"THE MAVERICK"

By R. E. SHAFF

FIRST INSTALLMENT

Roy Ashley draped the harness over the back of a dun-colored bronco, slipped the heavy iron bit in its mouth, and turned. He grasped the tie rope of its mate to swing them across the pale of a buckboard with the skill of an expert.

Sunlight was beginning to bathe the claim buildings as he mounted the seat. Grasping the lines, he waved goodbye to Carolyn and Bobby. Soon he was lost from sight around the bend of a low hill.

Golden heads of wheat waved in the trace of a breeze that moved slowly across that broad expanse of rolling prairie—wheat that must soon be cut and later threshed. Extra help must be had to carry on the work—extra cooking would soon be needed so that those coming from the outside might be fed. Extra hands were available only at the railroad.

The swinging trot of the horses brought Ashley nearer the elevators, towing their heads above the small cluster of houses beside the railroad tracks, where for a short time each year, harvest hands might be hired.

Changes had been fast in the last few years for Ashley. He had been contentedly persuing his studies at an eastern college, when he was abruptly called by the death of his uncle in the timber country, to leave his further education and take up the overseeing of a sawmill and getting out the logs that kept its hungry maw appeased. Carolyn Hays had become Mrs. Ashley. They had spent their honeymoon in the fastness of the forest, which was soon to become more of a prison than a home to the fair-haired nurse who had given up everything to become Mrs. Roy Ashley. A year later Robert had been born in the crude camp—robust and full of health. All this time, the mother had pined for the open reaches of the prairie where she had been born and brought up. The climax came when Bobby, as Robert was known by all, wandered off up the trail one day.

He saw a young bobcat enjoying the sun from the top of a rock and called "Nice kitty." The lad had followed it to a crevice under a rock and knelt down and reached in for it. As he did this, something had smitten his arm. From three deep gashes in his forearm blood had begun to drip. There his mother had found him as she rushed about in search. That had been the beginning of the end . . .

The mill had been sold and the Ashleys found peace and contentment on the open reaches of the prairie that rimmed their claim shack in the wheat belt of the north. The bloom came to Carolyn's cheeks once more. Bobby, now a lad of three, played in a hollow in the hay pile by the foot of the stacker boom, which reached its long upright and mighty arm out into space and was held. Beneath this outstretched arm, the wild prairie grass had been heaped up in a pile that the horses were fed from thru the long winter. "Deck," the dog, and Bobby spent many hours here in the den left at the foot of this boom, playing at their little games.

The July sun rose higher on the claim shack, with its smooth shiplap sides. The breeze had given way to heat waves that shimmered and danced out across the wheat. Not long after, Bobby got up from his nap, taken after the noon meal and he and the dog started forth, the dog in the lead, racing and plunging with the joy of adventure.

The house work advanced under the expert hands of Mrs. Ashley. She hummed tunes as she deftly set the long row of pans filled with freshly-kneaded dough to rise on a shelf by the window. Glancing out as she completed the task, she noticed that the skies off to the northwest had taken on a brownish hue and something rumbled in the distance like thunder. She crossed to the door and called to the boy. She saw little breezes beginning to pick up spirals of dust and whirl them about. She got no answer so started out in quest of the boy.

A short distance from the end of the house a sod cellar in the shape of a monster sea elephant, reared its head with a door in its teeth, which was held open by a huge plank. As she looked, something stirred in the doorway, and she thought it might be her boy. Great clouds of dust were shrieking by before she had gained the opening, calling as she dashed down the few short steps that led to the dark cavern beneath the level of the ground. Groping her way about, she made a circle of the interior, but there was no answer to her call.

She turned and dashed up the steps. As her head came above the opening, the heavy plank that held the door open crashed down on her head, crushing her to the dirt steps. At the same instant the door made of heavy material swung shut with a terrific force, casting the senseless body to the floor below.

The first Ashley thought that there was anything wrong at home came to him when he rounded the low hill to see the smoke still spiraling up from the ruins where the house had been. Raising up, he stung the jaded bronchos with the lines. Covering those few hundred yards took only seconds. His heart sank. Now all that remained of those new buildings were the barn door hinges, some burned nails, various pieces of metal furniture and dishes. The huge stacker boom no longer reared its proud head to the skies; it was a great mound of blackened hay showing deep pits of crimson fire which still sent forth stinging wisps of smoke.

Ashley sat there trying to collect his thoughts and poise. The extra help had climbed down and started to inspect the ruins, before he seemed to sense what had taken place. His gaze centered on the twisted iron framework of the cot in the house ruins. He climbed slowly down and walked to the side of one of the men, head bowed, and gazed into the ashes. Across the ruins, the sod cellar door was noticeable; the door was shut. Hither he strode his hope rising as he advanced. Swinging open the door, he stared into the dark depth and saw the form of his wife move toward him from the bottom, her face strangely white against the pool of blood that had oozed down over one cheek from the gash in her temple.

He gasped "God," dashed to the floor below, grasped her in his arms and as the men came up, started for the buckboard with his limp burden.

He was sure her heart still beat as he placed her upon the blankets in the rear of the wagon. He turned and raced for the cellar again, but there was no answer to his lusty call for Bobby. He was shouting now at the men clustered around the buckboard, directing one of them to see that she did not fall off and leaped for the seat. Lashing the bronchos into a run, they headed out across the fields four miles to the nearest neighbor.

The only one who remembered much about that ride perhaps, was the hired hand who rode the rear of the careening vehicle, trying as best he could to keep himself and their charge aboard.

After they arrived, a lad was sent for a doctor while willing hands carried Mrs. Ashley into the house. Everyone asked questions at once.

After seeing his wife in the hands of his neighbor's wife, Ashley turned to the panting team and was about to mount the seat when a hand restrained him. Turning, he saw his neighbor pointing to the bronchos.

"Where are you going now?" he asked.

"My God, man, I can't find my boy," Ashley shouted.

"No?" the neighbor gasped in amazement. "Now, you just take things cool, and I'll get out some fresh horses and we'll go with you. We'll find him all right."

Thus they returned to the ruins to be met by the help. No trace had been found of the boy. Far into the night they circled the place, calling to him, but there was no answer to their calls. At last Ashley called them to stop. Word had come that the doctor was convinced that Mrs. Ashley was suffering with a slight fracture of the skull. The scalp wound was not dangerous and aside from the shock, she would soon be herself.

Only because he well knew the task ahead, was he persuaded to take some hot coffee and rest a little while. Every time he had come close to the remains of the stack he sat there astride the horse and gazed into the smoking inferno at the foot of the pile where the stacker pile had been.

Dawn found them riding up and down the draws, scrutinizing the sides, but they were no longer calling out for Bobby. Ashley passed the old wolf-den, and then turned and came back to strutinize the brush-lined sides once more. At last he headed back for the ruins. He might as well know the worst at once, he thought.

It was plain how the thing had come about. Lightning had struck the pole of the stacker and followed down to fire the hay. The burning hay had been strewn about, setting fire to the buildings. Carolyn had been looking for Bobby when she was knocked out by the door of the sod cellar.

The thing that had drawn him back to the hay stack each time was the knowledge of that play house at the foot of the boom, the den where Bobby and the dog were wont to play their games. He had already gone over the ruins of the house and barn, but the stack still was a heap of red hot ashes. The horses were out in the pasture and had been saved. Until the stack burned itself out it was impossible to search there, so he rode back across the fields to his neighbor's.

Carolyn was conscious when he came in the room, her cheeks were flushed more than usual, dark red formed crescents under her eyes; it was plain that she had been crying. Ashley dropped to one knee at the side of the bed. Her hand stole to the side of his head—her fingers gently ruffling his hair. Not a word was spoken for several minutes. She placed her hand under his chin and raised her eyes so that they were nearly level with his own. Two pairs of eyes held each other for a fleeting instant—one pair pain-wracked and swollen with grief, the others were tired, yet frightened and filled with strong determination not to show what they had seen. The dogged determination to keep worst from her, availed him not a whit.

"You are tired to death, Roy; why don't you get some rest and let the others look at the stack?" she asked miserably.

He remark nearly astounded him. "Carolyn, who has told you this?" he asked.

"No one, dear; I just know. That's all," and tears started to gush from her eyes.

Kind hands tenderly pulled at his shoulders as he leaned there, his face pressed against those feverish cheeks of his wife. With an effort he stood erect and followed the woman of the house outside. The doctor asked to have her kept as quiet as possible.

"We feel terrible about it all and are ready to do anything. I do wish you might go to bed and rest for a little while," the mistress of the house said kindly.

"Can't do that, got a lot to do over in the place right now. Tell Carolyn I have gone over with the team; will be back by evening. As much as possible must be kept from her."

Soon he was again approaching the one place that he most dreaded—the stack end. But whether he was willing or not, the neighbors had delved in the stack-end with a crude rake. Bones had come to light, bones that were small and short, and burned to a whitish crisp ash. They had scarcely got them collected when he came. His usually ruddy face was white as a ghost's, staring at the small collection there on the ground. This time strong hands led him away.

Already the hands from outside were busy with shovels by the side of the house ruins. Ashley sat there on the seat of the wagon, while they carried the burlap bundle to their new resting place, placed them in a small wooden box and shoveled the dirt back over them.

Finally, one of the hands came close. "Mister, if you like, I will put a piece of this plank at the head of the grave." Ashley hesitated a moment. "Well, I guess you can. We'll find something else to hold the storm cellar door open."

* * * *

As Bobby left his mother after his nap, he and Deck had started for the hay stack, making a detour of the small garden as they came around the end, Deck bouncing ahead. They had surprised a brood of prairie chickens, and like all her kind, the mother hen had fluttered along the ground, helplessly out of reach of the dog. They started in hot pursuit down over a knoll, then into a draw, the dog in the lead. Soon the bird soared into the air and was out of sight. The ground sloped away from them and so they kept on, the hunting instinct strong within them both. Unconscious of the fact that home was a long way off, they merrily played tag with a gopher and Deck tried to dig him out.

They were thus engaged when it grew dark. The dog pricked up his ears and bolted at the first sound of thunder and disappeared over the first raise of ground. Bobby tried to follow, but when he reached the top he was blown over by a gust of wind. He screamed with fright as the terrific force tore at him. Each time he tried to get to his feet he was pushed farther from the direction of home. Then the rain poured down. Luckily, he had nearly reached the bottom of the draw in his tussle with the wind.

The force of the storm rushed by overhead, thunder and lightning roared and flashed about the mite, frightened, could not express his condition, he was terrified.

So soon do those storms come to the prairie in summer, so suddenly do they stop. And the sun came out to bathe the endless sweep of soil and vegetation. The flood gates of Bobby's heart were loosed and he ran and screamed for "Mamma." But "Mamma" was nowhere to hear and comfort him. All this time, he was running farther in the wrong direction.

Sob as he did, and scream until there was no sound to come from his raw and torn throat, the long slanting rays of the setting sun found him worn out on the side of a shallow draw. His clothes were so nearly dry now and he was so tired.

Near at hand was a large black hole in the earth, that is, large to the lad of three and one-half years. It had served as the home for a coyote family. Somewhere out in the open a cry went up and he started. His hand came in contact with the edge of the hole and in he scrambled feet first until he came to a turn and there he crouched. The hole was too large for him and some of the water had run down inside the hole. He was bruised and his face and hands were torn, the mud soothed him and there he crouched and whimpered.

Out upon that lonely stretch of prairie fared forth another wanderer. The storm had come upon her several miles from her family. She cradled in a recess under the small overhang of the bank of the draw. Drenched by the rain, she had resumed her return journey from a hunting trip that had only netted her one grass frog.

Nose in the air, snuffing every eddying breeze carrying their tidings of information came a small shepherd dog—but it was not Deck. This dog, left to shift for herself when a wandering family had moved from their cabin and deserted the sod shanty that had been their home for some two seasons of unsuccessful dry farming. Cast upon her own resources, she had managed to get thru the winter by matching her wits against those of the little brush rabbits that inhabit the draws of the Northwest. Half wild now, she had whelped a litter of coyotes in under the overhang, as she neared the den where those four furry balls had been left.

The smell of a fresh badger track came to her nose. Dropping the frog, the hair rising on her back, she closed with the interloper. Her fangs ripped at the loose skin and back of the badger as she passed over it, but there had been no damage. As she checked herself, the short-legged digger came at her hissing fiercely. Standing her ground, she lashed out with all the ferocity of the fighting instinct born of mother love.

Here she had met one of the fiercest animals of its size. In close combat, armed with sharp cutting teeth and long heavy claws, the badger could give punishment and at the same time, the loose hide protected it from the teeth of the dog. It was impossible for the dog to reach a vital spot except by hanging on, and that gave the badger a chance to grasp hold and at the same time get one of several tearing thrusts with those heavy claws at the throat of the dog. After several rushes on the part of the dog, she changed her tactics. Instead of rushing in each time, she stopped at the face of the badger as it rushed at her. Time wore on and the dog began to slow up in her assault while the digger seemed to mind the affray not a bit. Soon the badger became emboldened by the diminishing rushes of the dog and charged, hissing at her, turning not the least. As they closed, they rolled upon the grass, biting and tearing at each other.

The badger began to give out a snuffling sound as it held up its head and backed about. Blood was flowing from the base of its nose where the dog had met the rush and had held fast while the badger had threshed about tearing the throat of the dog withs its claws at every swing; her hold tearing loose had been the only thing that had caused them to separate. To make a badger's nose bleed is to do the one thing that will in time strangle it, and that was the thing that was now weakening her enemy. The dog stood there watching the badger as it continued to roll on its side on the ground. Turning, the dog crept up to the lifeless body of one of the puppies—nuzzled it around, smelled each little form in turn and then returned to worry the almost lifeless badger. When she knew that the digger was dead, she started off down the draw, satisfied.

A new smell came to her nostrils as she stopped to lick the wounds which were beginning to annoy her. This new smell was human track. Usually she had shunned human smell but her curiosity had the best of her, so she kept on, sniffing tracks now and then. They led to the old coyote den which had been a source of annoyance to her the former spring, because the occupants had cut in on the game of her range heavily. She was near the entrance when she drew. Sniffing, she slowly approached the entrance, pulled there by an unknown force.

Thrusting her head into the mouth of the hole she cleared her nose with a low snuffle. Instantly she neared back as a childish voice cried "Decky."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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The Andover News

South Hill

(Mrs. Margaret Dean, Reporter)

July 5.—And now the ever glorious should bring an end to the drouth.

Our student body is now at their respective homes, thoroly enjoying their vacation.

Mrs. Tony Dougherty was a Wellsville visitor last Friday.

Some of our residents looked upon the carnival that was held last week on Andover's new athletic field.

The Embser Dry Cleaning Company's agent of Wellsville was doing business on the hill one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean and little daughter were Sunday guests at the Danther home in Wellsville.

Many of our residents attended the funeral of the late James Cannon from Blessed Sacrament church, Andover, Monday morning.

Miss Lenora Dean accompanied by her mother, motored to Alfred Monday, where Miss Dean plans on taking a summer course.

Howard McAndrew will take a course in agriculture on the farm during vacation.

Again as many times before, we were much disappointed in our expectations of rain Tuesday evening. Merely a thunder shower, when so much more is a dire need.

Independence Day passed very quietly indeed in this section. A family picnic reunion was enjoyed at the home of Tony Dougherty, the honor guests being Mr. and Mrs. George Dougherty and family of Caney, Kan., and Mrs. Anna Riley also of Kansas. They find vegetation luxurious here, compared to their state, where there is practically none at all.

An agent with a new device for fruit cans motored over the hill Monday.

June 27.—Still wishing for more rain! local showers giving this section the "go by."

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean were Hornell visitors last Friday.

Veal calves found a market, such as it was, this week-end.

Miss Lenora Dean, accompanied by her little niece, Dolores Ann, motored to Ithaca, Saturday. Mary Dean returning with them on Monday.

Miss Doris Hurlbert was a guest last week of her grandmother, Mrs. Livermore and family.

John Wahl has added an electric equipment to many other improvements he has made on his farm.

Mr. Anderson, insurance agent of Wellsville, was doing business on the hill Monday.

Miss Lenora Dean and mother, attended the Alumni Association banquet in Masonic Hall, Andover, Monday evening.

The Schoonover families and Miss Anna Benjamin and niece, Miss Hurlburt, attended the eighth grade graduating exercises in Andover Saturday evening. Miss Gertrude Schoonover was a member of the class.

Austin Mee, Jr., of Rochester is passing some weeks with his aunt, Mrs. Leo Horan and family.

Voorhees Hill

(Mrs. Raymond Church, Reporter)

July 3.—Mrs. G. A. Simkin left Friday morning for Union Springs to spend a few days at the annual camp meeting of the Seventh Day Adventists.

Mr. and Mrs. Burritt Perkins, daughters, Koneta, Pauline and Maude, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Adams, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Church enjoyed a motor trip to Corning with the Allegany County Home Bureau, Friday.

Mrs. June Reed Babcock, Miss Katie Wack and Edward Coates of Wellsville were visitors at the Adams home Sunday afternoon.

Victor Perkins and Walter Brands were in Andover on business, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Adams entertained at supper Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jenks, Fay Jenks and William Hann of Wellsville and Mrs. Alice Lever, Mr. and Mrs. John Lever of Andover.

Max Baker spent last week at Andover.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Walter N. Renwick, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Mila E. Pingrey, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executors, at the Law Office of Mira Diffin, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 6th day of October, 1934.

Dated March 28, 1934.

FRANK S. CLARK,
BERTHA PINGREY,
Executors.

MIRA DIFFIN,
Attorney for Executors,
Andover, N. Y. 39

To save foods from spoilage, keep the ice compartment in the refrigerator filled only with ice.

Davis Hill

(Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Reporter)

July 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Gene Butler were visiting Mr. Butler's daughter, Mrs. Clellan Perry of Harrison Valley, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Cook of Endicott were guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Butler Wednesday for a few hours.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schriener and sons of Wellsville and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Slocum and son of Waverly were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hoagland and family visited his sister, Mrs. Clarence Francisco and family of Rochester and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hoagland of Canadice, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cass Kenyon of Pixley Hill were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey, Friday.

Kathleen Slocum is spending her vacation at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis and sons of Andover, Clarence Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Coats and Arling Briggs enjoyed a dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis, the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Halsey and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and family and Mrs. Fred Halsey were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Burbank were callers at L. E. Davis', Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family attended the reunion at Floyd Goodno's on the Greenwood road, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sweezy and family of Whitesville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis and family, Sunday evening.

Maxine Davis and Leo Davis were visitors in Wellsville, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Southerland of Andover were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. James Burbank, Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Briggs and family were visitors at the Davis home Wednesday.

Mrs. Leo Davis and family and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum were at the community picnic in the Limmore woods Wednesday.

Independence

(Mrs. Floyd Clarke, Reporter)

Mrs. Polly Edwards of Whitesville has been spending a few days this week with her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Greene.

Messrs. Edward and Wayne Crandall were guests over the week-end of Herbert Robinson at Depauville.

Mrs. S. W. Clarke started for Milton, Wis., Saturday, to be gone during the month of July.

Mrs. L. S. Bassett was a guest of Mrs. Frank Bloss in Andover a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hawks and family attended the Briggs reunion at Genesee, Pa., Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Clarke and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Densmore, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Clarke and Decatur attended the Stout family reunion at Island Park, Wellsville, Thursday.

Mrs. M. A. Crandall spent Thursday with Mrs. Theron Jones in Wellsville.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Spicer, Mary Etta and Charles, Miss Edna Joyce, Miss Edith Potter, Mary Lee, Anna Laura Crandall, Philip and Maxine Crandall and Mrs. Floyd Clarke visited the Corning glass plant, Friday.

Mrs. Pounder and daughter, Helen, Mrs. Gabriel of Mahanoy City, Pa., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Illig.

Charles C. Spicer has been passing a few days with Billy Crandall in Alfred.

Whitesville

(Mrs. Ella Millspaugh, Reporter)

July 3.—Mrs. Polly Edwards visited her daughter, Mrs. Earl Green and family several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Deck and daughter, Anna, left Thursday for their cottage at Keuka Lake.

Prof. F. E. Pratt and family left Thursday for Lake George, where they will spend their summer vacation.

The members of the graduating class left for Conesus Lake early Thursday morning where they will spend a week, chaperoned by Miss Yoto Leteer.

Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Marquis were in Hickox on Friday evening, assisting in special meetings being held there.

Mrs. Thomas Stafford, son Howard and daughter, Alice, went to Corning, Friday and Saturday to Blue Lake, Adirondacks, where Miss Alice will be employed in a tourists hotel as required by the course of home economics which she is taking in her course in Buffalo State College.

There was a much needed shower today, Tuesday.

While working on a road building project in Hesselton Gully, Friday, Fred Seger and Earl Kellingan were overcome with the heat and had to be carried away from their work. They have recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Seger and son Loren were in Mansfield, Pa., Sunday, attending the Fish family reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Crittenden and two children and Earl Crittenden, also two little nieces of Mrs. Crittenden of Milton, Pa., have been guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Crittenden since Thursday.

Mrs. Ella Millspaugh went to Andover Tuesday evening to spend the rest of the week with her son, Lew Millspaugh and family.

The Philathea Class enjoyed a picnic at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy near Hailsport, Tuesday.

Victor Hunt, who operated a garage on West Main street, was taken suddenly and seriously ill Monday night of last week. Dr. Probasco who cared for him called Dr. Comstock of Wellsville in consultation and on Thursday morning he was taken to Jones Memorial hospital, Wellsville and operated on for gall bladder trouble. Peritonitis developed and he passed away on Friday afternoon. He was 30 years of age and eight years ago was married to Miss Alice Swort of this place, who survives him besides many other relatives. He was a very fine honorable young business man loved and respected by all and will be greatly missed by our town people. Farewell services were held in the M. E. church Monday at 1 o'clock p. m., the Rev. L. J. Engel of Knoxville, Pa., officiating, assisted by Rev. H. J. Marquis, the local pastor. Burial was in Rural cemetery. The church was filled to capacity and the floral offerings were many and beautiful, attesting the love and respect in which he was held.

CORNELL IS HOST TO 4-H CONGRESS

Nearly 700 Farm Boys and Girls From 36 Counties in Attendance.

Farm boys and girls numbering almost 700 came from 36 counties in New York State to attend the 13th annual 4-H Club Congress at the New York State College of Agriculture. The three-day program began on June 27th and included short courses in livestock, crops, forestry, farm shop, poultry, foods, clothing and home improvements.

St. Lawrence county led in attendance with 55 delegates present. Schuyler followed with 54; Chenango had 44 and Nassau 37.

Delegates competed in many contests at the college and enjoyed a variety of recreational events, including songs, dancing, games, stage plays and supervised swimming. Attendance this year surpassed that of last year.

CHERRY CROP NEAR NORMAL

More Than 17,000 Tons Expected in State—Other Fruits Scarce.

Housewives of New York may have to depend more and more on cherries this year to offset the scarcity of other fruit crops.

According to the June 1st report of the crop reporting board of the United States Department of Agriculture, the 1934 crop of red sour cherries in New York State will be 17,180 tons. This compares with an average of 18,000 tons for the years 1929 to 1932.

The total crop of all cherries in the 12 commercial states is forecast at 105,910 tons, which is six per cent less than the crop of 1933 and 17 per cent less than the cropp of 1932.

The report points to a shortage of apples, peaches and pears. The peach crop in particular is said to be almost a total failure in New York State, and others are much below normal.

Recent rains, according to cherry growers, helped to improve the crop, and the price of cherries is expected to be but little higher than last year.

Turning Back the Pages Of Andover History

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE ANDOVER NEWS

FORTY YEARS AGO

JULY 18, 1894

Hamilton C. Norris, Editor

Invitations have been received for the marriage of Miss Flora Comstock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Comstock and Mr. Lawrence L. Brenneman of Columbia City, Ind. The event will take place at the home of the bride's parents, August 1st.

—W. C. Lever sustained a slight shock of paralysis last Thursday and since has been confined to the bed.

L. L. Pingrey has so far improved from his long illness as to be able to sit up an hour or so each day.

From the annual report of the Board of Education of the Andover school of which John E. Cannon was secretary, we note that the total expenditures of that board for the preceding year, including teachers' salaries, was $3,366.61. The teaching staff consisted of six teachers as follows: B. B. Brown, principal; Miss Whitney, Miss Bassett, Miss Meade, Miss Wilcox and Miss Richey. The fuel cost for light and heat was $100.

The gas line from Andover to Whitesville is now completed far enough to supply gas to our Independence neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bundy visited friends in West Union a couple of days last week.

J. C. Monfort and sons, Henry and Judson, of Olean, Mrs. Charles Burdick and Mrs. Saphrona Pollard of East Valley visited Mrs. E. F. Stearns this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Burrows and Mrs. Helen Beebe visited in Alma from Saturday until Monday.

H. P. Benton was in Belfast and Oramel from Saturday until Monday. Miss Florence Stephens of Oramel came back with him for a visit with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Metzger have removed from Elmira to this village. They will occupy the Hunt homestead on Church street until their new home is finished.

TELLS ABOUT TREES FOR LOOKS AND SHADE

Cornell Issues New Bulletin on Ornamentals for Landscape Planting.

"Ornamental trees for New York State, their landscape value and care" is the title of a new bulletin just published by the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca. Its number is E-287.

This publication describes the uses and care of about 150 ornamental trees, and gives particular attention to several varieties of flowering crab apple, and to hardy magnolia trees.

Some of these trees are not generally known to the public, but, according to the authors of the bulletin, make beautiful trees for ornamental purposes.

Donald Wyman, one of the authors of the bulletin says that it was written in response to many requests which have come to the college of agriculture. These queries have asked which trees to use for hedges, for screens, for dry situations for street or shade, and for many other places and purposes. The publication was planned to answer these and other questions.

It was prepared by R. W. Curtiss and Donald Wyman, of the department of floriculture and ornamental horticulture at Cornell University.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

JULY 15, 1904

J. Harvey Backus, Owner & Editor

Mrs. F. M. Bassett

Mrs. F. M. Bassett passed from life Sunday night, following a five years illness, aged 66 years.

Surviving are her husband, one son, Louis S. Bassett of Independence, four daughters, Mrs. G. H. Friar of Richburg, Mrs. George Bloss of Independence, Mrs. Park Rogers and Miss Florence Bassett of Andover; and two sisters, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Mrs. D. D. Remington, both of Andover.

Funeral services were conducted at the home Wednesday afternoon and interment made in Independence.

Farewell for Rev. E. J. Rengel

Monday evening a large company assembled at Cannon and Rogers Hall to say goodbye and Godspeed to the pastor of the Catholic church. Those from all stations and callings in life and from all religious beliefs were among the guests. Rev. Rengel was assisted in receiving by the Very Rev. Dean Hamel of Olean; Rev. Richard O'Brien of Wellsville; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Lynch and Mr. and Mrs. John Dean of the local church.

Following the refreshments, appropriate remarks were made by the Revs. Hamel and O'Brien and Hon. Jesse S. Phillips, telling of the feelings of Andover people toward Rev. Rengel, the work accomplished by him in Andover and the sorrow of the community at his leaving. John E. Cannon presented Rev. Rengel with a check of $150 as a remembrance offering from his Andover friends. The retiring pastor responded in his usual happy vein, thanking the people for their kindness.

The Excelsior Band and Cannon's Orchestra furnished the music for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Kaple entertained about 20 friends at their home Friday evening.—Corwin Hill.

F. S. Clarke was in Cuba, Saturday.

J. L. and C. W. Williams are passing a week at Lake Keuka.

Miss Mabel Cassidy of Brooklyn is visiting at the home of P. Gallagher.

Mrs. S. V. Payne of Greenwood passed the week guest of Miss Anna O'Leary.

Rev. L. M. Burkhardt of Evansville, Ind., is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Frank Raufenbarth.

Miss Mary Snyder and Miss Rena Hunt started Monday for a vacation trip in the West, visiting in Buffalo, the exposition at St. Louis and Miss Snyder's brother in Kansas.

Raymond E. Smith is passing a month's vacation with his parents, in Andover, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Smith.

Mrs. S. B. Knight of St. Louis and Mrs. Wood of Belmont are guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Loughlen this week.

W. B. and Edward Mosher of Plainfield, N. J., are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Mosher this week.

Mrs. John D. Groves and babe, Marion, are spending a few weeks at the home of her father, A. C. Barney.

Mrs. J. M. Brundage, Mrs. F. S. Clark, Mrs. J. W. Deming, Mrs. H. S. Green, Mrs. A. C. Frisbey, Mrs. R A. Pease, Mrs. F. R. Hincher, Mrs. E. Bess, Mrs. H. C. Coleman and Mrs. J. H. Backus were in attendance at the annual picnic of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Wellsville, July 12th.

IT NEVER HAPPENS

By ART THOMAS

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

LAWN MOWERS ground and adjusted. Called for and delivered. Call JACK FARLEY, Phone 16-2, Andover. 27p

FARM FOR SALE—The William J. Lynch farm, 140 acres, now under good cultivation. Fine buildings. Also stock, implements, truck, two-door coach.—Augustus Lynch, E. T. Lynch, administrators.

WANTED

WORK WANTED—Mrs. Vinnie Houghtling who has been ill is now improved and ready for all kinds of work. 27

Berry Muffins

Here is a fine recipe for those delicious berry muffins everyone likes:

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted butter
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup of fresh or canned berries, drained of juice

Combine the milk and melted butter with the beaten egg and add to the dry mixture quickly, stirring only enough to dampen the flour. Add the berries last. Drop by spoonfuls in buttered muffin tins and bake 25 minutes in hot oven (400 degrees F).

This is one of a series of recipes prepared for this paper by the Consumer Service Division of the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets. Watch for others.

To remove marking ink from white cottons or linens, apply javelle water followed by water containing a few drops of ammonia.

Rheumatic Pain Stopped by Lemon Juice Recipe

Try this. If it doesn't relieve you, make you feel better and younger and happier, your druggist will refund your money. Get a package of the REV PRESCRIPTION. Mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons and take a tablespoonful two times a day. In 48 hours, usually, the pain is gone, joints limber up, wonderful glorious relief is felt. Equally good for rheumatism, neuritis or pain. Costs only a few cents a day. For sale, recommended and guaranteed by all leading druggists. Any druggist will get the REV PRESCRIPTION if you ask him to do so.

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