IF you have to kek Andso she will go forward.

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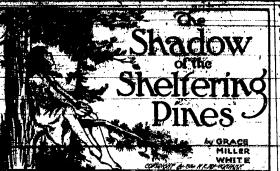
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ould "

beats her, buh?

no Storm Country

"That's as true's you're born," came ack promptly from the parted red ps. "I know that because my mother

back promptly from the parted red lips. "I know that because my mother is sick every day, and she cries too. That's misery, ain't it?" -Captaip MacCauley was used to tales of wee, but he knew a panacea for them. "Yes, it is so." he said. "Perhaps you could get her to come here same evening." Do you think you

me evening! Do you think you

"Daddy wouldn't let her," was the reply, and she lifted unfathomable saddened gray eyes to his. "You see when a man owns a woman, and she

saddened grad of same woman, and she don't do the things he tells her to, be

Deats ner, bun ? There was mute pleading in her ex-pression as she drew back on the bench a little farther away from him:

He might have known that had been swept along by the relent less tide of brutality. He sighed a little. He had seen enough of ignoran

men with their supreme egotism, to

know she\_told the truth.

"Your father is—is—cruel to your mother, then?" he fattered. She remained in deep thought for the space of a few seconds. "A swat or two mabbe processing."

"A swat or two, mebbe more killin' thing to women folk-the response she made confus

"No! Not that."

rose to its demand

breathlessly

mummy?" breathed the girl,

tears shadowing her eyes.

"Where is he, then?" The words shot forth with such insistence that something within rhillp MacCauley

Astonished at such crudeness, Cap-tain MacCauley shifted himself about so he faced her squarely. Was It pre-tended ignorance of innocence in the

Philip went to the altar and sorted

Philip went to the altar and sorted out a small card.
"This," he said, coming back to her, "has happy, loving thoughts written on it. If your, think these things all the time—oh, how they will help both you-and your mother."

So unusual had been her answ that Philip MacCauley gazed at her

CHAPTER I.

ow Romanco of

"Tony"-For Short, Another winter had lifted its icy Ingers from the Storm Country and Lake Cayuga, and an early spring had brought from the South the red-breasted robins and thousands of other birds build their homes in the Fores city, as Ithaca, N. Y., is well cance, for to the south, the east, the west, and even to the north where the lake cut sharply around A corner, broad forgests stretched their lengths and helights of lenf and bough on miniamountains.

Ure mountains.

One evening on the western side of the railroad tracks, a girl stood before a small huliding over which. like ropes of green, draped the branches of a weeping willow tree. This building was different from any of the other habitations near it in that it was well painted, and the door stood open all day.

was a strange little girl that gazed up with searching eagerness at the two lighted signs that had arrested her attention. In her arms she held a dimunutive guinea pig, and the way she hugged it close demonstrated her love for it.

"THE SALVATION ARMY," she spelled out and thoughtfully considered it.

"Everybody is

ered it.
"Everybody is welcome here," she read slowly. That meant that anyone-could enter if he wanted to, she decided, and as Tonnibel Devon did want to go in, she softly tiptoed up the steps and peeped into the room. As there was abody in sight, she stidled in and looked about.

red above a table, and the silent young stranger sighed. She couldn't under-stand how a girl could be really wel-come anywhere. Of course her moth-er liked her and missed her when she away, but Tony knew of no other where she was really wanted but the canal boat, called Mary Dirty Mary for short, which had been her home ever since she could re

'Member.

"Glory be to God in the highest,'
swung in letters of gold across the
right wall, and to the left, "Stand Stil and See the Salvation of the Lord, kept her attention a little longer. Sh sept ne rates in a more object. See didn't know what they meant, but the varied colors shining brilliant in the bright light calmed her turbulent spirit and made her harpy. She bugged the pig closer, bent her head and kinsed the top of its ear.

and kiesed the top of its ear.
"I guess we're in a church, Gussie,"
the said aloud, "and you mustn't grunt
or squeal like you do on the Dirty
Mary, it's awful nice and quiet; ain't

it, honey?"

Were you speaking to me? said a volce from near the door.

Tonnibel Devon struggled to her feet, turned around and saw a young man looking at her. A fleme of red rushed over the tanned skin, but because he was smiling and kindly, she sulled back, a dimple coming to life stylent corner of her mouth.

Nope, she finng out in confusion. Twas talkin' to Gussie-Piglet here. Mebbe het and me hadn't ought to here. You can kick us out it you

here. You can kick us out if you want to,"

Philip MacCauley, the captain of

the Salgation army in Ithaca, bowed, and then he laughed.

quoted, coming forward. "Where'd you come from? I've never seen you before."

you come from? Fre never seen you before."

"I'm staying up Hoghole way," repited Tony, "I ain't been around lithage tong. This is an awful nice room, ain't it, hub?"

"Yes, very. We like it," replied the young man. +"Sit down; don't be in a hurry. I want to talk to you."

Tompled did sit down but not very, comfortably. She was embafrassed in the presence of this handsome young stranger, abashed in the glamor of his uniform, and all the beauty of him.

With boyish admiration he was con-remplating the sparkle of her gray eyes, shaded by long lashes as ebony black as her hair which bang in ring-leps to her waits. He decided that she was very pretty, and that he liked to have her in the Salvation aimy quarters.

quarters. "Can't you stay for meeting this evening," be saked presently. "We have singing here."

Thory's eyes deepened almost to ignore black.

"Oh, I'd love that!" Then she abook lier bead. "Note," she went on "I got to go home to mumay. She's all alone! Mebbe when my daddy gets back, I'll come some time and alt clean through the night."

For an instant the smile stayed about the boy's lips, then gravity set-tled ence more over his earnest many

tied ento many or in face. What's done in this place? Me questioned after a white "the way," "the see and redd and pray," "region the borr, "We so designed be borr, "We so designed be of places to the rest."

diffice-oh, how they will help both you and your mother."

Wonderingly she took it in her fingers. The first-thing that met her eyes was a heautiful uplifted face of a must and in his arms was a little lamb.
Duderpeach the picture was printed.
"Freed my sheep." and directly under field my sheep." and directly under field were already and street and sully and see the salvation of the Lord." Once more her eyes sought the face above, a face wherein lay all the pity and laye in the world.

Tuny person cought a glumpse of the lesson he was trying to teach, and where the west out of the Salvation unity fail the bold within the depth of the a wonderfully new and attenty strange smotion.

She was panting for breath when

m the girl slipped down the steps Tou been gone a long time, Tony," hubled Mrs. Devon. "Dit you see

mnumbed Mrs. Dewon. "Diff you see anything of your daddy?"
"Nope, and I squinted in every beet hole in Ithaca." Tony replied, "but— but—but I found out something for you. Listen! There's somebody on this boot, besides me, and you—and Gus-

"Who?" came sharply from the

Woman.

She shivered, fearing that the law lay in wait fon her absent husband.

"Who, brat?" she repeated implor-

mgly.

Tonnibel bent over and looked

white into the sau, wan tace.

""" God!" she straight into the sud, wan race.

"God, just a plain lovin' God!" she
repifed, her countenance expressing
numeral exaltation. "Sit a minute tea's makin' good, and 111

il you."
Side by side they sat together on the



Side by Side They Sat Together or

voice the girl told the story of the Shepherd who had said long ago with infinite pity, "Feed my sheep."

mummy," the girl continued her head against her mother eening ner head agginst her mother's arm, "Darling mummy, that beautiful man said, "Love'd make crooked things-straight," and—and it's so."... A look of unbelief came over Edith Devor's-face.

amazement.

"Have you ever heard of—of God?"
he asked finally, his own confusion apparent in the stumble of his tongue.

Tonnibel laughed.

"I hear God d—n more'n a hundred times a day," she replied. "Is that what you mean?"

"Not quite," answered Philip, startled. "Not Not the startled." "Then what?" demanded Tony.
"What kind of a God do you mean?"
"One that is good," explained Philip. "There isn't any God but the one

don't need one brains as long as I got this, Edie." the girl replied, lift-ing the card she held. "Come on, let's say these things over. Here's one that'll keep—well, it'll help keep

that'll keep—well, it'll help keep
diddy from beatin' you."

Mrs. Devon grasped the girl's arm
in sudden frenzy.
"You told some one Uriah beats
ne?" she demanded sharply.
"Mebbe I did, and mebbe I didn't,"
snawered from silyr, but these here rose to its demand.

"Some one's got to be good to my mother," the girl ran on before he could speak. "She's sick—and lonely.

Oh, I've got to do something for her. Where's your helpin' God, mister?" answered Tony, slyly, "but these here words about standin' still and watch-

ing Salvation slam good all about will keep pappy's fists up his steeves. Say it, Edie, she ended. Where's your helpin' too, mister:
"Right here in this place," said
Philip, a strange emotion sweeping
over him. "In fact there isn't any
place where God is not."
"He wouldn't come in a dirty canal
boat, would He?" demanded Tony,
breat blassit. "I won't," said Edith, getting up liftly. "If there's anything in it. swiftly. Tony, you can show me by gettin' you daddy back home. Mebbe he's in jail.

-"Even if he was," retorted the girl with a wise shake of her head, "lovin nard could make the coep-doors in wide open, and daddy'd flop out like dogfish flops into the lake to find out more some of these days and then I'll tell you all about it. Huh mummy?'

"Yes," muttered Edith, "but I'm get ting a guess out of the days I spen on this bost that God, or whoeve you're talkin' about, ain't botherin' fit head over the Dirty Mary, nor

CHAPTER II.

The Master of the Dirty Mary.

A week before this story opens,
Uriah Devon had steamed the length
of the lake, anchoring his boat as near
Ithaca as be dared. Even to his wife,
Edith he had not confided why he had
brought her to a town where yawning
prison doors gaped for her every passing hour. won't go, Righ," Mrs. Devon had

tain MacCauley shifted himself about so he faced her squarely. Was it pretended ignorance of innocence in the searching gray gyes? Then he dedded that truth was stamped on every line of the upturned face.

"Of course, everywhere," he exclaimed brokenly, "Why, dear child—"
Tony Devon interrupted him swiftely, "Tell me how to manage it," sha pleaded, "How can I wheedle, your God to the Dirty Mary?"

"To the what?" was the question the boy asked in shocked swiftness.

"The Dirty Mary," repeated Tony, "My mummy and me tive on a canalhat. Once she were just called "Mary. But she's so d—d nasty, Ede calls her the Dirty Mary, She's a nice boat just the same as long as my mymmy's there. But I can't see how a clean God could come on "er. guess you're foolin" me mister."

Philip swallowed hard, Then slowly and gently he tailsed to ber, trying to make her understand as hest he could what he meant by God, Spirit.

"And you can help your mother; little—what's your name?"

"Tony, just Tonnibel," she murabled. Then her welce rose and she uttered sharply, "Now tell me how to help my diother."

Philip went to the altar and sorted out a small card. "I won't go, kim," Mrs. Devon had cried when her husband had made the statement that he intended to visit Ithaca. "You couldn't get me near thaca. "You couldn't get me near that place with a rope around my neck."

But the very fact that she now sat on a small bench against the boat rail, gazing moodily at the water, proved that Uriah Devon had contrived to

Occasionally Mrs. Devon lifted her ead to listen and turned her eyes to Occasionally Mrs. Devon lifted her shead to listen and turned her eyes to she the west where a narrow path zig zagged its length up the hill to the boulevard. Into her tortured soul had come a belief since the night before, that 'Tony's "Glorlest God," twee would send her man home.

would send her man nome.
Suddenly the sound of heavy footsteps in the forest path brought her
sharply around. At last he was comsing, this man she toved, perhaps
drunk, perhaps to beat her; but nevertheless he was coming, and that was
all she cared about.

Urinh Devon stowly walked up the

Uriah Devon shouly walked up the gangplank. In silence.

"Where you been?" the woman forced herself to say. But instead of replying, he demanded:

"Where's Rounibe!?"

"dunno," was the answer, "A missee she was over there not fin a

thing usasses es. his most she knew, and she knew, too, it was about Torunbel. For hadre becaused for the kidthe knowned he destruced:
"It's about thus we was doing
things, Ede," he said, turning grimly.
"I've waited as long as A dared, Rege
says "Pail Pendichaven hasn't an inch
leeway before he's in his coffin."

Mrs. Davon's face grew deathly
pale.

pele.
"What do you mean, honey?" she

"What do you mean, honey?" she fatered.
"We live like rats in a hole," took up the man, after a pause, "while if Tony was made to do her part, we'd be on easy street. That's what I mean. We've got to have money and lots of it. Reggets writing to marry the still you mind your business afterward. His nuarryin' her ain't sayin' he'll stick to her. But we got to have boodle, and we can't get it only through her."
"He shan't have 'er." 'the woman aid, with hard tones and flashing

said, with hard tones and flashing eyes." "How many times 've I got to eyes: "How many times 've I got to say it over to you? If that's the why come to Ithaca, you might as well turn the old scow north and go wack again, He's a bum," she went on. "A dude and a fool and every-hing else that's bad. He's a thief,

Devon laughed.

"So am I, Ede," said he. "So 're you' for that matter. If Reggle knew that Tony was Paul Pendiehaven's tid, we wouldn't get one d.—n cent of her money. He-snitches from the Pendie-havens and, his mother because he don't get cash enough other ways. A zeller's got to have spendin' money."

"Pretty smail pickin's," sweered Edith Devon. "Stealth' from folks almost in the grave ain't my style. Reggie's. some second-story man, 'that young duffer is."

"You sneaked Paul's kid," taunted Devon. "He wouldn't be almost in his grave now if you'd kept your hands oft'n Tony."

The woman turned on him savagely,

nands on n 100y.

The woman turned on him savagely, paying no heed to his words.

"Get your blasted Reggie to steal enough for us all from the Pendleharenough for us all from the Pendieha-vens," she said. "God knows they've got it and to spare. It's better'n

Pendlehaven's, don't he?"
"He won't do it," cut in Devon. "He won't do it," cut in Devon.
"Reggie ain't got the nerve to burn his
fingars too deep. Paul Pendethaven'd
send him up for that, if he caught
him. My plan is to get Tony married
to Rege, and before the lid's screwed
down on Pendehaven's face, show the girl in between John Pendlebaven and his precious cousin, Reggie's mother, and then Rege and me gets

Tony's money, see?

Edith shivered.

"I hear what you say," she muttered, "and I spose I'll do it if you promise not to let that pup hurt Tony when he gets her. Best let's wait norther were hefore telling, merriage other year before talkin marriage

to her, though."
"Nothin' doin'," rasped the man "Tony's almost a woman, and she's satin' her head off. After she's mar-

"You two men'll rag the kid to or do something worse to ben' gitted the woman. "Well, you won't! Rather'n have that I'll tell her she ain't orres. Fil go right bold to Paul Pendlehaven and blurt him the truth. I'll do it today if you keep naggin' at me."

Devon studied her face, his own dis-

Devon studied her face, his own distorted with rage.

"You'll do no such a thing, mad woman," he returned, running his tongue over his dry, cracked lips. "If you get me in a temper you'd better look out. Reggie knows. Tonnibel's got rich folks, but he don't know who they are. You splil the beans, by G—d, and the lake for yours."

and the lake for yours."
The woman's gaze sought the sheet
of blue water.
"She'll grow a beard a mile long before I tell 'er," she said finally, bringing her eyes back to his face. "Tell
'er yourself, and see how you like It!"
There was a ring of revoit in her tones that brought an expression of surprise to the man's face, leaving it angrily, frowningly red. But the sound of a girl's voice on the hill brought him auddenly to his feet.

"There she is, by G-d," he cried abruptly. "Now if you want any more abrupity. "Now ir you want any more lovin's from me—more a that, if you want to stay where I live, you got to do my will." "Uriah, honey, darlin'," cried Edith, "don't say that. I've always stuck by you."

you.

Then keep a stickin', growled De lugged that pig clean up that pine

Above them a giant pine tree lifted s head far above its fellows. Among its head far above its fellows. Among its branches the man and woman could plainly see the upper half of a girl's figure\_settled in the crotch of an our-spreading limb, and clasped in two slender arms was the small guinea pig. She bobbed her head gravely, held up the animal and shook it at them.

them.
Tony, herself, little knew why in times of strife she sought refuge among these forest giants and came always to happiness. They were ani-mated beings in her mean little world and because she had showered idola-trous love on them they, from their trous love on them they, from their primeval grandeur, seat an answering spark of life to her starved little soul. The sight of Tony-further garaged Uriah. He waved her in. "Now tell her outright, and get it over, Ede." he said, sitting down again. Reaching the canal boot, Tony shool looking at her papents. "Set down," growled Deron.

reptring, he demanded:
"Where's Rounibed!"
"I dunno" was the anther, "A minete sig the was ever then hot fin a
four leps' jumps from here.
"Where you been all this weet"
He'd here an a sertible space and
the sign of the sertification. He demand the sertification is to be set to be se

von with his frowning brow, then length let her gaze settle on the w

1 s'pose 1 been doin' something

"I spose I been don' something bellish," also ventured presently in a low tone. "Have I, Edie?" "Nope, not this time, Tony," thrust in Devon. "But we've got to tell you something. You've gettin' to be a wom-

an, Tennibel, and you got to do some thing for your mother and me

thing for your mother and me."
"I'm always wanta' to do something alce for you, Edle, darling," she said, looking at her mother. "Yap it out quick, sweet, and I'll jump to do it!"

The woman began to cry softly. "Go on, Edle," said Urlah. "Why in h—l are you bulberin" over a thing you cash help?"
"But I cash help it," cried Edith, "And what's more-1 will. Run away, baby, and I'll have it out with your pop while you're goes."

Devon reached forward and 'aid a strong detainings hand on the girl's arm.

strong detaining hand on the girl's arm.
"It's this," he got out between his teeth. "You got to get married. You been livin on me long enough."
The girl started at him blankly.

"The married," she repeated dully.
"Who'd marry a brat like me? I'm
nothin but a kid yet, and I'm goin to stay right here with my mother. See! I don't have to—do I, mummy darlin'?

I don't have to—do I, nummy darlin'?

"Yeur ma's word sin't law on this boat," answered Uriah in an ugly tone. "Mine is, though. Fire ahead, Edile, and tell the kid my will."

Mrs. Devon coughed spasmodically, and toyed with the fabric of her skirt. A slender-brawn hand went up and closed over her twitching biggers. "I wouldn't marry any of the mutts you know, daddy," the girl burst out in desperation. "So get that notion clean out, of your mind."

Her face settled sullenly into little lines that pursed up the lovely young mouth, and Uriah Devon moved his year, and up the side of the country of o

You ain't too old to gad yet. And you'll be missin' one of the best lickn's you ever got if you mind what I The girl eyed him curiously, making

a sidewise gesture with her head.
"Who's the duffer you've chose out
for me?" she asked at length. "You might as well tell me."

"My friend, Reggie," said Devon, bending over and staring at her.

Tonnibel's mouth widened until two rows of teeth gleamed through the red

of her lips. She made a wry fac4. "Nothin' like that for me—eh, Edle?" Edith Devon was coming to a resolu-tion that meant trouble for herself and

for Tonnibel.:
"I ain't fought it all out with your daddy, kid." she saiffled weakly. "You get to the cabin and mend them old

get to the cubin and mend them was clothes."

"Yath Devon laid his pipe beside him and uttered an oath.
"You'll stay right here, brat," he gritted, "and pay heed to me."

"Utlah," screamed the woman, "if you go on with this, Ell tell er all I know, I swear will. Tony, honey, Tony, baby, I—I ain't—"

With a roar the man sprang forward and in his effort to reach his wife knocked the girl flat on the deck. When Tonnibel rolled over and sat up, her mother was stratched along the boat rail, and Devon was standing over her. She lay so dreadfully still and limp that the girl scrambled to limp that the girl scrambled to

It wasn't the same Tony who had It wasn't the same Tony who had come fearfully to them but a short period before with the little pig in her arms; nor the same girl who had swung in the treetops making play fellows of the squirrels and answering the shrill calls of the forest birds. She seemed suddenly to have grown taller, and has she flung herself on Devon, the very strength of her little body sent him sprawling against the side of the cobin. "Now you killed her, d—a you," she screamed. "If you kick 'er I'll y'll." She deponed at the side. she screamed. "If you kick 'er you," she screamed. "If you lick er rill-ril". She dropped at the side. of her mother, her threat broken in two by the swrful pallor on the wom-an's face. "Oh. God, mummy darlin', mummy darlin'," she ended in a bit-cer cry.

Growling in rage, Devon turned on

her.
"Mebbe I have killed 'er," said be.
"If so, I'll make a good job of it and
finish you too." The girl rose before him, her eyes



"Go On and Finish Me."

blusing into his, her little fishe cisached together.

"Falts that murder other people, Pappy Devon," she shot beck, "get serviced in a chair, and they set lightning my larveyth in. Ca on and sheet people. The people have not little with small man bearing that old Respective to the little small man larvey that old Respective to the little small man larvey that old Respective to the little small man larvey that old Respective to the little small man larvey that old Respective to the little small man larvey that old Respective to the little small man larvey that old Respective to the larvey that the