

HORNELL MONDAY

Wooster-Macy Store Entirely Destroyed—Loss Will Be \$125,000, With \$61,000 Insurance.

The fire destroyed the entire corner block, corner of Main and Seneca streets, Hornell, early Monday morning, known as the Rose Block, and occupied by Wooster-Macy Company, Department Store. Starts in Department Store.

The fire started in the store of the Wooster-Macy Company. This store was one of the largest department stores in Western New York and occupied the three floors of the building as well as the second and third floors of the adjoining block. The store was filled from basement to roof with a big stock of dry goods, ladies furnishings, and furniture, china, ware and carpets. It was the sort of stock that burns freely and when once the fire was under way nothing could check it.

The origin of the fire is in doubt. At 2:10 A. M., smoke was found to be issuing from the store, evidently coming from a point near the elevator.

A telephone alarm was sent to the Church street station and in the few seconds that elapsed from the time the firemen got the alarm until they arrived at the scene, the whole lower floor had burst into flames.

Realizing the seriousness of the blaze three general alarms were turned in and soon every company in the city was on the job and every bit of apparatus available was in commission. The fire shot up with great rapidity and in a very few minutes had reached the roof. Fourteen lines of hose were soon playing on the blaze but at first seemed to have no effect.

The aerial truck was stationed on the Seneca street side and fought to keep back the fire. The blaze had begun to sweep in that direction and was so hot that it seemed certain that it would spread to the buildings across the street. From the top of the high tower tons of water was poured down into the building checking the sweep of flames in that direction after the fire had spread into the Rewalt block and done considerable damage. A dozen families reside in this block and they had a narrow escape, saving nothing from their flats.

Swept Down Main Street.

The sweep of the flames in the other direction was even more serious. Adjoining the Wooster store was the big drug store of George, Hollands &

Farm House Burns.

The house on Street Stearns farm, one mile west of this village burned to the ground Wednesday afternoon. Menzo Mead who worked the farm and occupied the house was in the barn at the time and did not discover the fire until beyond control. It is supposed an overheated stove was the cause. Mr. Stearns carried \$500 insurance on the building and Mr. Mead \$200 on contents.

Public Meeting.

A special meeting of the stockholders, both common and preferred of the Flatts Bros. Cattery Company is called for Wednesday evening, March 9, at which time matters of importance to the Company and Andover will be considered. Everyone interested in the welfare of Andover is cordially invited to attend.

Theron M. Chase.

Theron M. Chase died at his home in Whitesville, Saturday, February 19th, after a short illness of pneumonia, aged 56 years.

Funeral service was held in the Baptist church at Whitesville, Tuesday, conducted by Rev. A. L. Boynton pastor of the Baptist church of this village.

Sons and the shoe store of J. L. Schaumburg and Son. In the second and third floor over the stores was located old Metropolitan Hall, which was used by the Wooster-Macy Company as furniture and carpet department—it was separated from the other part of the store by fire doors but the flames worked into this big hall. In a few minutes it was in flames to the roof, the fire shooting through it with great rapidity. So tremendous was the sweep of the flames that it seemed certain that nothing could save that side of Main Street.

Losers in Fire.

Wooster-Macy Company, stock \$50,000, insurance \$30,000. Charles O. Rose, building, \$18,000, insurance \$12,000. George Hollands & Sons, druggists, \$18,000, insurance \$12,000. George Hollands, building, \$8,000, insurance \$5,000. Schaumburg & Son, shoes, \$12,000, insurance, \$10,000. William Nicholson, building, \$8,000, insurance, \$5,000. Charles Burdette, sporting goods, \$2,000, insurance, \$1,200. Wm. Rewalt, block, \$1,500, insurance, \$1,000. Tenants of Rewalt block, \$1,000, insurance, none. Tuttle & Searles, groceries, \$2,000, insurance, \$2,000. M. E. Dunning, office, \$500, insurance, \$500. Dr. Charles Innes, office, \$500, insurance, \$500. Shultz & Mahoney, hardware, \$500, insurance, \$500. Odd Fellows' Hall, \$300, insurance, \$300. Smith Estate, \$1,000, insurance, \$1,000. Total loss, \$123,300. Total insurance, \$61,700.

The NEWS for \$1.00 the year.

SOUTHWEST TALES OF SAND STORMS

Treasure Caves and Human Bones—A Land Where Time is Cheap and Game is Plenty—Rain Drops Worth as Much as Opals.

(By M. J. Brown, Editor Little Valley, N. Y., Hub)

A gruesome little incident happened this week which illustrates that human life in the southwest isn't the dearest of all things and that a bundle of human bones are no more or less than just bones.

Some of the cowboys took me out on the Ozona trail to where there is a cave which figured prominently in the wild history of west Texas. Only a few years ago, verbal history has it that this cave was the last stand for "Black Jack" and his gang of train and stage robbers—a resort when he was hard pressed by the Rangers—and a cave, the opening of which one might hunt for weeks and never find, and all the time be within a few rods of it.

The opening of the cave is about 30 inches across, an almost perfectly round hole going straight down about eight feet into solid white rock. It is surrounded by a circle of dwarfed cedars, and directly over the opening is a cedar, which had in days past been bent over, held down by a weight and had grown in this horizontal position until its green foliage entirely covered the opening, and no one could ever dream that the top of this scrub tree guarded a secret that many a Ranger gave his life to find, without result.

Tuesday, with a couple of friends we went to the cave, lifted the brush covering, and one by one lowered each other, by lying on our faces and letting each other down by the hands. At the bottom the cave widens into a little tunnel, perhaps six feet across from which are exits through three holes, just big enough for a man to crawl through.

Lighting a candle one of the boys crawled through the opening; and no sooner had his feet disappeared when we heard him call to those behind to catch him by the feet and draw him out, as a big rattle was coiled on a ledge above him, before the explorer had been pulled half way out, I was on the shoulders of another man, and poking my head out of the opening into the sunshine. The exploring expedition was abandoned. Interest had come down below zero.

But I started to tell you something about bones and things. It has a connection with the cave.

Returning from the cave I found two young fellows who two weeks ago had crawled through the openings and made a hunt for "Black Jack" Ketchem's buried treasures, but instead of a kettle of gold they found a human skeleton, complete with every bone. The boys gave me the story, but I had been to Texas before, and I smiled, when to convince me they showed me where they buried the bones, after taking them out of the cave and to town.

I had dug for bones in Texas before, but I was again easy, but a foot under the soft earth we found the skeleton, the white bones picked clean by the coyotes and the skull with a hole in the top—a souvenir which will later be used for a desk ornament in New York. As for the history, you guess.

This week I saw what I have never before happened to witness in my travels—a genuine dust storm, or sand storm. The wind came up with the sun, blowing hard from the west, and every hour it increased until afternoon there was a storm which was the exact counterpart of a New York State blizzard, only that in place of snow was dust and sand, the sweepings of the desert countries from the Pacific coast.

Looking out across the prairies the sun is darkened by the great dust clouds and one would think a terrible thunder storm was coming on. Everywhere the air is grey and the wind blowing at sixty miles an hour, drives the sharp particles with terrible force, and it is almost impossible to face it. There is only one thing to do in a sand storm, and that is to hunt cover. And there are several things to do for days afterward, eat dust, wear dust and sleep with dust. It drives through the locally-constructed houses, and not

UNION MEMORIAL MEETING.

Large Audience Greeted W. C. T. U. Willard Memorial Service, Sunday Night.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a Frances Willard Memorial meeting, Sunday evening in the Presbyterian Church.

The devotional service was conducted by Rev. H. D. Bacon and Rev. J. W. Wright. Miss Artie Place of Alfred presented a finely prepared paper, "Frances Willard, a Tribute," which was read by Miss Place in excellent voice. A poem on the statue of Miss Willard placed in Statuary Hall, at Washington by the state of Illinois, was beautifully read by Mrs. Roxanna Burrows. Mrs. Helen M. Brown, outlined the origin and object of the meeting.

The music was especially fine. The solos by Mrs. Prest and Dr. G. W. Mitchell were splendidly rendered and the songs by the Boy's Choir added to the pleasure of the meeting. The good attendance and generous offering received for the fund was very gratifying to the society.

As for game deer about here, but it needs a seasoned ranger to shoot them. They hide in cane brakes of the rough places in the day and graze in the night. Quail are here by countless thousands and are hunted for meat, not sport. Wild cats and skunks are numerous, but the fur of the latter is worthless because of the climate. Panthers are here, but not often seen, and once in a while a Mexican lion will come up from the Santa Rosa mountains of Mexico.

It has been hard for me to write these three letters for the reason that this locality is odd to me, and has lost its novelty, and where interest is stale, descriptions are apt to be

But I have now fully arranged a trip that should, and I believe will be full of interest in every hour, and I hope to make the remaining articles of this series a little higher.

Next week I start on an overland trip of 170 miles, direct south 120 miles to the southern Rio Grande at Del Rio, and then across the Mexican border and 50 miles south into Mexico, through the pueblos of the Mexicans and Aztecs and into the Santa Rosa mountains. I have an old timer for a guide and driver, and the price is simply paying the grub stake. There are any number of men here who will furnish the outfit if the visitor will stake it, both for the love of the trip and because of the stories of opals and gold that come from over the Rio Grande—stories of richness that reminds one of the days of '49. Many men go over the border and spend months in these mountains, returning with out a dollar, only to raise a grub stake and go back. Such is the lure of gold. Year after year they hunt the mountains and hope springs anew from every failure. The hunt for gold has a fascination all its own, and one that never dies.

Ozona, Tex., Feb. 6.

The Westfield Marble and Granite Works handle red, grey and blue granite from all the leading New quarries. C. E. Brown, representative for Andover.

ANNUAL VILLAGE REPORT FOR 1915

Financial Statement of All Monies Received and Paid Out During the Year 1915-1916.

Highway Disbursements.

1909		
Mar.	4	Low Dunning, labor, \$1.40
	6	J. C. Scribner, labor, \$5.88
	8	Bert Wildman, labor, .53
	9	D. C. Crance, labor, .70
	9	Mutual Gas Co., Gas, 17.00
	10	Roy Brundage, Labor, 2.28
Apr.	7	F. C. Pierce, Mantles 15.20
	12	Mutual Gas Co., Gas, 17.00
May	10	U. W. Stratton, Acct. Assigned, 60.00
	11	J. C. Scribner, Repairs, 39.20
	12	Mutual Gas Co., Gas, 17.00
	12	Wisner Cook, Repairs, 6.47
	18	Chas. Rogers, Cleaning, 9.97
	20	Lynch Bros., Watering Trough, 3.00
Jun.	4	F. E. Kemp, Repairing, 4.38
	5	J. C. Scribner, Labor, 23.30
	9	J. C. Scribner, Feoley Bill, 14.00
	10	M. Feeley, Labor, 3.50
	10	Mutual Gas Co., Gas, 17.00
	11	H. P. Benton, Lumber, 24.48
	11	Park Rogers, Labor, 12.00
	11	Henry Alvard, Labor, 1.75
	14	F. E. Kemp, Labor, 1.75
	19	Park Rogers, Labor, 1.40
	19	H. W. Cook, Labor, 5.25
	23	David Hunt, Labor, 24.85
	24	M. Feeley, Labor, 11.08
	25	Oscar Willard, Labor, 3.50
Jul.	2	Bernard Feeley, Labor, 4.90
	3	Chas. Cheesman, Labor, 5.25
	3	Peter Ferry, Labor, 1.75
	3	M. Feeley, Labor, 14.60
	3	Lever & Stearns, Labor, 5.09
	8	Bernard Feeley, Labor, 1.75
	9	F. Raufenbarth, Labor, 2.00
	9	Mutual Gas Co., Gas, 17.00
	19	David Hunt, Labor, 15.13
Aug.	5	J. C. Scribner, Labor, 21.40
	11	Mutual Gas Co., Gas, 17.00
	11	Baker Bros., Bill, 56.00
	16	T. K. Regan, 21.40
	17	Chas. Hann, Labor, 12.00
	17	Geo. Matteson, Labor, 8.75
	17	Sidney Gibbs, Labor, 8.57
	17	Frank Ingraham, Labor, 10.50
	17	Michael Feeley, Labor, 36.38
	18	Myron Bloss, Labor, 26.50
	18	Harry Ray, Labor, 10.51
	18	Print Coats, Labor, 10.50
	20	Van Hunt, Labor, 1.75
	23	Harry Ray, Labor, 1.75
	25	Frank Nobles, Labor, 4.00
	27	F. E. Kemp, Labor, 1.75
	28	Heman Scott, Labor, 10.50
	30	David Hunt, Labor, 20.58
Sep.	2	Bernard Feeley, Labor, 2.37
	2	J. C. Scribner, Labor, 27.10
	4	Hildred Hann, Labor, 3.51
	4	Frank Ingraham, Labor, 1.54
	7	Print Coats, Labor, 1.54
	9	Mutual Gas Co., Gas, 17.00
	14	Chas. Rogers, Labor, 2.35
	15	Chas. Hann, Labor, 3.40
	8	J. C. Scribner, Labor, 9.40
	8	Mutual Gas Co., Gas, 17.00
	9	R. Howland, Repairing, 13.68
	14	David Hunt, Labor, 8.39
	2	H. P. Benton, 58.70
Nov.	3	Myron Bloss, Labor, 3.40
	3	Sam Coats, Labor, 5.59
	4	J. C. Scribner, Labor, 22.20



Scene from "Dust in Fall," Auditorium, Friday Evening, March 4

GOOD ORANGES

15¢

Per Dozen

H. H. Williams & Co.