JIGGER DUST

FRANK R. ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. ESTEN

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

The Sheridan Dramatic Club, of which Tom Bilbeck, the narrator, Maryella, the girl he cares for, and Jim Cooper, his rival, are members, start a performance of Pygmalion and Galatea at the Old Soldiers' Home, but are interrupted by a fire. During the rehearsals Tom Bilbeck is accused by the husband of one of the actors, Mr. Hemmingway, of being in love with his wife.

Riding away from the scene of the ill-fated play in their costumes and overcoats, the group of players are held up by two escaped convicts, one of whom is captured by Bilbeck after a struggle.

The captured thief is tied to a chair at the Old Soldier's Home. Unable to leave the home as the car refuses to budge, the players must stay there, and Mr. Hemmingway, hearing this over the phone, says he is coming right to the home—as he is suspicious of his wife and Bilbeck. Meanwhile the sheriff arrives.

Now go on with the story—

He stopped in amazement as he saw our group.

"You've got a lot of prisoners, ain't you?" he commented.

"These aren't all prisoners," the colonel explained hastily. "There's only one."

He led the way to Bill, who, trussed up in his chair, had fallen asleep peacefully.

The entire situation was explained to the sheriff while he peeled off a layer or two of clothing and revealed himself as a small old man, with watery blue eyes and considerable foliage in front of his face. His beard was white, except where it was stained with tobacco juice.

"If you don't mind," said the sheriff, "we won't go back until morning. It's storming so hard out now that I doubt if we could get thru. I'll just put my horse in the stable."

"You can't," said the colonel. "The stable is burnt up."

A compromise was affected by quartering the horse in the cellar. As it happened, there was an outside runway leading to the basement, down which supplies were usually wheeled in trucks. After considerable persuasion the horse was induced to negotiate this and was tied to a post in one of the small storerooms below.

That done, the colonel assigned us quarters for the night. Fortunately, there were enough vacant rooms so that each of the ladies could have an apartment, while we men were billeted on cots in the general dormitory, where most of the veterans slept.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Help!"

Mrs. Hemmingway refused to retire until her husband came. I offered to sit up with her, but she declined vehemently.

"You know what John would think if he found you and me sitting up alone together," she explained.

I agreed with her heartily, so we fed a good warm fire in the stove and left her alone to welcome her spouse. It would be only a few hours until morning, and I did not bother to undress, but threw myself exhausted, on my cot.

I did not sleep, however. The storm outside was making a continuous racket around the eaves and corners of the building that nearly drowned the chromatic snores of the veterans.

The excitement of the evening still kept my blood racing and my nerves at high tension. I listened for the opening of the door which would indicate that Mr. Hemmingway had arrived.

The sonorous slumbers of our country's ex-defenders began to fray my temper. What right had everybody to sleep while I struggled in vain to woo Morpheus?

I might have been accustomed to a regular snore, but there was one—Comrade Pilk Henwether, for a dollar—who gurgled in his sleep. The exasperating part about it was that he didn't do it all the time. Only occasionally above the dingson of his fellows came this unearthly gurgle, as if dishwater were disappearing down a sink.

I tried to calculate the interval between explosions, and finally thought I had him timed to twenty-eight seconds. Then he fooled me by missing on one cylinder and remaining quiet a full minute. It was almost a relief when he burst forth again.

Something had disarranged his timer, for he became erratic from now on, sometimes firing twice in succession and sometimes failing me for two or three revolutions at a time. His compression was wonderful. The trouble was in his spark.

At last my brain grew curdled with futile exasperation. I may have dozed, or possibly I had a fever delirium. I don't know. Anyway, it was not a refreshing sleep that came to me and it was crowded with nightmares.

Suddenly I opened my eyes and listened intently to a new sound that had been beating against my eardrums for several minutes during my doze. A series of irregular tappings, accompanied by a low moaning, became audible above the steady roar of the storm. My relaxed nerves became alert once more.

What was it?

The irregular thumping was repeated. It sounded far away, and yet strangely near, as if it might be in the walls of the building. Was it a spirit rapping?

I had never believed in such things, but then I had never had proof of any kind to convince me. One hair-raising supernatural incident will make a spiritualist of anybody.

A sudden sound of some one clangling made me sit up in bed. His last was in the room, so I soon decided that it was my friend the eccentric snorer, who quite by accident had hit upon a new specialty.

But the thumpings and moanings continued. I threw off the covers and got out of bed, determined to investigate. I had no matches—there were no pockets in my tights; but I felt my way to the door, barking my shins only once on an iron cot.

Faintly came a cry for help.

I made haste. I am a chivalrous fool; no one ever yells for assistance without getting it from me. I rush in blindly where even angels would pause to put on goloshes.

I stumbled down the stairs. Came again the faint cry.

"Help!"

It was Mrs. Hemmingway's voice.

I neared in at the door of the great living-room, which was faintly illuminated by a single oil-lamp on the table—the electric current was supplied only until one o'clock, I discovered later. The room was chill with the penetrating cold of a winter's morning when the fires have reached their lowest ebb.

Mrs. Hemmingway was walking up and down frantically screaming "Help!" every time the thumping and moaning would reoccur.

Suddenly she saw me as I advanced out of the darkness. As she did an almost inarticulate cry of desperate fear escaped her lips and she pitched forward.

I jumped quickly enough to catch her. She had fainted.

While I looked around anxiously for a place to deposit her at full length I became aware of a new sound—a rapping at the front door. I was too busy to bother about it then. I picked up Mrs. Hemmingway bodily and started for the table where the lamp was. In the absence of a couch I could put her on that.

I had nearly reached it when the outer door was flung violently open, admitting a swirl of flying flakes. With them came a gentleman who strode in unannounced. He was wearing a derby hat tied onto his head with a muffler and was otherwise ineffectually bundled against the storm in a black broadcloth overcoat with the collar turned up. On his feet were a pair of snowshoes.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "Who are you?"

"John Hemmingway, confound you!" he growled, stepping toward me with upraised fist and tripping over his own snowshoes, which he had forgotten he had on.

That gave me a second to place my burden on the long table before he could reach me. Just in time I straightened up to find myself in his grasp.

We wrestled back and forth silently. Twice he kicked me in my bruised shin with his snowshoes. The only way I could prevent a repetition of those tactics was to stand on the broad webbing of the shoes myself and as I weighed something over two hundred, effectually anchored him to the floor.

While we stood embracing one another in a deadlock a low moan escaped the lips of Mrs. Hemmingway.

"Hadn't you better take care of your wife?" I panted, apprehensive lest she roll off the table.

"You seem to be able and willing to do that," he hissed vindictively. "You home-wrecker!"

"You're mistaken," I returned hastily.

"Of course," he sneered. "I didn't walk in just now and find her in your arms at four o'clock in the morning! I only thought it was you! In reality it was some one else and you were up in your own room fast asleep!"

To emphasize his remarks he hauled off with his right hand, which I had carelessly allowed to escape me, and belted me energetically in the ear.

I don't know what might have happened further between us had we not been separated by a willing assortment of half-dressed old gentlemen.

"Stop this racket!" shouted the sheriff, displaying his star conspicuously. "I represent the law and order around here and I'm going to have peace!"

I was dragged off from Hemmingway's snowshoes. We stood glaring at one another. It is impossible instantly to forget a ringing blow on the ear, I find, even if it is delivered by a very good friend. On his side I suppose that his resentment toward me was at least partially justified by appearances. It was hard to think of those just then, however, and as a matter of fact, I didn't.

"Good morning, Mr. Hemmingway," greeted Jim Cooper, arriving in what I thought at first was an abbreviated sleeping garment, but which I later discovered was his Greek tunic. "Glad you got here at last. Why—what the deuce—?"

His glance had rested on the prostrate form of Mrs. Hemmingway.

"Mrs. Hemmingway fainted," I explained.

"Oh, I see," he considered thoughtfully. "I suppose it's all for the best. I imagine that is the only way any one could get any rest in this institution."

Evidently Jim had noticed the snoring, too.

Mrs. Hemmingway opened her beautiful blue eyes.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed joyfully as she recognized her husband even in a derby hat and snowshoes.

He made no move to respond to the entreaty in her voice.

"Why, what's the matter?" she pleaded.

"You know very well," he returned savagely. "When I arrived I found you in Tom Bilbeck's arms."

"Me?" she said interrogatively.

"Impossible. It must have been Maryella you saw."

"It was not," hastily disclaimed a voice in the rear of the group.

My heart sank. I was in hopes that I would be spared Maryella's participation in this scene.

"I don't know what happened," Mrs. Hemmingway went on, slightly bewildered, "but I'm sure that I can explain everything."

While they were talking the floor trembled violently and there was a muffled crash beneath us. Soon followed a prolonged breaking of glass as if a brick chimney had fallen thru a skylight.

CHAPTER IX.

The Gay Deceiver

Conjecture was superfluous. The disturbance was in the basement. We piled down by the inside stairway.

Some one had been thoughtful enough to bring the lamp from the table. By its light we discovered a wreck that impoverishes description. The post to which we had tied the sheriff's horse had been torn out bodily and a tier of shelves containing several hundred glass jars of fruit which was supported by the post had collapsed and slid its contents to the cement floor.

The horse, whinnying continually to himself, had retreated to a corner of the basement followed by the uprooted post.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

To compete successfully with other commercial apple growing regions, New York needs to economize in production; to improve quality by better care of the orchards and of the fruit and by better grading and inspection. Bulletin E 172 on "The Apple Situation in New York" will be sent free to those who write for it to the office of publication, New York State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

The outer door was flung violently open, admitting a swirl of flying flakes. . . . With them came a gentleman.

GAS 15c

PUMP STATION Andover, N. Y.

It May Be Urgent

When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infants you have the doctor's word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. And it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some nights when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

Are you playing hostess to MICROBES?

UNLESS the temperature of your refrigerator averages 50° or under, it is probably a breeding place for dangerous germs that taint and decompose food. Even though you can't see them, can't taste them . . . they are lurking there, a menace to your family's health.

Play safe—invest in a good refrigerator—keep your food sweet and pure for days in steady, dry 50° temperature . . . pay for it in two or three years in food savings.

If you select an electric refrigerator, you'll find that the cost is but a few cents a day. For never has your electricity been so cheap. While the price of most necessities has just about doubled, Niagara Power Service costs less today than when women wore six layers of clothes.

NIAGARA, LOCKPORT & ONTARIO POWER COMPANY

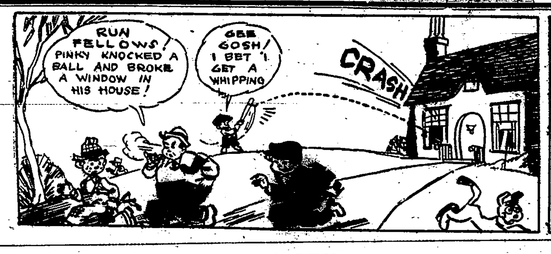
NIAGARA SERVICE

Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant to take. Get the genuine—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia



Country Correspondence

South Hill

~~Sept. 4.—No relief as yet from the long drouth, and all vegatation is parching in the arid heat.~~

A gentleman visited this locality last week, drawing a map of Fulmer Valley school district.

Will Lynch's barns show up fine now with their new coat of paint.

Miss Mary O'Leary of Andover and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean were dinner guests of Mrs. M. Dean and family, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty and fresh air girl Tenny, spent Sunday at the Daniher home in Wellsville.

Mrs. M. T. Garvin of Pittsburg was a week-end guest of her mother and family, having motored from the city with a party of friends.

Many from the hill attended the Legion dinner and celebration in Andover, Monday.

Guy Wood of Andover and sister, Mrs. Altha Stout of Penn Yan motored over the hill, Saturday, calling at the Dean home.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean and Lenora Dean attended the Legion dance in Andover, Monday night.

Threshing will be the next amusement (?) on our program.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean accompanied the fresh air girls, who had remained for the summer, to Wellsville, Wednesday morning, where they took the Erie Limited for their homes in New York.

Independence

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Crandall were in Salamanca, Saturday, to have Mr. Crandall's hand treated for blood poison.

Thomas Titsworth of Plainfield, N. J., is visiting his uncle, Max Crandall and other relatives.

Mrs. C. M. Slade came from Newark, N. Y., Thursday and is helping care for Mrs. W. E. Greene.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Clarke and Hilda, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Clarke, H. M. Clarke, Mrs. Esther Bassett, M. A. Bassett, Charles Clarke and Misses Helen and Hazel Clarke of Little Genesee spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clarke at Rochester.

Steve Ordiway and family spent the past week in Olean.

Mrs. Edna and Margaret Livermore of Alfred were Saturday guests of Mrs. Nora Crandall.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Spicer with Mrs. Florence Beach and Dorr Burr of Hornell spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Spicer at Whitesville.

Miss Anna Laura Crandall was a guest of Mrs. Theron Jones at Wellsville, Thursday.

Mrs. Martha Ghostley and Adelbert O'Dell were in Cortland over the week-end.

School opened Tuesday. Miss Lewis of Alfred Station is the instructor.

Mrs. W. E. Greene is very much improved.

Slocum Hill

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lanphear of Hornell were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Slocum, Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Slocum visited Mrs. Minnie Galpin of Almond, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Slocum and Marlyn DeRemer called on L. L. Spencer, Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Perry, Mrs. John Ordiway and Mrs. Lawrence were Wellsville shoppers, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Halsey, Betty and Jean called on their cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Greene and children of Ford's Brook, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ordiway of Shinglehouse, are spending a week with their parents, John Ordiway.

Wesley Grossman visited his sister, Mrs. Glenn Halsey, Sunday.

Mrs. Loper of Canisteo spent from Sunday until Tuesday at John Ordiway's, helping with the work during Mrs. Ordiway's absence.

Harold Perry, John Ordiway and sons were in Andover, Saturday evening.

Harold Loper of Canisteo has been assisting John Ordiway in the woods while Mr. Ordiway was away.

Mrs. Lena Stone and children called on Mrs. Harold Perry and Mrs. John Ordiway, Wednesday.

Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway rushed her son Kenneth to Dr. Scott, Saturday evening as he had a convulsion.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Perry and children, also Mr. and Mrs. John Ordiway spent from Sunday until Tuesday night with relatives in Hammondsport. While on their trip they went fishing in Keuka Lake and brought back some trout, weighing over two pounds. They also stopped and visited in Bath, Savona and Hornell.

Mr. and Mrs. Manual Scott visited at Sam Freeman's, Saturday.

Richard Ordjway visited his brother, Jack Ordiway at John Ordiway's, Sunday.

Pat Barrett and family, Leslie Barrett of Mt. Morris and Steve Ordiway and family visited John Ordiway, Friday evening.

Fred Slocum is building a cement porch on the south side of his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and children spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey.

Davis Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey, Charles Halsey, Linford Grossman, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway and children, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and sons attended the Westfield fair, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum were visitors in Wellsville recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis were at Cuba Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs and family and Miss Minnie Vaughn attended the Meade reunion at Andover, Sunday.

Charles Burdick of Elm Valley has completed a new cement floor in L. E. Davis' barn.

Nearly every one from the hill attended the Labor Day celebration at Andover, Monday.

Mrs. Fred Halsey has been visiting relatives in Buffalo over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Halsey and daughters were visitors in Wellsville, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Slocum and son of Trumansburg and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schriener and son of Wellsville were week-end guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Montgomery and sons were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs, Tuesday. Miss Minnie Vaughn returned home with them to Hornell.

Mrs. Glenn Amesburg assisted Mrs. Holbert at the home of James Puller, Sunday and Monday.

West Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brutsman welcomed a nine and one-half pound son, William Clarence, to their home August 27.

An ice cream social was held at the Grange Hall Wednesday evening. A large crowd attended.

Several from here attended the Westfield fair, Thursday.

A dance was held at the West Greenwood Grange Hall, Friday night. Whiteman's orchestra furnished the music.

J. E. Gaffery, business agent for the American Agriculturist, was thru here this week.

Nelson Brewster has returned home after spending some time visiting friends at Oswayo.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Coombs and daughters were in Andover Wednesday.

Mrs. Harriett Hyland is caring for Mrs. Flossie Brutsman and babe.

Barney Mills

Sept. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. S. Fletcher of Rochester spent Labor Day with Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Deck spent Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy.

S. Pope, of Olean, was a business caller in this place last Tuesday.

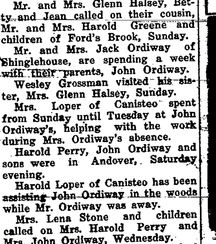
Miss Louise Rogers of West Greenwood spent a few days with Leona Tracy recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Updyke and son spent the week-end with Bradford relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherd Austin entertained relatives from Rochester, Labor Day.

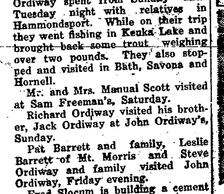
Bleigh Chatfield of Addison called on Norman Tracy, Tuesday evening.

Dix As Fisherman



Dix finds recreation in fishing in a quiet trout stream—far from the heat and turmoil of the studios.

Leading Lady Bird



Louise McPeatridge Thaden leading in the heavy plane division of the woman's air derby from California to Cleveland; $8,000 is the first prize.

HIGHLIGHTS ON STATE PRODUCE

From New York State Dept Agriculture and Markets, September 3, 1929.

Cauliflower Firmer

The moderate supply of cauliflower received from the Catskill Mountain area on the local wholesale section this morning found a prompt outlet at a slight price advance in a slightly firmer market, says the New York City office of the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets.

Green Peas Scarce

The season for New York State green peas is drawing to a close. Good quality offerings sold well but inferior received scant attention. Bushel baskets of the fanciest realized $2-2.25 while the poorest worked out at 75c-$1.

Butter—Cheese—Eggs

The butter market remains steady at unchanged prices. Demand will probably improve as the vacationists return to the city. Higher score 44½-45c; extras 44c.

The cheese market assumes a firmer tone as production declines. Owing to a shortage of market milk for New York City, much milk going to cheese factories in New York State is now being diverted to the city. Country dairy boards of trade do not base prices so much upon New York quotations as formerly. Country prices are now forcing city quotations up. Formerly, the reverse was true. New York State flats, fresh fancy are very scarce and are now quoted at 23½-24c. These prices are about 2c lower than one year ago.

The egg market is firm but heavy receipts are a little disquieting. Present receipts are running slightly higher than one year ago but receipts for the year are considerably less than for same period last year. Storage holdings are also considerably less. The finest quality white eggs are now wholesaling at 51-56c and same quality of brown eggs at 46-52c per dozen.

Live Poultry

The live poultry market was quiet with moderate receipts. Prices are nominal and expected to hold at the same level as Friday.

Dressed Calves

Country dressed calves were in liberal receipt and the market was weak and lower. Choice 23-24c; good 20-23c; common 17-19c; small to medium 18-20c; lightweights 16-18c.

Livestock

Steers: market steady. Good $13.75-14.25; common and medium $11.25-12.50. Bulls: market steady. Medium $7.50-8.75, a few good at $9.25; common lightweights $6.50-$7.25. Cows: market steady. Good $8-8.25; common and medium $4-$7.75; cutters $3.50-6. Vealers: market steady. Good to choice $16-$19.50; medium $11.50-15.75; culls and common $9.50-11. Calves: (whole milk-feds excluded) market steady; medium to choice $9.50-12.75; culls and common $6-8. Lambs: market steady. Good to choice $13.50-$14.25; medium $11.50-13.25; culls and common $8.50-11. Sheep: market steady. Ewes: medium to choice $4.25-6.50; culls and common $2-4. Hogs: market steady. (85-130 pounds) $11-11.25; (130-160 lbs.) $11.25-11.50; (165-220 lbs.) $11.50-$11.75; sows (rough) $8-9.

Hay

Fresh receipts of hay liberal, mostly undergrades which are moving slowly. Demand good, market weak. Large bales of new hay, Timothy No. 1, sold at $25-26; No. 2, $22-24; No. 3, $20-21.

Good Hunting Promised For Coming Fall

Reports regarding hunting conditions in the Genesee valley indicate a promising outlook, based on recent surveys.

A plentiful number of pheasants is indicated by the nests found during the haying season. Farmers have aided in saving these game birds sometimes destroyed in the nests by mowing machines, by going over their hay fields and marking the home of young birds so that they might be left undisturbed when fields were cut.

Nests of the Hungarian partridge, newly liberated in this part of the state, have been found, some with as many as 24 eggs in them.—Belmont Dispatch.

Small Town Author

Mrs. Hart Lovelace, of Wayzata, Minn., author of "Early Candlelight," a new novel, says that every tiny hamlet has its mine of romance, and that writers need not feel hampered by a small town environment.

Births

Aug. 28.—To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Davis of Belfast, a daughter.

Aug. 30.—To Mr. and Mrs. Milton Smith of Almond, a son.

Aug. 23.—To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Foster of Little Genesee, a daughter, Janet Adair.

Aug. 27.—To Mr. and Mrs. Eldye Eymer of Friendship, a daughter, Beverly Rose.

Aug. 24.—To Mr. and Mrs. Arch Davis of Whitesville, a daughter, Beverly Jane.

Marriages

Aug. 26.—Miss Frances M. Foster of Canaadea to Milton W. Wheeler of Birdsall, N. Y.

Aug. 27.—Miss Gladys Zoe of Houghton to Royal B. Ingersoll of Niagara Falls.

Aug. 23.—Miss Beulah Burdick and Leonard Wilkinson, both of Alfred Station.

Aug. 27.—Miss Martha Ann Barney and Leroy W. Shattuck, both of New York City, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's father, Alvin W. Barney of Whitesville. They will reside at 919 Ogden avenue, New York.

Deaths

Aug. 19.—Mrs. Harriet M. Beyea, widow of the late Frank Beyea, of Alfred, at the age of 85 years.

Aug. 27.—Clarence Rew Gould at Jones Memorial hospital, Wellsville. Mr. Gould was born 48 years ago at Kilbuck, N. Y. His wife and three sons survive. Interment was made at Friendship with Masonic rites.

Aug. 26.—William G. Flanagan, aged 59 years at his home in Hume. He leaves a widow, a daughter and two sons.

Aug. 25.—Arthur Harmon, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Patton of Almond. Deceased was 72 years of age.

Aug. 25.—Andrew J. Cleary of Bolivar died at the Mountain Clinic, Olean, following an operation performed some days before. Deceased was born at Corning in 1868. He leaves a widow.

Aug. 25.—James G. Gunlin of Bolivar, 77 years old, died suddenly at the home of his son, who with two daughters, survive.

Collect Weather Data For Use of Aviators

Albany, N. Y.—Installation of weather observation equipment in 12 new sub-stations has completed the new system of air weather stations in New York State. Weather reports are now gathered twice daily from 26 points in the state, and sent to Albany for co-ordination in the preparation of the state-wide report for the guidance of aviators.

The new installations were made by the Federal Government in cooperation with the state, an appropriation having been made this spring by the Legislature for the purpose. Each of the new stations is equipped with a vane, anemometer, barometer and thermometer. From these instruments wind currents, temperatures, air pressures, ceiling and velocity of wind can be computed.

Shavings are better than straw for litter and for nest material to prevent soiled eggs.

666

is a Prescription for Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria. It is the most speedy remedy known.

New Use for Old License Plates

A farmer near Schuylerville, N. Y., has found a new and good use for old automobile license plates. In the case of ugly or unruly cattle that often go on rampages, the plate is fastened thru the animal's lips and horns, across his eyes. Loss of sight seems to take much of their ambition away and they become peaceable.

Manuscript of "Home Sweet Home"

It is not our custom to think of the ballad "Home Sweet Home" as a popular hit, even tho a raggy version has been known to wind up many a modern dance. Yet the presentation of the manuscript copy of the song in the handwriting of the author to the Congressional Library by Leander McCormick-Goodhart, commercial secretary of the British embassy, has brought the entire history of this old ballad to light. From it we learn that "Home Sweet Home" became the song-hit of the day over a century ago, when it was given as part of the opera "Clari" by John Howard Payne. The Convent Garden Theater in London was the scene of the presentation, and all of London hummed the melody afterwards, even tho the other songs that composed the opera were soon forgotten.

The music was composed by Henry Bishop, director of music at the Convent Garden Theater, and Payne tells that he first heard it in unadapted form from a Sicilian peasant girl, and that he called it to Bishop's attention when the opera was being discussed.

The manuscript given to the library is dated September 18, 1829. It will be exhibited in a prominent place in the library. Herbert Putnam, librarian, has called attention to the fact that the author himself was buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, at the end of long, homeless wanderings, and that his grave is well known to tourists.

A vacuum cleaner is excellent for cleaning automobile upholstery.

BRIEF BUSINESS BRIDGERS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Open truck body Will carry 12 milk cans. Will be sold cheap. O. W. Robison. tf

FOR SALE—600 new potato crates, 30c each. George Matison. 36

FOR SALE—To settle the estate of the late R. Howland, the following property is offered for sale: Farm of 120 acres on state road, two and one-half miles from Andover, with ten cows, farm tools. Farm well-watered and has natural gas. Also eight-room house and lot on Water street and two lots on Barney street. C. W. and E. C. Howland, executors. tf

FOR SALE—17 acre truck and poultry farm on main concrete route. Market at the door, asparagus and berries now bearing. House with conveniences also barn and other buildings; $1,500. R. E. Shaff.

FOR SALE—Long 40-car garage on main street in good town. Cheap. Terms if desired. Address "21," Andover News.

WANTED

WANT upholstering, refinishing, repairing, rush and splint seats, carting free. The City Upholstery, 12 Depot street, Canisteo. 34tf

SALESMAN for high grade line motor and tractor oils and paints. Salary or commission. THE JED OIL AND PAINT CO., Cleveland, Ohio. 36

Where to Shop in Wellsville

Rockwell Bros & Co.
Wellsville, N. Y.
Dry Goods—Ready-to-Wear
Rugs—Furniture
The largest retail store in Allegany County.
A position held for 47 years.

Special Low Prices on Work Ordered now for Fall or Spring Delivery
A. D. UMIKER
Wellsville
Monument Works
PHONE 703

Phone 392 Grinding Laboratories
Dr. A. O. Smith
Optometrist
Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
103 North Main St.

Miller Hat Shop
MILLINERY
HOSIERY
JEWELRY
NOVELTIES
Next to Babcock

O. Leigh Smith
TIRES—
—BATTERIES—
—VULCANIZING

Our World Is Growing Smaller By Albert T. Reid