

• THE CATO CITIZEN. •
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CATO, CAYUGA CO., N. Y.
J. B. HUNTER, Editor.

Saturday, March 7, 1896.

Dr. Cyrus Edson of New York, the discoverer of aseptolin, is entitled to a statue also, says Geo. Washington, if his remedy does one-half of what is claimed for it.

Potatoes were 30 cents wholesale in Rochester last week, whether this was on account of bad roads the report doesn't say. If the reports of frozen potatoes in pits are true it may give the market an upward turn.

The saddest sight in New York's legislature is to see Saxton and Malby come in the senate chamber mornings and struggle for an hour or two to adjust the regulation Platt collar before taking their seats to await instructions from the Wall street office of the reincarnated boss of New York State.

The Raines Excise bill will pass and new offices (which will take at least a quarter of a million dollars in salaries out of the treasury) will be created. Go it, is the chance of a lifetime gentlemen. When some future historian writes the history of the state of New York, the session laws of 1896, will furnish him a text to point future generations a moral to extravagance. All former ideas of popular government will be erased and the autocratic reign of the reincarnated boss will stand forth in all its naked hideousness. Decent Republicans stand against at the spectacle of the one man dictator in every thing. Men like Saxton, Malby and others will find life aborn of ambition, or submission the price of it. They have helped to create a condition that for them will be degradation.

Little did we think a few months ago that Grover Cleveland would again be a candidate for the presidency, and yet he is the only one spoken of for the honor. The man's supernatural luck has stood him in such good stead all these years that many of their faith to him on that account. Many advocate his nomination and give as a reason, that they would like to get even with him at the polls. Again others say he is the only man we have elected since the war therefore he is the only man we can elect. If the last be true the party should disband. Under our system of government no man should be eligible to a reelection, one term should satisfy. A republic should avoid fortifying any man in office. It has wrecked many of the South American Republics, their presidents evolving into dictators on the slightest provocation. Mexico is mere of a Kingdom than a Republic. All Central American Republics have dictators though they call themselves presidents. The clamor for Grover Cleveland's re-nomination is evidence of a decadence in patriotism in this country. We are a great and growing nation with resources of fabulous extent. With a system of government that is perfect save against the cupid and greed of a ruler who is too ambitious. Cleveland is now the one dangerous element in our system, devoid of that large patriotism which made Washington decline a 3d term, totally indifferent to the wishes of his party, he clings to the hope of a re-nomination and will use any means to obtain it.

Gossip is busy in political circles with the names of Perry Belmont and Dan Lamont as being anxious to obtain the nomination for governor on the Democratic State ticket. The entire Republican press and party has resolved itself into a calumny choir and they have sung so persistently for the past three years in that one key that they have found enough ignorant people to believe it and carry even Democratic states by such majorities that they seemed as invulnerable as the Democratic party seemed weak, therefore the news that a struggle was on for the nomination as governor of this state between the above named gentlemen awakens a ripple of interest all down the line. Belmont has served in state and national offices with distinction and would make an ideal governor. Lamont's principal distinction was shown while acting as chambermaid to the "Colossus." He is now acting as Secy of War but has so far failed to shed any particular luster on the department. He is considered as fine a specimen of evasion as we have in this cabinet of evaders. His nomination would help strengthen the Republican party wonderfully.

The best estimate of the wheat supply shows a "visible scarcity" as the Irishman said. You will see a rise in price that will be a boon to the farmers.

The state has made a good many ballot laws, has created a partition of previous prohibiting bribery, and of what use are they! At every election men are bribed openly and unblushingly, and the successful candidate deliberately goes before a Justice of the Peace and kneels a bible and swears he has used no money, directly or indirectly, to secure his election. Society is in that state that it winks at that kind of perjury and it is dollars to shooegs that if a Republican was indicted no court would pay the least attention to it, at least no court in this county.

This year of grace, 1896, can't help but bring along some political surprises. Coxy is in the saddle and the jingle of his spurs are growing louder as the distance lessens. Reed, McKinley, Allison, Morton and an army of Republican aspirants are playing politics low down. In the camp of the Democracy the tents are closed, the royal standard droops in the sultry stillness, night impends. The great dragon penderagon of Cleveland, once rampant, is now couchant. Thurbur is watching the repose of his chief. The tents of the chiefs are drawn close, the lights are out and the only sound is that of the grinders where the leaders are sharpening their knives. Peffer, Patriot, Populist and the silver contingent are on the heights, guarding the pass, holding the balance of power, and ready to despoil the dead after the battle, and the Citizen watching them all.

A DREAM.
I dreamed I was dead, died at the hands of a slim. I was out walking in the orchard, when he rode across the lawn on a white horse at a full gallop, and leaning over sideways he mowed my legs off between the knees and ankles. The blood flew every which way and I reached for him but he galloped right on as though he was in a hurry. I couldn't see his face and he never looked back at all, but he rattled like a dice box when you shake five dice. He didn't make any blob of it, the cuts were slanting, single strokes, and showed that he was no apprentice at his trade. I looked around for help but none came, and I was all at once aware that I felt faint. The sky and earth spun like mighty wheels and I became unconscious. How long I remained so I can't tell, but when I began to realize anything, I was confined and faintly trimmed for the journey. My legs smarted and the coffin was too short. The undertaker had measured me only down to where my legs were off, and when they put them on me it made a close fitting casket.

About this time the door bell rang and a telegram was handed to my wife, she read it aloud to the family, it said: "Congratulations and regrets. Grover Cleveland. Per Thurbur." Again the door bell rang, and more telegrams, my wife read them and seemed pleased, she spoke something about having them framed. Then she read one from Gov. Morton, saying he would recommend to Mr. Platt that the anniversary of my death be made a legal holiday. He said everybody in the Republican party was so pleased he could do nothing less. He had not seen Mr. Platt but would be willing to guarantee that it would be done, just as soon as the Greater New York and Raines Excise bills were out of the way, and ended by saying, "while there was always a silver lining to every cloud, he as a presidential candidate was obliged to use gold ones." Hoping that the future would bring her a husband more in accord with protective Republican ideas, he remained as ever. Levi (got there) Morton.

I was boiling hot by this time and lay studying how I could work in a half column of red hot copy on the Citizen. Too late, the paper was just out, bordered with black line, and had a header up, "at rest." How I did ache to get at that paper as it lay where they had shoved it under the door. My wife took it in and read it aloud. The writer said I was one of the oldest inhabitants in this section, and gave my exact age. He said that I filled a long list want at different times, that considering the manner in which I had lived, and directing what was hereditary, from what I had achieved, that they had hopes that I was already beneath the shadow of a wing; that a plaster cast of me was in the hands of a sculptor, and a bust would be modeled, and when done placed in the Citizen office alongside of the two other "Busts" made by Beggery and Vorhees. It would up with a lot of condolence to the friends and invited everybody who attended the funeral to subscribe for the Citizen on their way home from the grave. \$1.00 per year in advance; below that was a lot of poetry, telling how they would miss me at Democratic conventions, and said if I hadn't been cut down as it were in my old age I might have enjoyed my second childhood. Then, for the first time I was glad I was dead, and I turned over to get a little comfort, and came in contact with my wife's cold feet and it woke me up. She was setting up in bed putting hair pins in her hair, and she said she never saw anybody enjoy repose so gracefully. I didn't tell her I had been dead for several hours, and had just come to.

Wait till the next tax levy comes, and if the taxpayers don't give it to the gawk where the bottle got the cork we miss our guess.

When the Democratic party gets ready to clear the deck for action, when they really get together and go out for good, their first duty is to tie a loop of railroad iron to the heels of Murphy, Shoehan and Craker and dump the outfit way outside of the sound in the ocean.

Platt comes pretty near being the king maker of the whigs. They have learned that he sings, what matters whether it be the song of the siren or the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Wait till the Raines excise bill becomes a law, maybe we can make him do a song and dance too.

Send no delegate from this district to the Chicago convention. That rotten burg used the New York delegation like pickpockets at the last National convention. Every thug (and that includes the police force) and every bandster in Chicago was a Cleveland heeler in '92, they haven't improved since and a convention in that town will be a farce. If Cleveland is nominated (and we sometimes hope he will be) the expense of the trip had better be left at home. The Republicans will carry Cayuga county against him by 7,000 plurality.

Village Statement.
The annual statement of the trustees of the village of Cato, Cayuga county, N. Y. for year ending March 4, 1896.

RECEIPTS.
Balance in hands of Treasurer from last year..... \$ 1.54
Received from tax list..... 122.00
Total..... 123.54

DISBURSEMENTS.
Cato Citizen, printing notices, J. M. Fink, trustee..... \$ 2.78
A. E. Counsel, do..... 6.00
Geo. O. Taylor, do..... 4.00
C. F. Rich, Clerk, do..... 35.00
J. M. Hunter, rent of supplies John J. Jakes, rent of room, for fire apparatus..... 8.00
H. Forster, services as member board of health, year '94 & '95..... 6.00
E. Kennedy, services as member board of health, year '94-'95..... 6.00
S. J. Chama, as member board of health, for year 1894-1895..... 8.00
Total..... 90.78

HIGHWAY FUND.
RECEIPTS.
Balance on hand per last report..... \$ 9.39
Received cash from A. H. Cook..... 1.00
Received from tax list..... 123.00
Total..... 133.39
Disbursements..... 308.00

Balance in hands of Treasurer, J. M. Fink, A. E. Counsel, Trustees, Geo. O. Taylor, C. F. Rich, Clerk.

A CONJURER'S TALE OF WOE.

Considerate Produced a Handful of Change Instead of a Married Dollar.
Carl Hertz, the illusionist, was talking of some of the accidents that sometimes spoil the art of the conjurer. "It was in Nashville," he said, "that I experienced a real knock down blow. I was performing the well known trick of passing a marked coin into the center of an orange; at least that's what a good many people thought I was doing. I used a silver dollar, and emphasized the trick by passing the coin into the pocket of some boy whom I had enticed on to the stage.

"I will openly confess that the boy had to be a confederate, and that the marked dollar by his fellow in one previously prepared by me. One night, as I was entering the theater, I looked around for a shifty youth to aid me in my double dealing. I picked a boy and promised to pass him in if he would follow my instructions.

"I am a conjurer," I said. "I want you to put this dollar in your right hand trousers pocket. I'll get you a seat in the front row. When I ask for somebody to come on the stage, you must come. Then I will ask you to produce the dollar.

"The boy promised everything, and after making arrangements for him at the door, I left him. When I was ready for the dollar trick, I saw my young confederate sitting open mouthed in the front row. I had prevailed upon another member of the audience to lend me a dollar marked exactly as was that I had given to the boy.

"I passed that borrowed dollar into the orange, out the fruit open, and out dropped the coin. Then I went on."

CHAMP CLARK'S STORY.
How It Impressed a Youngster Who Heard It in a Speech.

In the Garfield-Hancock campaign there was a big Democratic meeting at a certain place in St. Charles county, in this state. A number of distinguished Democratic speakers were there, and we had a day of it. The writer was then a small child, but one of the speakers made a very profound impression upon his mind. The speaker was no other than Champ Clark.

No one asks now, "Who was Champ Clark?" but then he was a new star in the firmament. We had a number of speeches, and the children were very tired. I can't speak for the grown people, because the good Democrats there would not have owned to being tired. I know, after such a display of eloquence from their great party leaders. At any rate I was tired, but my mother whispered:

"There is only one more speech," and I was much relieved. A blond young man was introduced as Champ Clark of Pike county. He came forward with a pleasant face and manner that as once attracted my attention. He began in this way:

"I am reminded of the boy who killed a possum and expected to enjoy a possum dinner the next day. The family was about to sit down to the dinner table when a wagon drove up and a neighbor's family came in. The head of the house announced that the visitors had come to dinner. There was no room at the table for our young friend, the sportsman, and he waited, with his eyes anxiously fixed on the dish of possum. The guests had good appetites. Finally there was only one piece of possum left, and one of his own family took that. Then the possum lover basted right out a-crying. The disappointment was too much for him.

"My friends," continued Mr. Clark, "I am in that same condition. When I heard the first speech, I thought, well—that is pretty bad, but still I have something left to say. Then there came the next speech, and the next, and when the last speaker finished I just basted right out a-crying, because there was not another thing left for me to say."

But there was, and he said it too. He awakened that audience till you could hear its applause a mile away. I think that that was probably the first time Champ Clark ever spoke in St. Charles county. He carried back home with him the thanks and appreciation of a good many of his hearers that day.—St. Louis Republic.

FOUNDING THE KONGO STATE.
Eusebio Stanley tells in brief the story of the Kongo State.
During my descent of the Kongo I had revolved over and over in my mind the question of the destiny of the river. Seated at the prow of my boat, which led our flotilla, and daily watching the river developing itself, I was preoccupied with these thoughts every leisure moment. There was, it seemed to me, no other power but England that could interest itself with this part of Africa, and, as I said, there was not a single white man in possession of any portion of the equatorial belt except at the mouth of the Kongo, where a few traders had gathered. But despite the numerous addresses in England upon this subject I failed to awaken more than a geographical interest in equatorial Africa. The terror of the African climate in general was too strong upon everybody.

Elsewhere, however, the reports of my addresses in the English newspapers were taking effect. After nearly nine months' busy life in England the king of the Belgians invited me to visit him, and I was then informed of his strong inclination to undertake for Africa what I had been so strenuously advising England to do. He was already president of the African International association, which was about to set on foot a humanitarian enterprise from the east coast, and he led me to understand that if I were free from other engagements he would like to employ me in opening the Kongo basin to European influence and civilization.

"It was my opinion that the best way of setting about the work was to construct a light surface railway which should skirt the cataraacts of the lower Kongo and then to launch steamers on the upper waters, which I estimated as being about 6,000 miles of navigation. We argued about this matter from August to December, 1878. The best Belgian engineers were consulted, but after the most elaborate calculations as to cost it was finally decided that as the expense would be great we should content ourselves with making wagon roads past the cataraacts and build a series of military stations for the protection of caravans, and that the annual expenditure should not exceed \$60,000.—Henry M. Stanley in Century.

Lesson Learned at Home.
"What do you expect to bring forward in this congress?" said one new member to another.
"Absolutely nothing," was the reply.
"But are you not going to try to write your name on the immortal scroll of fame? Don't you realize that you were sent here by your constituents to see to it that these other fellows don't let the ship of state drift on to a sand-bar?"

"My dear friend, I don't bother myself with reflections of that kind. My wife, who is a discerning and practical woman, once made a remark to me suggesting home-making time which has assisted me on many occasions."

"She said that next to a genuine hero the man to be most admired is one who knows how not to get in the way."—Washington Star.

BERRY BASKETS.

I have just completed a plant for the manufacturing of quart berry baskets, etc., and 10 lb. grape baskets.

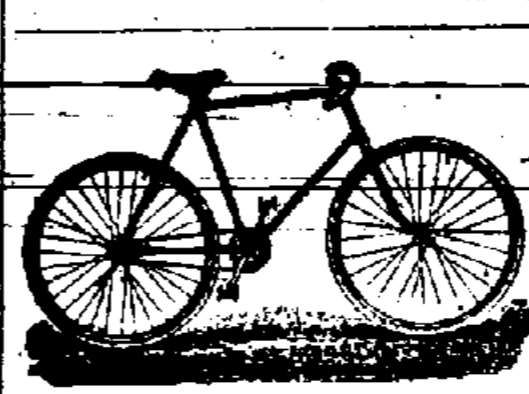
My factory is located in the country where lumber is cheap and help can be had cheaper than in the city.

DEFY COMPETITION

I will be pleased to quote you prices that will both please and astonish you.

GEO. O. BENNETT,
Ira Station, N. Y.

TRY
MC CREAS'
BREAD,
COOKIES,
WAFERS,
DOUGHNUTS,
MILK CRACKERS,
OYSTER CRACKERS.
M. M. HUNTER, AGT.



AUBURN, ROCHESTER, REMINGTON, PHENIX, ENVOY, FLEETWING, CRAWFORD BICYCLES. Cash or easy payment. Second hand wheels.

J. J. CARR,
Auburn, N. Y.

J. F. Coulling,
DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS.

Fruit of all kinds in season.

CASH PAID FOR ALL KINDS, LIVE POULTRY.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES AND FEELS.

T. A. LAZLERE,

OF FULTON, Oswego county, and the Sole Agent in this section for the

Celebrated MOTER WIND MILL.

The only Mill constructed on purely scientific principles in the world.

The Cheapest, The Best, and Most Durable.

Captured all the World's Fair Prize Medals. Correspondence solicited.

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

FORECLOSURE SALE.

SUPREME COURT, County of Cayuga. HENRY O. COYNE, Plaintiff vs. HARRIS C. HUGHES, Harriet T. Spencer, Lottie L. Rennie and Theodore Dixie, defendants. Notice is hereby given that the property of foreclosure and sale made in the above entitled action, on the day of February, 1896, the subscriber as referee for that purpose duly appointed, will sell at public auction at the Ward House in the village of Westbury, Cayuga County of Cayuga, on the 15th day of April next at three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the real estate and mortgaged premises described by said judgment to be sold, and therein described as follows:

All that tract or parcel of land situate in the Town of Victory, County of Cayuga, and State of New York, situate on lot No. twenty-eight, in said town, and bounded as follows: viz: on the north by the center of the highway running east from Thompson's corner in said town to the west by lands of Peter Bleigter and William J. Thompson on the south by lands of Ephraim Smith and Abijah B. Hager, and on the east by lands of Henry Ostrander and Barton Parce, containing sixty acres of said being the Chester T. Hogan farm and occupied by him in his life time. Dated, Westbury, March 2nd, 1896. JOEL FANNING, Referee.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
BY virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of John B. Woods, late of Victory, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of the said estate, at his place of residence in the town of Victory, County of Cayuga, on or before the 5th day of August, 1896. Dated Jan. 27th, 1896. HENRY BENNETT, Executor. C. F. Rich, Atty. for executor.

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Spring Announcement!

To Catch Fish, YOU MUST HAVE THE BEST TACKLE and to get the full you must have the proper tackle.

Here is Where You Will Find Them.

SOMETHING NEW!

Tassar Silks, PRETTY and inexpensive goods for Suits and Fancy Waists. Parasols and Trimmings for Dresses and Shirt Waists.

Incoming Spring Goods are crowding our present stocks and we will close out our Winter Stock of Dresses and Shirt Waists at Very Low Figures.

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For Cash!

For the next thirty days we will make great reduction in prices on Shingles.

Extra * A * 16in. Pine Shingles, Former Price, \$3.25 now \$2.75.
Extra * A * 16in. Cedar Shingles, " \$3.25 now \$2.75.
16in. * A * Cedar Shingles, " \$3.60 now \$3.40.
16in. C. B. Pine Shingles, " \$3.50 now \$3.15.

We also have a nice stock of Red Cedar Shingles direct from the Pacific Coast at prices guaranteed to suit the times.

Hapeman & Goodfellow.

DOWN they Go!

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AT COST

FOR CASH ONLY.

This is a rare chance for Bargains. Call and See Us.

HUNT & SON, Cato, N. Y.

I have pants with or without a crease, I have coats that will fit smooth as grouse, At a price that may cause my decease, And I'm anxious my stock to decrease, Come and buy me clean out if you please.

J. B. HUNTER.

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