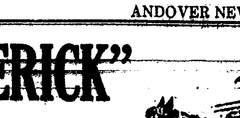
"THE MAVERICK"

By R. E. SHAFF

FOURTH INSTALLMENT



SYNOPSIS

Roy Ashley, with his family, moves West from the timber country where he had been in the lumber business. His son Bobby is believed to have been burned to death in a fire which swept the ranch, but in reality the boy had strayed away and after wandering for some time with a half-wild dog is picked up by a half-breed Indian from whom he later escapes. Joe MacDonald runs across the boy while out looking for stray calves and a rattlesnake is coiled near the youngster, ready to strike.

Before Joe has a chance to shoot the snake strikes the child, but by sucking the finger of the boy he draws out the poison of the scratch caused by the fangs. MacDonald takes the youngster home after a race thru the brush and Mom puts the boy to bed. They plan for his future and he is sent away to school. After a lapse of fifteen years we find The Maverick as he is called by all, a fine young man ready for his future as a rancher. Joe gives him a herd of cattle registered in the Maverick's name. Mom and Joe move to town where Joe has been elected sheriff and he puts Dave Hines' son in charge of the ranch. The Maverick goes to town to meet Ida Peterson, an old school mate, and is amazed at the change in her after a period of two years. They start for the Peterson ranch in the face of a threatening storm

Now go on with the story—

Altho it was nearly dark, they started on the winding trail that led thru the hills to the big, broad fertile valley where lay the Peterson, the Cross Bar, and Old Joe Grue's ranch.

The Maverick was soon to sense his mistake. A few drops of rain spattered down the sir suddenly became chilled and the rain slacked. Then come the big soft, fleecy snow flakes. He turned and looked back but it was getting too dark. It made him angry with himself to think that her remark, and her look had caused him to ride past Turner's. Yet he had and now he hated to give in. The snow was beginning to slant down, pushed by the wind. He stopped and as she looked at him inquiringly, he motioned back towards Turner's and she grasped his meaning.

"Don't worry about it unless you are afraid." There was challenge in her tone, and he said no more.

They started on . . .

Before she left for the city they never had a word. Now, she seemed to hate him. True, she had been back each summer for a visit but he had not. He sat there and punished the horses along as hard as he dared, and yet not use up all their energy. He would cast a look once in a while at her over his shoulder; she was a game girl. As they rounded a shoulder of the trail, the blizzard was upon them, driving down from the northwest. It came like a blanket.

Night was coming with it tho it was scarcely three o'clock. He pulled over closer as the storm hit. The big horse he rode shook his ears and snorted—he did not like the idea of a blizzard. It blew the snow in their ears and their eyes. They were off the road now, he heard the horses splash thru a shallow slew. The horses were walking now with their heads low, their tails lugged, icicles hanging on them.

The weather was getting cold fast, but the Maverick was lucky as he had his heavy mittens and his heavy sweater. Even tho he was dressed warmly, he felt the sting of the wind. What must she be suffering? He leaned closer to her. He saw icicles in her hair, where it stuck from under her hat and over the slicker collar. Her hands were hanging down. She had let loose of the reins and they were dragging. The pony was doing its best to keep along side of the big roan. He then noticed that she had on only kid gloves.

He leaned over and gathered the reins, more by feeling than seeing, tied them together and slipped them over the bronco's neck. He did the same to his own reins, reached over and took the now unresisting bundle over on his own mount.

He tried to get her hands into inside his own slicker, and to keep her face from the biting sting of the wind. She looked at him, and he saw she was crying. He put his face close to hers and she kissed him on the cheek.

It took his breath short—this sudden change. And again he held his head down. Darkness was all about now. Even his hands was invisible. He felt the weight of that mighty body as it swayed thru the storm, stumbling up grade and jolting down.

The cold was making him shake like a leaf, or was it having her there so close? He dared not think of what might be the end of this. If only they might find a straw stack. She slid her arm around his neck and began to shake with great rasping sobs. She had denied being cold, tho his hands ached. He shielded her as best he could and tried, man-fashion, to soothe her.

He had lost his sense of direction and location. The big horse was going his own gait where his instinct took him. Bob felt her brush the snow from his collar and again she shook with sobs. From then on they talked of their childhood, or rather, he did. He was trying hard to hold up her spirits. Each time she shifted, he felt a thrill.

Suppose they were able to ride out the storm? He was sure they were lost. Suppose they rode out into one of the myriad of lakes or slues that dotted the country? Whole herds of cattle had done that very thing—why not a horse?

He tried to cheer her up by telling her about his new-found feeling, all unaware of the cause of those sobs. If they did not come out of this, he wanted her to know he was still "her Bobby," as he had been when they had played together at keeping house. He had always declared he was going to be her man when he grew up.

The roan stumbled over a fence. The posts were already nearly flat on the ground. The posts were broken over by the weigh of tumbleweeds and snow. After what seemed hours, the roan stopped and neighed. The wind had eased up a little. A horse from their left answered the roan. The Maverick put cut his left hand and felt the side of a building—his heart gave a leap.

"I guess we are somewhere, Ida," he cried joyfully.

She tried to get down. Slowly she slid from the horse's back and crumpled to the ground. The Maverick lifted her to her feet. Her hands were like sticks. Groping his way along the side of the barn, he found a door near the corner. There fact to the corner of the barn was a taut drawn wire. Encircling it, he found a few iron rings large enough for one's hand. Grasping one of these, and half carrying Ida, The Maverick started along the wire. They stumbled up the steps of the house to be greeted by Clem Peterson and his wife. Great was the rejoicing, but it soon stopped. Ida collapsed in her mother's arms. Her hands and feet were frozen.

The Maverick wanted to start out at once to put up the horses, but Peterson simply said "No, I can do that better than anyone else. Get your things off and thaw out."

Morning dawned and still the storm raged on. Ida remained in bed, her hands and feet were swollen. Near four that afternoon the wind dropped, and aside from gusts, the buildings might be seen. Still the cold and powdery snow drifted about. The Maverick was anxious to get home. He saddled the roan and started the three-mile ride to the Cross Bar Ranch.

Roger Hines, the foreman of the Cross Bar Ranch and seven years the senior of The Maverick, met him at the barn where he was caring for the horses.

"Come thru today, kid?" Roger Hines asked.

"No," answered the Maverick, "stopped at Peterson's last night. Got lost coming out."

"Did Ida come on the train yesterday?" Rodge asked.

"Yes, she did."

"Can't say that I blame you for getting lost with her." The remark was casual enough, but the tone implied more.

"Listen, Roger, leave that part out of the conversation!" The Maverick glared at Roger, and Roger glared at The Maverick. Neither one said any more.

Roger had come to the West for a change. He had been too wild for his people farther east. Now, it takes parents with money to bring up a child and keep him spoiled—that is, to do the job right. The parents of Roger had given him a good start towards a shiftless existence. He never had any responsibilities. His mother waited on his every want. She passed from this life suddenly—one day when Roger was 24 years old. The Hines home was broken up and Roger found himself at Cooper's Plains trying to live off the bounty of his lawyer uncle, Otto Hines, well-to-do and respected in the "Plains."

Several times Uncle Otto was called upon to put forth effort and money to keep Roger from running afoul of the law. Time after time, he was given a chance to make good at various occupations but they were all failures.

One day, Joe MacDonald met him in the lawyer's office where he happened to call quite frequently. Roger was in trouble again, and Uncle Otto was on the point of banishing the man for good. Joe sat outside the private office and heard most of the conversation that had come to him from the other room.

Soon Roger came out to announce that he could come in, motioning towards the inner door. Joe stood up and looked the other straight in the eye. "I think you had better come in too, son. I want to talk to you."

"Better do your talking out here, I guess, Governor," Rodge informed him, "the old gent doesn't seem to take to me too kindly this morning."

"That's all right," Joe said. "I heard everything you were saying. Now I don't think that we'll have much trouble fixing this thing up some way."

"You heard what he said, didn't you?" Roger asked him.

"Couldn't help but hear it. You both were rather outspoken I'll have to admit," he answered simply.

"Well, the end seems to have come for me here as far as I can see," Roger told him, "but if you want to mix in this, it's your funeral."

Otto Hines, bald as an egg, and with a complexion that was like a baby's, sat at his desk, trying not to show the anger that still seethed within him.

Joe broke the ice. "Mr. Hines, I happened to hear everything you two were saying. Now, I don't want to mix in your private affairs, but since I did hear it, it isn't private any more."

Hines turned to Joe, doubt in his face, "Joe, you evidently didn't hear as much as you think. At least, all that that ungrateful, lazy loafer has done."

The lawyer got up, his anger rising as he came to his feet. "I'm thru with you. Didn't I tell you that a minute ago?" His glaring, beady eyes were focused on Roger.

MacDonald strode forward. "Look here, Hines, I asked him in here and he stays until I tell him to go. Do you hear?"

All three men stood silent for a moment. Finally the young man spoke. "It isn't any use, mister. I'm just what he says I am. Plain no good. There isn't anything you can do about it either so I guess I'll be going.

"Not so fast, son; I might have a mind of my own, and I might have an idea, also. Not only about what you have done but also about the things I think you can do—that is, if you care to try," Joe told him forcefully.

"That's all he has done for the last year, MacDonald, and every time he makes a bigger fool of it than ever," Mr. Hines said.

"Hines, I never kill a horse for anything but old age or accident. I've known folks to break a horse's leg purposely so they might have an excuse to take it out behind the barn and shoot it, and I don't reckon I like those kind of people. Now, I prome that if this young man will go out to the Cross Bar Ranch and try to do the right thing he can make a man of himself. No one knows him out there, and I won't tell them about him either."

Roger Hines rode out to the Cross Bar Ranch in the buckboard beside Joe MacDonald. Roger was no fool. He realized that this must be the last chance. Farming came natural to him. He knew considerably about machinery, had a better education than the average floater—so in the course of a year, he was the mainstay at the ranch.

The Maverick had come home from agricultural school that summer. Joe was the sheriff and lived at the county seat. Roger had been left in charge of the ranch while Bob had finished school. Now, another spring was upon them . . . work was to be done as soon as the snow had left the ground.

Petersons gave a dance and Roger and The Maverick had lingered after the others had taken for home. Each was basking in the sunlight of the charms of Ida Peterson. They rode home together, each with his own thoughts.

Before the week was over, he and Roger had come to blows over a mere trifle in the bunk house. The Maverick had been working at the task of plaiting rawhide to make a bridle. Roger had come in while one of the hands was arguing good-naturedly how rawhide was made. The Maverick maintained that it was horse hide, and Roger insisted it was pig skin. The outcome had been blows. Roger was the first to strike, altho The Maverick had been the first to clinch. The hands had parted them, but it was a bad condition left unsettled. There was no more hecking each other—or horse play. Each went his own way but the thing got no better between them. The Maverick was sorry this thing had come up between them—doubly so, because Joe and Mom must hear of it sooner or later. He set out to look over the south fence. Joe had erected it there in the first place to keep back those damned sheep. Old Man Grue had sheep that had long been the thorn in Joe MacDonald's side. Old Man Grue had, as Joe figured it, horned in when he had bought a considerable piece of free range from the government, that lay along the south line of Joe's place.

If anything could cause more trouble in the range country than sheep, it had not yet been discovered. Open war had been declared between Grue and MacDonald the first time the close-nibbling flock had come serenely up across the Cross Bar. The first spring, when the snow had left the ground bare, the fence had been the dead line. All hands belonging to the Cross Bar had their orders from Joe not to cross that line. That was law enough for anyone that knew Joe MacDonald. Two wolfhounds now replaced the one that Joe had brought into the kitchen the day he and the Maverick had laid down the hatchet, when he had first come to the Cross Bar.

The hounds were called Blue and Queen. They were out in front, now, bounding along the ground like feathers blown by a breeze. Blue was older than his mate by several years, close-haired and smaller than the beautiful Russian mate that had been shipped in from the city. Queen, white as snow that covered the ground in spots, a reminder of the blizzard that had so recently held the prairie in its grasp.

Soon old Blue gave a yelp. He had surprised a full grown coyote in the bottom of a draw. The coyote fled along the fence, and old Blue was in hot pursuit. Queen was several rods away when the chase started. Away they went down the fence, the Maverick trying to close the distance by cutting cross lots. Queen's long legs were rapidly closing the distance between Old Blue and herself.

The coyote's lead of a hundred feet still separated it from old Blue. Queen drew abreast of old Blue, passed him, and cut the lead of the coyote down to ten yards before they had covered a half mile. The coyote glanced back over its shoulder, gave a twist of its tail and slid thru the fence, and darted off at an angle.

The dogs kept on down the fence and soon came to an opening where the fence was down. The coyote had gained quite a lead by his clever ruse, the dogs went on and on, straight ahead, Queen leading. The Maverick was racing along behind, while the dogs again closed up the gap.

After a mile or so Queen was again within a few feet of the quarry, this time there was no fence to slide under and the nearest draw a mile away. The coyote seemed to scrub the ground with its tail and turned sharply to the left.

Queens tactics were quite different. Instead of slashing out at the wolf as she went by, Queen took a couple high bounding leaps, more like a buck-jumping bronco. About the third time she came to the ground her lithe body shot skyward. The sun glinted on the white silken coat. At least ten feet straight up she shot. At the peak, her long tail cracked out like a whip so suddenly did she change ends. Those long legs were thrusting out like pistons before she hit the ground. Dirt flew up behind her as she took off after the wolf on its new track. Old Blue had simply turned off at an angle from his former position, thus cutting his distance. Yet again Queen passed old Blue, again the wolf turned—again Queen did her acrobatic stunt.

The dogs were not running in a line any more, one kept at each side of the line of flight. Only a few short leaps were again between Queen and the quarry. These she closed and the wolf turned to slash at the silken shoulder bounding at its side.

That was the beginning of the end. A soft cruel shoulder crashed against the wolf, just back of its front leg. Caught off balance it sprawled on its side, while Queen passed on. Before the wolf had time to gain his feet, old Blue had got his famous throat hold. Back swung Queen to spread her long jaws, fanged with needle-sharp tusks to reach and crush and reach again just back of the wolf's front legs. So quick had the climax been that the Maverick and the dogs had crossed the fence in pursuit of the wolf.

Tha: had been the first time the Maverick had ever ventured on the land of Old Man Grue since the sheep man had come. Now, he sat there looking at the low buildings stretched out before him, well aware that he was on forbidden ground. The dogs had stopped worrying the coyote and were again scouting about. The sheep were massed in fenced-in pens that jutted out from the long sheds. There was a continual subdued roar from the bleating sheep.

Two shepherd dogs sat in front of the shack and pointed their noses at the skies, giving a long, moaning howl—they were not merely barking, it was a heart-rending wail. Dogs sometimes give that long throaty howl at night when everything is still, but seldom is it heard in the light of day. There was no sign of smoke coming from the shack—no piles of hay placed about the pens.

It came to the Maverick that something must be wrong with Old Grue. An uncanny understanding of those howling dogs settled the issue, something must have happened to the old man. He might be dead; no one lived with him there. The Maverick wanted to go and see, but what if Joe found out about it? Well, he certainly would be angry.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Surrogate Court Work Continues

Despite the fact that Surrogate-Judge Walter N. Renwick is supposed to be enjoying a vacation from his duties, considerable business has been done under the chair direction of Clerk Leon A. Ackerman from week to week. Regular sessions will be resumed Friday, August 3.

During the past week two wills were probated, two letters of administration granted and six judicial settlements made.

Stanley C. Swift, Cuba, husband of Alice C. Swift, was named administrator of her estate for the purpose of discharging a mortgage long since fully paid but not cleared by the filing of discharge papers.

James White of Bolivar was granted letters of administration on the $2,000 personal estate of John A. White, same town, whose widow, Edith White, four daughters and three sons are heirs.

The will of Charles N. Tucker, veteran Belmont business man who died July 11th, was admitted to probate. It names his widow, Adell Tucker executrix and disposed of personal property estimated at $5,000 and real property at $10,000. The widow, a daughter, Mrs. Helen Brooks, Scio; and a son, Nathan B. Tucker, Belmont, are named to share in the estate.

Proof of the will of George H. McKee of the town of Independence was made. The will named Melvin W. Reynolds of Wellsville as executor and the amount of the estate was stated as exceeding $1,500 in personal and $500 in real property. The widow, Bessie, was left $500 and an automobile, a granddaughter, Jane Rae McKee, New Hartford, a mortgage on Whitesville property, to be used for educational purposes, the balance of the estate to go to a son, Lewis H. McKee, New Hartford.

Judicial settlements were made in six estates: Walter D. Ormiston, Cuba, executor of the estate of Arthur H. Wheeler, Cuba, appraised at $7,734.28; Cynthia P. Fassett and Agnes K. Cronauer, executors of estate of Cora L. Fassett, Wellsville; Carolyn K. Laidlaw, executor of the estate of William Laidlaw, Belmont; Emma Pendleton, executrix of the estate of Frank Pendleton of the town of Alma; Lucian E. Hardy, executor of the will of Josephine A. Butts, Rushford; Elnora N. Basom, Alamba, N. Y., administratrix of the estate of Cora N. Winsor, town of Hume.

Public Warned of "Lindbergh Ransom" Swindle Scheme

Business men have been asked by Federal authorities to detain any persons representing themselves as Federal agents checking up on currency in a search for the Lindbergh ransom money, and notify the police immediately.

Racketeers are working a new type of swindle, according to Department of Justice officials. Working in pairs, they pose as Federal agents, showing "credentials" and, producing long lists of currency serial numbers, ask to inspect the cash on hand in the store selected for the swindle.

They look over the cash and select several bills of as large denomination as possible, issuing a receipt and telling the merchant he will hear from them later. They never come back, and the merchant loses whatever money they take.

More than 15 million horses and mules are still in harness in the United States.

THE TIRE SENSATION OF '34

TO SEE it is to buy it! That's the way extra value stands out in the new Firestone Century Progress Tire. We found out what car owners wanted most in a tire—then we gave it to them. Out of more than ten million visitors to the Firestone Factory at the World's Fair last year, we obtained this opinion: "Gives us Blowout Protection, Non-Skid Safety, and Long Wear, at a Moderate Price."

So we built the greatest tire ever made to sell at these low prices. Then the wave of buying started—car owners from Coast to Coast bought—not just one or two tires—but a complete set!

Go to the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store in your community TODAY! See the new Firestone Century Progress Tire—just look at the broad, husky shoulders, massive flat tread, deep-cut non-skid and Gum-Dipped cords. Did you ever see so much tire for so little money? No wonder it's the Tire Sensation of '34 and *Sells on Sight!* Why not equip your car with a complete set—while prices are still at today's low level. And remember, you get the new Firestone Triple Guarantee

—for Unequaled Performance Records

—for Life Against All Defects

—for 12 Months Against All Road Hazards

(*For Motorists in Commercial Service*)

REDUCED PRICES FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY

4.40-21 $5.15

Size	Old Price	New Price	You Save On One Tire	You Save On A Set Of 4
4.40-21	$6.65	$5.75	$ .90	$ 3.60
4.50-20	7.05	6.10	.96	3.84
4.50-21	7.15	6.20	1.01	4.04
4.75-19	7.85	6.70	1.08	4.32
5.00-19	8.34	7.20	1.14	4.56
5.25-18	9.17	8.00	1.27	5.08
5.25-21	10.29	8.80	1.40	5.60
5.50-17	10.15	8.75	1.40	5.60
5.50-18	10.45	9.05	1.40	5.60

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

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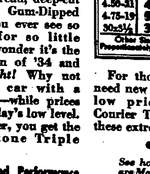
Firestone COURIER TYPE

SIZE	PRICE
4.40-21	$4.45
4.50-21	4.60
4.75-19	5.20
30x3½	3.65

Other Sizes Proportionately Low



Case Photo

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KRUGER'S GARAGE

Andover, N. Y.

South Hill

(Mrs. Margaret Dean, Reporter)

July 24.—The heat is most excessive and we pity the city dwellers who find it much more so.

An inspection was made of the dairy plants again last week in this section.

William Belhl and family of Pingry Hill were callers at the Schoonover home one evening last week.

Mrs. Tony Dougherty, Mrs. Howard Dean and Mrs. Leo Horan enjoyed the card party in the Blessed Sacrament club house, Andover, last Friday evening.

Will Joyce of Philadelphia accompanied by his three sons motored home last Thursday to help mother celebrate her birthday. On leaving Monday, Robert remained for a longer visit with the Dean family.

Louis Dean was a Wellsville visitor, Sunday evening.

Mrs. M. Dean and son Will, were calling on Wellsville relatives Monday evening.

Mrs. and Mrs. Leo Horan and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean motored to Wellsville, Monday evening.

A salesman for some special brand of food products motored over the hill Tuesday.

Com. Howland and men were doing some work on the highway in this section Tuesday.

Haying is being done rapidly, but not fast enough to save it from the terrible heat drying.

A heat wave Tuesday afternoon reised the mercury suddenly to 100 degrees but in less than 30 minutes it dropped to 90. Possibly a rain in some section.

The much talked of "surplus" will not bother our government officials this year. No plowing under.

Independence

(Mrs. Floyd Clarke, Reporter)

July 25.—Doris Baker of Andover is spending the week with Edith Potter.

Mrs. S. W. Clarke returned Tuesday from Milton, Wis., where she has been visiting the past month.

Mrs. Charles Clarke is spending her vacation with Mrs. Luella Campbell at Little Valley, N. Y.

Wallace, Francis and Decatur Clarke returned from visiting friends in Fort Wayne and the Century of Progress, Tuesday.

Junior Drew had the misfortune of breaking his leg Monday. Dr. Scott of Andover reduced the fracture.

Austin Backus of Earlville was buying pure bred Holstein cattle here this week.

Mrs. Earl Greene and daughter, Betty, returned from Silver Springs where they have been helping in the care of Ivan Quick who is seriously ill.

Eugene Crandall of Alfred visited at Floyd Clarke's the first of the week.

Mrs. Myrtle Merritt French of Chicago was calling on Mr. and Mrs. Milford Crandall, Saturday and spoke at the Ladies' Aid social Saturday evening.

Drilling is progressing on the deep well on the R. A. Clarke farm. They are down about 2,500 feet.

Dr. Paul Saunders and family of Alfred attended the Ladies' Aid social here Saturday evening.

Slate Creek

(Mrs. Raymond Stewart, Reporter)

July 25.—We need rain and plenty of it. Pastures are dried up, lawns are brown and gardens and crops at a standstill.

John Mullen and daughter, Virginia attended the funeral of Mrs. Jeane Banks of Bennetts Creek, Friday.

Lyman Baker and family called on Mr. and Mrs. William Mullen one day last week.

Mrs. Earl Hale, Mrs. Raymond Stewart and little son, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keough were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Newell Stephens, Wednesday.

Children's day was held at the Bennetts Creek Sunday School, Sunday. About 100 attended. Those taking part in the exercises from this community were Erma and Herman Mullen, Bessie Stephens, Charlotte Stewart, Virginia, Harold and Nelson Mullen, Isabelle and Oliver Keough.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stewart and two children and Isabelle Keough attended Sunday School at Bennetts Creek and spent the remainder of the day at Lake Goodhue. John Mullen and family spent Sunday afternoon at Conesus Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Mullen and family of Greenwood Hill spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Emily King.

Mrs. Ralph Perry called on Mrs. John Mullen, Monday.

Bus travel in France has gathered momentum with the establishment of luxurious lines from Boulogne-sur-Mer to the Riviera, San Sebastian and Madrid. The coaches are fitted with sleeping accommodations. The fares are slightly higher than by train.

Davis Hill

(Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Reporter)

July 26.—Mrs. Victor Hoagland and family are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ladlee of Smetport, Pa., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum and Fred Slocum were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Spencer at Alfred Station, Sunday. Kathleen returned home with them after a two weeks' visit with them.

Mrs. Mary Ladlee and sister, Erma and family of Bradford, Pa., were visitors at Victor Hoagland's, Monday evening.

Misses Genevieve and Helen Clark of Beech Hill were guests at Floyd Slocum's, Monday evening.

Renzo Meade and Cora Braunns and family of New Jersey were visitors at the Davis home, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. U. V. Davis and son and Miss Loretta Heberlee of Rochester were visitors at L. E. Davis', Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family and Mrs. L. E. Davis were business visitors in Wellsville, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey and family were visitors at Frank Halsey's, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Burbank were in Shinglehouse, Pa., Sunday to visit their cousin, Henry Holly and family.

L. E. Davis had the misfortune to have one of his horses die Sunday.

Lottie Vaughn and Minnie and Richard Montgomery of Hornell were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey, Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis and Mrs. Myrta Trowbridge of Andover visited at Frank Halsey's, Tuesday evening.

Elm Valley

(Mrs. Charley Cole, Reporter)

July 25.—Miss Cora Brunn of Patterson, N. J., is spending a two weeks' vacation at the home of her uncle, Menzo Burdick.

Mrs. James Gibson and son, Glenn are spending a few days with relatives in Ulysses, Pa.

Miss Martha Donnelly and Miss Hazel Benjamin of Lounsbury were visiting on relatives here the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Irwin and Mrs. Maude Duell and daughter of Canaadea spent Sunday evening at Charley Cole's.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson Burdick visited relatives in Olean one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Menzo Burdick and guests motored to Coldwater, Sunday.

Miss Bernice Leonard of Olean spent last week with Mrs. Gertrude Atwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Johnson and daughter and Mrs. Belle Beebe of Jamestown visited at James Gibson's Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drewett of Hornell were Wednesday evening guests at Charley Cole's.

C. H. Burdick entertained a party of friends Wednesday evening to celebrate his birthday.

Greenwood

(Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Reporter)

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Trowbridge of Andover spent Sunday evening with his brother Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Junior McCaffery, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Woodward and son George spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs John McCormick in the Marsh.

Ernest Trowbridge spent Sunday and Monday in Buffalo with his sister, Mrs. Clara Emery.

Ada Cole is working for Mrs. Edgar Sampson.

Mrs. Jennie Stephens of Rochester called on Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Neu of Shinglehouse, Pa., spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Krusen.

Mr. and Mrs. Irdo Williamson and son Leo spent Sunday afternoon with their mother Mrs. Jennie Williamson, who is ill at her daughter's in Canisteo.

Miss Agnes McCaffery spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs W. R. Krusen.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Neu and Miss Agnes McCaffery were shopping in Canisteo Saturday night.

Mrs. Ora Woodward spent part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. George Caffery on West Hill.

R. B. Smith, Jr., of Wellsville spent Thursday evening with friends in town.

WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS

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WRITE TODAY—RESERVATION DEPT.

Visitors Hotel Selection Bureau, 125 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Voorhees Hill

(Mrs. Raymond Church, Reporter)

July 25—The Misses Koneta, Pauline, and Maude Perkins returner Thursday night from a fortnight's motor trip thru eastern New York. Miss Frances Steadwell of Scotia accompanied them home for a ten day visit.

Dr. Scott of Andover was called to the Van Schaick home Wednesday to see Mrs. Anna Howes of Parish who was a guest there the first of the week. Mrs. Howes had the misfortune to sprain her ankle badly Wednesday morning while crossing the road. She was taken to the home of her sister-in-law at Howard Friday, where she expected to stay overnight before going on to her home. Mrs. Dorothy Burdick of Elm Valley, Mrs. Gertrude Van Schaick and Roy made the trip to Howard with her.

Allison and Max Baker were in Andover Thursday evening playing in the Legion Band.

Mr. and Mrs. David Slocum of Andover were Sunday callers on the Hill. Mrs. Eliza Sherwood accompanied them home and will spend a few days in town.

Mrs. Jerry Daley and daughter Miss Mary of Wellsville spent Friday evening at the Perkins home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Baker and family of East Valley called on friends here Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Durward Shaw of Spencerport were guests at the Adams home from Sunday until Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Baker and family of Andover were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Edson of Wellsville called on Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Adams Sunday afternoon.

The Misses Perkins and their guest Miss Steadwell, motored to Rock City Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Baker of Andover visited their parents Mr. and Mrs. Allison Baker and family Monday.

Miss Thelma Lewis, who for several weeks has been motoring thru the west with friends, writes that they are thoroughly enjoying their trip and will be homeward bound this week. They expect to visit Yellowstone Park and many other interesting points enroute.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Fanton and daughter Marian of Hallsport were Sunday callers on the Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Sinkin spent one afternoon last week with Miss Helena Gilbert who has been ill for many weeks at her home in Belmont.

The Family DOCTOR

JOHN JOSEPH CARMEN, M.D.

HOT-WEATHER TALK

What a wonderful time is summer, with its warm days, cool nights, sunshine, soft moonlight, with all manner of fruits and vegetables growing and maturing for man's use—it's really a wonderful world, now isn't it? Makes me want to stay here always.

I can't help repeating—it's man that is to blame when things go wrong. Nature's law—God's laws are right. Man is almost incapable of making a good law, and, is twice as incapable of enforcing one.

To have ice in summer is a luxury—but we must exercise temperance in putting cold drinks—iced foods into the stomach. One of the most eminent doctors in my state does not drink ice-water at all—and he is never sick.

Do you know why too much ice does harm? Well, our digestive tracts in a normal state, have a marvelous power in resisting germs and germ-propagation. We swallow millions of bacteria—millions—that do us harm. The stomach in a healthy state attends to this, but, you chill that stomach—blanch it with ice-water poured into it most of the day, what happens? The stomach ceases to make up its "gastric juice" being chilled and shrunken by this cold—just as cold acts on the surface.

Cold does not kill germs, therefore they thrive in the stomach and bowels—multiply—often cause appendicitis—and terrific attacks of "acute indigestion" and the like. No, it is dangerous to make a practice of sluicing our stomachs with iced drinks, be it ice-water, beer, sodas, or other ice-cold beverages. Don't do it.

Mexican burros are being imported by a hotel in Uniontown, Pa., to aid golfers in a climb of 100 feet to the first tee. The course is on a mountain.

I'D AS SOON BE WITHOUT TOOTH-BRUSH OR SOAP AS NOT TO HAVE OIL-OF-SALT

When quick action is necessary for burns, sunburn, cuts, scalds, and bruises, Oil-of-Salt is wonderful. And what relief for sore, tired, aching, itching feet—and torturing Athlete's Foot. Oil-of-Salt is a liquid. A liquid is always better. Soothes—promotes fast healing—checks blood flow—relieves pain. Used in 52,000 hospitals and fine department stores. Get it at your druggist.

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Oil-of-Salt

Turning Back the Pages Of Andover History

TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE ANDOVER NEWS

FORTY YEARS AGO

AUGUST 8, 1894

Hamilton C. Norris, Editor

Brennerman—Comstock

A very pleasant event was the marriage of Miss Flora Comstock to Mr. Lawrence Brennerman of Colquhia City, Ind., at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Comstock of Andover, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 1.

The bride's sister, Miss Jennie Comstock was bridesmaid and Mr. Jesse S. Phillips was best man. Miss Wilma Wright played the wedding march.

Carpenter—Bassett

No pleasanter or more enjoyable social event could be imagined than that which occurred yesterday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Bassett in this village, when their daughter, Elizabeth, was united in marriage to Mr. Edwin G. Carpenter of Ashaway, R. I.

At 9 o'clock the wedding march was played by Miss Eugenia Marvin of Alfred, and the bride and groom entered the parlor accompanied by William R. Clarke of Alfred as best man and Miss Lena M. Clarke as maid of honor.

W. C. Lever

William C. Lever died at his home in this village Monday, August 6th, aged 52 years. Mr. Lever had lived the greater part of his life in Andover, where he was engaged in the hardware business. He was also a veterinary of skill and an auctioneer of unusual ability.

Mr. Lever is survived by his wife, a daughter and a son, also a brother, C. B. Lever of this place.

Funeral services were held at the house this afternoon, Rev. Janes officiating.

H. P. Benton and Mrs. Jennie Rhinevault have received word of the death of their brother, Hon. W. R. Benton of Oakland, Kan., aged 58 years. Mr. Benton was a resident of Andover from the close of the Civil War until 1872 when he moved to Kansas.

F. J. McGinty was named as a member of the County Committee from Andover as one of the county representatives at the State Convention, of the Republican County Convention held at Belmont yesterday.

The annual Harvest Home will be held in the grove on Thursday, August 23rd. Rev. D. A. Blase of Belmont will be the speaker.

The Baker Band are giving an ice cream social at Elm Valley, Saturday evening.

Will Scribner of Greenwood has purchased the furniture business of Charles Austin in that place and will conduct the same.

During a thunder storm last Thursday, the residence of John Mitchell in Shovel Blow was struck by lightning. Considerable damage was done to the house but the occupants were fortunate to escape injury.

At the annual school meeting held last evening, H. A. Benedict and W. H. Phillips were elected members of the Board of Education in place of A. C. Frisbey and G. M. Barney.

The Excelsior Band will furnish the music at Cuba Fair on Friday, Sept. 14th.

F. E. Martin of Alfred is visiting in town.

Miss Gene Brundage spent Sunday in Canisteo.

Miles Herrick and James P. Cannon are spending the week at Silver Lake.

Miss Mina Broner of Alfred is visiting Andover relatives.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

AUGUST 5, 1904

J. Harvey Backus, Owner & Editor

Peter Garvin

Peter Garvin died at his home in Andover, Monday, August 1, following a long illness. Mr. Garvin was born in Andover, July 29, 1848 and had lived practically his entire life in this community. He is survived by his wife, a daughter, Mary and a sister, Mrs. Bartley Doran of Port Allegany, Pa.

Funeral services were held at the Blessed Sacrament Church Wednesday morning, Rev. Father Sheehy officiating.

Special Town Meeting

A special meeting of the voters of Andover is called for August 16, to vote on the following proposition —"Shall the town of Andover, N. Y., pay to the Andover Free Library the sum of two hundred dollars ($200.00) annually." A petition has been filed with the town clerk requesting such special meeting.

Harvest Home

The annual Harvest Home of the Presbyterian society will be held this year on Thursday, August 20th. Hon. James T. Rogers of Binghamton will be the speaker.

Earl Richardson is reported ill as we go to press.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George Milligan of West Greenwood, a son, July 30th.

The Excelsior Band will play at the Firemen's Picnic at Greenwood Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Youmans of Ansonia, Pa., have moved to Andover and will become citizens among us.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Agnes O'Boyle of Andover and Mr. William Embser of Wellsville was published at Blessed Sacrament church, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Joyce and children of Andover visited her mother, Mrs. William Halsey, Sunday.—Misses Nora McAndrew and Maggie Hurst called on Greenwood friends one day last week.—Mr. and Mrs. Ben Conley of Andover visited on the hill, Sunday Greenwood Hill cor.

Frank Burrows was home from Ang