ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

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

ANDOVER, N. Y. ---------- MARCH 22, 1929

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The Sun's Comeback

OLD SOL may scorch and smite us in summer. But he seems the world's best friend, in these days of late winter, when he rises earlier each morning, bringing a prestage of longer daylight, renewed fertility, and outdoor pastimes.

The short days of winter have never been popular. Yet this curtain of early dark, serves its purpose, and shuts out distractions that turn one from self improvement and from one's daily tasks. In winter people find time to read their newspapers more thoughtfully, to ponder over good books, to enjoy friendly intimacies. The cool weather stimulates energy, and working habits are less interrupted by outings and vacations.

But the returning sun brings a thrill of anticipation. Folks who fret and grumble under the July sun, are yet captivated by the fascinations of the seed catalogue which they study under the March lamp. The women folks are excited by spring fashions, and plan new and fetching costumes.

It is not surprising that primitive peoples worshipped the sun. His departure in autumn seemed the defeat of life. His return in spring was the victory of light and fertility. There is something majestic in this procession of the seasons. It gives one confidence in the universe, makes one feel that seed time and harvest, day and night, summer and winter, shall not fail, but each shall perform its loving service for the welfare of humanity.

Many a daughter resembles her mother—because both of them paint alike.

Annual Spring Argument

THE annual spring argument about taking the boys out of school and putting them to work in the fields will soon begin in the farm home. The father is very busy. Plowing and planting must be done on time. It is hard to hire men that can be trusted with the machinery or the horses. Hired men mean more work—in the kitchen for the mother and daughters. The school may not be interesting. The boys are dependable, like to be out of doors, and are proud to take a man's place and help with the work. That is the easy, lazy way of looking at it and the boy gives up his spring school term and becomes a rural child laborer. If that occurs two or three years in succession he has lost his chance for an education.

The stronger, better way is to sacrifice something of present comfort and expediency for the child's future welfare. By this work this spring or next spring the boy may save to the family two or three dollars a day for a few weeks, but he does it at a very great loss to himself and probably to his people. He is giving up the time that should be used to deepen, broaden and refine his life. Besides that, if he does not get proper schooling and enough of it now, he will not be able to earn as much as he ought when he becomes a man. Then he, too, will feel that his children must give up their chances for an education and spend their childhood days at some kind of labor. That may be the way to bring the entire family to a finer plane of life.

Nothing tickles a boy any more than passing his school house on Saturday.

Comparisons for Warmth

A SHORT time ago a cold wave, with much snow, swept over Europe. Thermometers in many of the localities in England and on the European continent, registered zero and below. The population suffered, because many of the old dwellings provided no other means of heat except grates.

Europeans are continually making fun of Americans for our overheated dwellings. They think we are weakening ourselves with our central heating plants. They prefer an indoor temperature of 55 to 60 degrees, which to us is almost unendurably chilly.

Europe can get along with colder houses than we can, ordinarily, because it is not so cold there outdoors. Europe's recent cold snap would not be unexpected in the United States. Protracted cold spells such as Europe experienced for a few days are to be expected almost everywhere on this continent, north of the Ohio river. We can bear the outdoor cold because our houses are warm. If we had to fight cold indoors as well as out, we should find winter almost unendurable.

A cold snap in Europe causes far more discomfort than it does here, exactly as a cold snap in Los Angeles is exceptionally trying. They are not prepared for it. Their heating apparatus is primitive. When no great amount of energy is required to keep the body warm outdoors it does not strain the human machine to live in cool rooms. We think the Europeans are backward because of their cold dwellings and they think we are pampered because of our hot ones. The truth seems to be somewhere in between. On each side of the Atlantic heating apparatus has been developed to meet the prevailing climate.

Movie actress the other day hit her husband with a rolling pin. Just a nice old movie custom.

Still Something To Do

THINK you are overworked? You are not. You can do 50 per cent—possibly 100 per cent—more than you are now doing, and still live thru it and get a lot of enjoyment out of life—if you want to.

We are never so overworked as we imagine. In fact, few of us are overburdened with work at all.

A few years ago we labored ten and twelve hours a day and thought nothing of it. Yet we were happy as a lark.

Now we work eight hours a day—sometime—and are ready to quit on the stroke of the clock or the first blast of the whistle, secure in our conviction that we have survived a terrible grind.

It is habit—nothing more.

We have tasted the delights of ease and they appeal to us. We want more and we generally get them and still more. Some people don't want anything but ease.

That's all—except that there is plenty to be done and an abundance of time in which to do it.

Women make better policemen than men. Look how quickly a woman can catch a man.

Our Copper Pennies

PROBABLY the smallest piece of money made in the United States, is the most widely used every day, contrary to the belief that might exist. The little copper penny has a part all of its own that it plays in our exchange of coins.

Many persons wonder why the government still coins the one cent piece, but in all probability the person who wonders about it, would not hesitate to stoop and pick one up if he chanced to see it on the walk.

Millions of the pennies are spent daily in the purchase of newspapers. Millions of them are used each day by motorists who buy gasoline, as it is a rare occasion when a penny is not involved in the transaction.

Uncle Sam does a large business in retail stamp selling at one and two cents each. But there is another use that calls for an immense volume of this form of money. According to a report issued by the General Vending Corporation, which maintains slot machines all over the country for the sale of chewing gum, candy and other small package goods, no less than three and a half billion pennies pass thru its machines in a year.)

It is now estimated by the Treasury Department note is made in this connection, that about 4,721,287,900 pennies are in circulation. Hence, in view of the various functions of the penny in daily trade it is obvious that the same coins pass thru the machine slots more than once during the year.

It would seem, therefore, that the penny is one of the most actively circulating mediums of exchange in this country. Those who a few years ago protested that the placing of the head of Abraham Lincoln on the penny was not in keeping with his place in the hearts of the people, may be comforted by the assurance which these figures give that the little Lincoln coin is by no means a negligible quantity of American specie.

Very few of the world's great problems are solved by the men who remember their algebra.

A Nation of Road Builders

LESS than ten years ago it would have been impossible to figure on driving an automobile more than about six or eight months of the year in the rural districts of most of our states. A "touring" car making an extended trip, would carry ropes, chains and a shovel to use in cases of emergency, which were quite frequent.

Today, automobiles may be driven from coast to coast and north and south with little inconvenience. Another ten years will see paved roads to every important point. No nation ever attempted such a road building program as we are now carrying out, as an established feature of state and national development.

Not only are we building and hardsurfacing new roads, but are widening and straightening thousands of miles of old roads. Our annual bill for building and maintaining highways is approximately one billion dollars. It is necessary to keep close watch to see that this money is properly expended on scientifically built highways and permanent and practical bridge construction.

The telephone, the automobile, our good highways and our transportation system make possible instant and continuous communication between all sections of our country.

Closed cars require an open pocketbook to buy one.

Industry Is Widespread

THERE is no particular section of the United States which might be regarded as the garden spot, or the center of industry, according to an analysis of manufacturing statistics recently compiled and announced. Industry is growing in various sections.

The report used the basis of wage earners per thousand, and as a whole there was an increase of almost five and one-half per cent. for the past 17 years.

For the North Atlantic Seaboard the number of wage earners engaged in manufacturing has not kept up with the rate of growth of the population generally. On the other hand, Michigan shows a 30 per cent. growth; Indiana and California a 25 per cent. growth, and the other Pacific Coast states—Washington a 33 per cent. growth, and Oregon a 60 per cent. growth.

Contrary to some statements, the department finds that the growth in manufacturing in the southeastern states has been less than for the country as a whole on the basis of comparison with population. The growth for North Carolina is 3.8 per cent; South Carolina 4.6 per cent., and Georgia three per cent.

When it comes to density of manufacturing, the New England states, of course, still maintain a long lead on other sections of the country. In Rhode Island, for example, there are now over 200 wage earners per 1,000 population and for the New England states as a whole over 150. The density in Illinois is 93 wage earners per 1,000 population, in Indiana, 88; and in Michigan 116.

On the West coast, the density of manufacturing in California is 67 wage earners per 1,000 population; in Oregon 69, and in Washington 79. In the United States as a whole there are 78 wage earners per 1,000 population.

ANNUAL REPORT OF SUPERVISOR

(Continued From First Page.)

Balance at the beginning of the fiscal year ----$ 2.65

Total ----------$12,802.20

Payments:

School District No. 1	$ 9,688.16
School District No. 2	538.33
School District No. 3	377.43
School District No. 4	416.25
School District No. 5	680.45
School District No. 6	351.80
School District No. 7	360.15
School District No. 9	389.63
Total payments from the School Fund	$12,802.20
Total	$12,802.20

PART THREE

DETAILED STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS—HIGHWAY FUND

Highway Fund (Item 1):

Highway tax collected pursuant to Sec. 90 and 91	$ 3,700.00
Received from State as State aid, Sec. 101	1,850.00
Received by transfer from J. L. Williams Sup. for outstanding check	28.00
Total receipts	$ 5,578.00

Bridge Fund (Item 2):

Tax received from collector, Sec. 90 and 91	$ 1,500.00
Received from other sources	51.52
Total receipts	$ 1,551.52

Machinery Fund (Item 3):

Tax received from collector, Sec. 90 and 91	$ 2,000.00
Received from other sources	51.40
Total receipts	$ 2,051.40

Snow and Miscellaneous Fund (Item 4):

Tax collected, Sec. 90 and 91	$ 2,500.00
Total receipts	$ 2,500.00

Highway Fund Balances at Beginning of Town Fiscal Year:

Highway fund (Item 1)	$ 437.44
Bridge fund (Item 2)	614.48
Machinery fund (Item 3)	716.80
Snow and Miscellaneous fund (Item 4)	124.53
Total, Highway fund balances	$ 1,893.25

PART THREE

DETAILED STATEMENT OF DISBURSEMENTS — HIGHWAY FUND

Highway Fund (Item 1):

General repairs, including sluices and culverts	$ 4,683.12
Total expenditures	$ 4,683.12

Bridge Fund (Item 2):

Labor and team work, repair and maintenance of bridges	$ 965.50
Materials for repair and maintenance of bridges	1,069.08
Total expenditures	$ 2,034.58

Machinery Fund (Item 3):

For purchase of machinery, tools and implements	$ 1,240.45
For repair of machinery, tools and implements	1,173.12
For storage of machinery, tools and implements	18.00
Total expenditures	$ 2,431.57

Snow and Miscellaneous Fund (Item 4):

For removing obstructions caused by snow	$ 251.25
For cutting and removing noxious weeds and brush	244.00
For allowances for watering troughs	24.00
For other miscellaneous purposes	377.47
For salary town superintendent	1,467.50
For expenses town superintendent	18.13
Total expenditures	$ 2,362.35
Highway Fund balances at close of town fiscal year:	
Highway fund (Item 1)	$ 1,332.82
Bridge fund (Item 2)	131.42
Machinery fund (Item 3)	336.63
Snow and Miscellaneous fund (Item 4)	242.18
Total Highway fund balances	$ 2,042.55

Balances of the Highway Funds consist as follows:

Bank balances:

Burrows National Bank Andover, N. Y.	$ 2,042.55
Total	$ 2,042.55

SPECIFIC INFORMATION

Population of the town, census of 1925:

Within incorporated village	1,151
Outside of incorporated village	634
Total	1,785

Assessed valuations:

Real property, except franchises, and including all exempt property	$1,671,550.00
Franchises	280,510.00
Personal property	115,008.00
Total assessed valuations	$2,067,068.00

Exemptions:

Pension property marked "exempt"	$ 1,450.00
All other exempt property	334,660.00
Total	$ 336,110.00

Amount of audited accounts outstanding and unpaid:

At the beginning of the year $28.00

VERIFICATION

STATE OF NEW YORK,)
) ss.
Town of Andover,)

F. S. Potter, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he resides at Andover, N. Y., that he is the supervisor of the town of Andover, in the County of Allegany, and that the foregoing report is a true and correct statement of the moneys received and paid out by him as supervisor of the said town for the fiscal year ended December 31, 1928, and that this report agrees with the official records kept by him.

F. S. POTTER,
P. O. Address, Andover, N. Y.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of March, 1929.

A. D. FULLER,
Notary Public.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Emily L. Cole, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor, at the law office of Mira Diffin, in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of May, 1929.

Dated October 24, 1928.

JOHN DIFFIN,
Executor.

16

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Wellsville, N. Y.
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Wellsville
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ANDOVER LODGE NO. 765 I. O. O. F.
Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed.
AMOS L. ROGERS, Secy.
LLEWELLYN CLAIR, Noble Grand

Union Encampment
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 Grange No. 1098
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

Andover Dairymen's League
Co-Operative Association, Inc.
Meets First Saturday Each Month.
JAMES McANDREW, President
HENRY JOYCE, Vice President
HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

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

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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 16th day of April, 1929.

MATILDA RAUFENBARTH,
15 Executrix.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of J. Maynard Brundage, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executors, at the Andover State Bank, in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 30th day of April, 1929.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., October 17, 1928.

FRANK S. CLARK,
ANDREW D. FULLER,
Executors.

MIRA DIFFIN,
Attorney for Executors,
Andover, N. Y. 16

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of George Hartrum, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Administrators of said estate at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 26th day of June, 1929.

Dated November 10, 1928.

MARY HARTRUM,
C. A. BLAIGHT,
19 Administrators.

The LAST of the DUANES

by Zane Grey

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Buck Duane, quick on the draw, kills Cal Blain in self-defense and becomes an outlaw. After adventures on the road he goes to Bland's camp. There he wounds a man named Bosomer and becomes a bosom friend of another named Euchre. He meets Mrs. Bland and also a girl Jennie, held prisoner by Bland, whom he rescues after a series of intrigues in which he is forced to deceive Mrs. Bland.

This leads to Duane's killing of Bland, the outlaw leader, and rushing off with Jennie, who is lost later. Duane roams the roads for years as an outlaw, finally going to meet Captain MacNelly of the Rangers, who had asked to see him. MacNelly is kind to him, offers him a pardon if he will accept an offer to become a Ranger and go after Cheseldine's gang. MacNelly had become interested in Duane after a Miss Lee had spoken in his behalf. Duane promises MacNelly to do him any service. Meanwhile MacNelly gives Duane much welcome news.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"The Governer got mad and flayed us alive. Most rangers were lazy, useless gun-fighting shysters! Reed lost his temper. He's hot for the service. But I kept cool, told the Governer stright out that if he'd pardon you I'd break up Cheseldine's gang on the river. That sort of floored the Governer. He got interested.

"I talked to him for an hour, explained how there were only two ways to exterminate Cheseldine and the like. Either with an army or with the ranger service, employing such a scout as you. The army idea wasn't possible. But he was impressed by the other. He said: 'Set an outlaw to catch an outlaw, eh?'

"Then he pondered a while and at last rang for his secretary. 'My political enemies say I'm not liberal-minded,' he went on. 'Now, I'm going to make this a test case of the ranger service. I'll pardon this gun-sharp Duane on condition you make him a ranger. That is, he'll not be pardoned until he is a ranger. Then we'll see how the scheme works out.'"

"MacNelly, I want to see this Miss Lee," said Duane.

"I was thinking of that. It's a good chance. Maybe there'll never be another one." He paused a moment, chewing his cigar. "All right; I see no reason against your meeting her," he went on. But let me arrange the matter as suits me. Tomorrow I'll send a ranger over to Shirley. There's a train and stage, too. Now, let's turn in, Duane. We have talked a deal. And I was tired before we began. Make yourself a bed there. Good night."

* * *

Duane stepped upon the porch and rang the bell. After what appeared to be a long time a negro maid opened the door.

"A—caller to see Miss Lee," said Duane.

The maid asked him in and led him to a parlor. It was a large room, light enough, yet full of unfamiliar shapes. He stood there uncertain, waiting. The maid returned to say that Miss Lee would be right in.

Whenever Miss Lee was, she must have connections with wealthy people. Duane felt long-absent associations become vivid in his mind.

Slowly he turned. A slender woman in white stood in the door, one hand clinging to the curtains, the other at her breast. She was whiter than her dress—as white as a flower. Her eyes were dark, strained, staring, beautiful. The look of them Duane had seen before.

Duane's lips uttered her name, yet he had a vague sense of not hearing his own voice. The movement of his lips, his hand, seemed to animate her. She had been as still as a statue, and now she was as if shot thru and thru with life. That supporting hand upon the curtain appeared to uphold her quivering form.

"Oh, Duane, don't you—know me?"

She moved, she swept out her hands and the wonder of her eyes dimmed in a flood of tears. She stepped blindly. Duane's sight, straining with all the abnormal keeness of stunned faculties leaping back to power, caught a slight but unmistakable limp in her step.

In a fash all that had been strange about her vanished. He knew that faltering step. He was back in another world—one he had seared over in his heart and closed forever.

"My God! Who are you?" he cried hoarsely.

Then she met him, arms outstretched.

"Jennie! Jennie! Jennie!" she sobbed.

Swift as light Duane caught her up and held her crushed to his breast. The past, like deadening scales, fell from him. He stood holding her tight, with the feel of her warm, throbbing breast and the clasp of her clinging arms as flesh and blood realities to fight a terrible fear that this was only another and the worst of those moments haunted by fantoms.

Despite a stunned consciousness, he never lost the true sense of the exquisite life of the moment. He felt her and the might of it was stronger than all the deamonds of his unhappy years. Jennie was not dead. She was alive—alive—alive! And he held her as if she had been his soul—his strength on earth—his hope of heaven—against his lips.

The strife of doubt all past, the encroaching of old dark moods fell short and faded. He found his sight again. And there rushed over him a tide of emotion unutterably sweet and full, strong like an intoxicating wine, deep as his nature, something glorious and terrible as the blaze of the sun to one long in darkness.

He had become an outcast, a wanderer, a gunman, a victum of circumstances—he had loved and lost and suffered worse than death in that loss—he had gone down the endless bloody trail, a killer of man, a fugitive whose mind slowly and inevitably closed to all except the instinct to survive and a black despair.

And now, with this women in his arms, her swelling breast against his, in this moment almost of resurrection, he bent under a storm of passion and joy possible only to him who had endured so much.

"Jennie! Jennie!" he whispered unsteadily. "No dream—no ghost but you! I didn't know you."

"Yes, Jennie. And you never knew me!" She stirred and lifted her face from his breast. Her hands unclasped from his neck, fell to his shoulders, and caught there. A stain of red came into her white face. "Have I changed—so much from that time over the Rim-Rock?"

"Changed! You're not the same girl! You've only that old look in your eyes. I saw you limp—that told me."

"I'm still a little lame."

"It was that. How everything rushed back! I saw you as on that first day in the cabin. It's all clearer than the thousand times I've dreamed it. Euchre and Bland and that fierce woman, his wife, and Alloway! The little shack where you hid and nursed me. Jennie I went back there—lived there a whole year with dreams and ghosts."

He shuddered and looked out of the window, far beyond, in cold and sick fancy, to the wilds of desert gore. Jennie lifted a hand and touched his cheek with ineffable tenderness.

"I lived there alone—alone like a crippled wolf. Oh, the lonely nights the black nights with their faces. But Jennie I found one thing—my salvation then."

He bent over her, looking deep into her dark, wet eyes.

"What?" she whispred.

"I found I loved you, and one of my bitterest regrets was that you never knew it. Hear it now! I love you! I've always loved you! I learned to love you there at Bland's cabin when we planned to save you. But it never came to me till I'd lost you.

"Then the memory was all that kept my mind from going. Your eyes used to haunt me, Jennie. I could see them dark and sad and watchful as you peered through the window at me with that woman, Kate Bland. It all comes back.

"Jennie, you must have much to tell me; and I have much to tell you. Can you tell me—you care for me? When I think of what you must have done! Jennie, haven't you loved me a little?"

She uttered a low laugh that was half sob and her arms slipped up to his neck again.

"A little ! nearly died of love for you," she whispered. "I've never lived a wakeful hour without loving you, longing for you, praying for you. Oh, Duane, Duane, I love you!"

Their lips met in their first kiss. The sweetness, the fire, of her mouth seemed so new, so strange, so irresistible to Duane. His sore and hunted heart throbbed with thick and heavy beats. He felt the outcast's need of love and he gave up to the enthralling moment.

She met him half-way, returned kiss for kiss, clung for clung, her face scarlet her eyes closed, till, her passion and strength spent, she fell back upon his shoulder.

Duane suddenly though she was going to faint. He divined then that she had understood him, would have denied him nothing, not even her life, in that moment. But she was overcome, and he suffered a pang of regret at his unrestraint.

"Jennie—don't mind it—I'm rough I was carried away," he said. "I never knew life could be so sweet."

"I don't mind—I'm glad," she replied, slipping out of his arms. "But my breath went—and—and—Come, let's sit down here by the window."

She led him to a sofa and they sat down. It seemed then that each looked at the other with different eyes, here dark and troubled, here glowing and soft, full of wonder.

Jennie slipped to her knees and her trembling hands reached up to Duane.

Don't tell me MacNelly has made you a ranger!" she implored.

"That's it," replied Duane and brought himself to face her. He feared a breakdown or at least a storm of weeping. But apparently she grew calmer now that the truth was out.

"He didn't make you a ranger just for an excuse for a pardon?"

"No. It's secret special service."

"Ah! What is it, Duane?"

"I'm to make my way west, find where Cheseldine hides out with his picked men, get in with them, and when they're ready to ride out on another raid or bank robbery I'm to plan a trap so MacNelly can kill them or capture them."

"Oh, Heavens! Duane, was it for that MacNelly got your pardon? He might as well have killed you. To send you on a mission like that! Duane, it's impossible. With your reputation, your known hatred of border criminals—with the death of Bland, Alloway, Hardin, all those outlaws against you, why, it would

"No, Jennie, not that. It could be done by good management and luck."

"I mean you'd never succede—and then come back," said Jennie. "You might do the same out there as you did in Bland's camp. But the risk's greater, I remember all about Cheseldine. I've never heard his name since we got away from Bland; but now it all comes back—Bland and Alloway, Hardin, too, in their talks.

"Duane, let me go back to MacNelly."

"What for?"

"To entreat him to release you."

"Why, he wouldn't. He's keen to do this thing. And I don't blame him. MacNelly's a nice fellow; he's not wanting in sympathy. But he's got a man's job, and you couldn't move him."

"Yes, I could. At least, if I could not persuade him, I could buy your release. The ranger service is poorly paid. They need money. He could do much with money. I'll pay him ten thousand dollars to release you."

"Jennie! Oh, you mustn't think of such a thing! He wouldn't consent. Remember, I'm practically bound to Governer Stone as well as Captain MacNelly."

"What Governer Stone would not know wouldn't hurt him," muttered Jennie.

The fire in her eyes had spread. Faint red spots appeared in her white cheeks. Her bosom rose and fell with hurried breaths. Duane saw in her the fighting spirit of Texas and sensed a bursting storm.

"Dear Jennie, look at it this way," he said persuasively. "Thank Heaven I'm a free man now! Think how glad my mother will be. I've a hard job on hand. But you know I'm pretty well able to tackle it. I'll break up Cheseldine's band. And maybe I'll get away safe. There's a chance. Can't you imagine what I'll do with that chance—when all the time I'll know you love me—are waiting for me?"

For all the effect this speech produced he might as well have kept silent. Her eyes, black now blazing, were on him.

"Duane, return the pardon to MacNelly and go back to the Nueces. Be an outlaw again. I'll go with you."

(Continued Next Week)

A Slender Woman in White Stood in the Door.

When weather does not permit outside play, dress the child warmly and let him play in a room with all the windows open.

To the Auto Owner
Vulcanize your tires and save them—it pays
VULCANIZE
If you want to save money and have it done right have "Joe" do it!
J. A. Leonard
19 South Main Street,
Wellsville, N. Y.
All work guaranteed.
For Life of Tire.

Observations

BY REV. ROBERT J. McCAMUS

FLYERS

On the wall near my desk, hangs a first-rate picture of Colonel Lindbergh — America's Lindbergh. I keep it hanging there because it lends me inspiration. This mere boy ranks with the world's greatest men—and bravest.

Many youths pass my door during the day. They seem to possess the same physical equipment as my air hero—and many of them look more robust than he; but I do not know the names of the youths that pass my door; they may not have tried to do any very big things.

Not that there aren't big things waiting to be done—not that; these boys here just haven't stopped to take an invoice of their capabilities. And, I doubt if they have ever thought seriously of doing things that would make the best people in America applaud them.

I have heard that this Lindbergh boy is very devoted to his mother. Just that one little thing, which any boy can accomplish without much effort, sets me to praising him with all my might. One thing; I never knew a boy who really adored his mother, who wasn't worthy to stand before the King.

This Lindbergh face is my inspiration. It seems to say "Onward—upward." There are a thousand paths to fame aside from the air and the marvellous flight therein. Every human brain is a storehouse of unparalled energy. What an example to others of our youth, is this Lindbergh!

"Let's go—let's go." the picture seems to be saying. Ah, the dauntless bravery—the boundless courage depicted here! I. wouldn't part with this picture for any reasonable sum. But there are those who look at a portrait time and again and never see it.

The boys are still passing my door; they're going to the park to watch the game.

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 15th day of February, 1929, at Andover, N. Y.

33 A. R. MEAD, Executor

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of P. C. Lynch, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Administratrix at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 10th day of June, 1929.

Dated December 4, 1928. 23

BRIDGET LYNCH, Administratrix.

Quality Printing at the News Printng House.

MILLINERY DISPLAY
Mrs. Seeley, of the Seeley Hat Shoppe of Wellsville, will be at the Brundage Tavern
FRIDAY, MARCH 22nd
with a full line of the latest and most chic up-to-the-minute assortment of Hats to sell at reasonable prices.

Rockwell Bros. & Co.
Wellsville N. Y.
Announcing Our Great
Spring Rug Club
(Limited to 100 Members)
Read and have your name enrolled as soon as possible.
You have choice from a score of handsome designs in 9x12 size of Velvet and Axminister. These beautiful seamless Rugs to be sold at the club price of $39.75—which is a very low price for this quality.
Buying through our Club you pay $4.75 down and the balance in weekly payments of $1.00 each. We deliver the rug to you on your first payment of $4.75.
How to Join the Club
Come to our Rug Department on second floor, pick out the rug you like best for design and colorings—make your down payment of $4.75—upon which we deliver the rug. Then only $1.00 each week until the balance is paid. You'll never miss the small payments but will own a beautiful rug in a very short time—while enjoying the use of it from the very first payment. Could anything be easier?
Our Rug Stock is larger now than it will be any time this year and includes all grades from $25.00 to $140.00 (for 9x12 size). Other sizes in proportion.
A special discount is being made to cash customers during this month.
ROCKWELL BROS. & CO.
IN THE CENTER OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT
Wellsville, N. Y.

FORWARD LOOKING PEOPLE WILL INVESTIGATE THIS CAR

Smartness that Results from Individuality
You can see it in every line of the New Oakland All-American. Smartness that results from individuality . . . For it's a car that's triumphantly different from anything else in the field. With that difference that spells owner satisfaction . . . that difference which comes from offering greater beauty, higher quality and finer performance for its price.
Prices $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Spring covers and Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers included in list prices. Bumpers and rear fender guards extra. Check Oakland delivered prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.
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THE NEW OAKLAND ALL-AMERICAN SIX
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS