ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

ANDOVER, N. Y. MARCH 1, 1929.

Entered as second-class mail matter under act of Congress, at the Postoffice at Andover, N. Y.

Subscription Rates

One year	$2.00
Six Months	$1.00
Three Months	.50

ACTIVE NEW YORK PRESS ASSOCIATION A DROP OF INK MAKES MILLIONS THINK ORGANIZED SEPT. 8 1865 MEMBER

A Sensible Comment

THOMAS A. EDISON, asked his opinion on the prohibition question, is reported as follows:

"The prohibition laws are already fairly reasonably well enforced. It can be demonstrated, I think, that we now have at least 60 per cent. enforcement, which is a rather higher percentage of enforcement than we have of many other important laws. We can never expect 100 per cent. enforcement of any law. I believe and am assured that it would not be difficult to raise enforcement to around 80 per cent., proceeding on the same lines as we have done, and at very little additional expense. With 80 per cent. we should have a reasonably sober nation—at least far ahead of any other on earth. In fact we have a sober nation today—so much so at the least that the European nations not yet sober are beginning to get very much worried over this matter. They find that they cannot compete with us in almost any line of industry; they are all considering steps to take to drastically regulate the sale of liquor and put some check to the waste of the business. This has now become perhaps the most serious problem of Great Britain as it complicates her other very serious problem of pauperism and non-employment, which is becoming extremely acute. All her greatest statesmen see the trend of necessity plainly.

If we get an 80 per cent. enforcement no nation on earth can compete with us in anything. Seeing what a sober nation may do is indeed a noble experiment and one no nation has ever tried, the the savings of such an experiment are perfectly obvious. We are steadily developing to a point where the use of intoxicants, even in so-called moderate degree, will outlaw itself, for it will not fit into any of our programs, either in or out of the shops. The youth of our country are getting a better perspective of this than the older generation. The ordinary sensible young man of today, anxious to succeed, has no question in his mind at all that the drinking man cannot succeed. Prohibition sentiment will steadily grow; it cannot help it.—Tioga County Herald.

A generation ago Sunday was a day of rest. Today it is a day of restlessness.

The Welcome Sign

SMALL cities and towns that do not have a "Welcome" sign on every main road leading into the place are regarded as "slow" and out of date.

And as a rule, the signs emphasize friendliness, regardless of whether the community has it.

Once upon a time, it is related, there was a man who believed in signs, and taking the one at the edge of a trangtown literally, he drove in and prepared to be real friendly. He sat on the curb for an hour and not one person even looked friendly, much less asked him any questions about what luck he was having among strangers.

This is a mistake common to us all. We boast of our friendliness and advertise the fact to the world, but we never exercise our shaking arm on strangers, and never discommode ourselves in order to give them pleasant remembrances of Andover.

The touring season is at hand. Thousands of motorists are going to be passing thru. Some of them will stop here if they get the right kind of reception; more of them will be our guests if we show ourselves hospitable.

If we are going to be friendly, let's loosen up and act human when a stranger comes within. If we are going to treat strangers like they were poisonous, let's tear down the sign.

"Welcome" signs are the most expensive things a town can have if the welcome is not there when the stranger arrives.

New Opportunities Daily

Noah was no doubt the original man who started off on a trip and forgot to put the cat out.

EVERY day opportunity batters loudly on your door. New opportunities are continually arising for saving money, time and effort—opportunities for gaining added comforts, conveniences and happiness. Opportunities are presented for obtaining the things that tend to elevate, improve and idealize the all-important business of living.

These opportunities are placed before you in the advertising columns of this paper.

Merchants and manufacturers are advertising here for your benefit, as well as their own. They seek to tell you what is new in the markets and stores—to inform you of all that the world of invention and discovery is doing to make your work easier, your home life more pleasant, your clothing and food problems less difficult.

Newspaper advertising offers you an unfailing source of opportunity.

Among other things that doesn't go very far on an empty purse, is love.

In this day and age of swiftness, one wonders how anyone a generation ago was run over by a horse and buggy.

Not a Literary Continent

AN ENTIRE English speaking continent with a literature population of more than 6,000,000 people, almost entirely without a native literary life. Such is the unique situation of Australia today, according to C. Hartley Grattan, critic and traveler, recently returned from a protracted visit to the South Seas commonwealth.

"Australia does not want literature," declares Mr. Grattan. He pictured the culture of the continent, now 150 years old as a civilized land, as far behind that of American when this land was of a similar age.

"Australia, like America of the old days, suffers from a literary inferiority complex," he declares. "Her readers feel safer with a third-rate English or American book than with a first-rate Australian one. They cannot believe that men they see and know can write good books. The whole tone of society is hostile to literature. The labor unions, whose views color all Australian life, give it no attention, and the leisure they win for their members is taken up with sport and gambling."

A recent attempt to arouse interest in native literature thru an "Author's Week" brought to light only a half dozen writers whose work can be considered "at all hopeful," reports Mr. Grattan. And of these only one, Katherine Prichard, is known to any considerable extent outside of her native land.

A fashion report from Paris says the short skirt must go. One just wonders, which way?

Will Restrict Road Signs

OUTDOOR advertising on billboards along our main public highways, will be restricted, according to plans that are being worked out, following the endorsement of over two hundred national advertisers and agencies, who have agreed in the future to confine such signs to commercial districts.

This is a great public service. It needs no argument to demonstrate the increase of offensive signs. Under the stress of competition, advertisers and advertising agencies have proclaimed their wares in tones so strident that the whole countryside shrieks with them. There is scarcely a bit of woodland or pasture bordering any main highroad or railroad in the United States that is not disfigured by billboards. It would almost seem that the lovelier the spot, the more inevitable the advertisement. Many tourists now refuse to buy commodities thus offensively thrust at them.

The advertisers who have now agreed to withdraw their signboards from the countryside have shown good business sense. The public will be disposed to patronize concerns that manifest some consideration for public rights. The removal of billboards from forest and meadow will cause a sigh of relief from all who appreciate the beauty of nature. The thanks of the country are due to the General Federation of Womens Clubs and other organizations that have worked to bring advertisers to realize that they were injuring their own business by hogging the scenery.

Words that are never spoken: "They lost all their money, but that doesn't affect their social standing."

Another Law Is Planned

AUTOMOBILE accidents have been increasing at the rate of 2,000 a year and in some quarters there has been active agitation to compel, by law, the examination of the vision of every driver of an automobile.

The results that might be obtained from such legislation are doubtful. Those who are sponsoring laws in each state, of this character, admit that in five states where the eyesight of applicants for drivers' licenses are tested, the methods used in enforcing and interpreting the laws make them ineffective.

If this is the result of such legislation in five states, what assurance is there that it would not be the same in every other state?

Drivers of automobiles are already surrounded with such a multiplicity of laws that they are never quite sure, when they leave home, how many statutes will be broken before they return.

Every law tacks on a few fees, all of which increases the expense of operating an automobile, and one requiring a vision test for drivers would be no exception in this respect.

Every law-abiding automobile driver welcomes laws that will curb speeding, prevent operation of machines by intoxicated people and keep down to the minimum practices that endanger the lives of others, but laws of doubtful value are harmful because they increase the disrespect for all law.

Old timers are already predicting that it will be the 437th unusually hot summer since Columbus came over.

Plenty Of Time Is Left

ABOUT every year or so some one predicts the end of the world, but if the report of a college professor in astronomy, as recently announced, can be taken for the truth, there is no use of being cramped for space, or rushed for time. He estimates the end of the world within a period of a thousand-thousand million years.

This is the answer of science to the group of New York folks who brought down ridicule upon themselves and made the credulous nervous by predicting that the world was going to loop off into space on a certain date.

Mr. Earth will write finis on his planetary career when our sun passes too near another sun, the professor says. The resulting whirlpool of incandescant matter will consume the earth.

But there is little immediate danger of the sun interfering with the progress of other suns, even the a half billion others, some of them larger than our own sun, are running loose in our galaxy.

And there are other galaxies, too, probably a half billion of them, forming a super galaxy. Our own galaxy is an oval, ten times longer than it is wide, and its length is estimated at 300,000 times 5,865,696,000,000 miles.

In other words, we can all cotinue on our journey in pursuit of health, wealth and happiness until the end of our time on earth, without any interference on the part of the earth.

The husband who insists upon the last word can at least say it with flowers.

Many people have found that going thru life on high gear, is a short journey.

Deaths

Feb. 21.—John C. Isamaan, 83 years of age, at his home in Angelica. He leaves his wife and a daughter.

Feb. 18.—Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin of Richburg Hill, following an illness of six months of tuberculosis, aged 34 years. Burial was at Bolivar.

Feb. 15.—James S. Turner of Bolivar, a pioneer oil operator and a resident of that village for 47 years, died at the home of a relative Mrs. W. P. Eakin, in Buffalo. He had been in poor health for some time past, death resulting from the infirmities of age. He was 79 years old. The body was taken to the home of his son, Herbert L. Turner, in Bolivar, where the funeral was held.

Feb. 14.—Mrs. Addie Black, a former well known resident of Bolivar, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Ostrander, in New York City, following a long illness. The body was taken to Bolivar for burial beside that of her husband, the late Henry J. Black.

Feb. 16.—Allan Cochran, of Bolivar, former oil operator, aged 70 years. He had been a resident of Bolivar 30 years. He leaves his wife.

Feb. 20.—Mrs. Jennie Canfield Baker died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lynn Watts at Belmont, from a heart attack suffered an hour before her demise.

Feb. 13.—Robert Herdman at his home near Angelica. Deceased was born Jan. 3, 1869, in the historic White House on the Belvidere Farms, and practically all of his life has been passed in Angelica.

Feb. 17.—Bradford B. Voorhies, 53 years of age, died at his home in Friendship, after an illness of several years, resulting from injuries. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Mrs. Marie Bettinger of Syracuse.

Feb. 24.—Mrs. Martha Adelaide Bailey, 80 years of age, wife of S. J. Bailey of Almond. Deceased was among the oldest residents of Almond. Besides her husband she leaves five daughters.

Feb. 21.—Thomas McCue, 73 years, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. George Starr of Belmont. Deceased was born in Canaadea. For many years he had made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Osterhout and family at Belvidere.

Feb. 24.—Miss Evelyn Hilligrass following three days illness of pneumonia. Miss Hilligrass was a member of the Senior Class of Friendship high school and was 21 years of age, born on Beach Hill, town of Willing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hilligrass.

Feb. 19.—Miss Catherine Callahan of Cuba, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis suffered three months ago. She had passed her life in Cuba where she was highly respected.

Feb. 23.—James B. Hyde, aged 87 years, died at the home of his neice, Mrs. James R. Graham at Nile. He was the son of pioneer settlers and the oldest resident in Friendship.

PROPOSITION

To Be Voted Upon at Annual Village Election.

Notice is hereby given that at the annual election to be held in and for the Village of Andover, N. Y., on the 19th day of March, 1929, between the hours of 12 o'clock M., and 5 P. M., the following proposition will be submitted to the electors of said Village to be voted upon at said election, which proposition is as follows:

Shall the Board of Trustees of the Village of Andover, County of Allegany, New York, be authorized to expend the sum of twelve thousand Dollars ($12,000.00) to pay the cost of grading, draining, edging, and paving that portion of East Center Street in said village, extending from the easterly side of the brick pavement of said Center Street easterly to the westerly side of East Avenue in said Village; one-half of such construction and improvement to be paid for by said Village and one-fourth the expense thereof to be paid for by the property owners on each side of said street, and assessed in accordance with the provisions of Section 166 of the Village Law, and be empowered to borrow upon the faith and credit of said Village of Andover, N. Y., the amount necessary to pay the cost of such construction and improvement not to exceed in the aggregate, the sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars ($12,000.00); and issue and sell bonds of said Village upon the faith and credit thereof, to be paid within ten years from the date of such issue in ten equal annual installments with interest at 5% per annum, payable annually; and that a sum be raised annually by tax upon the taxable property of said Village sufficient to pay the principal and interest of said bonds as the same shall become due and payable.

This proposition is submitted in accordance with a petition duly filed with the Board of Trustees of said Village, by property owners abutting on said street, and a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of said Village at a meeting of said Board held on the 8th day of February, 1929.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., this 13th day of February, 1929.

ROBERT MINGUS, Mayor
EDWARD HORAN,
W. F. O'CONNELL,
JOHN WAHL,
WILLIAM F. SNYDER,
Trustees.
PORTER RICHARDSON,
Clerk. 11

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1924 Nash Four Door Coupe
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1925 Essex Coach
1923 Chandler Chummy Sedan
1920 Chandler Sedan
1925 Reo Sedan
1922 Maxwell Touring
1924 Ford Sedan
1923 Ford Light Delivery
1925 Gray Sedan
Stewart Truck.

F. L. WELSTEAD
24 E. Fassett St.
Wellsville, N. Y. Phone 499

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, surrogate of Allegany County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of Frank Raufenbarth, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executrix at her residence in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of April, 1929.

MATILDA RAUFENBARTH,
Executrix
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ANDOVER LODGE NO. 756 I. O. O. F.
Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed.
AMES L. ROGERS, Secy.
LLEWELLYN CLAIR, Noble Grand

UNION EMCAMPMENT
No. 171, I. O. O. F.
Meets Second and Fourth Monday Evenings of Each Month
G. W. SAUNDERS, C. P.
A. L. ROGERS, Scribe
Visitors are Always Welcome

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 558 F. & A. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome
B. B. HANN, Secy.
CLARENCE MEAD, W. M.

ANDOVER DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE Co-Operative Association, Inc.
Meets First Saturday Each Month.
JAMES McANDREW, President
HENRY JOYCE, Vice President
HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

ANDOVER GRANGE NO. 1099
Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I.O.O.F. Hall.
LESTER GREEN, Master
EMMETT ROBINSON, Lecturer
AMES L. ROGERS, Secretary
Visitors Always Welcome

MIRA DIFFIN
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office over J. D. Cheesman & Co. Store. Andover, N. Y.

W. O'DONNELL, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office on West Greenwood Street
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Office 58 South Main Street
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Hours—8-9 a. m. 1-3 and 7-8 p. m.
Sundays emergency only.
Telephone 2106.

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Successor to Dana Jackman.
Orders may be left at the
City Restaurant
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Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Guy O. Hinman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Randall A. Pease, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor of said Estate, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the first day of September, 1929.

Dated this 16th day of February, 1929, at Andover, N. Y.

A. R. MEAD, Executor
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MARATHON RESTAURANT

Special Low Prices on Work Ordered now for Fall or Spring Delivery.
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Wellsville
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PHONE 103

The LAST of the DUANES

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Vernon C. Christy

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Buck Duane, quick on the draw, kills Cal Bain in self-defense, and finds himself an outlaw. Flying from pursuit, he meets Luke Stevens, another outlaw, and the two become pals. Luke narrowly escapes capture and Duane is shocked to find his brother outlaw severely wounded.

Duane buries Stevens. Then he goes on to Bland's camp, where he gets into a fight with a man called Bozomer and wounds the latter. He makes a friend of an outlaw at Bland's called Euchre, who tells him of Mrs. Bland and the girl Jennie.

Dane meets Jennie, and promises to try his utmost to get her away from Bland's camp. To avert suspicion, it is planned that he pretend to care for Mrs. Bland. Euchre introduces him to the latter and he engages in conversation with her.

Buck plays the game, making Mrs. Bland think he loves her. To avert Bland's suspicion, Mrs. Bland pretends to her husband that Buck has come to visit Jennie. Bland urges Buck to become a regular member of his outlaw gang.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Accounting for the short cut across grove and field, it was about five minutes walk up to Bland's house. To Duane it seemed long in time and distance, and he had difficulty in restraining his pace.

As he walked there came a gradual and subtle change in his feelings. Again he was going out to meet in conflict. He could have avoided this meeting. But despite the fact of his courting the encounter, he had not as yet felt that hot, inexplicable expulsion of blood. The motive of this deadly action was not personal, and somehow that made a difference.

No outlaws were in sight. He saw several Mexican herders with cattle. Blue columns of smoke curled up over some of the chimbas. The fragrant smell of it reminded Duane of his home—that he used to cut the wood for the stove. He noted a cloud of creamy mist rising above the river disolving in the sunlight.

Then he entered Bland's lane.

While yet some distance from the cabin he heard loud, angry voices of man and women. Bland and Kate still quarreling! He took a quick survey of the surroundings. There was not even a Mexican in sight. Then he hurried a little.

Half-way down the lane he turned his head to peer thru the cottonwoods. This time he saw Euchre coming with the horses. There was no indication that the old outlaw might lose his nerve at the end. Duane had feared this.

Duane now changed his walk to a leisurely saunter He reached the porch and then distinguished what was said inside the cabin.

"If you do—Bland, by Heaven, I'll fix you and her!" That was panted out in Kate Bland's voice.

"Let me lose! I'm going in there, I tell you!" replied Bland hoarsely.

"What for?"

"I want to make a little love to her. Ha—ha! It'll be fun to have the laugh on her new lover."

"You lie!" cried Kate Bland.

"Let me go!" His voice grew hoarser with passion.

"No, no! I won't let you go! You'll choke the—truth out of her! you'll kill her."

"The truth!" gritted Bland.

"Yes. I lied. Jen lied. But she lied to save you. You needn't—murder her—for that."

Bland cursed horribly. Then followed a wrestling sound of bodies in violent straining contact—the scrape of feet—the jangle of spurs—a crash of sliding table or chair, and then the cry of a women in pain.

Duane stepped into the open door—inside the room. Kate Bland lay half across a table, where she had been flung, and she was trying to get to her feet. Bland's back was turned. He had opened the door into Jennie's room and had one foot across the threshold. Duane caught the girl's low, shuddering cry.

"Good morning!" he called, loud and clear.

With catlike swiftness Bland wheeled—then froze on the threshold. His sight, quick as his action, caught Duane's menacing, unmistakable position.

Bland's big frame filled the door. He was in a bad piacee to reach for his gun. But he would not have time to step. Duane read in his eyes the desperate calculation of chances. For a fleeting instant Bland shifted his gaze to his wife. Then his whole body seemed to vibrate with the swing of his arm.

Duane shot him. He fell forward his gun exploding as it dug into the floor, and it drooped loose from stretching fingers. Duane stood over him, stooped to turn him on his back Bland looked up with clouded gaze, then gasped his last.

"Duane you've killed him!" cried Kate Bland huskily. "I knew you'd have to."

She staggered against the wall, her eyes dilating, her strong hands clenching, her face half stunned, but showed no grief.

"Jennie!" called Duane sharply.

"Oh—is it you—Duane?" she faltering reply.

"Yes. Come out. Hurry!"

She came out with uneven steps, seeing only him, and she stumbled over Bland's body. Duane caught her arm, swung her behind him. He feared the woman when she realized how she had been duped. His action was protective, and his movement toward the door equally significant.

"Duane!" cried Mrs. Bland.

It was no time for talk. Duane edged on, keeping Jennie behind him. At that moment there was a pounding of iron-shod hoofs out in the lane. Kate Bland bounded to the door. When she turned back her amaze was changing to realization.

"Where're you taking Jen?" she cried, her voice like a man's.

"Get out of my way!" replied Duane. His look, perhaps, without speech, was enough for her. In an instant she was transformed into a fury.

"You hound! All the time you were fooling me. You made love to me! You let me believe—you swore you loved me! All for that slut! But you can't have her. You'll never leave here alive! Give me that girl! Let me get at her! She'll never win any more men in this camp!"

She was a heavy, powerful woman, and it took all Duane's strength to ward off her onslaughts. She clawed at Jennie over his upheld arm. Every second her fury increased.

"Help! Help! Help!" she shrieked in a voice that must have penetrated to the remotest cabin in the valley.

"Let go! Let go!" cried Duane, low and sharp. He still held his gun in his right hand, and it began to be hard for him to ward off the woman. His coolness had gone with her shriek for help. "Let go!" he repeated, and he shoved her fiercely.

Suddenly she snatched a rifle off the wall and backed away, her strong hands fumbling at the lever. As she jerked it down, throwing a shell into the chamber she cocked the weapon, Duane leaped upon her. He struck up the rifle as it went off, the powder burning his face.

"Jennie, run out! Get on a horse!" he said, still low and sharp.

Jennie flashed out of the door. With an iron grasp Duane held to the rifle barrel. He had grasped it with his left hand, and he gave such a powerful pull that he swung the woman off of the floor. But he could not loose her grip. She was as strong as he.

"Kate. Let go!"

He tried to intimidate her. She did not see his gun thrust in her face, or reason had given way to such an extent to passion that she did not care. She cursed. Her husband had used the same curses, and from her lips they seemed strange, unsexed, more deadly.

Like a tigress she fought him. Her face no longer resembled a woman's. The evil of that outlaw wife the wildness and rage, the meaning to kill was, even in such a moment, terribly impressed upon Duane.

He heard a cry from outside—a man's cry, hoarse and alarming.

It made him think of loss of time—this demon of a woman might yet block his plan.

"Let go!" he whispered and felt his lips stiff. In the grimness of that instant he relaxed his hold on the rifle barrel.

With a sudden, redoubled, irresistible strength, she wrenched the rifle down and discharged it. Duane felt a blow—a shock—then a burning agony tearing thru his breast. He staggered backward, almost falling. The woman's strong hands, awkward from passion, again fumbled at the lever of the gun.

He caught the barrel again, this time in his right hand, and pulled. She tripped over a chair and crashed down.

Duane leaped back, whirled, flew out of the door to the porch. The sharp cracking of a gun halted him. He saw Jennie holding to the bridle of his bay horse.

Euchre sat astride the other and he had a Colt leveled, and he was firing down the lane. Then came a single shot, heavier, and Euchre's ceased. He fell from his horse.

A swiftly shifted gaze showed to Duane a man coming down the lane. Chess Alloway! His gun was smoking. He broke into a run. Then, in an instant he saw Duane, tried to check his pace as he swung up his arm. But that slight pause was fatal.

Duane shot, and Alloway was falling when his gun went off. His bullet whistled close to Duane and thudded into the cabin.

Duane bounded down to the horses. Jennie was trying to hold the plunging bay. Euchre lay flat on his back, dead, a bullet hole in his shirt, his face set hard, and his hands twisted around gun and bridle.

"Jennie, you've nerve all right," cried Duane as he dragged down the horse she was holding. "Up with you—quick! There! Never mind long stirrups! Hang on somehow!"

He caught his bridle out of Euchre's clutching grip and leaped astride. The frightened horses jumped into a run and thundered down the lane into the road. Duane saw men running from cabins. He heard shouts. But there were no shots fired.

Jennie seemed able to stay on her horse; but without stirrups she bounced so hard that Duane rode closer and reached out to grasp her arm.

Thus they rode thru the valley to the trail that led up over the steep and broken Rim-Rock. As they began to climb Duane looked back. No pursuers were in sight.

"Jennie, we're going to get away!" he cried, exultation for her in his voice.

She was gazing, horror-stricken, at his breast, as, in turning to look back, he faced her.

"Oh, Duane, your shirt's all bloody!" she faltered, pointing with trembling finger.

With her words Duane became aware of two things—the hand he instinctively placed to his breast still held his gun—and he had sustained a terrible wound.

He had been shot thru the breast far enough down to give him grave apprehension of his life. Little pain attended the injury, and no sense of weakness yet. The clean-cut bullet hole bled freely both at its entrance and where it had come out, but with no signs of hemorrhage. He did not bleed at the mouth; however, he began to cough up a reddish tinged foam.

Jennie, with pale face and mute lips looked at him.

"I'm badly hurt, Jennie," he said; "but I guess I'll stick it out."

"The woman—did she shoot you?"

"Yes. She was a devil. Euchre told me to look out for her. I wasn't quick enough."

"You didn't have to—to—" shivered the girl.

"My God, no!" he replied.

They did not stop climbing while Duane tore a scarf and made compresses, which he bound tightly over his wounds. The fresh horses made fast time up the rough trail. From open places Duane looked down.

When they surmounted the steep ascent and stood on top of the Rim-Rock, with no signs of pursuit down the valley, and with the wild, broken fastness before them, Duane turned to the girl and assured her that they now had every chance of escape.

"Jennie, we're going to get away," he said with gladness. "I'll be well in a few days. You don't know how strong I am. We'll hide by day and travel by night. I can get you across the river."

"And then?" she asked.

"We'll find some honest rancher."

"And then?" she persisted.

"Why," he began slowly. "That's as far as my thought ever got. It was pretty hard, I tell you, to assure myself of so much. It means your safety. You'll tell your story. You'll be sent to some village or town and taken care of until a relative or friend is notified."

"And you?" she inquired in a strange voice.

"Jennie, I'll go back to the brakes. I daren't show my face among respectable people. I'm an outlaw."

"You're no criminal!" she declared with deep passion.

"Jennie, on this border the little difference between an outlaw and a criminal doesn't count for much."

"You won't go back among those terrible men? You, with your gentleness and awestness—all that's Duane kept silent.

"What will you do?" she went on, good about you! Oh, Duane, don't, don't go!"

"I can't go back to the outlaws, at least Bland's band. No, I'll go alone. I'll lone wolf it, as they say on the border. What else can I do, Jennie?"

"Oh, I don't know. Couldn't you hide? Couldn't you slip out of Texas—go far away?"

"I could never get out of Texas without being arrested. I could hide, but a man must live. Never mind about me, Jennie."

"Duane, if ever I'm safe out of this awful country," she cried, "I'll go to the governor. I'll tell him your story. I'll tell him mine. I'll get you pardoned."

As he looked down upon her, a slight slender girl with bedraggled dress and disheveled hair, her face pale and quiet, a little stern in sleep and her long, dark lashes lying on her cheeks, he seemed to see her frailty, her pretiness, her femininity as never before. But for him she might at that very moment have been a broken, ruined girl, lying back in that cabin of the Blands.

Tomorrow she would be gone, among good kind people, with a possibility of fiding her relatives. He thanked God for that; nevertheless he felt a pang.

She slept more than half the day. Duane kept guard, always alert, whether he was sitting, standing, or walking. The rain pattered steadily on the roof and sometimes came in gusty flurries thru the door. The horses were outside in a shed that offered poor shelter, and they stamped restlessly. Duane kept them saddled and bridled.

(Continued Next Week)

Rude Rural Rhymes

LOST STRAYED OR STOLEN

Within our house we never yet
have had too many pies, you bet.
While Hannah wife was sick in bed,
the neighbors kept me nicely fed.
With other things they brought in
pies of noble taste and proper size.
When Jim and I had et the same, I
took the plates to where they came
but kinder mixed things up some-
how—we have three extra pie plates
now. I have an appetite voracious
joined to a tummy right capacious.
The pie belt is my native land.
When fed upon a homemade brand.
I eat enough to tightly test the but-
tons of my old gray vest. I'll make
petition to the frau—she has three
extra pie plates now. The gloom
around our house was thick, a long,
long time with Hannah sick. But
now at length we see her rise and
take an interest in pies. With Jim
and me she now -competes while
catching up upon her eats. She is
the best of cooks, and wow—she
has three extra pie plates now—
BOB ADAMS.

Classified Ads pay.

The Heart Part

BY JOHN [illegible] M.D.

Changing

This is an era of changes. And we relish them to the point of hearty welcome in most instances. Those who do not change once in a while gradually drift into that lethargic state of mind which we call a rut—and everybody resents that.

The same suit of clothes worn too long a time grows tiresome to our neighbors, if not to ourselves, tho the garments are by no means worn out. People relish contrasts, especially when the change is for the brighter, the newsier, the more attractive. And this applies to our reading matter, I think, fully as much as to mere physical appearances.

So the readers of this paper will notice our abandonment of things and words with the medical tang. Ever alert for the best at his disposal, our editor believes that an inspiration diet will be relished for awhile; he believes, and I agree with him, that the mind should be refreshed as well as the body; so it is with no little satisfaction that I take up the pleasant duty to which I am assigned.

"There never was a time when the thinking of our beloved country have been sought with such positive energy. We are interested in everything good; the bad forces itself upon us, whether we will or no. "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." I don't know of any better advice than that.

I heartily wish I could hear all of the comments that may be aroused by the things I shall try to say to you, dear friends, during the next year. Maybe some of you will differ with me; and some of my personal friends may even clip out something of mine—and put it in the scrap-book; I shall dream that way, at any rate. And I fully appreciate the honor of taking the place of a beloved writer who has lately been called to the higher sphere.

May I hope that there is just a little corner somewhere in your heart for me to creep into and be happy?

Were you one of the 2,362 farmers enrolled in the farm study courses at the state college of agriculture last year? Those enrolled are collecting dividends on their tax money. If you want to enroll address George S. Butts, farm study office, college of agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., and ask for an announcement of the courses.

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NOTICE OF ANNUAL ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the annual election will be held in and for the Village of Andover, N. Y., on the 19th day of March, 1929, at Village Hall, in said Village. The polls will be open at 12 o'clock noon and close at 4 o'clock p. m. The following officers are to be chosen:

President in place of Robert D. Mingus, term 2 years.
Trustee in place of John Wahl, term 2 years.
Trustee in place of Edward S. Horan, term 2 years.

The following is a true and correct list of all nominations of candidates for offices to be filled at the Village Election, filed with me pursuant to the provisions of chapter 90, Law of 1896 and amendments thereto.

Name of Candidate	Residence	Office to be Filled	Party Name	Emblem of Party
Robert D. Mingus	Andover	President	Union	
John Wahl	Andover	Trustee	Union	
Edward S. Horan	Andover	Trustee	Union	

The Following Proposition Will Be Voted Upon

Shall the Trustees of the Village of Andover, N. Y., be authorized to expend $12,000 to grade, drain and pave East Center Street in said Village and issue and sell bonds of said Village to pay therefore, payable with interest at 5%, in annual installments and levy tax to pay the same over a ten year period, according to advertised proposition.

P. W. RICHARDSON, Village Clerk