

SCHAU & ROOSA CO.

The Peak of Style!
KNOX SPRING HATS

Now Being Shown

The best values in Spring Hats is our boast! Here you will find a selection of Hats — latest in style creations, the best quality, from the leading hat manufacturer and at a most reasonable price—that you will find anywhere. Your particular taste can be satisfied at this store.

SCHAU & ROOSA CO.

117 Main Street

HORNELL, N. Y.

Of Interest to Farmers

IT IS TIME TO STOP
EXPLOITING COUNTRY

This is the Declaration of Sherman J. Lowell, Master of the National Grange—Cities Have Had Chance

S. J. Lowell, master of the National Grange, in his address at Cornell's Farmers' Week declared that the trouble with agriculture today originated before the war, and was merely precipitated by the war and not caused by it. He laid the present difficulties of the Western farmers to the giving away of the free lands in the latter half of the past century, creating thereby an attitude of dependence on the part of the rural population. He pointed out that the western farmer, bankrupt and with ruin staring him in the face, offers a fertile field for sowing radical propaganda.

Mr. Lowell took a firm stand against the present attitude of labor, and declared in part "that no country can survive when a man can be told when he shall and shall not work." He repudiated the idea that the colleges of the country were hotbeds of atheism, and commended them warmly, as he also commended the position taken by Governor E. B. Cretz of Pennsylvania that they must "pay as they go."

He further touched on the point that the country had been engaged in building cities for a hundred years, and that now it was the cities turn to help take care of the country to the extent of at least giving them a square deal. He instanced the state road appropriations for roads of more service to city motorists than to farmers as an example of how the rural population was being exploited.

He closed his remarks by emphasizing the fact that we must take Christ's teachings into business and into the home more and more as we wish to successfully carry on as a nation.

Agrigraphs

Yet rigid ploughmen! bear in mind Your labor is for future hours. Advance! Spare not nor look behind! Plough deep and straight with all your powers.

Have you taken your farm inventory yet? It isn't too late.

Uncle Ab says: "Kindness is a never-failing spring in a droughty country."

The successful poultryman gives his spring chicks a good start by giving breeder hens good care.

February isn't too late to get some of those improvements made in the house before spring work starts out doors.

There is no proverb in the whole catalogue of them more true than a penny saved is a penny got.—George Washington.

Farmers who started before there were agricultural colleges are taking the correspondence courses from the state college now, and so are "catching up" with their business.

While you're planning that rotation this winter, why not include planting that back lot to trees that's so much trouble to plow? It doesn't bring in much anyway. "Forest Planting on the Farm," a free bulletin from the State College at Ithaca, tells you how. Ask for F 159.

If you lost it, the finger wants to find you.

COUNTRY CHURCH
HAS LARGE TASK

Farmers' Week Speaker at Cornell Says Rural Field Needs Special-ly Trained Men.—What History Shows.

The job of the rural church is to so direct the mind of its people that they may come to see that they are on the soil as guardians and trustees of its fertility, and that they must work together for the common good. This is the message that Reverend E. J. Ruliffson brought to a Farmers' Week audience at Cornell. For co-operation to get anywhere, he says, and the church and the agricultural college can work together to bring to each individual the gospel of social and economic co-operation.

"The task of the country church heads is to direct the rural mind to its ultimate perfection and attainment. To carry out this work of developing an ideal rural mind, the first great need of the rural community is spiritual leadership,—ministers who are trained in their theological seminaries for the particular work of rural communities,—ministers who will use the material close at hand to lead the people to see the fundamental meanings back of the great physical processes."

Probably fifty per cent. of our American churches are rural. The country church and the country people are at the basis of a great economic system. Every nation has fallen just as soon as its country people have left the farm. "You can't have an up-to-date rural church unless you have back of it a prosperous rural community. They don't match for the same reason that a purebred cow in the stable and a scrub farmer on the milking bench don't match."

Homespun Yarn

Aunt Ada's Axioms: "Frankness and fairness are keys to happiness."

It isn't can you afford a vacuum cleaner, it's can you afford to be without one?

Like flowers? The State College at Ithaca has several free bulletins. Send for a list.

A meal out now and then eases up a mother's work a little and makes her family appreciate their home meals more.

When you're cutting meat, don't cut toward you, or hold the knife so that it would hit the other hand if it slipped.

Too often cranberries are used only with the holiday turkey. Their nutritive value may well give them a regular place on the winter menu.

What's the use of having a lot of kitchen knives if they're not kept sharp? That's a simple matter, if every housewife keeps a good steel.

A lot of coal won't help if the furnace isn't working right. Meat, starches and sweets may be the fuel foods in winter, but fruit and vegetables keep the apparatus in good shape.

The spirit and tone of your home will have great influence on your children. If it is what it ought to be, it will fasten conviction on their minds, however wicked they may become.—Richard Cecil.

You want advertising will be useful to you in your campaign to find the buyer who ought to own that property you want to sell—the man who will know that it ought to belong to him as soon as he sees it. Yes, there is such a man.

Out of the
Darkness

By CHARLES J. DUTTON

Illustrations by
Irvin Mayers

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(Continued from Page 3.)

Crimes." She returned in a moment with two volumes, bound in red cloth. Bartley opened one to the place where the date when a book is taken out is stamped. There was only one date on the white slip, and Bartley copied it in his notebook. Then, turning to the librarian, he asked her how they had happened to buy the book, and if she knew who it was that had taken it from the library the one time it had gone out.

Looking through her cards, she told him that the book had been a gift, and that the only person that had ever taken it out was James Briffleur. Bartley raised his eyebrows in surprise but did not ask her anything more.

As soon as we were again on the street, he told us that so far as he knew the only account of the Edlingham burglary, other than the one in the rare pamphlet that he owned, had been published in the volumes he had been glancing at. Currie, of course, did not understand what he was talking about; and Bartley gave him the details of the English crime, and ended by saying that, from the very first it had been his opinion that whoever had faked the burglary at Slyke's had read the account of the English crime. Then, with a little rueful smile, he added that the one person who had taken the book from the library was Slyke's chauffeur.

He might have said more had we not reached Currie's club just then. We sat and talked until about eleven o'clock; then we started to walk home.

As we were leaving the club, we met a young man whom Currie introduced to us as Captain Lowe, commander of the local branch of the state police. As he was going in our direction, we felt into step together; and he told us of his work and how the state troopers had reduced crime so much that farmers' wives now had a sense of security, even in the most remote country districts. The greatest trouble they had at present, he told us with a laugh, was with the smuggling of whisky. Not only Saratoga but even as far as Albany and Troy. Though they knew that a good deal of whisky was getting through, they could not discover who was running it. At the barracks he bade us goodnight.

As we passed the driveway that led into the Slyke grounds, Currie told us that it ran through nearly a mile of dense woods before it reached the house. We were about a thousand feet beyond the entrance when Bartley suddenly stopped.

"What's that?" he asked in a low voice.

I listened a moment, but the only thing I could hear was the hum of a distant automobile.

Bartley continued, "I thought I heard a car in the woods, there on the left."

Currie, who was a few feet in front of us, laughed. "John," he said, "you're hearing things. No car can be in those woods. Those are the trees you see from my house, and they stretch for some miles without a break. Slyke owns this part of them. You could not have heard a car."

Bartley placed his hand on his friend's shoulder. "That's what I thought, Bob. But I did hear a motor; of that I am sure."

"Listen! There it is once more." This time we all heard the faint sound of a motor running slowly and with difficulty. There was no doubt about it; it came from the woods before us. It sounded as if a car were running a few feet, then stopping, as it could do on a very bad road when having difficulty in getting through.

As we stood listening to the strange sound coming through the woods, Bartley said: "You say, Currie, that there is no road there, yet by the way of it I should say that was a tick. What do you say to going and finding out what it means?"

Currie gave an exclamation of disgust. "But it's none of our business."

Just at the present moment, everything that takes place on Slyke's estate is business. I want to know what is going on in those woods at this time of night.

"I'm game, if the rest of you are," Currie responded.

"With a caution from Bartley not to use any noise, we left the road and crept into the woods. It was lucky that there were not many vines or such underbrush, or we should not have gotten very far. There was no moon, and we fell over stumps and open branches and bumped into trees at almost every step. Bartley and a pocket torch with him, but he



"John," He Said, "You're Hearing Things."

did not want to use it. Once or twice, though, he did flash it for a second so that we could disentangle ourselves from the vines that had wrapped themselves around our feet. We had not heard the motor for several moments when a car loomed suddenly out of the shadowy darkness ahead of us that we almost felt over it. It was a great truck, loaded with small cases. Upon its top, a little darker than the night, we made out the figures of two men, while the third disengaged itself from the gloom in front of the car with a muffled oath, and climbed to the driver's seat. The car started forward with a lunge along the road; if it could be called such, that had been made by felling trees and leaving their stumps still standing. The driver must have been familiar with it, for no one who was not could have driven that truck over it without lights.

"I want to get the number," Bartley whispered, as it lurched ahead. He crept softly up behind the slowly moving car. For the faintest part of a second I saw the flash of his light. The next he was back at our side.

"There is no license plate on the car. There's something wrong there. Come along!"

As the truck, lurching from side to side, was not going faster than three miles an hour, we had no difficulty in keeping up with it. We had followed it for perhaps five minutes when it came out suddenly onto the road that Currie said led to Slyke's house. Here it paused, the motor running softly.

We crept closer and heard a voice say: "Well, Jim, here's to luck. We will make a run of it."

Just at this moment Currie tripped over a root. He tried to save himself, grabbed at my arm, missed, and went to the ground with a loud crash. As he fell, Bartley jerked me to one side and threw me on my face. The sound of Currie's fall was like a young earthquake, and did not escape those on the truck. As I went down I saw one of the men turn and fire. The next second, gaining speed with every foot, the truck shot down the road.

With the truck gone we no longer needed to hide; we rose and rushed to Currie to see if he were shot. As Bartley's light flashed over him, we discovered that he was sitting up, and swearing to himself. His face was covered with dirt and one eye was beginning to turn black, but he was otherwise unharmed.

"John," he demanded, "what the devil made that tire explode?"

"That was not a tire, Bob. Someone on the truck heard you as you fell and took a shot at you."

"Took a shot at me?" cried Currie, in utter disbelief. "My G—, why?"

Bartley helped him to his feet and brushed the dirt from his clothes before he answered: "It's a damned good thing they missed you. Those men on top of the boxes were there to protect them. I wonder what was in them."

Bartley was anxious to learn what that truck was doing in the woods, and why the men on it were so determined that no one should know what they were carrying, that they were willing to fire upon anyone who interfered. As we followed the tracks with the aid of Bartley's pocket torch, we saw that the wheels had sunk a foot into the sod in places, and that more than one heavily loaded truck had passed this way.

We followed the road for about half a mile before it ended in a clearing, a quarter of an acre square.

Bartley examined the four sides of the clearing carefully before he came back to us, and said, in a voice that sounded strange in the darkness, "The road ends here. I have an idea that this is where they got their load."

Currie had been peering through the darkness as the flashes of Bartley's light shot between the trees. "I have a foot idea, John," he said slowly, "that I know where we are."

"You do?" came the eager response.

"Yes. If I am not mistaken, we are within a hundred yards of the old cemetery that is on Slyke's ground. It must be over a hundred years old, and was founded by the early settlers. Several years ago Slyke showed me the place. We had the devil of a time reaching it, for there was no path to it. All there is left of it is an old vault and half a dozen stumbling tombstones."

I was unable to see Bartley's face,

but his voice was clear. "A vault? What kind?" he asked. "Why," replied Currie, "just a vault. One of those things dug into the side of a hill where dead bodies are placed. If I am right, there is a small hill only a few yards from here."

Bartley turned and, flashing his light on the ground, moved it slowly back and forth as he advanced. He paused and bent to examine the ground.

"I guess I have it," he called to us. "Here are footprints."

Without giving us time to examine them, he went deeper into the woods, and we followed. Some fifty feet from the clearing, the little path we were on ended abruptly in a small mound.

"It's your vault, Currie," said Bartley.

His light rested on the massive wooden door of an old-fashioned burial vault dug out of the hillside and fastened securely by a large lock. As Bartley examined it, he gave a little whistle. "Well, Currie, that may be an old vault, and an old door, but the lock on it is modern. It has been placed there within a short time. I am going to open it."

With a thin piece of wire and a bit of steel, Bartley picked the lock, then the door opened and turned his flashlight into the darkness within. I think that Currie and myself both held our breath as the light swept back and forth over the walls and floor. It disclosed nothing more startling than a number of boxes, similar to those we had seen on the truck, piled one on the other against the walls. It was plain enough where the load had been gotten.

Bartley led the way in and closed the door behind us. Once more he swept the vault with his torch, and this time we noticed a lantern on a box and lit it.

The vault was about twenty-five feet long and had been dug into the side of the hill, but the sides and roof were of stone. Along the walls were niches for coffins, and these were piled high, and the floor as well, with hundreds of small boxes. The flame of the lantern flickered in a draft and queer shadows danced on the walls, while a musty, earthy smell rose half chokingly. It was not the most pleasant place to be in.

But Bartley did not seem to mind it. He stood in the center of the floor, glancing around the vault with such an amused smile that I knew that something had pleased him particularly. Suddenly he went to the nearest box, ripped off the cover, and drew out a bottle. We crowded around him as he removed the paper and disclosed the label of a well-known brand of imported whisky.

"That's what I expected," Bartley commented. "We know now what was on that truck. Captain Lowe won't have to hunt any longer for the place where they hide smuggled whisky."

He made a careful search of the vault. The boxes lined the walls to a height of six feet on all sides. A few cigarette stubs on the dirt floor showed that some one had been smoking, but there was nothing to indicate whom he might have been. As I finished his examination, Bartley said, "I guess we may as well go now."

"I had guess to find out what was in the vault, and placed it on one

of the boxes, and new when I looked for it I could not find it. It occurred to me that it must have fallen behind the boxes, and, taking Bartley's torch, I climbed upon the box and flashed the light into the niche behind the one on which I thought I had laid it. As I reached for it my fingers

hardly came in contact with something hard. I knew, even as my fingers groped for the object, that it was a revolver. Climbing down from the box, I went up to Bartley.

"Look what I found!" I exclaimed. "Where did you get that?" he asked excitedly as he took it from me. I told him of my hat falling behind the boxes, and how the revolver had been in the niche back of them. There seemed no reason for his being so excited over the find, but his next words enlightened me.

"That's the gun that was in Slyke's hand this morning. I recognize the worn place on the barrel."

"But how did it get there?" I asked in wonder.

"I don't know," was the reply. "It looks as if the person that threw it back of the boxes, did it to hide it. He may intend to come for it later."

To my surprise, he bent over suddenly and blew out the lantern. In a second the vault was in darkness. Currie started to remonstrate, but a warning whisper from Bartley stopped him.

"Both of you get back of that door at once. There is someone outside. Don't make a move or a sound. I think he is going to come in."

(To be continued)



"That's What I Expected," Bartley Commented.

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We don't envy single track mining many tracks he is to take.

What we can't women refrain from new spring millinery more than half good

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AMONG

Voorhees

Feb. 21. Our little backward about these are plenty. Among them we find Floyd Fenton and Mrs. B. Perkins and Mrs. James Lewis Thelma. Abram S. Lewis were on the way to be about the week. The others a ly.

Mrs. Wm. Church of Proctor District, ton home caring for work.

There was no school account of the cold J. J. McCarthy is Wellsville hospital.

Mrs. Rae Wilcox, a guest at the home from Tuesday until Allison Baker is

ily to a farm in Elr they will work this their going but wish their new home.

Davis

Frank Norton, of the week-end with and family.

Lura and Clyde Richmond spent the Mr. and Mrs. Floyd

Clyde Hulse was Bingham from Monday day by the death of

Mary Norton, of ing a few days with Edna Burdick.

E. J. Kilbane is Mr. and Mrs. L.

word that their Davis, of Rochester ly ill but is gaining

Emmett Robinson Ruth, spent Wed on the farm.

Several of the fa potatoes and logs Veterinary J. J. burn, inspected pa who are selling mil week.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood, are vi of their daughter, Childs.

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Boy's Rubber Boots

Buy now, your boys' Rubber Boots. We will sell all sizes at cost and less. Boys' gum Short Boots, sizes 12 to 2 at \$2.15 a pair; sizes 3