though we mar or lose his pattern, still his blue and gold appears in the texture. We cannot wholly hide them whatever blunders we make. We often become discouraged, something has crossed our path, but like the patient spider, whose web becomes destroyed, we endeavor to begin anew and rise with greater strength to conquer all that bars the way. A moment

more before the world we stand and then like the thistle swayed by the wind, we take our separate paths along life's future, undiscovered road. Some lives, like spiders' webs, are higher, some more refined. But, as Owen Meredith has said, "No stream from its source flows seaward, however lonely its course, but that some land is gladdened. No star ever rose and set, without influence somewhere; and no life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

The story of life seems brief when ended, but the longest life is short in review. The chapters, like the threads of a spider's web, are supplied one by one. Some are bright and some are dull. Some smooth and some broken. But the progress of the story often surprises us when we come to sum it all up. And when a view of the whole fabric is taken and we see so many tangles and gnarls and thereby become discouraged, we can do no better than did James Lane Allen in his Kentucky Cardinal, when, after having done his best, dispelled all gloom by exclaiming: "The birds are moulting. If man could only moult also—his mind once a year its errors, his heart once a year its useless passions! How fine we should all look if every August the old plumage of our natures would drop out and be blown away and fresh quills take the vacant places! But we have but one set of feathers to last us through our three score years and ten—one set of spotless feathers which we are told to keep spotless through all our lives in a dirty world. If one gets broken, broken it stays; if one gets blackened, nothing will cleanse it. No doubt we shall all fly home at last, like a flock of pigeons that were once turned loose, snow-white from the sky, and made to descend and fight one another and fight everything else for a poor living amid soot and mire. If, then the hand of the unseen Fancier is stretched forth to draw us in, how can he possibly smite any one of us or cast us away because we came back to him black and blue with bruises and besmudged and bedraggled past all recognition?"

**THE NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.**

Sabina Canavan.

There is a story told that, in the beginning, when all things laid in a confused mass, the earth did not exist in its present form, but land, seas and air were mixed together. Over this shapeless mass ruled a careless god called Chaos, whose personality could not be described, as there was no light by which he could be seen.

With him ruled his wife, the dark goddess, Night. These two personages soon tired of their power and called their son, Darkness, to their assistance. The first thing that he did was to dethrone Chaos and rule in his place. Darkness, then weary of his loneliness, married his own mother and they ruled until their children, Light and Day, acting together, seized the supreme power.

Space, brightened for the first time by their radiance, revealed itself in all its uncouthness, but Light and Day carefully examined the confusion and decided to make it a place of beauty, but, needing some assistance, they summoned their son, Love, to help them, and by their combined efforts the sea and earth were created.

In the beginning the earth did not have the beautiful appearance that it now has. There were no trees, flowers, grass nor birds. All was silent, bare and motionless. Love perceived this and seized his life-giving arrows and pierced the cold bosom of the earth. Immediately the barren surface was covered with luxuriant verdure, birds, trees and animals of all kinds. All was now life, joy and motion.

The earth, aroused from her apathy, admired all that had al-

ready been done for her embellishment, and, resolving to crown and complete the work so well begun, created heaven, which, while darkness and night ruled upon the earth, shown forth with beautiful lights, called stars, which greatly beautified the scene and aided the dark gods in doing their work.

At the time of the creation, after covering the earth with luxuriant vegetation and peopling it with living creatures of all kinds, Love perceived that it would be necessary to endow them with instincts which would enable them to preserve and enjoy the life they had received.

He therefore called the two young sons of Iapetus to his aid, and bade them make a judicious distribution of gifts to all living creatures, and create and endow a superior being called man to rule over all other creations. And little by little the world became inhabited with intelligent beings who built nations and established governments.

But no sooner had this been done than they grew jealous of one another and strife arose, and for centuries nation invaded nation until total destruction seemed to threaten the entire known world, when finally a stupor came over the world and Darkness seemed to rule during a period known in history as the "Dark Ages." During this period, however, the stars of a brighter, better civilization shown forth and opened the way to better things.

Before the fifteenth century, kings and their subjects quarreled continually on religion and creeds. At one time the catholics would be supreme in power, at another the protestants, until the great reformer, Martin Luther, came to the aid of the protestants by introducing the doctrine of forgiveness, or justification by faith alone, on the ground of the atonement of Christ. Great troubles arose, but from out all this darkness and trouble, Luther planted his religion in certain parts of the world, to remain forever. Thus ended the great religious troubles and peace again was supreme.

Also during the night of the "Dark Ages," while the brilliancy of the stars was glowing in its sublimity, discovery, invention and a new education were germinating, so that with the dawn of a new period an advanced civilization was ready to burst forth and develop into a new era of peace and happiness, for night brings no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade. Through the transparent darkness the stars pour their almost spiritual rays. Man, under them, seems a young child and his huge globe a toy. The night bathes the world as with a river and prepares its eyes again for the crimson dawn.

Man may suffer long and severely, but, by thus passing through sorrow and misfortune, his character is the better and purer for it and he is better able to enjoy happiness when it comes, for it is not in the bright, happy days, but in the night that other worlds are to be seen shining in their long, long distance. And it is only in sorrow, the night of the soul, that we see farthest and know ourselves natives of infinity and daughters of the Most High.

**THE ALABASTER BOX.**

Ella May Holtgren.

According to some law, either known or unknown to mankind, designed by an over-ruling Providence, every conceivable portion of the earth's volume is laden with its own peculiar treasure. Scientists and skilled workmen have been plodding, digging, grinding, and working, in every possible way, shape and form for these six thousand years to demonstrate these laws and disclose to the world the mysteries beneath the surface and thus make use of its varied elements.

Many minerals, metals and stones have been excavated and brought to light, and made familiar to all the nations of the world because of their usefulness and

easy access, while others have only been useful for a time and yet they are full of interest for the use made of them at certain periods of the world's history. Among this class of elements we would like to call your attention to the stone called alabaster.

The word alabaster is derived from Alabastron, a town in upper Egypt, where this soft, white stone abounded and was manufactured into receptacles for perfumes. This name was given to two kinds of white stone, chemically distinct, but resembling each other in appearance and both used for ornamental purposes.

Alabaster proper is a white, granular, semi-transparent variety of gypsum. The other stone is a compact, crystalline carbonate of lime deposited by the water in the form of a stalagmite.

The alabaster yielded by celebrated quarries known to the ancients and now again worked in the province of Oran, Algeria, is of this kind. It is this oriental alabaster that is referred to in the Bible, where the most sacred use was made of it.

When Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon, the leper, a woman came to him and having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, poured it over the head of her Saviour. When the disciples saw Mary do this they were filled with indignation for they thought it might have been sold at a great price and the money be given to the poor. Then Jesus hearing their conversation said to them, "Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured the ointment on my body she did it for my burial."

This was perhaps the greatest opportunity of the woman's life and well for her that she was wise enough to see it, and strong enough to seize upon it as it was passing by. It much displeased the lookers-on, possibly because it aroused a selfish jealousy for having drawn the attention of the Saviour from them to her; possibly because of the station of woman herself; or possibly because of their greed for money. But be that as it may, the murmuring disciples were rebuked by the Master, and the woman received her reward.

And how well for all mankind, if we, like Mary would improve the opportune time and be wide-awake to the one great chance of the life-time as it passes us by. This woman did not wait till Jesus came again or until she had her way and will in the matter, or until he sat alone so she could speak with him privately, but came out in the midst of all the crowd and opposition and poured the very best she had at Jesus' feet and received the accustomed blessing for her effort. Life's opportunities are as numerous and varied as the sands of the sea and no man need wait for one to come his way but just reach out his hand with a willing mind and seize upon it.

There is far more occasion for hesitancy in choosing among the many opportunities that crowd upon us, than in a brute inaction to browse and sleep.

For says Lowell:

"No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work  
And tools to work with all; for those who will;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!  
The busy world shoves angrily aside  
The man who stands with arms akimbo set  
Until occasion tells him what to do;  
And he who waits to have his task marked out  
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

Then how many are the excuses we make for our failures in life's struggles, when the real and only cause is the neglect in hav-

ing ready an alabaster box when the Master comes and opportunity to do good is past. People who are ready to seize the first chance as it comes and goes are the world's benefactors. They bring sunshine and joy with their success, they make the wilderness bud and bloom as the rose; they are the pillars which society must rest.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

**THE CRUSADES.**

Frank Alfred Little.

At the close of the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth centuries there were large armies raised in Europe for the purpose of relieving the Christians at Jerusalem of the injuries that were being inflicted upon them by the Jews and Saracens. The people at that period were very superstitious, and among their beliefs there was one that if they went to Jerusalem and visited the temples and caves of the Holy Land, their sins would be pardoned. One of the many who undertook the long and perilous journey to the Holy Land was the good old saint, Peter the Hermit.

He traveled from his home in France, and when he reached Jerusalem he did not find the peaceable city that he expected, but found that the Christians were being persecuted by the Saracens on every hand, so, returning home—as there were no telephones, telegraphs or printing done at that time—the only way any news could be made known to a country was by means of messengers.

This man, having gained permission of the pope, the head of the church in Europe, started out on a mule to preach the crusade, traveling from place to place. When he came to a city a large crowd would collect around him, partly because he was an odd looking man and partly because he was a traveler; and when he thought he had enough followers around him, with his head and feet bare he would begin to preach and tell of the persecution of the Christians, and soon most of the crowd would volunteer to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

So, after he had traveled through several countries of Europe preaching, he had several thousand followers and with these he started for Jerusalem.

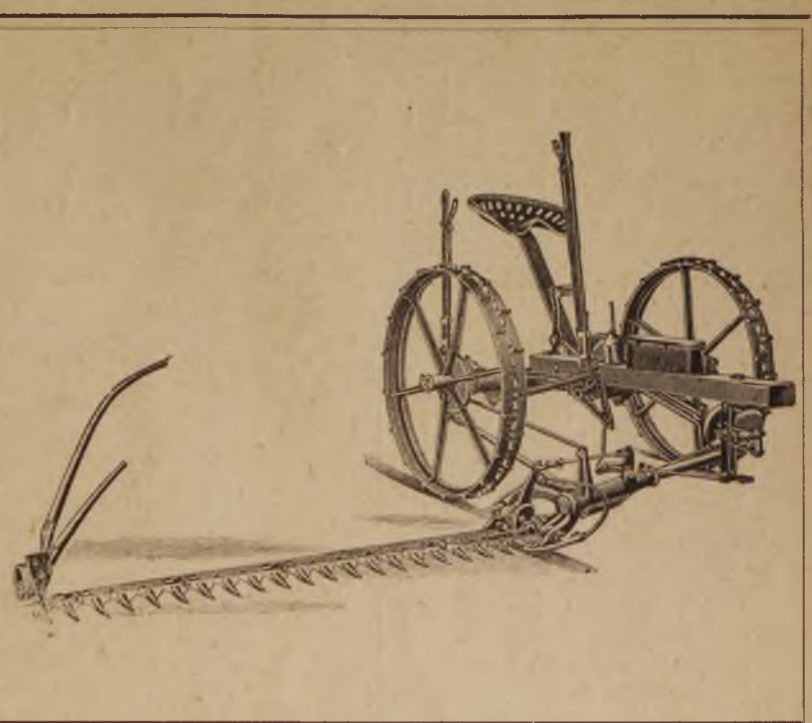
A body of men known as the Knights Templar, in this crusade organized to protect the Christians. The people of this crusade ruled the city for a short time, in which time they were almost daily waging war with the hostile Saracens, and after their numbers had been diminished they gave up all hope of holding the city and started back toward their homes, but all except a few of them perished on a large plain in Asia Minor, where their bodies were found by the people of the next crusade.

Another crusade was the Children's crusade. This was gotten up by two boys, one a Frenchman and the other a German. They raised an army of several thousand, when they started for the Holy Land.

They did not try to go overland, as did those of the first crusade, but, embarking on board vessels at Marseilles, started around south of Italy and then went eastward on the Mediterranean Sea to Jerusalem. On the way some of the boats were shipwrecked and all on board perished. On others the masts were torn out by the storms, so they travelled very slowly, but finally some of them reached Jerusalem. Only a few of them ever returned to their homes.

There were several other crusades, being eight in all, which took several million people out of Europe, among whom were a king or two.

Other countries of the world have had crusades at some time



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or other. Among those of this country was one led by Coxey a few years ago, which was organized in the western states and increased in numbers as they marched toward Washington. He did not undertake this on account of religious affairs, but to petition congress for certain rights that he felt the people needed. His crusade, as well as those of Europe, was unsuccessful in gaining those things which they started to accomplish.

#### SERVICE, THE TRUE IDEAL OF LIFE.

Della Pearl Olmsted.

The Master started on his last journey to the holy city from his work in the regions of Perea, east of the Jordan, to give his life a ransom for the sins of the world. On the way he stopped for a short time in the wilderness, away from the attractions and noise of the busy world, to spend a short time with his twelve disciples and tell them of the burden of his heart and try to make them realize that he was to be delivered to the chief priests and condemned to die. Under such circumstances, with the thought of losing so devoted a friend, there would seem to have been no occasion for selfish ambition, and yet, two of his disciples, one of whom Jesus most loved, asked that they might have the chief places of honor in his kingdom, and when the ten heard this, they also were moved with jealousy and partook of the same ambitious spirit.

Throughout all time, history has been compelled to paint this same picture of selfish greed of gain and personal honor at the peril and sacrifice of everything good or worthy of respect.

Study the natural inclination of man from the earliest period of time to present day and we find that the people naturally group themselves into two distinct classes. It was a favorite notion with our fellow citizens of the south that some were born to obey and others to command. They fondly supposed that it was the lot of the negro to toil and labor and sweat while it was theirs to live at ease and enjoy the riches of the earth. And neither was that spirit confined to the people of the south nor was the idea subdued by the rebellion and the abolishing of its worst form; for society everywhere has such men and women even to-day. They never get beyond self. The very sun rises and sets for them and them alone; the seasons run their daily rounds, the stars appear and disappear for their special benefit. They are huge reservoirs to receive the products of the cares and labors of others, save as these will add to their own gratification. And if it should be asked of them as it was of one of old, "where is thy brother?" they would likewise be speechless.

The other class of people finds its highest enjoyment in a glorious activity. It is what they do and not what they receive that adds to their pleasure. It is the putting forth of energy and not the reception of favors that satisfies them. These are the world's workers, who scatter sunshine and joy; who, while adding to their own enjoyment, enhance the joy and peace of society. And though this class live in the very same world, come in contact with the same material influence yet the products of their efforts are vastly different because of the difference in activity.

No man ever makes the most of his powers nor accomplishes the most for his race unless he is himself active in life. It becomes a principal of strength and no other incentive has ever produced such examples of energy and industry, or made a man so mighty as this. It develops in him the highest style of humanity and gives him a more than mere human power. It brings to a helpless being the power of overcoming weakness and do-lessness and develops strength and independence instead.

This is truly an age of personal activity, both in thought and deed, and how proud we may be of it since we alone are responsible for our actions as well as our developments. To be sure, it is not always easy to decide upon the tasks for us to do, nor find the nook or the corner designed by our Maker, for us to fill nor will we ever fill it until we draw in the reins of vain imaginations that are carrying us so smoothly, yet so rapidly over forbidden waters and will finally plunge us over the unlooked for rocky precipice of failure. And then despair all because we have fixed our eyes upon some brilliant aspect ahead, which we so foolishly call our ideal, which when analyzed is nothing more than fox-fire, lazily vibrating over a swamp of vain show; or at most a mirage of undeserved, unmerited honor that vanishes before we can take a second look at it.

What the world most needs is active busy workers, it yet owes us nothing, but we owe it all there is of us, our thoughts, our actions, our very lives. Whether our individual sphere in life shall be a public or private one, we are under obligations to make it one full of good deeds. And the great question that must be answered by every individual is not where can I make the greatest show and receive the greatest honor of men but where do men most need my feeble efforts or where can I find the best place for doing good. The poet, the greatest reader of all nature, urged mankind on by proclaiming the great truth buried in his soul but when occasion presented itself it poured forth in these pleasing words:

Go forth true hearts and resolutely dare  
With minds on fire for action every day;  
And if a tear fall on the task of care,  
In memory of these hours that glide away.

Let it go by.  
Devote your hearts to God; to brother men;  
Your aid, your labor, earnest prayers and then  
No cause to sigh.  
For he who holds the blue heavens in his hand  
Will lead you up to his own promised land.

#### TO ERR IS HUMAN: TO FORGIVE, DIVINE.

Jessie Ginn Thompson.

When the earth was first created, according to the plan of a divine power, beautiful flowers grew in profusion, birds filled the air with their music, and many animals roamed wild and free. But by this same power, man, endowed with intellectual and moral powers, was created, human, but the only being created in the "image of God." He was placed in the beautiful Garden of Eden, was told to rule and govern everything, without care or sorrow, and where happiness reigned supreme. But, even in those early days, the brightest paths were often beset with the greatest dangers, and Satan, in the disguise of a serpent, glided into this garden of happiness, tempted man in his weak nature until in an unguarded moment he yielded and fell, bringing condemnation upon himself and the whole world. And since that time to err has been a prevailing trait of humanity.

"Twas man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into this world and  
all our woe."

Accordingly, after the fall of Adam, through the tender mercy and forgiveness of an all-wise Father an atonement was made for all who will comply with the conditions. A forgiveness which has been the basis of all Christian religions and creeds since that time. There are dark hours in the history of every intelligent being—

periods of gloom and despondency when life seems without a solitary ray of brightness. Man refuses to recognize his brother because of his guilt and crimes, and shows no forgiveness or mercy; but there is a higher power whose forgiveness knows no limit. Man may sin seventy times seven and if he truly repents just as many times, God is ready to pardon. His mercy is inexhaustible, and of all the divine attributes that one which in the eyes of humanity seems to shed an especial lustre around the person of Deity is mercy. Shakespeare recognized this when he said:

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest;  
it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:  
But mercy is above the sceptered sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute of God himself,  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice.

But mercy and a forgiving spirit are to be shown by man as well as God, for if man cannot forgive the injuries done to him he cannot expect to be forgiven of his own wrongdoings.

No one is free from sin and many errors, and, living in this world where temptations linger in every path, man must necessarily remember his own imperfections and be willing to overlook those of others. Some are ever ready and waiting to destroy the hopes and ambitions of others. Perhaps because of envy and hatred they are seeking to wreck another's life by revenge, and if they succeed they have only placed themselves on a level with the wrongdoers, if not below them, and destroyed their own happiness and peace of mind.

But the one who waives aside all injuries and forgives freely and unhesitatingly the petty trials of life, places himself upon a pedestal above his fellowman, for he knows it is not for man to avenge his fellowman for wrong, and leaves it for an all-wise God who doeth all things well.

Envy and revenge belong to minds of low ambition, and in the short time we spend on this earth only the noblest and best things should be sought.

Everyone cannot win a name of glory by bravery upon the battlefield, or in some other way become famous, yet even the humblest person can forgive, and that is the glory of man.

Some may live all their lives without becoming noted, yet if at its close they have freely forgiven and forgotten all injuries, and throughout their life helped someone by a kind word or deed, they have not lived in vain.

When we read the history of noble and just characters, look deep into their conduct, and we find that they are the ones who in humility craved forgiveness and help from a Divine power, who have the true forgiving spirit. The death of our late president is an example of this, for the first words that he uttered after receiving his death wound were: "May God forgive him." Even in his great pain his first thought was to ask forgiveness for the man whose mind was so filled with envy and hatred that only the death of Mr. McKinley would satisfy his revenge.

Again, one could search the sacred writings of every nation, but in none of them could be found a sentiment more sublime than the one uttered by our Savior at his death. Nailed upon the cross,

with a wreath of thorns upon his brow, suffering the greatest physical and mental agony, no words of rebuke or curses fell from his lips, but in his great sorrow for his persecutors he cried out, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Everyone can, like Christ, have a forgiving spirit, by Divine help. Life at the best is not all happiness, and so when some one tries to destroy our ambition and happiness, we should remember "to err is human."

If we make the best of everything and overlook all wrongs, happiness will come to us sooner or later; but it will never come while we bear hatred towards another.

Every day we have more or less offenses to pardon, and when some one who has wronged us comes to us and in humility craves our forgiveness, it may be only after a fierce struggle with ourselves that we can forgive, yet we have only done our duty.

We live for a few years only, and when we die how soon the world shuts us from its memory and we are forgotten, so should we shut all malice from our hearts by forgiveness, until it, too, is forgotten, for we can forget as well as forgive. Nearly every great writer acknowledges this, and Whittier in his poem on "Forgiveness," wrote:

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been  
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong,  
So, turning gloomily from my fellow men,  
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among  
The green mounds of the village burial place;  
Where pondering how all human love and hate  
Find one sad level,—and how soon or late  
Wronged and wrongdoer each with meekened face,  
And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,  
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart.  
Awed for myself and pitying my race,  
Our common sorrow like a mighty wave  
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling—I forgave!

#### BOOKS.

Ida Maudie Thompson.

It is scarcely possible for people of today to realize that there was a time when books were unknown. Nevertheless this is true.

The earliest writings were purely monumental and therefore materials, that would last the longest, were chosen. The ten commandments, which were delivered to Moses, were written on stone. Laws, inventions and discoveries were written on stone, brick and wood. Tablets of ivory or metal were first used by the Greeks and Romans. These tablets were sometimes made of wood and their inner sides were waxed. Then the inscriptions or letters were traced on the wax with a pointed pen called a stiletto.

Two of these tablets, joined together, was the earliest specimen of book binding. They were fastened together at the back by a wire. Around the edge of each was a raised margin to prevent erasure by friction. These wax tablets continued in use through the middle ages, when they were then replaced by the leaves of the palm tree.

The earliest flexible material of importance was made from the coats that wrapped the Egyptians papyrus, from which is derived our word paper. These were formed into rolls and written on with reeds dipped in gum-water colored with charcoal or soot of resin. It is also said that the ink of the cuttle fish was used for writing.

The next material employed after papyrus was parchment made from the skin of animals

usually sheep or lambs. Its costliness in early times led to the original practice of erasing the writing for the purpose of substituting new.

Paper made from cotton came into use at the beginning of the tenth century and the invention was timely since from the scarcity of parchment and the demand for books caused the destruction of much literature.

The invention of linen paper gave the first influence to book production.

The form of the ancient books differed with the material of which they were composed. Then flexible materials came into use and it was found convenient to make books in the forms of rolls. The papyrus and afterward the parchment was joined together to form one sheet and then rolled on a staff to form a volume. The title of the book was either suspended like a ticket to the roll or pasted on the outside. These rolls were frequently protected by a parchment cover, they were deposited in a cylindrical box or were arranged in cases around the walls of a library. In this way many books could be stowed away in a small space. The volume however was far from containing as much as our ordinary books. The square form, applied to the wax tables joined together as described before, was afterwards resorted to for separate leaves. Finally covers of boards were introduced and the leaves were stitched together as well as folded.

The arrangement of books has undergone many changes. At first the letters were only divided into lines then into separate words and these were at last noted with accents. Later they were divided by points and stops into paragraphs, chapters and other divisions. In some countries the direction of the characters were from right to left while in ours at the present time, it is from left to right.

The early Greeks followed the two directions alternately. The spread of early books is due to the historian. The scarcity of books and the small number of copyists is due to the high prices in the early ages. The characteristics of early printed books are noticed under the head of Bibliography.

The folio and quarto sizes originally adopted from the largeness of types in the beginning of printing, are now generally restricted to works of bulk, as dictionaries and other books of reference.

Thus books have come to us step by step until we have them in all forms and sizes. And by means of our public libraries, every one who wishes to read the best of books may avail himself with the opportunity. To the making of books there is no end. They now number in the thousands every year, and the only task is to select the very best and do justice to what is pure and good.

#### HEROES, HONORED AND UNHONORED

William Henry Little.

Throughout all ages and periods of history the world has recognized and honored men of daring deeds and great courage in times of severe trials and contests. In fact the very story of the rise and fall of every nation from the earliest time to the present is based upon the fame of a few men known as its heroes.

It seems perfectly natural to believe in great men and place all confidence in their lives and actions. The search after the so-called hero is the dream of the youth and the most serious occupation of manhood. We travel in all parts to find his works and if possible to get a glimpse of him. The artist has patiently worked with his chisel or brush for a life time trying to produce the likeness of the hero of his country. In fact we all honor a hero in one way or other, either

by erecting a monument to his memory or by singing his praise through all time from generation. And on account of this distinction it has developed a tendency in most civilized people to excel in one way or another and go beyond the fame of his countrymen.

The different types of heroes are as varied as the autumn leaves due perhaps to the different vocations and surroundings and influences at work upon the minds of men, but more often it seems to be due to the natural inclinations and tendencies for example — we have the heroism of the soldier who goes to war, risks and often loses his life for his country. Then we have the heroism of the sailor who struggles against the wind and storm to preserve the lives of those entrusted to his care. And also the heroism of the Christian martyr, who sacrificed all the freedom and liberties of the then civilized world, and finally their lives for the sake of their religious principles. Thus in one way or another all history has pictured the deeds of the daring gladiator of the arena, the brave general of the kingdom, the president of the republic and the money bosses of the great markets and yet when we study the characteristics of genuine heroism, it is found in far humbler stations of life as well as in these.

The man who manfully bears defeats and failure is just as worthy of honor as he who is supported by the cheers and applause of the majority. Many men in the political fields of today suffer defeat because they have based their principles upon a plane of too high honor. Are not these worthy of the name of hero rather than those of baser character. And is it not true that the masses of people and especially those of the greatest influence have placed heroism upon the wrong basis? And does not our reverence and applause amount to almost hero worship, when the true principles are sacrificed and a high manly character trampled under foot?

Emerson says, "The characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity.

But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common or the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother because it is fit for you to serve him; do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous act. Always do what you are afraid to do. A simple manly character needs never make an apology, but should regard its past action with the calmness of Pbocon, when he admitted that the event of the battle was happy yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle."

It is certainly not difficult to investigate and discover that there are more unknown heroes than honored when they are estimated by the true and Christ-like charity. But be not dismayed when all judgment seems unjust, for, the admonition of the poet is—

"Whene'er we cross a river at a ford,  
If we would pass safely, we must keep,  
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,  
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,  
Our head swims with it, so if we would cross,  
The running flood of things here in the world,  
Our souls must not look down but fix their sight  
On the firm land beyond."

(Continued on page 7.)

DUMSER & DOUGHERTY,  
GENOA, ILL.

Published Every Friday.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1902.

Genoa is to be congratulated on the class which graduated from the high school last week. It should be a matter of course that all young Americans take the full high school course, and those who have charge of the schools should make the course practical.

A thorough mastery of the English language, mathematics, history, geography, etc., will be of more value than all the fads. The reading of the commencement orations in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN will give one an idea of the efficient work of the Genoa school.

**From over  
Kingston way**

School closes this week.  
Chas. Burton spent Sunday in Elgin.  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith spent Sunday in DeKalb.  
H. R. Fuller is a guest of his grandson at Bristol.  
Eli Brainard and mother spent Monday at Sycamore.  
Orvis Hix visited relatives in Sycamore over Sunday.  
Mrs. Workman of Fairdale visited Mrs. Lottie Whitney over Sunday.  
Mrs. N. A. Stuart of DeKalb is a guest of her daughter Mrs. Emma Tazewell.

Miss Johanna Moore of Louisiana visited with the families of John and George Moore several days of last week.  
Mrs. Cornelius Waite of Forreston spent several days this week with friends here.  
Wm. Weber of Chicago was a guest of his uncle, Nicholas Weber, the first of the week.  
Mrs. Frank Bowers of Belvidere, spent Thursday and Friday with her sister, Mrs. Bassett.  
Mrs. Anna Wright of Pipestone, Minn., is a guest this week at the home of A. J. Lettow and family.  
Mrs. H. L. Shorey moved her household effects into her new home in Sycamore on Wednesday.  
A number of young people attended the ice cream social at Bert Moyer's home in Mayfield on Thursday night.  
G. M. LaShelle attended graduating exercises at Shannon Monday evening. His daughter, Miss Marie, was a graduate.  
Rev. T. W. Heyland, pastor of Baptist church in Belvidere, will exchange pulpits with Rev. Whitcomb next Sunday morning and evening.

Garfield Pierce and the Misses Etha Pierce and Maude Sager of Genoa attended Children's day exercises in the M. E. church on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Trumbull of Stillman Valley and Mrs. Mary Worcester of Davis Junction spent Sunday with Mrs. Hedda Worcester and family.  
The monument on the Stillman Valley battle ground to commemorate the Black Hawk war battle, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on Wednesday. A number of Kingston people attended.

**The week's doings  
at Colvin Park**

C. Stray is plastering his house.  
James Weaver is erecting a new barn.  
John Rubeck has a fine new surrey.  
Ed Lettow and family were at Belvidere last Friday.

W. L. Cole and wife were Belvidere shoppers Saturday.  
A dance was held at Mr. Leonard's last Friday evening.  
Seventeen tickets were sold to the M. W. A. picnic last week.  
C. G. Meyers shipped a car of hogs to Chicago last Thursday.  
Chas. Cole was entertained at P. Crosby's of Kingston last week.  
Fred Ollman and wife were Genoa visitors Thursday of last week.  
Miss Ida Stray and mother drove to Genoa Tuesday of last week.  
Mr. and Mrs. D. Beebe of Charter Grove visited Jno. Babbler and wife Sunday last.  
Miss J. P. Moore of Nashville, Tenn., arrived Friday evening. She will visit in this vicinity a few weeks.  
The telephone on the I. C. will soon be in working order. It is for use of employes of the company only and connects Chicago, Rockford, Freeport and Dubuque.

**The latest  
at Kirkland**

E. S. Boon attended court Wednesday.  
Attorney Robert Goff is home from Dixon college.  
Norman Smith is running the dray for E. P. Lucas.  
Mrs. Gus Shellgreen of Bloodpoint was here on a business trip Wednesday.  
E. P. Lucas who has been suffering with a crushed arm is slowly improving.  
Children's day exercises were held in the Congregational church Sunday evening.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Meyer and mother called on friends in town Wednesday of last week.  
Albert Patterson has resumed his position in the meat market after a two months visit in Chicago.

William Riddle attempted to break a colt Saturday afternoon and in the struggle the colt fell breaking its left hip.  
Dan Cronk's barn was destroyed by lightning during the severe storm last Monday evening. One horse was killed and a small quantity of hay burned.  
A young man in the employ of Edwin Hait just east of town had a narrow escape from drowning Saturday evening. He started to cross the river at Holmes' ford after some cows which had strayed away and becoming frightened when about half way across attempted to return. The horse fell and was carried down the river with the current, finally drowning. The young man was unable to swim and clung to the horse being finally washed upon the shore about a mile below the ford.

**Short Items  
from DeKalb**

George Rundle is visiting his brothers in Minnesota.  
Mrs. A. F. Rowley is spending the week with friends at Ashton.  
Miss Agnes Hunt is seriously ill and is under the care of a trained nurse.  
B. C. Knoble arrived home this week from lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin.  
Mrs. A. W. Fisk, is entertaining her cousin, Mrs. Brewer, of Chicago this week.  
Dr. J. E. Riley left Saturday for Saratoga, N. Y., to attend a meeting of the National Medical association.

DeKalb sent a delegation of one hundred and thirty to the Woodman picnic at Rockford, on Wednesday of last week.  
The senior class of the DeKalb High school have issued invitations this week to their various exercises commencing June 8 and ending June 12.

Miss Maude Howard, who has been spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. W. McDermott, returned to Fox lake Friday to remain throughout the summer.  
On Thursday evening the band gave its first open air concert of the season at the corner of Third and Main streets, and the large crowd in attendance showed that their efforts were fully appreciated.  
The DeKalb Woman's club entertained three hundred and fifty guests Saturday, June 7. The town was decorated in pink and green, their colors. A luncheon, which was to have been served on Col. Ellwood's lawn was given at the Normal the rain interfering with their arrangements.  
Nimrod C. Criswell died at his home on Haish avenue, June 5, 1902, after an illness of nine months. The funeral was held at the home of his brother, A. W. Criswell on Saturday afternoon and the interment was at Oakwood. The orders of Modern Woodmen and Knights of Pythias attended in a body.

**News from  
Charter Grove**

Mrs. Haines is visiting relatives in Nebraska.  
James Whitacre spent Sunday in Sycamore.  
Verne Haines was home on a visit last Tuesday.  
Arthur Holcomb was a visitor here last Saturday.  
Mrs. Cramer of Belvidere was a caller here last Thursday.  
Charlie Nalser and wife drove to Sycamore last Saturday.  
Chas. Anderson and wife drove to Sycamore last Wednesday.  
Mrs. Thorwarth and children spent Thursday with her parents near Genoa.  
Mattie Whitacre is spending a few days in Sycamore with her sister, Ida Holmes.

**News from  
New Lebanon**

Mrs. F. Spansail was an Elgin caller on Friday.  
Miss Helen Gustavson was at Elgin on Friday.  
Thos. Aicholzer was a Hampshire caller on Saturday.  
Wm. F. Spansail was visiting his parents on Saturday.  
Aug. Fredrick was visiting his friend Ed Spansail on Sunday.  
Mrs. Eva Sedgwick has spent the past week with Mrs. L. S. Ellithorpe.  
Mr. and Mrs. Will Swanson were visitors at Mr. Danielson's on Sunday.  
Mrs. Chas. Witt attended the funeral of Mrs. Emil Becker at Genoa on Monday.

**The weekly news  
from Hampshire**

Otto Holtgren spent Sunday in Elgin.  
Christ Carlson spent Sunday at Elgin.  
Joe Gallagher of Genoa spent Sunday here.  
Mrs. H. Johnson spent Saturday with Elgin friends.  
Joe Swanson was in Chicago on business Saturday.  
G. D. Reid and W. C. Lovell drove to Elgin Sunday.  
Mr. W. Marks spent Sunday with Hampshire friends.  
Mrs. W. Reams spent a few days in Chicago last week.  
John Connors spent Sunday evening with Elgin friends.  
Mrs. C. Klock of Wheaton is visiting her son C. P. Klock.  
Alfred Nelson of Elgin spent Sunday with C. V. Peterson.  
Rose Peterson spent a few days last week with Genoa friends.  
Jesse Geithman of Genoa spent Sunday with Hampshire friends.  
W. Melns of Chicago is spending a few days with his relatives.  
Frank Anderson of North Plato was a Hampshire visitor Friday.  
David Outhouse of Elgin spent Sunday with Geo. York and family.  
Mrs. C. H. Backus and Mrs. E. L. Young drove to Genoa Monday.  
The annual Woodmen picnic has been postponed from June 14 to July 4.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Backus and Pearl Werthwein returned Friday from Culver, Ind.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. Sheffner returned Monday morning from a few days' visit at Chicago.  
H. Hathaway, F. Case, L. M. Smith, F. Humphrey and R. Widmyer spent Sunday in Genoa.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Janecke of Elgin spent this week with their son, John Janecke.

Geo. Baker is visiting his daughter, Mrs. R. H. Bretten of Wheaton, a few days this week.  
Mrs. Botcher and Mrs. Heiderman have moved into the Blazier building with their millinery goods.  
Charlie Backus returned home Friday from Culver, Ind., where he has completed his military education.  
Mrs. J. F. Janecke died Monday night at twelve o'clock after a week's illness with membranous croup.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. Kummer of Chicago spent last week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kummer.  
Mrs. C. Holtgren, daughter, Addie, and son, Otto, attended graduation exercises at Genoa Friday evening.

**Correspondence  
from Burlington**

Alfred Cochran was a Sunday caller here.  
Percy Keyes was a caller here Wednesday.  
Miss Kittie Oakley was a caller here Monday.  
H. Rafferty and G. Miller drove to Elgin Friday.  
Joe Blodgett went to Elgin Saturday on business.  
Mrs. R. W. Barrett is visiting friends in Rockford.  
Albert Davis and wife were Chicago visitors this week.  
Mrs. Fehr has returned from her visit in Apple river.  
Fred Seiser spent several days in Elgin in quest of work.  
O. Koch and wife attended a funeral in Genoa on Monday.  
Lydia Smith was the guest of Miss Lois Sweet on Thursday.  
About forty tickets were sold at H. Hattendorf's dance Thursday.  
John Barry and Grace Chapman drove from Elgin on Thursday.  
Percy Werthwine and Fred Weed were callers here Saturday night.  
On account of the rain Frank Ball's dance was postponed until June 13.  
Children's day will be celebrated in the M. E. church next Sunday.  
A number from Hampshire and Genoa attended the picnic here Sunday.  
After spending several days with friends here Miss Leha Maurer returned to her home in Freeport.  
After a month's treatment in a hospital, Mrs. A. Van Dusen has returned home greatly improved in health.  
While repairing some machinery recently Frank Vogle mashed his thumb. Dr. I. J. Schott rendered medical assistance.

Misses Jessie Oakley, Peryl Werthwine, Gertrude Burns and Clara Smith drove over from Hampshire on Sunday.  
On account of the bad night the attendance at the Oakley Sisters' concert was small, but the concert was enjoyed by all who attended.  
Liked Their Cholera Medicine.  
"Dipsomania" tells a neat story in reference to the rapid growth of the habit of tipping which may develop in unsuspecting subjects. Two elderly ladies were surprised by a visitor in the act of drinking neat brandy. Upon his expressing some surprise, they said that brandy had been recommended to them as a capital preventive against cholera, and that first they took it with water, and then they took it without water, and now they took it like water.—London Lancet.

**AIDS OF PROGRESS.**

Great Scientific Discoveries of the Last Century Enumerated.  
Sir William Preece, in a recent address before the Society of Arts, says the Engineering Magazine, enumerates the great scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century to be as follows:  
The principle of evolution.  
The atomic structure of matter.  
The existence of the ether and the undulatory theory of light.  
The principle of electro-magnetic induction and electrolysis.  
The principle of the conservation of energy.  
These, he proceeds to discuss at length, showing their influence upon what we may expect to follow and supplement them. In the course of evolution we may expect selective modification to be influenced by the mainsprings, which are thus acting most powerfully; the struggle for power, the race for individual wealth, the pursuit of knowledge, the combat with disease, the advance in comfort of living; and these forces may be expected to act in the future as they have in the past.

The study of the atomic constitution of matter may lead to the discovery of many new elements, or possibly to the revelation of the fundamental element of which all others are but varied manifestations.  
The existence of the ether is still inexplicable in its mechanical structure, although its reality is even more fully accepted than ever. It offers no resistance to wave motion, and in it energy is not dissipated away into heat, as in the undulations and vibrations of matter. Still no final theory of its structure has been produced, and that probably still awaits its solution in the twentieth century.  
Electro-magnetic induction is only beginning to unfold its possibilities. The communication of energy without the use of metallic or other material conductors is within sight and in the form of space telegraphy has been partly realized. Electrical decomposition may be followed by re-composition and the artificial synthesis of organic compounds become commercially and wholly possible. With all these comes the principle of the conservation of energy uniting the action of force, motion and matter in ever-changing relations, but always with an unchanging sum total.

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**Special Sale!**

One-third off Regular Prices!

**Ladies' and Misses' Ready-made Suits**

An exceptional opportunity to procure a thoroughly well-made, stylish, up-to-date garment at a remarkable reduction. We have placed on sale--until gone--our entire stock of Ladies' and Misses' ready-made Suits, ranging in price from \$12.50 to \$28.00

One-third off Regular Prices!

It includes some of the finest garments produced by manufacturers this season, and EVERY GARMENT IS OF THIS SEASON'S MAKE

One-third off Regular Prices!

MISSES' SUITS		LADIES' SUITS	
\$18.67 for suits that sold for	\$28.00	\$16.67 for suits that sold for	\$25.00
13.34 " " " "	20.00	13.34 " " " "	20.00
10.00 " " " "	15.00	12.00 " " " "	18.00
8.34 " " " "	12.50	9.34 " " " "	14.00

At our original figures they were matchless---Think of the Saving this revision makes possible.

Peck's Block

**Geo. M. Peck**

Elgin, Illinois

**PERSONAL MENTION**

W. S. Bayless of Elgin was here Monday.

Mrs. Perry of Almore was here Tuesday.

Loren Olmsted was at Marengo Thursday.

F. J. Robinson was in Chicago this week.

Frank Shork rode to Sycamore Sunday evening.

Ely Brainard was here from Kingston Monday.

L. L. Knipp was in Chicago Monday on business.

F. H. Jackman was at Elgin Monday on business.

Perry Rowen was here from Kirkland on Monday.

John Hoff of Marengo was here Monday and Tuesday.

H. F. Whit of Sycamore was here Sunday afternoon.

Fred Pfingston of Burlington was here Wednesday.

Dr. Danforth was in Kirkland on business Saturday.

Louis P. Hix and wife of Sycamore were here Monday.

Joe Gallagher was a Hampshire visitor Sunday afternoon.

Jack Goding was at Hampshire on business last Monday.

Jas. R. Kiernan and son were Chicago visitors Monday.

J. E. Stott returned the first of the week from Minnesota.

Bob Gallagher and Lee Wylde were at Belvidere Sunday.

M. Davelaar is here from Milwaukee the guest of relatives.

Ed Nash of Burlington was here Friday last on business.

Miss Jessie Thompson is at Belvidere the guest of relatives.

Geo. Ault and Miss Helen Schutts were visitors here Sunday.

Loren Olmsted was in Chicago on business the fore part of the week.

Miss Wyla Richardson is able to be about after a three weeks illness.

Mrs. Frank Mellkern and daughter are here from Milwaukee the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Daven.

Clarence Greshel of Chicago will spend Sunday here the guest of relatives.

Dr. and Mrs. Satterfield of Austin are here the guests of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Frank Tucke of Waterloo, Iowa, is here the guest of Mrs. Ben Haines.

Ellery Wilcox of Elgin was here Tuesday and Wednesday the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Perkins spent last Friday at Sycamore, the guest of relatives.

Miss Hattie Watson is here to spend two months the guest of Miss Wyla Richardson.

Mrs. Dr. Hollingsworth of Kirkland was here Monday, the guest of Mrs. E. H. Richardson.

Jas. Daven, Will Snow, M. McDonald and John Shattuck drove to Hampshire Sunday afternoon.

Miss Jessie Daven returned Tuesday after a months' visit at Milwaukee the guest of relatives.

Floyd Hancock and Miss Hopkins of Belvidere were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Perkins Sunday.

Henry Patterson attended the dedication of the soldiers' monument at Stillman Valley Thursday.

Geo. Reed, manager of the creamery at Herbert, shipped a carload of stock to Chicago Monday.

A. B. Clefford was in Chicago Thursday last attending the Illinois College of Law commencement exercises.

Alvin Schneider of Chicago was here the first of the week the guest of relatives and friends. He was formerly of Genoa.

John Lembke, daughter, Emma, and G. E. Stott were at Sycamore Thursday. A law suit with an eastern firm was the mission.

Mrs. C. A. Brown returned from Chicago Saturday. Her sisters, Mrs. Field and Mrs. De Pue, returned with her to spend a week.

Mrs. Gertie Purrington and daughter, Gladys, were here the early part of the week the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lawyer.

Mrs. H. A. Kellogg and daughter, Flossie, were at Sycamore Tuesday and attended the commencement exercises at Waterman hall.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Brown were at Champaign the fore part of the week to attend the commencement exercises of the University of Illinois.

Miss Laura Gilbert, teacher in the public schools, left Sunday afternoon for her home in Germantown, Ohio. The Republican will keep her posted on the happenings of Genoa.

Mrs. Taite came here from Elgin, Wednesday, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Triggs. She will visit here two weeks the guest of friends and relatives.

The seventh number of the concert course will not be given. Those possessing season tickets call at Clefford & Perkins store for amount due; twenty cents.

Mrs. A. B. Clefford and Miss Hattie Watson, who is the guest of Miss Wyla Richardson attended the commencement exercises of the Illinois College of Law in Chicago Thursday evening.

Deputy-sheriff S. Abraham and wife attended the commencement exercises of the Illinois College of Law in Chicago Thursday. F. S. Abraham, their son was a member of the graduating class.

**MENS CLOTHING.**

Our Biggest Sale This Year.

In June, 1901, we held the biggest Clothing Sale in our history, selling suits at the rate of fifty or more per day and offering such values that customers bought five and six suits each. Ever since then we have been preparing for another clothing sale and now we are ready.

Last year we bought for cash, as always, of one house, taking the best they had; this year we have bought of two houses and have skimmed the cream of their entire season's product. Last year our best bargains were in Men's Suits only; this year we have included also boy's suits and have added a bargain line of men's silk vests at 75 and 98 cents. Last year we offered good values; this year we offer better—in fact the very best that the market can supply.

The men's suits, all new goods, are divided into three lots at \$3.95, \$5.00, and \$6.50, and there is not a "shoddy" garment in the lot. The boy's suits, two and three piece, are also divided into three lots at \$1.98, \$2.69 and \$3.49 and the boys are treated just as well as are the men.

When you consider that if you trade \$10.00, and show us round trip railroad ticket, we refund your car fare, it make this an unrivalled opportunity. What other store makes such an offer?

It is a simple fact that, if you want a suit, have the price and know a good suit when you see it—our store is the best place for you to come. C. F. Hall Co., Dundee, Ill.

**RENO IS COMING.**

The Reno and Alvord's show is coming to Genoa, Tuesday, June 17. Reno is well known here and will be greeted by a big crowd as he always pleases the people. This summer his canvas show is without doubt the biggest and best show ever given in Genoa. Among the artists are horizontal bar experts, tumblers, acrobats, wire acts, grotesque acts, feats of strength, trained dogs, birds, mules in fact thirty acts and every

one a feature. Don't forget the date, Tuesday, June 17. Prices are only twenty-five cents for adults and fifteen cents for children under twelve years of age. See the free outside exhibition before the doors open.

**SIGNS OF THE OLD TIMES.**

Ancient and Curious Signboards of Great Britain.

Long before education was universal and when houses were unnumbered and many streets were unnamed, but took their cognomen from the wares vendred therein, says the London Pall Mall Gazette, it was the custom for all traders, without exception, to hang out signs above their doorways in order to make their establishments and callings the better known, and in the following lines we purpose citing some of the more curious and quaint, in this connection including some referring to houses for the refreshment of man and beast, the proprietors of which are about the only traders who have kept green the memory of signs and signboards. It was a cobbler who adopted the following sign when he took to the calling of a licensed victualler: "Search all the town over, and you'll find good ale at the Last." On the Hounslow road in former times was to be seen this sign: "Poor Jack striving to live." At the sign of the "Snail" was to be found this inscription at a house in the King's road:

The snail is slow,  
And I am low;  
What d'ye think?  
Pray stop and drink.

In the days of Walpole, on the Greenwich road, an old house bore the sign:

Stand fast, Sir Robert,

showing a little fat man straddling upon two hogsheads. In Old Fish street was formerly a house bearing the sign of the "Labor in Vain," the board showing two women trying to scrub a negro white; and in Oxford street was the "Load of Mischief," showing a man bearing on his back a woman and a monkey, the former with a glass of gin in her hand. This sign has been attributed to Hogarth, and certainly it is painted in his style. The house is now known as the "Primrose." The "Moonrakers" in the borough derives its name from the term applied to the natives of Wiltshire, while the "Bag o' Nails" at Chelsea is a corruption of the Bacchanals, the original signboard showing satyrs dancing and carousing around a figure of Bacchus. In Clerkenwell was the "Pickled Egg," and near Knarborough in Yorkshire the "Ass in a Bandbox," upon the signboard being shown a figure of Napoleon the Great, in full uniform, sitting on a donkey, which stands on a bandbox which is floating across the English channel, and bearing this inscription: "Me vill make de Jean Bull tremble now I have found out de grande conveyance." The signboard is still in existence, but the establishment to which it belonged is no longer an inn. Nearly everyone knows the little public house at Land's End, the signboard of which bears on one side "The Last Inn in England," and on the other "The First Inn in England," but it may not be so generally known that at Witcombe, near Gloucester, there is an inn at the bottom of a hill which also has a double signboard with these two inscriptions:

Before the hill you do go up,  
Step in and have a cheering cup,  
and on the reverse side—

You're down the hill, all danger past,  
Come in and drink a friendly glass.

At Falmouth, some time since, the following saw a signboard with the following inscription:

Temperance Hotel.  
Ellen Tone sells here,  
Lemonade and Ginger Beer,  
Cow hels and tripe every Friday,  
Sekond hand cloos to make ce tidy,  
Crox and kittles, pans, an' all  
And Godley Bukes to save yer sole,  
Man-traps, glus, and pattens likewise,  
And on Saturday nights Hot Mutton Pies.

We hope this is a genuine signboard—and your fascia writer plays strange pranks with the English language—but like the Scotsman, we "ha'e oor doubts." Another signboard to be seen at the same establishment contained the following lines:

JEREMIAH NUTE,  
Dealer in Cod Liver Oil and Treacle, Turkey, Rhubarb, Tarts and Mustard, Saws, Hammer, Winnowing Machines, Chops, Wheel-barrow, Frying-pans, and other Musical Instruments.  
Men they have many faults,  
But woman has but two;  
Nothing's right that they say,  
And nothing's right they do.

The Town Arms inn, Lostwithiel, formerly had this on its signboard:

Since man to man has been unjust  
I do not know what man to trust,  
I have trusted many to my sorrow,  
So pay to-day and trust to-morrow.  
J. STEVENS, Landlord, (1832.)

The following odd sign comes from a Gloucestershire village:

Johnny Overy lives here, teaches music by steam;  
egg merchant and parish clerk, pie-kilner and bellman,  
J. O. sells red herrings and raisins, parasols and pistols, harm and sand, fiddle-strings and flour, tripe, dubbing, and all kinds of hardware but treacle.

At Coopersdale, Essex, there was some years since at the "Queen Victoria," a signboard bearing the following:

The Queen some day  
May pass this way,  
And see our Tom and Jerry;  
Perhaps she'll stop  
And stand a drop  
To make her subjects merry.

A shoemaker named Feather, at Bradford, has the following on his signboard:

Within this house a poor man dwells,  
In spite of wind and weather;  
Boots and shoes he makes and mends,  
His name is William Feather.

Another boot furnisher has the following:

When boots and shoes are nearly ended,  
Here they can be neatly mended;  
But, gentle folks, what do you think?  
I must have the ready chink.

Near Farnborough there is an inn with the following sign:

All who enter herein  
Need not have any fear,  
For, when they've drunk all the rum and gin,  
They can do the same with the beer.

One more bootmaker's sign, taken from Elstow, near Bedford, and we have done:

Here lives a man that won't refuse  
To make and mend both boots and shoes.  
His leather's good, his work is just,  
His profit's small, he cannot trust.

The above constitute a few examples of curious signs, but the list could be very materially added to.

**London's Daily Traffic.**

If the number of people daily entering London were to be dispatched from any given station by train, 1,977 trains, each conveying 600 persons, would be required for the purpose. Moreover, if all these trains were arranged in a straight line they would cover 221 miles of railway.

**Railway Stations in Russia.**

Most of the railway stations in Russia are about two miles from the towns which they respectively serve. This is a precaution against fire, as many of the Russian dwellings are thatched with straw.

Subscribe for THE GENOA REPUBLICAN if you want a newsy paper at moderate cost.

**GENOA DRY GOODS COMPANY**

Our Muslin Underwear Department has been a boom to the trade of Genoa this season. We are now showing as full a line as ever.

- Corset Covers in all sizes, 89c, 69c, 50c, 39c and..... 25c
- New line of Drawers just received. See those that we sell at 48c, 25c, and..... 23c
- A fine line of Skirts in embroidery and lace trimmed at \$1.73, \$1.50, \$1.19, and..... 73c
- See our line of fabric Gloves and Mitts, silk and mercerized, plain and lace, 50c and..... 25c

**Don't Forget Saturday's sale of men's negligee shirts in light colors---2 collars and 1 pair of cuffs, at..... 41c.**

- Men's Underwear in fine balbriggan shirts and drawers in all sizes at..... 50c
- Men's Gauze Underwear at..... 25c
- Fast black Half Hose at 9c..... 3 for..... 25c
- Fancy Half-Hose in colors and lace stripe..... 25c
- The celebrated "President" Suspender at..... 50c
- Men's muslin Nightrobes at 75c and..... 50c

Remember we sell the best Paper Pattern made--"THE NEW IDEA"-- July Sheets will be in this week.

**Genoa Dry Goods Co.**  
L. L. KNIPP, Manager

**THE GENOA REPUBLICAN JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT**

Is right in line with up-to-date work at reasonable prices. The best of inks and paper are used in our work, and our job work receives the closest attention in every particular.

**WE MIX BRAINS WITH OUR INK, AND OUR PRINTING PAYS**

**Our Store is a Bargain Center and the Birthplace of Low Prices**

That is the verdict of our customers. It is a well-known fact that we sell high grade merchandise cheaper than some stores ask for inferior grades. The reason why we do this is simply this: we buy goods in such large quantities that we get the inside price and consequently get them at a less figure than most other stores and therefore can afford to sell them cheaper. All we ask is, that you compare our goods and prices with what others show you and we know you will decide in our favor. Another good feature about our variety to select from, whether it be a suit of clothes or anything else in our line, as our stock is very much larger than any other store carries in this neck of the woods.

Remember also that we sold last year's styles last year, and we sell this year's styles this year. Everything must be up-to-date with us. When you get ready to buy

that Nobby Suit, that Stylish Hat, that Fancy Shirt, or that reliable pair of Shoes

...do not forget to call on...

**Anderson Bros.** Sycamore Illinois

Hart Schaffner & Marx Tailor Made Clothes



Hart, Schaffner & Marx Tailor Made Clothes

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**THE LAW.**

"Tis a truth as old as the soul of things—  
Whatever ye sow ye reap.  
Tis the cosmic law that forever springs  
From the unimagined deep.  
Tis shown in the manifold sorrows  
Of the race; in remorse with its secret  
stings;  
That he who grieves to his brother brings  
In his turn some day shall weep.  
To the man who hears his victim's cries  
And hardens his heart at the sound,  
At last a Nemesis dread shall rise  
From out of the void profound.  
Who sows in selfishness, greed, and hate  
Shall gain his deserts in the years that wait  
For the slow and remorseless wheel of Fate  
Forever turns 'round and 'round.  
If ye give out of mercy and love and light,  
The same shall return to you;  
For the standards of right are infinite  
And the scales of the gods are true.  
By its good or evil each life is weighed;  
In motives and deeds its record made;  
In the coin ye pay ye shall be repaid,  
When your wages at last fall due.  
—J. A. Edgerton, in Denver News.

**My Strangest Case**  
BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," etc.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by Ward, Lock & Co.)

**CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.**

When he had gone I sat down at my desk to think. I had had a good many surprises in my life, but I don't know that I had ever been more astonished than I was that afternoon. If only I had been aware of Hayle's identity when he had called upon me two mornings before, how simply everything might have been arranged! As a matter of fact I had been talking with the very man I had been paid to find, and, what was worse, had even terminated the interview myself. When I realized everything, I could have kicked myself for my stupidity. Why should I have suspected him, however? The very boldness of his scheme carried conviction with it! Certainly, Mr. Gideon Hayle was a foeman worthy of my steel, and I began to realize that, with such a man to deal with, the enterprise I had taken in hand was likely to prove a bigger affair than I had bargained for.

"Having failed in both his attempts to get me out of the way, his next move will be to leave England with as little delay as possible," I said to myself. "If only I knew in what part of London he was staying, I'd ransack it for him, if I had to visit every house in order to do so. As it is, he has a thousand different ways of escape, and unless luck favors me I shall be unable to prevent him from taking his departure."

At that moment there was a tap at the door and my clerk entered the room.

"Mr. Kitwater and Mr. Codd to see you, sir."

"Show them in," I said, and a moment later the blind man and his companion were ushered into my presence.

Codd must have divined from the expression upon my face that I was not pleased to see them.

"You must forgive me for troubling you again so soon," said Kitwater, as he dropped into the chair I had placed for him, "but you can understand that we are really anxious about the affair. Your letter tells us that you discovered that Hayle was in London a short time since, and that he had realized upon some of the stones. Is it not possible for you to discover some trace of his whereabouts?"

"I have not been able to do that yet," I answered. "It will be of interest to you, however, to know that he called upon me here in this room, and occupied the chair you are now sitting in, three days ago."

Kitwater clutched the arm of the chair in question and his face went as white as his beard.

"In this room three days ago, and sitting in your presence," he cried. "Then you know where he is, and can take us to him?"

"I regret that such a thing is out of my power," I answered. "The man came into and left this room without being hindered by me."

Kitwater sprang to his feet with an oath that struck me as coming rather oddly from the lips of a missionary.

"I see it all. You are in league with him," he cried, his face suffused with passion. "You are siding with him against us. By God you are, and I'll have you punished for it. You hoodwinked us, you sold us. You've taken our money, and now you've gone over and are acting for the enemy."

I opened the drawer of my table and took out the envelope he had given me when he had called. For a reason of my own I had not banked the note it contained.

"Excuse me, Mr. Kitwater," I said, speaking as calmly as I could, "but there seems to be a little misunderstanding. I have not sold you, and I have not gone over to the enemy. There is the money you gave me, and I will not charge you anything for the little trouble I have been put to. That should convince you of my integrity. Now perhaps you will leave my office, and let me wash my hands of the whole affair."

I noticed that little Codd placed his hand upon the other's arm. I traveled down until their hands met. I saw that the blind man was making an effort to recover his composure, and I felt sure that he regretted ever having lost it. A moment later Codd came across the room to my table, and, taking up a piece of paper, wrote upon it the following words:

"Kitwater is sorry, I am sure. Try to forgive him. Remember what he has suffered through Hayle."

The simplicity of the message touched me.

"Pray sit down a minute, Mr. Kitwater," I said, "and let me put myself right with you. It is only natural that you should get angry, if you think I have treated you as you said just now. However, that does not happen to be the case. I can assure you that had I known who Hayle was, I should have taken very good care that he did not leave this office until you had had an interview with him. Unfortunately, however, I was not aware of his identity. I have encountered some bold criminals in my time, but I do not know that I have ever had a more daring one than the man who treated you so badly."

I thereupon proceeded to give him a rough outline of Hayle's interview with myself, and his subsequent treatment of me. Both men listened with rapt attention.

"That is Hayle all over," said Kitwater when I had finished. "It is not his fault that you are not a dead man now. He will evade us if he possibly can. The story of the roughs you have just told us shows that he is aware that you are on the trail, and, if I know him at all, he will try the old dodge, and put running water between you and himself as soon as possible. As I said to you the other day, he knows the world as well as you know London, and, in spite of what people say, there are still plenty of places left in it where he can hide and we shall never find him. With the money he stole from us he can make himself as comfortable as he pleases wherever he may happen to be. To sum it all up, if he gets a week's start of us, we shall never set eyes on him again."

"If that is so we must endeavor to make sure that he does not get that start," I replied. "I will have the principal ports watched, and in the meantime will endeavor to find out where he has stowed himself away in London. You may rest assured of one thing, gentlemen, I took this matter up in the first place as an ordinary business speculation. I am now going on for that reason and another. Mr. Hayle tried a trick on me that I have never had attempted before, and for the future he is my enemy as well as yours. I hope I have set myself right with you now. You do not still believe that I am acting in collusion with him?"

"I do not," Kitwater answered, vehemently. "And I most humbly apologize for having said what I did. It would have served me right if you had thrown the case up there and then, and I regard it as a proof of your good feeling towards us that you consent to continue your work upon it. To-day is Friday, is it not? Then perhaps by Sunday you may have something more definite to tell us."

"It is just possible, I may," I returned.

"In that case I am instructed by my niece to ask if you will give us the pleasure of your company at Bishopstowe on that day. After the toils of London, a day in the country



A TRAVELING RUG THROWN OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND CARRYING A SMALL, BROWN LEATHER BAG IN HIS HAND, STOOD GIDEON HAYLE.

will do you no harm, and needless to say we shall be most pleased to see you."

I remembered the girl's pretty face and the trim neat figure. I am not a lady's man, far from it, nevertheless I thought that I should like to renew my acquaintance with her.

"I shall be very pleased to accept Miss Kitwater's invitation, provided I have something of importance to communicate," I said. "Should I not be able to come, you will of course understand that my presence is required in London or elsewhere. My movements must of necessity be regulated by those of Mr. Hayle, and while I am attending to him I am not my own master."

Kitwater asked me one or two more questions about the disposal of the gems to the merchants in Hatton Garden, groaned as I describe the enthusiasm of the dealers, swore under his breath when he heard of Hayle's cunning in refusing to allow either his name or address to be known, and then rose and bade me good-by.

During dinner that evening I had plenty to think about. The various events of the day had been so absorbing, and had followed so thick and fast upon each other, that I had little time to seriously digest them. As I ate my meal, and drank my modest pint of claret, I gave them my fullest consideration. As Kitwater had observed, there was no time to waste if we desired to lay our hands upon that slippery Mr. Hayle. Given the full machinery of the law, and its boundless resources to stop

him, it is by no means an easy thing for a criminal to fly the country unobserved; but with me the case was different. I had only my own and the exertions of a few and trusted servants to rely upon, and it was therefore impossible for us to watch all the various backdoors leading out of England at once. When I had finished my dinner I strolled down the Strand as far as Charing Cross station. Turner was to leave for St. Petersburg that night by the mail train, and I had some instructions to give him before his departure. I found him in the act of attending to the labeling of his luggage, and, when he had seen it safely on the van, we strolled down the platform together. I warned him of the delicate nature of the operation he was about to undertake, and bade him use the greatest possible care that the man he was to watch did not become aware of his intentions. Directly he knew for certain that this man was about to leave Russia, he was to communicate with me by cipher, and with my representative in Berlin, and then follow him with all speed to that city himself. As I had good reason to know, he was a shrewd and intelligent fellow, and one who never forgot any instructions that might be given him. Knowing that he was a great votary of the Goddess Nicotine, I gave him a few cigars to smoke on the way to Dover.

"Write to me immediately when you have seen your man," I said. "Remember me to Herr Schneider, and if you should see—"

I came to a sudden stop, for there, among the crowd, not three-carriage lengths away from me, a traveling-rug thrown over his shoulder, and carrying a small brown leather bag in his hand, stood Gideon Hayle. Unfortunately, he had already seen me, and almost before I realized what he was doing, he was making his way through the crowd in the direction of the main entrance.

Without another word to Turner, I set off in pursuit, knowing that he was going to make his bolt, and that if I missed him now it would probably be my last chance of coming to grip with him. Never before had the platform seemed so crowded. An exasperating lady, with a lanky youth at her side, hindered my passage, porters with trucks piled with luggage barred the way just when I was getting along nicely; while, as I was about to make my way out into the courtyard, an idiotic Frenchman seized me by the arm and implored me to show him "ze office of ze money-changeaire."

I replied angrily that I did not know, and ran out into the portico, only to be in time to see Gideon Hayle take a seat in a hansom. He had evidently given his driver his instructions, for the man whipped up his horse, and went out of the yard at a speed which, at any other hour, would certainly have got him into trouble with the police. I called up another cab and jumped into it, promising the man a sovereign as I did so, if he would keep the other cab in sight, and find out for me its destination.

"Right ye are, sir," the cabman replied. "You jest leave that to me. I won't let him go out of my sight."

Then we, in our turn, left the yard of the station, and set off eastwards along the Strand in pursuit. Both cabmen were sharp fellows and evidently familiar with every twist and turn of their famous London. In my time I have had a good many curious drives in one part of the world and another, but I think that chase will always rank first. We traveled along the Strand, about 100 yards behind the other vehicle, then turned up Southampton street, through Covent Garden by way of Henrietta street into Long Acre. After that I cannot pretend to have any idea of the direction we took. I know that we passed through Drury Lane, crossed High Holborn, to presently find ourselves somewhere at the back of Gray's Inn. The buildings of the Parcells' Post depot marked another stage in our journey. But still the other cab did not show any sign of coming to a standstill. Leaving Mount Pleasant behind us, we entered that dingy labyrinth of streets lying on the other side of the Clerkenwell House of Detention. How much longer was the chase going to last? Then, to my delight, the other cab slackened its pace, and eventually pulled up before a small public-house. We were so close behind it that we narrowly escaped a collision. I sprang out, and ran to the other vehicle in order to stop Hayle before he could alight.

"Wot's up, gunner?" asked the cabman. "Don't go a worriting of yourself. There's nobody inside."

He was quite right, the cab was empty!

**CHAPTER VI.**

I flatter myself that I am a man who is not easily disconcerted, but for the second time that day I was completely taken aback. I had watched that cab so closely, had followed its progress so carefully, that it seemed impossible Hayle could have escaped from it. Yet there was the fact, apparent to all the world, that he had got away. I looked from the cab to the cabman and then at my own driver, who had descended from his perch and was standing beside me.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it," I said aloud, when I had recovered somewhat from my astonishment. My own driver, who had doubtless begun to think that the sovereign I had promised him was in danger, was inclined to be somewhat belligerent. It appeared as if he were anxious to make a personal matter of it, and in proof of this he sternly demanded of his rival what he had done with his fare.

"You don't think I've ate him, do yer?" asked that worthy. "What's it got to do with me what a fare does? I set 'im down, same as I should do you, and now I am on my way 'ome. Look arter your own fare, and take him 'ome and put him ter bed, but don't yer a'come abotherin' me. I've done the best day's work I've ever 'ad in my life, and if so be the pair of yer like to come into the pub here, well, I don't know as I won't a stand yer both a two of Scotch cold. It looks as if 'twould kind a' cheer the gunner up a bit, seein' as how he's dis'appointed like. Come on now!"

It is one of my principles, and to it I feel that I owe a considerable portion of my success, that I never allow my pride to stand in the way of my business. The most valuable information is not unfrequently picked up in the most unlikely places, and for this reason I followed my own Jehu and his rival into the public-house in question. The man was visibly elated by the good stroke of business he had done that night, and was inclined to be convivial.

"E was a proper sort of bloke," he said as we partook of our refreshment. "E give me a fiver, 'e did, an' I wishes as 'ow I could meet another like 'im every day."

"They do say as how one man's mutton is another man's poison," retorted my driver, who, in spite of the entertainment he was receiving, visibly regarded the other with disfavor. "If you'd a give us the tip, I'd 'ave 'ad my suvering. As it is I don't take it friendly like that you should 'a bilked us."

(To Be Continued)

**DECORATION WITH A MORAL.**

**Its Recipient Breaks a Pledge Not to Accept Such Honors and Is Sorry.**

A story illustrative of an unfortunate error of judgment is told at the expense of the late Baron Nordenskjold, says Youth's Companion. When he was on his way home from the Siberian coast, he received a telegram from the Russian government, asking him if he would accept a decoration from the czar in recognition of his services to the country.

Now the baron was a member of the Anti-Decoration society, which pledged its supporters to receive no decorations from anybody; and he wrestled long and faithfully with himself before finally he yielded to the temptation, and telegraphed back that he would gladly accept the honor.

How great, then, was his chagrin when, on reaching home, a friend told him that the czar was fully aware of his antipathy to honors of the nature of decorations, and he had put aside the sum of 300,000 rubles, to be given to him in case of his refusal of the offer.

"Russia," added the friend, blandly, "is certainly grateful to you for your failure to live up to your pledge."

A man does not lose 300,000 rubles every time he breaks a pledge, but the moral is a good one for all that.

**Rosa's Bonheur's Lions.**

Rosa Bonheur gave the freedom of her gardens to the lions of the menagerie at By. Sometimes the passers-by on the road would regard with stupefaction a tawny lion crouching on the terrace of Mile. Rosa, and gazing majestically from the height of the wall which formed his pedestal. However, after a while the artist grew tired of entertaining such expensive guests, which, moreover, in spite of all assurances, kept the neighborhood in a constant state of terror, and she gave her last lion, so carefully tamed, to the Jardin des Plantes. It was a privilege to hear the charming woman tell of her visit to her imprisoned pet, of how sad he was, revelling no longer in the caresses of his mistress, while his mane looked dirty and uncombed. "The poor animal," said she, "rose up when he saw me, and his glance, so eloquent and pathetic, seemed to tell me—I am wrong; his look actually said: 'See what they have done to me. I am weary. I suffer. Save me! Take me back!'"—Harper's Magazine.

**A Burst of Generosity.**

A man from Dunedin once visited (the town of) Wellington. An Irish friend insisted upon the visitor staying at his house instead of at a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to the theaters and other amusements, paying all the cab fares, and the rest. When the visitor was returning to Dunedin, the Irishman saw him down to the steamer, and they went into the saloon to have a parting drink.

"What'll you have?" asked the host, continuing his hospitality to the very last.

"Now, look here," said the man from Dunedin, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at yer house for a month, an' payin' for a' the theaters an' cabs an' drinks—I tell ye I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—The Scotsman.

**Excessive Politeness.**

There is a man who is always apologizing, and some say: "How courteous he is!" Know that he is a thorough and aggressive egotist. He runs against you, he steps on your foot, he tries to pass you on the left, he knocks your hat as he hangs by a strap in the car, he sits on your coat tail—what does he not do to call attention to his own breeding? Sometimes he throws the accent on "beg," sometimes on "pardon." The speech is merely a rhetorical flourish and he has practiced all the variations.—Boston Journal.

**Ominous.**

When a woman's eyes look like fire, and she rattles the dishes more in cooking than usual, it means that when her husband appears, she intends to start something.—Atchison Globe.

**F. O. HOLTGREN**

**Gent's Furnishings**  
**Merchant Tailor**

**Genoa, Ill.**

<b>UNDERWEAR</b> Our light underwear is now offered for your inspection and purchase. Don't make purchases elsewhere before looking over our stock of garments. We have just what you want for Spring wear.	<b>HATS, SHIRTS, AND NECKWEAR</b> We challenge competition in this line for we have the latest styles. Shirts from 50c up to \$1.50. Take a peep at our neckwear; You'll find the latest and best.
<b>FANCY Hosiery</b> We have some surprising values in Fancy Hosiery. We guarantee our prices the lowest and goods the best. Call in and examine our goods.	<b>MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING</b> Our styles of Spring Clothing are now ready for you. Our line of goods is seldom equaled—perfect in fashion and best texture. Satisfaction guaranteed.

We have in our new line of Straw Hats. We have always made a special effort for the Spring Trade, but this year we have made extra efforts, and we feel satisfied that we have just what you want. The latest styles.

**Spring Clothing**

**Clefford & Perkins**

**HARDWARE**

Stoves Tinware

If you are ready To equip yourself with the necessary summer articles for your home, lawn or garden don't forget that we have just what you need along this line.

Lawn Hose Garden Tools  
Lawn Mowers

**Clefford & Perkins**

Genoa Illinois

This little blank is designed to help you get your name on our list correctly. Do not forget the Dollar. Do it now.

SUBSCRIPTION COUPON  
 SEND... TO...  
**The Genoa Republican**  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Town \_\_\_\_\_  
 For \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_  
 Amount Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ Signed \_\_\_\_\_

# TO THE FARMERS!

1902 finds us again in the field with the well known

Deering Harvesters, Mowers, Hay Rakes, and the most Scientific Corn Harvester the world has ever seen.

It stands to reason that the machinery that is made to run with the least power will wear longest. The less the friction the less power it takes to run the same; the less the friction the longer they will wear. Bear this in mind. Therefore, I claim that I have the lightest running, most durable, lightest to handle and the neatest worker in the field of any machine on the market. I have sold and put in operation more of these machines, in this territory, than all the rest put together.

This alone ought to convince all farmers which machine they ought to buy!

Don't forget me when the season opens. Call and I will tell you what I can do for you. All goods and work warranted as represented. Let me hear what you want and I will supply you at reasonable rates. The Genoa agents for the following standard makes:--

Advance Threshers and Engines

The Elgin Wind Mills

Trahern Pumps

Henney Buggies

## Jas. R. Kiernan, Genoa, Ill.

### GRADUATING EXERCISES.

(Continued from Page 3.)

LAUNCHED BUT NOT ANCHORED.

Jennie Margaret Stewart.

Could we but visit the coast along the busy Atlantic and contrast the great ships of various kinds with the rude rafts of the Grecian, centuries ago, the hol- lowed logs used in the early days by the French and English or even the canoe of the American Indians, we would stand in awe of the great laws that have been demonstrated and put to practice from time to time, to the begin- ning of the present century.

Simple and easy investigation would reveal wonderful changes and developments in the art of shipbuilding and ship construc- tion. At first they were propell- ed by oar, then by sails, and final- ly by steam. And the material of which they are made marks fully as great changes.

Then, too, the method of de- signing and building of our great vessels present an aspect of in- spiring mechanism and we can not wonder at the enthusiasm of Henry W. Longfellow in his "Building of the Ship":

"Build me straight, O worthy master! Staunch and strong, a goodly ves- sel, That shall laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

But while we seem to realize that the designing and construc- tion of a mighty ocean vessel, the

symmetry, the beauty of form and exactness of the fitting, awe in- spiring, yet these will not thrill the very soul of man as will the launching of the ship, which the poet enthusiastically describes also:

"All is finished and at length Has come the bridal day Of beauty and of strength. To-day the vessel shall be launch- ed,

The master with a gesture of command Waved his hand, and at the word, Loud and sudden there was heard All around them and below The sound of hammers; blow on blow, Knocking away the shores and spurs, And see! She stirs, She starts.— she moves,— she seems to feel

The thrill of life along her keel, And spurring with her foot the ground, With one exulting, joyous bound She leaps into the ocean's arms!"

Launched, not anchored, but ready to move and face the wild- est sea, and breast the greatest storm and pull the dignity of the most worthy, with the treasure entrusted to her.

For twelve long years, ships of quite another nature have been building. Many begun in differ- ent docks, designed by differ- ent architects, the foundation laid by different workmen, different in material and aim, and yet alike in their possibilities upon the sea of life. But as we follow up the process of construction of these vessels one fails here, another condemned there, until the final

course is finished we can count but nine ready to be launched from the High School into the waters of various seas to be tested by the rougher, colder winds of practice and in a broader expanse of the world's business.

How carefully were the ideas of the foundation put into place by faithful teachers entrusted with the designing and laying the foundation of our school course, and how we struggled with those first problems feeling that we had conquered a world by the time we had finished the course and passed from the first room, and from year to year we met and completed new courses until final- ly we reached the final struggle of the last grade in the High school which completed our train- ing in public schools.

Through all these years of study and work our parents and teachers have been our architects and builders. They now pilot us from the dry docks and launch us into broad waters, where we will receive the protection of stronger and wiser minds less and less, to be tried by the rough- er hands of experience, and in our turn begin to help others over the same road that we have trav- eled; for all have a work to do in one way or another.

"All are architects of Fate, Working in these walls of Time; Some with massive deeds and great, Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low: Each thing in its place is best; And what seems but idle show Strengthens and supports the rest, For the structure that we raise, Time is with materials filled; Our to-days and yesterdays Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these; Leave no yawning gaps between; Think not, because no man sees, Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art, Builders wrought with greatest care, Each minute and unseen part; For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well, Both the unseen and the seen; Make the house, where God may dwell, Beautiful, entire and clean,

Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of Time, Broken stairways, where the feet Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure, With a firm and ample base; And ascending and secure Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain To those turrets, where the eye Sees the world as one vast plain And one boundless reach of sky."

### COMPUTING THE SPEED.

An Irishman's Idea of How Fast the Cart Was Going.

This sounds as if it came from the variety stage. But, as a matter of fact, it is history, for occasionally funny things happen in the courts, in spite of the lawyers.

It was in a street accident case and a good-humored Irishman was a wit- ness.

The judge, lawyers and everybody else were trying their best to extract from the Irishman something about the speed of a cart.

"Was it going fast?" asked the judge.

"Aw, yis, it were," answered the witness.

"How fast?"

"Oh, purty fasht, yer honor."

"Well, how fast?"

"Aw, purty fasht."

"Was it as fast as a man can run?"

"Aw, yis," said the Irishman, glad that the basis for an analogy was thus supplied for him. "As fasht as two min kin run."—London Tit-Bits.

### IN QUEST OF GOLD.

Several members of the British parliament are interested in a syndi- cate which has undertaken to recover a great treasure in gold and precious stones from the bottom of a lake in Colombia. Nine years ago, says the New York Mail and Express, at the world's fair in Chicago, were dis- played articles of household use and ornaments of gold recovered from this lake to the value of \$35,000, and photographs of others to the value of \$40,000 taken from the same place, which are now in the possession of the Spanish crown. The Colombian government also has several thou- sand dollars' worth of treasure trove recovered from this lake.

The lake is near Bogota, the capital of Colombia, and the vast amount of treasure is supposed to have been thrown into it first as a sacrifice to the patron deity of the Chibeha In- dians, second in power and civiliza- tion to the Aztecs and the Peruvians, and afterward to keep it out of the hands of the Spanish conquerors.

Many of the gold ornaments owned by the Spanish and Colombian gov- ernments were recovered, some from the lake, 50 years ago, by a citizen of Bogota, who got permission to drain the lake to get at its treasure. He succeeded in lowering the waters of the lake until a considerable amount of treasure had been exposed and gathered. Then a mighty storm arose, caused, the natives believed, by the angered spirit of the old heath- en god to whom the Chibehas used to sacrifice, and the engineering works of Bogota were swept away and the lake filled up again.

Should the syndicate be successful in draining the lake they will spoil one of the favorite diversions of the modern Bogotan. In the cool of the evening the leisurely people of the Colombian capital are fond of rowing upon the treasure-bearing water.

Taking a boat and affixing a small drag to it, they will pull leisurely across the lake, often being rewarded by recovering some small relic of the golden days. The matter of draining the lake has been talked of for several years, but now the project has as- sumed a definite shape, and work will be begun just as soon as things have quieted down a bit in Colombia, now torn by revolution.

Around this lake the modern au- thorities agree in locating that El- dorado which so inflamed the desires of the adventurers of Spain. Gon- zales de Quesada was the first white man who set foot in the city. In the year 1535, with 166 men, he arrived at the port of Santa Maria, sailed up the Magdalena river to Santander, and crossed over onto the tableland of Bo- gota. There he fell upon the Chibe- has after the manner of Cortez in Mexico, and routed them in a pitched battle.

### TOO CANDID.

Intending Purchaser Should Have Kept Reason for Buying to Himself.

He was an owner of landed prop- erty. One morning a stranger en- tered his office and said to him:

"Are you Mr. Highrent?"

"I am."

"You own property at 600 Honey- suckle terrace?"

"I do."

"And you are going to sell it?"

"I am."

"I should like to buy it, then. I have purchased the house next to it for a residence, and, to be candid, I don't like the kind of tenants you let your house to. I wish to buy it and select my own neighbors."

"No, sir," answered the owner of the property. "That puts a different aspect on the matter. I don't care to sell the place now. I shall keep it, and raise the rent on the ground that the neighborhood is improving."—London Tit-Bits.

## WILL CELEBRATE THE FOURTH

Genoa Merchants Are Arranging a Celebration for the Fourth. Prospects Bright for a Big Day Here.

A committee of Genoa's leading merchants are calling upon the business men arranging for a celebration on the Fourth.

From the present outlook it will be a successful venture.

There will be a fire race and ball game and many other attractions.

Let every one in this vicinity help to make it a success.

### PERFECT ATTENDANCE.

Pupils in high school who were present every day during the school year just ended were: Misses Flora Olmsted, Floyd Gabriel, Hazel Robinson, and Messrs. George Evans, Jesse Little, Charles Leonard.

### SEMI-ANNUAL FAIR.

The Ladies' Aid society will hold their semi-annual fair in the parlors of the first M. E. church Wednesday, June 18.

Needle work articles will be offered for sale. Dinner and supper will be served.

### WILL WED JUNE 18.

Dr. Henry Amos Wyllys of Kingston and Miss Cora Higbee of Wyoming, Illinois, will be married June 18 at the home of the bride at Wyoming. The groom is a prominent young physician and is very popular in Kingston.

A reception will be given June 21 at the home of Mrs. A. N. Wyllys, mother of the groom, in Kingston.

### EXCURSIONS VIA ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Springfield, Ill.—Democratic state convention, June 17. Excursion tickets on sale June 16, 17 and 18 limited to return June 19, \$5.95 round trip.

Rockford, Ill.—Annual picnic I. O. O. F. Interstate Social association July 17, excursion tickets on sale July 16 and 17, good returning to and including July 18, One and a third fare round trip.

### Rates for the Fourth of July.

One and a third fare to all points on I. C. R. R. within 200 miles, no rate made on the one and a third fare basis to be less than fifty cents. On sale July 3 and 4 limited to return until and including July 7.

S. R. Crawford, agent.

### WOMAN IN A FRAY.

Gave a Drunken Man What He Very Richly Deserved.

Sixtieth street and Broadway, in New York, has long been known as a bad corner. On one side stands a saloon and on the other a music hall for which, until recently, Commissioner Partridge refused a license. A drunken man, accompanied by a Great Dane dog and holding in his hand a sandwich, reeled out of the saloon yesterday just in time to spy a woman member of Mr. Grau's opera company passing with a small collie. The fellow set his dog on the collie, and there was a lively encounter, in which the woman joined, until finally she succeeded in separating the dogs. This disagreeable task completed, she walked over to the drunken man, who had shown signs of enjoyment at the sight of the big dog eating up a little one, and called him a miserable loafer. Instead of making a polite reply, the man threw his sandwich in the woman's face. It is not possible from what the onlookers knew of the woman to state by what particular virtue of opera performing she had become physically capable, but when the drunken man next found a moment to breathe, his face was bleeding from the strokes of a rawhide whip, his hat was torn, and his clothing was ripped. Some of the bystanders, who were up in pugilistic technicalities, thought they saw the woman land with a left jab. About two score of men, who had gathered to see the fray, took the side of the woman, and made a common punching bag of their fellow creature. It required the best efforts of three policemen to break up this diverting game. The man was dragged away to the West Sixty-eighth street police station, and another man, who said he had lost a dog, came afterwards and claimed the Great Dane.—N. Y. Post.

## FRUIT TREES AS BOUQUETS.

Peach Blossoms Now Forced for English Dinner Table Decorations.

Until a few years ago fruit trees were grown solely with a view to their edible crop; but recently, says the London Mail, the craze for novelty, which affects horticulture in the same way as it does everything else, has led to different varieties being cultivated in many cases solely for their flowers.

The kinds which lend themselves most readily to this treatment are certain varieties of the plum, cherry, peach and currant. They are gently forced on in the winter in a greenhouse, so that by the time spring arrives they are already in full bloom, a curious result of this method of culture being that in many cases there is nothing but bloom to be seen, as the leaves of the tree have not yet developed.

The uses to which these flowering fruit trees are put are purely decorative. In conservatories and drawing-rooms they, of course, supply a wealth of pink or white blossom, while the smaller kinds are freely used for display on the dining-room table. For this purpose they are invaluable at the present season of the year, when, with the exception of daffodils and early tulips, there is little to depend on in the way of flowers for table decoration.

Fruit trees grown in this way for ornamental purposes never, of course, form any fruit. As a matter of fact, however, those most in favor for the purpose, have, by means of hybridization, been transplanted in double-flowering sorts, which do not bear fruit. Many of the single-flowering kinds are used, but the strain of producing premature flowers effectively destroys their fruiting proclivities.

Apart from the growing of the whole trees themselves, a branch of their new industry has sprung up among nurserymen and florists through the new, but ever-increasing, demands for sprays of fruit blossoms. These have at times fetched as much as 15 shillings a spray, though the price generally rules lower. Such sprays are used, like the whole trees for the purposes of table decoration, but in a different way. A favorite method with the scented sorts, such as the almond and cherry, is to float the sprays in flat dishes of water, when their fragrance will be found to be much more generally diffused than if they were stuck into epergnes in the ordinary way.

The most graceful way of all of displaying these beautiful floral branches, is, however, by arranging just three or four of them in a high vase resembling a celery glass. This custom, like the chrysanthemum craze, is of Japanese origin, but it does not bear the significance here that it does in the east. Among the Japs the arrangement of a vase of flowering plum or cherry is quite a serious matter. Each particular branch has a different meaning, and the whole together indicates a story built up somewhat on the lines of "The House That Jack Built." It is not always that these stories can be arranged in their entirety, as each stage has to be represented by a branch having a distinctive curve. Consequently, to arrange one of these stories or legends completely is a feat to be proud of. Each story, too, requires a different shaped vase to carry it out properly, and these are usually quaint vessels of beaten copper.

Although they have such a beautiful effect, these flowering fruit trees are by no means expensive, as they can be purchased for from three shillings to five shillings each, and, considering the time they last, they are therefore cheaper as table decorations than cut flowers.

### Poverty in a Rich City.

A woman, poor, fragile and anxious looking, went into a prosperous butcher shop the other day. In her arms was a baby, and four children, none of them much more than a baby, toddled after her. "I want eight cents' worth of meat," the woman said, looking greedily at the tender quarters of lamb and pieces of juicy beef. "What kind?" asked the butcher. "I don't care what it is, but I want the most I can get for eight cents," she replied. "Is that all the money you have?" the man asked. "No, I have ten cents, but I have to buy coal with that to cook the meat." "That's a hard case," the butcher said, "but it's too common for us to do much about it."—N. Y. Press.

### A French Physician's Idea.

A French physician proposes the enactment of a law forbidding women under 30 to wear a corset of any kind, under penalty of a fine or imprisonment.

## THE ELDER SOTHERN.

Played Many a Harmless Practical Joke on Guests and Servants.

Many stories are told of Mr. Sothern's original methods of entertaining his friends at dinner, and possibly the most amusing is that of the belated guest. When late in the dinner this friend was announced, Mr. Sothern exclaimed: "Let us all hide under the table;" and down they all went save Mr. Sothern himself, who remained seated. When the tardy guest entered, Mr. Sothern rose and received him with exquisite courtesy, saying: "When your name was announced, my guests, for some unaccountable reason, all hid under the table." After a few moments of discomfort on one they crept out and back to their seats.

I heard from both Mr. Sothern and Mrs. Vincent this account of an outburst of fun at a dinner given by him in his parlor at the Revere house. As the guests, ten in number, were gathered about the open fire before dinner, a stout, pompous waiter, afflicted with short breath, added the last touches to his dinner table, already spread. Ten large square pieces of bread were placed with mathematical precision one at each plate, and then he left the room to bring the wine. Mr. Sothern saw his opportunity, and calling his dog, cried: "Tiger, the bread—quick, Tiger!" And the nimble little greyhound bounded lightly upon the table again and again, as he heard his master's imperative: "Fetch the bread!" until each piece had been removed to a dark corner near the fire. Upon the waiter's return all was silence. The expectant look upon Mr. Sothern's face showed only that dinner was awaited. Standing for a moment bewildered, the waiter, seeing no bread upon the table, hesitatingly turned to the door, then retraced his steps to the table, examined it carefully, and hurriedly left the room. He soon reappeared with a fresh plate of bread, and again at each plate a piece was carefully placed, and he retired with the empty plate. "Quick, Tiger, fetch it again!" "More bread!" "More bread!" And once more each piece was removed before the grave waiter reappeared, and all were again silent. One look at the table and one at the guests, and there remained no doubt. Those poor hungry actors had eaten it! With a look of contempt he announced dinner, and after all were safely seated at the table, he brought a third plate of bread, and with a fork placed it, with a gesture of scorn, piece by piece, for each person and for the host. The merry scene soon disarmed his hostility, and before the evening was over the bread in the corner was revealed.—Mrs. Lucy Derby Fuller, in Century.

### SHE PREFERRED CASH.

Japanese Actress Declined a Present from President Loubet. There is a dainty little Japanese actress in Paris who has captured the hearts of the French beau monde. Her name is Sada Yacco. She is an artiste, and a charming one. She is, moreover, exceedingly frank, appallingly so at times, and in her naive Japanese way says exactly what she thinks, and thereby startles a society used to polite dissimulation. Only a short time ago the Japanese actress was honored by a request that she should appear at a private performance to be given to the president of France. She was delighted. So were the president and his guests. President Loubet's delight took the form of an exceedingly rare and valuable vase of old Sevres, which he presented to the actress with his own august hands. She smiled at him with that beaming, childlike smile that only the Japanese can achieve. "Very sorry," she said, in her soft, broken French. "Very sorry. Not take vase to Japan. Too far; get broken. Take money. Very sorry." She beamed upon the president. The onlookers gasped, but Sada Yacco was unconscious that she had done anything out of the ordinary. She got her money. She left the Sevres vase.—London Answers.

### Mexican Wool.

Of the total wool crop in the world 2,685,000,000 pounds, Mexico produces this year only 5,000,000 pounds, and the Argentine Republic and Chili exceed Mexico in their individual outputs. Although the wool output of Mexico is relatively small, the quality of the article is excellent. The best wool districts are in the states of San Luis Potosi, Nuevo Leon, Sonora and Chihuahua.

### Will Out in the End.

Truth may be eclipsed, but cannot be extinguished.—Chicago Daily News.

## ROMANCE OF INVENTION.

Case of Men Who Whittled Their Way to Success in Life.

Three remarkable instances are known in which the Yankee boy's trick of whittling led to valuable inventions. According to a writer in the Stationary Engineer and Machinist, the elder Cunard, who was apprenticed as a lad to a Scotch ship-builder, is said to have amused himself in whittling the hulls of vessels. Occasionally he would fit one of these with masts, sails and rigging complete. Tired of familiar types, he would experiment with new ships, and one of these it was that attracted the attention of his master, because it would not maintain its upright position in the water. Experiments were made to ballast it, in order to give it the proper trim. The clipper-like shape and graceful, long lines of the model promised great speed. Such is said to be the origin of the standard model of the Cunard and later ocean greyhounds.

Robert Livingston Stevens had grown to man's estate when he sailed from New York to Liverpool, 80 years ago. But he had not outgrown his love of whittling. In those days the passage took two months, and Stephens passed many an hour, jack-knife in one hand and a piece of wood in the other, brooding over a problem that had often worried him—how to run a railroad without stringers for tracks. He wanted to get an iron rail that would "hold," and would take the place of the thin strips fastened to the chair of the roadbed. Just before he reached England, his whittling revealed to him the solution of his problem, and that solution took the form of a T-rail with a broad base that could be applied direct to a solid wooden support. The T-rail is still in use on all railways of the world.

### HARD TO GET A START.

A Scheme That Was Successful in One Case, Not in Another.

The old story of the merchant who advertised for a young man, and, as a test of character, offered each applicant a bundle, knotted with twine, to them, and selected the youth for the vacant position who did not cut the string, but patiently labored over the knots until they were untied—that was good in the old days. Now, the merchant would say to himself: "The position is worth a dollar a day, or ten cents an hour for ten hours' work. If that young man wastes 15 minutes' time, worth 24 cents, trying to save a piece of twine worth one-eighth of a cent, he is no good to me."

Billy Rice, a negro minstrel, used to tell the story of a man who picked up a pin as he was leaving the office of a great merchant, after an unsuccessful quest for work. The merchant, seeing the man's action from the window, called him back and gave him employment, which kindness he repaid by becoming owner of the entire business in an incredibly short time.

Billy used to end his story by saying that he tried that scheme once, when he was looking for work, dropping a pin carefully on the floor as he entered. He stated his wants to the proprietor, who not only had no employment to offer him, but remarked to his partner as Rice picked up the pin: "Say, if that fellow's so small as to steal a pin off the floor, how much do you think he'd leave in my till?"—N. Y. Herald.

### Word Blindness.

Some curious instances of the physical defect of "word blindness" are given in the Lancet. The disease is, fortunately, uncommon. In one case the sufferer, an Englishman, 31 years of age, who knew Greek, Latin and French well, suddenly lost all knowledge of English, though he could read and understand Greek perfectly, and Latin and French in a rather smaller degree. Another and almost more curious case was that of a man who lost the power of reading at sight. This patient was able to write accurately from dictation, but was completely unable to read what he had written. Word blindness is apparently akin to color blindness, but is certainly attended by much more inconvenient consequences.

### A Remarkable Family.

On the steamship Haverford, which reached this port from Liverpool recently, came aged William Schinnick, his wife and their 14 children. The Schinnicks are Swedes, and traveled in the steerage. All the 14 children are unmarried, and range in age from five to 55. Such a wide diversity of age as this among brothers and sisters has probably never before been equaled.—Philadelphia Record.

## OUR "BACK PARENTS."

Some Old-Time Escapades—A Gallant Defense of the Modern Girl.

The writer has been hearing a great deal of late about the general depravity of the girl of the period and how poorly she compares with her ancestress in good qualities. It has had all the changes of this song dinged into its ears until it begins to wonder whether our grandmothers were really such paragons, and the Margarets and Elizabeths of to-day as terrible as they are pictured.

There is a girl who has a grandparent who never looks at her that she doesn't wag her head solemnly and say: "What are the young people of this generation coming to anyway? There were no such goings on when I was a maiden. Young women were modest, and refined, and quiet, and ladylike then. Now they're shocking, in their forwardness and with their horsey ways."

Now, it is very exasperating to have to stand this day in and day out, no matter who is listening; so the girl made some inquiries into the family history and prepared herself for the fray. Then, the very next time she was sighed and groaned over she made the attack:

"I think girls are more honorable nowadays than they were when you were young, granny," said she, affectionately. "Why, Grandama Sarah says you were engaged to be married to two other men when your wedding cards were sent out, and that that was the first intimation they had that you were going to wed grandfather. Now, I wouldn't do a thing like that."

Confronted with the evidence of her villainy, the old lady was only abashed for a moment. Then she laughed. "Ah! we Maryland girls were sad flirts," said she; and she was quite set up all day over the recollection of her triumph. So evidently a spirit of regeneration had not yet set in.

Another very old lady, who also mourns the lack of dignity of her granddaughters, tells with many a reminiscent giggle of how she and a madeup cousin painted white the mane and tail of a black horse ridden by an unwelcome suitor one night. This youth knew his attentions were not desired by the girl, but he persisted in coming to dinner and tea, and so she decorated the poor horse. A sufficient hint, for neither steed nor rider ever came back again.

Now, it's quite certain that the modern young woman wouldn't do anything half so spiteful. Why, she wouldn't injure the automobile of a visitor, no matter how unwelcome he might be—that is, always supposing that a man who owned an automobile could be unwelcome.

If books describing ye olden times are to be believed, our great-grandmothers drank, gambled, took snuff, and even swore, when it suited them. They played whist for so many shillings a corner; they partook of wine quite freely, and they used strenuous language when a servant disobeyed them, and even chastised him with their own hands, if he need.

They were spirited, attractive creatures, these women of a couple of generations ago—if historical novels and family anecdotes are to be believed—and the modern girl seems a quiet creature beside them.

Now, the writer has no desire to belittle the virtues of her "back parents" (as the cook calls them), but

it would like the up-to-date maid to have justice done her. It is tired of hearing her continually disparaged and told that, compared to those who went before, she's a marvel of depravity.

Truth is, she's a very sweet and dainty thing, with good principles and plenty of good, hard sense.—Baltimore News.

### Public-House Etiquette.

In Russia no man may enter a government public house without removing his hat, a rule which has caused some trouble, it appears, since the establishment of the government spirit shops. There have been disputes between the officials behind the bars and the customers as to the removal of the headgear, with the result that the question was submitted to the minister of finance. That official has caused notices to be issued warning the public against any disrespectful demeanor while in the state public houses, frequenters of which must in the future remove their hats.

### Funerals in Paris.

All the funerals in Paris are conducted by a single syndicate, which has a licensed monopoly of the business. There is a regular tariff of rates, a first-class funeral costing \$2,000, and a cheap, or ninth-class, five dollars.

### BREVITIES OF FUN.

Bings—"I never saw such a generous man as Smithers. He'll divide with anybody." Bangs—"Yes; no matter how much they have."—Cornell Widow.

Satisfied—"Say! That dollar you loaned me was counterfeit." "Was it?" "It was." "Then it's the first loan I ever made you in which there was no loss to me."—Chicago Post.

She Knew Best.—Prima Donna—"Those flowers are not for me." Conductor—"Yes, they are." Prima Donna—"Well, they're not the ones I paid for."—Detroit Free Press.

"You admit you stole the melons?" said the judge. "Oh, yes, suh—I stole 'em!" "And yet you ask for mercy?" "Yes, suh—kaze de white man kotched me fo' I had a chance ter eat 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Whyte—"I thought you said the other day that you hadn't any enemies." Browne—"Well, I don't know that I have." Whyte—"Maybe not, but you will have, if you give away any more of these cigars."—Somerville Journal.

"Hav' youse got enny wurk ter do?" asked a tramp as he leaned over the front gate. "Yes, sir," promptly replied a man on the veranda. "Another disappointment," murmured the tramp as he turned away.—Ohio State Journal.

Miss Pechis—Gracious! Delia, here comes that tiresome Mr. De Trop. I'm not at home; but if that's a box of candy he's got I hope he'll leave it." Delia (at the door)—"She's not at home, sor. But if that's candy ye hov she hopes ye'll ave it."—Philadelphia Press.

"Here's a couple of stories for the women's page," said the space writer. "One is of a woman who was perfectly happy, though married, and the other is of one who was perfectly happy, though single." "Why don't you write something reasonable?" growled the editor.—Indianapolis

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