

ANDOVER
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Andover, N. Y.

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Office and Residence, Church St.
ANDOVER, N. Y.

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Long calls promptly attended to.

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Turnouts for day or week. Newly
furnished, clean, convenient. Examinations
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Everything First Class
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ROOSEVELT'S
• WITH LETTERS
JOHN FOX'S
• Novel
• VAN DYKE
• Novel

Fitzhugh, tall and thin, with a long, straight nose, a thin mustache, and a pair of eyes that were as blue as the sky, was looking at the man who had just spoken. He was looking at him with a look of surprise and interest. He was looking at him with a look of surprise and interest.

"What is your business?" asked Fitzhugh.

"Answer me first!" ordered Fitzhugh sternly, and with such an air of hauteur and authority that the so-called merchant was almost in a panic for fear he had misjudged his man.

"That is Mr. Symington Otis, sir."

"I wish to see him. Be so good as to tell him so."

"Who shall I say, sir?"

Fitzhugh hesitated a moment, and, like a lightning panorama, there flashed across his mind telegraphic pictures of myriad hands applauding him, of the warm-blooded Russian, whose eyes bespoke her love for him, of the dark-skinned "reds" voting their iconoclastic views. And a whimsical idea came.

"Tell Mr. Otis," said he, "that an emissary of the Cause desires to speak with him."

The butler, though not understanding, was instantly suspicious.

"I am afraid," he demurred, with a firm shake of his head, "that Mr. Otis is very busy and will be unable to see you."

Fitzhugh thrust his foot between the closing door and the wall, and at that moment Mr. Otis stepped into the hall.

"Well, Noonan?"

"This man, sir, is trying to force his way in. I am just about to eject him, sir."

Fitzhugh laughed merrily. "Oh, no, you're not, Noonan." And before the corpulent Noonan could say a word or move a muscle he was seized by a grip of steel and thrust speechless against the wall.

The master looked on as though uncertain whether to be amused or indignant. While he was deciding Fitzhugh confronted him.

"Mr. Otis," said he, "I want a few minutes' talk with you."

Otis smiled. "I think you've earned an audience with me. Nerve like yours should not go unrewarded." They entered the shadowy room, ostensibly a library.

"What cap I do for you?"

"Just a moment." Fitzhugh drew the sliding doors, which led to the hall, together and fastened the chain, having first deposited his newspaper parcel very carefully upon the floor. He looked around the room, and, satisfied they were free from interruption, picked up his parcel and took a seat opposite his host, who watched all these movements with a frown of suspicion and annoyance.

When Fitzhugh spoke his voice had the deep, resonant ring it always acquired whenever he was "acting," a part of which was his oratorical gift. "Mr. Otis," he began, leaning forward in his chair and looking at his auditor steadily in the eye, "you are a millionaire, are you not?"

Otis' face flushed. He glanced impatiently at his watch. "I can spare you but few minutes this morning," he said, with a businesslike air. "I must ask that you state your business as briefly as possible."

"But you are a capitalist?"

"Yes, yes, what of it?"

"And I am a capitalist. At this moment I could not find this newspaper." He took down the library table the morning paper, which had been reading. It was a paper of such size that a large flash of light, which he recognized instantly, flashed across the tall, straight figure in the room, sweater standing above the head of the man, arms thrown upwards and his head back, eyes closed, and his hands again that brief moment, and again the lightning flash.

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January 1, 1920.



"Ten Thousand Dollars, or I Hurt It
at Your Feet!"

and made a terrible gesture with the parcel, "Ten thousand dollars, or I hurl it at your feet!"

Although Otis's face had turned deathly pale he had not grown excited or betrayed a sign of fear. He sat quite still, his thin hands resting lightly on the arms of his chair, his gray eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the black ones above him, his mind working with the cool precision of a perfect mechanism. "He's either mad or an assassin," ran his thought—probably mad; and the only way to deal with a madman is to humer him. Perhaps, though, he's only bluffing. In any event I'd best take no chances."

Otis made a caressing movement with his fingers along the arm of his chair; his head rested on the back of the better to keep his eyehold on the supposed maniac.

"Ten thousand. Er—won't you please sit down?"

"I will not. I could not explode the dynamite sitting down."

"Quite so, quite so!" The caressing movement increased. His voice was silky. "Ten thousand—h'm. You do not, of course, suppose I have that much money in the house?"

"No. You must write me a check."

"Very true, so I must. "But"—he held a finger beside his eye and smiled suggestively—"might I not stop payment on the check?"

"You might, but you won't. You will accompany me to the bank; you will stand at my elbow while I cash it;

you will then enter a motorcar with me and drive to some deserted spot outside Chicago; you will leave the auto, and thus give me a chance to escape. All this while I shall have the dynamite; one false move and I'll blow you to kingdom come. Your life is worth ten thousand dollars, I take it. Mine's not. Do I make myself clear?

"Excessively. And now for the check." Without moving his head from the back of the chair Otis produced a private check book and a fountain pen, and, feeling the way with his fingers, filled out a check for ten thousand dollars. "What name?" he asked.

"Make it payable to bearer."

"Very well—"

"Father!"

A pair of portieres at the rear of the room were held far apart, and in the aperture stood a girl. Without turning—his back was toward her—Fitzhugh knew who she was. As she spoke he heard her voice before. As she spoke his uplifted hands dropped swiftly and concealed the newspaper package beneath his coat. Then he turned, and, even as he knew he would, looked into the pansy-blue eyes of the girl.

(to be continued)

GAS EXPLOSION AT 500M

Saturday morning Mrs. Harry Butler, of Bolivar, lifted a trap door in her kitchen, preparatory to going into the cellar, when a terrific explosion hurled her a distance of several feet into the pantry. Gas had accumulated in the cellar and ignited from a lighted jet over the trap door. The room was soon in a blaze but the quick response and work of the fire companies extinguished it.

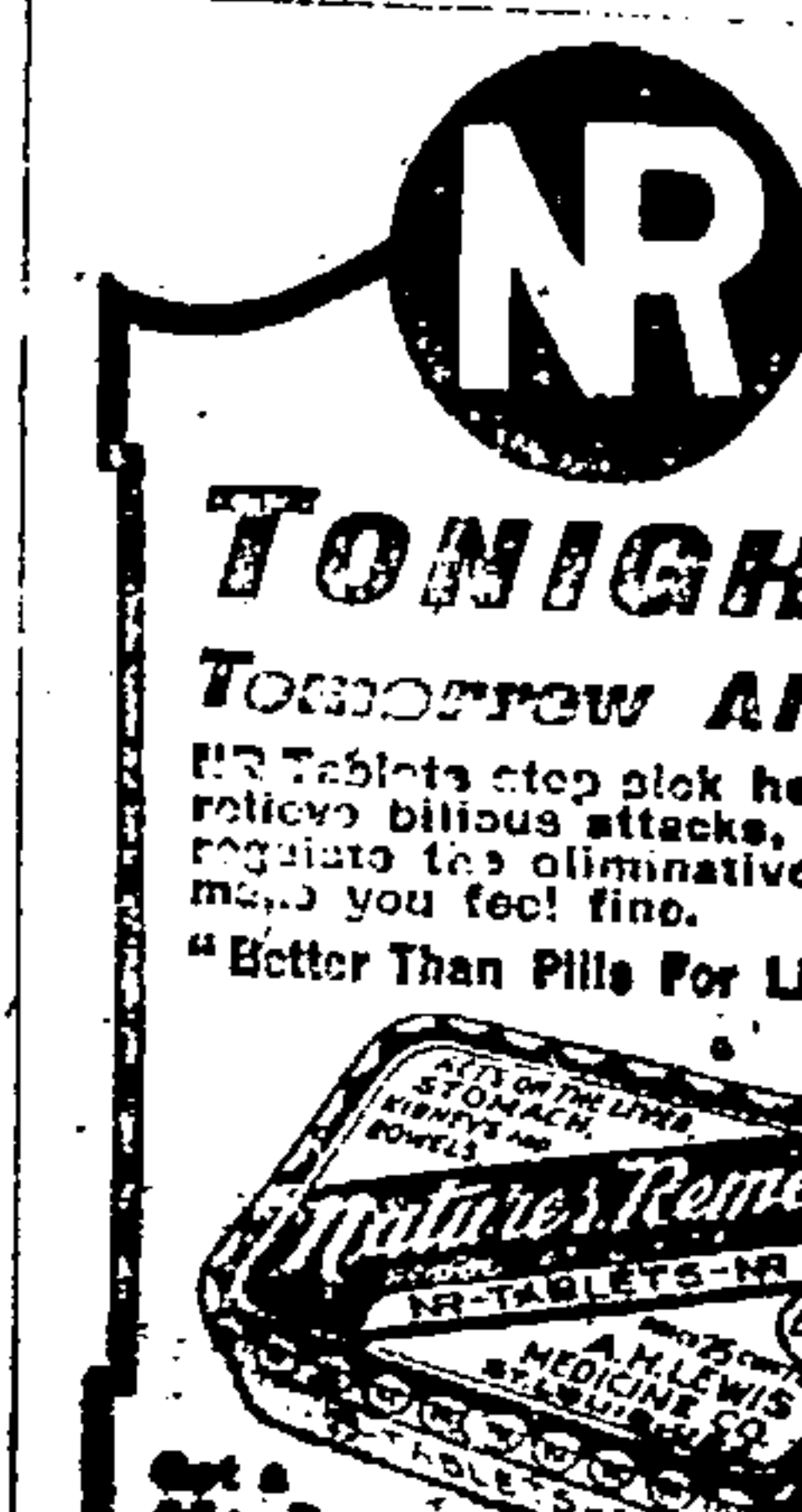
Mrs. Butler was burned severely about the upper part of the body. Mrs. Thurber, a neighbor, who came to the rescue, was also slightly burned on her face and hands. The force of the explosion practically ruined the house the foundation of which was blown out, window lights shroken, chimney torn away, dishes and mirrors broken and canned fruit destroyed at a loss of several hun-

red dollars.

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We save you money.
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We sell at wholesale prices.
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PAGE 1

112 MILLIONS	used last year
to KHL	



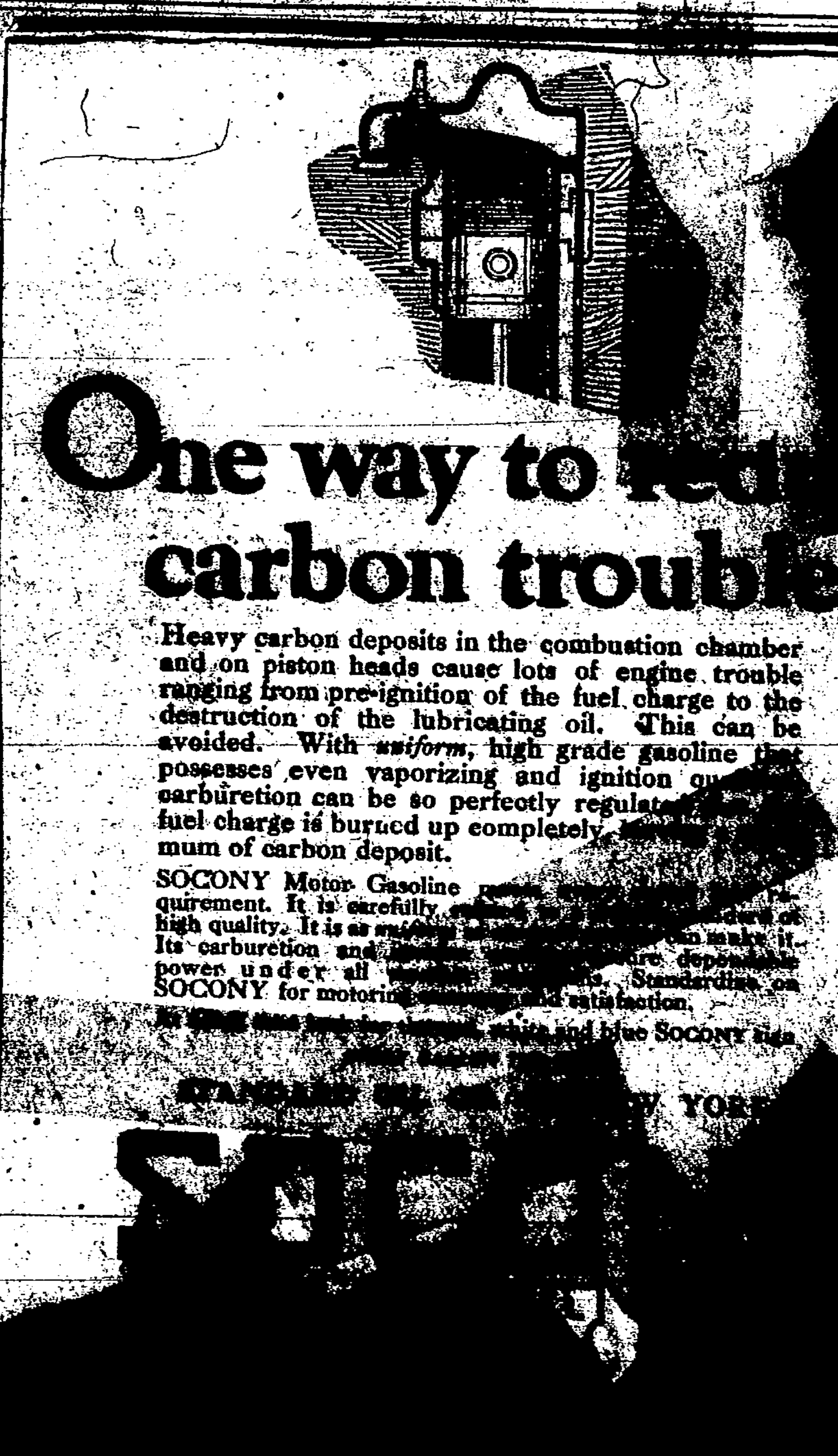
BRUNDAGE DRUG
COLLECTOR'S NOT

Notice is hereby given that B. Raufenbarth, collector of the Town of Andover, N. Y., received the tax and assessment of the Town of Andover, N. Y. for 1920, and the warrant of collection of the same and attend at my office, No. 100 Street, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 9 o'clock till 4 p. m., for the next 30 days following the date of this notice, for the purpose of receiving payment of the same at five per cent., and the non-payment of the same will result in the sale of the property of the delinquent at five per cent.

Dated Jan. 2, 1920.

MARY B. RATHBONE,
Collector of the Town of Andover, N. Y.

Our clients are



One way to reduce carbon trouble

Heavy carbon deposits in the combustion chamber and on piston heads cause lots of engine trouble ranging from pre-ignition of the fuel charge to the destruction of the lubricating oil. This can be avoided. With *uniform*, high grade gasoline that possesses even vaporizing and ignition qualities, carburetion can be so perfectly regulated that the fuel charge is burned up completely, leaving a minimum of carbon deposit.

SOCONY Motor Gasoline meets the exacting requirement. It is carefully selected from the best of high quality. It is so uniform that you can make it. Its carburetion and burning qualities are dependable power under all working conditions. Standardize on SOCONY for motoring pleasure and satisfaction.

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