

# "THE MAVERICK"

By R. E. SHAFF

FIFTH 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.

They get to the Peterson ranch by sheer luck after being lost and nearly frozen in a blizzard. Roger Hines and The Maverick come to blows as the result of a trifling argument and are bitter enemies. Two wolf hounds on the Cross Bar ranch while chasing a coyote lead The Maverick to the ranch of Old Man Grue, a sheep man, who is hated by all cattle men in the vicinity and The Maverick finds himself on forbidden ground but surmises that there is something decidedly wrong with old Grue as the sheep were bleating for water and food and the two shepherd dogs of Grue were out of his shack howling.

New goes on with the story. Old Grue had been a puzzle to the people of Cooper's Plains where he had come from and what his object was in settling down to the life of a sheep herder no one knew or ever found out. As there was always misunderstanding between all cattlemen and sheep men, he was left to himself.

He had two thousand acres of land and no one bothered him that is—no one except Joel Lamosch. He sometimes spent a week at old Grue's. The rest of the time he was at Cooper's Plains loafing at Pete Lesocker's saloon. He would turn his hand to anything that promised profit without much effort. The only thing he possessed was a horse. He worked at the feed stables to keep it up.

Most any day you were sure to find "the breed" as he was called, sitting in Pete's place waiting for someone to buy him a drink. He was a fixed part of the Plains. Everyone had become used to him and was sure to welcome him back when he returned from his periodical trips to the North, which he made every few years to visit the tribe that raised him. The people might sneer and snub him but they were always glad to see him back. He had become a fixed part of their lives and tho they might loathe him when he had enough money to keep drunk for a length of time, they always defended him. When some stranger happened to take offense at some of the breed's surly remarks, the whole population was with Joel.

Bob was trying to make himself go back, but there was something strange to him, a feeling that all was not right in that shack. Were those dogs, in their attitude and movements, trying to convey something to him? He felt a desire to go and find out. Yet—being a cow man, he was supposed to hate a sheep man. He, with his small herd and his own brand, interested in the welfare of this old sheep herder? It sounded absurd, but he was.

He might ride down close and call. If the old man came to the door, he would ask for the breed and ride on. There could not possibly be any harm in that. Not that he wanted to see the breed. He had always hated him. Joel had come to the Cross Bar to buy once but only stayed a short time and Bob was glad of that.

The Maverick sat there a long time, drinking in the fresh balmy air, only to be aroused by that dismal howl. He started his horse leisurely toward the shack. He stopped and leashed the hounds to his saddle horn with his rope to avoid a clash with the shepherd dogs, and rode toward the shack. The bleating in the sheep yard seemed to grow more frantic as they saw

him. The din was terrible in his ears. When he had come close enough to be heard, he called. There was no response. Three times he shouted and waited but he received no answer. He started his horse and rode around the buildings. There was not a sign of Grue. The sheep crowded to the fence as he approached. The noise made by them almost deafened him.

Straight up to the door he strode, leaving his horse and the dogs at a little distance. There was no answer to his rap, but he was sure he heard a noise. Again he rattled the door, and after a pause, he heard a distinct rap, audible above the noise of the sheep. He unlatched the door and looked in. At first he saw nothing because the light was poor. The dogs pushed past him and pounced on a pile of dirty quilts and blankets on a cot. The quilts moved slowly. The dogs were frantic. The Maverick stepped inside.

A white muddy face surrounded by a mass of grizzly, stained whiskers, backed by the most pathetic eyes he had ever seen. The Maverick struck the dogs with his mitten and drove them out the door. He crossed to the cot. It fairly sickened him—that musty damp smell—the dirty clothes—the unkempt old man. There was no doubt about the old man being sick. The Maverick knelt there and put his hand on the head. It was hot, but not "burning up." As he leaned close, the whiskers seemed to tremble and part. A small weak voice said "Water."

He searched for the pail inside and not finding it, looked outside. His conscience was pricking him. What if dad should find out? He then saw the pail. It was near a pile of dirt. He recognized the sign, a well was nearby. He took him some time to attach the muddy, half frozen rope to the pail. He gave the old man a drink. He could not help his speech.

In a laboring way, Grue told him of the slip and the fall. He was coming from the pen when he had slipped and something down deep inside snapped. That was one week ago. He had tried as best he could to care for the sheep once every day but the fourth day he fainted, and lay a long time in the snow. Only by sheer grit had he been able to make the shack. There he had lain, not able to get out, or to get off the cot for three days. The old man asked Bob if he would feed and water the sheep.

There was a long tank at the well. This Bob filled, one pailful at a time, drawing it from that open hole. It seemed hours since he came but after a while the sheep had been turned out to the water and the dogs had put them back. At the shack he found a few supplies and made the old man gruel. It was his first attempt and it was a failure. But the old man ate it ravenously. The Maverick promised to come back the next day. Then he was gone.

Joe moved Mom back to the Cross Bar ranch. One summer was enough town life for Clei MacDonald. True she had stayed there two winters looking after Joe, but now she refused to let the crochets paint the grassland without her being in the midst of them. Restaurant fare seemed to get along with Joe all right. Being sheriff took a considerable amount of his time, yet the ranch house was home again for mom, Joe and the Maverick.

The Maverick was worried. Old Man Grue was in trouble. And so was he. To send someone else over to Grue's was to admit that he had already been there. He might better take the chance of going once more than to tell someone else. He might even get by without their finding out. It was late when he got back to the ranch that afternoon. He took lunch in the kitchen and told Mom about the coyote chase.

After supper, he went out to the bunk house. Roger was missing, and the hands were playing cards. He watched them for a time, and found that Roger was in town. Soon he went up to the big house and went to bed. Joe came in late that night.

The next morning they met at the breakfast table, the Maverick was almost sure that Joe had heard about the trouble with Roger. It had nearly slipped his mind—so much had happened since then. Joe always had a way of telling with his eye if he knew anything about you, but whatever it was, no one found out before he left for town. The Maverick told Mom he wanted to get the mate of the coyote if he could and that a pack-lunch would be just the thing. It sounded good to hear her singing about the house again.

Soon he was riding off to the west, Queen and Blue casting ahead in great circles. Out of sight of the house, he turned to the south and crossed the fence.

Grue was better, had even kept

the fire going by reaching from his cot placed by the stove. The Maverick fixed him some meal. Again he filled the tank, and watered the noisy and smelly sheep. No wonder folks hated a sheep man.

Again he carried hay to the yard, falling over sheep that failed to dodge him. He left fresh fuel near the cot and fixed the old man as best he could, and again started north. Nothing happened except a race between the dogs and a jack rabbit.

As the Maverick swung into Peterson's yard he saw Roger's roan hitched to the post.

The Maverick was game. He tied his horse along side of the roan. Ida Peterson happened to sit where she was able to see the lone rider as he came in the gate. Her pulse had quickened as the lithe rider dropped to the ground. She excused herself and turned and went thru the kitchen to the back door. Roger got up and strolled to the window. There outside, Queen and Blue sat looking at the Peterson cat. Roger sneered. So the Maverick had nerve enough to follow him here? It fanned the feeling left by the brush they had in the bunk house.

In the kitchen the door opened at the rap. Smiles played about the face of Ida Peterson, and dimples chased about the corners of her mouth. Because she was dressed in a dark, clinging dress was the only thing that kept Bob from looking for a pair of angel's wings. He stood there bewildered, his hat in his hand. Down the step she dropped, wrested the hat from his hand, and put it on her own head, pulling him up the one step into the kitchen.

The Maverick had met lots of girls in the city, but never had one take him off his feet like this one. He followed her into the front room. Roger sat looking out of the window. Bob's "Hooey, Roger" was acknowledged with a mere grunt.

Mother Peterson came in from the cellar with several shins, and apples in her hand. "Hello folks, glad you came over. I want to have an apple that came from the way from the east."

"They are beautiful, Mrs. Peterson," spoke up Bob. "Nothing like a brother in the fruit belt to remember you at Christmas time. How is Mom and Joe, Bobby?" asked Mrs. Peterson.

"Mrs. Peterson, I don't think Mom was a bit more pleased to get home than I was to have her," said Bob pleasantly. "Mercy, it must be lonesome in the Plains for one like her. You tell her to come over and tell me all the news; seems like we never see each other since she has been gone."

The talk was lively with all except Roger. He sat by the window keeping his own council. It plainly distressed the girl to have this condition exist, but there was no rise to her attempt to lead him into the conversation that the Maverick and Mrs. Peterson were carrying on.

Finally, the Maverick rose and strode across the room for his hat. The dogs met him at the door, eager to be off.

Before the Maverick had covered half the distance, Rodge came striding up. "Figured you were real smart, breaking in where you were not wanted, didn't you?" he sneered. "What's getting into you?" the Maverick was puzzled. "I didn't know you were here, but if I had, it wouldn't have made any difference."

"Now, look here," began Rodge, "I won't stand for any more monkey work from you, Mr. Maverick. You stay away from Peterson's or else you and I are going to clash. Now you get this—Ida Peterson and I went together last summer when she was here on a vacation. I've written her ever since then. I don't like you. You're getting lost coming from town, and staying all night looks rather funny to me. And ever since then, she's acted cool. Now the best thing for you to do is to stay away from here. Stay away from Peterson's altogether."

That little difficulty in your system "Rodge, I think you still have that we had in the bunk house the other night. I haven't anything against you, but if I want to go to Peterson's at any time, don't try to stop me."

"You heard what I said," Rodge said as he glared at the Maverick. That was all that passed between them during the ride. Arriving at the barn, they unsaddled their horses in the dark. The Maverick was going to the house on the knoll; Rodge to the chuck house. The Maverick was turning over in his mind the things that Rodge had said on the way in. He was foreman of the Cross Bar ranch and it was going to be just too bad to have trouble with him, but it looked like it was coming in spite of all he might do.

After supper, he took a book and went to his room. Try as he did to forget the events of the last few days kept coming to his mind and

# GREENWOOD

(Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Reporter)

### Mrs. Turner Dies Suddenly

Mrs. Gertrude Turner, wife of Frank Turner died suddenly late Wednesday night in St. James Mercy hospital, Hornell, following an illness of a few hours. Mrs. Turner was stricken ill on her way to her home from this village Wednesday evening and was rushed to the hospital immediately. Death was due to a cerebral hemorrhage.

Gertrude Shanley Turney was born in Greenwood 45 years ago and was widely known and highly respected.

Besides her husband, she is survived by six children, Harold, Mary,

James, Robert, Rita and Genevieve, all at home.

Funeral services were held Saturday morning at 10 o'clock in St. Mary's church in Rexville, with burial in Rexville.

Those attending from this village were Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Jr., and daughters, Bernice and Gertrude, Mrs. Dever Clark, Mrs. John Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Burd, John Williamson, Thomas Murray and daughter, Geraldine and Bernard Murray, Sr.

### Mrs. Williamson Taken by Death

Mrs. Jennie Williamson, a lifelong resident of Greenwood, died early Friday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Glenn VanFleet in Canisteo, after an illness of three weeks. Her death was due to a heart ailment and occurred on her 71st birthday.

Mrs. Williamson was the daughter of the late John and Sophia Tobias. In 1884 she was married to George Williamson who died in July 1915. She was a member of the Greenwood Methodist Episcopal Church and the local Grange.

Two daughters, Mrs. Blanche Rollins of Hornell and Mrs. Olive VanFleet of Canisteo and a son, Ordo Williamson of this place survive her together with seven grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at her late home here Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with the Rev. Shirley Travis officiating. Interment was in the Greenwood cemetery.

Among those from out of town attending the funeral were Mrs. Blanche Rollins and sons, Donald and Dale, Miss Ruth Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Coston and son of Hornell; Mrs. Glenn VanFleet, daughter Rachael and son Francis, Miss Helen Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Wambold, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Cook, Mrs. Charles Smith, Mrs. Anna Jeffers, Mrs. A. L. Thompson, Miss Mary Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ordway, Mr. and Mrs. D. Cornish, Floyd Smith, Miss Mabel Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Childs of Canisteo, Leon Lewis, Bath; Mrs. Josephine Greer, Hartford, Conn.; Byron Austin, Springville; E. Lacey Galetan, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Padden, Mrs. Rose Tobias, Wellsville; Mr. and Mrs. William Miner, Sayre, Pa.; Robert Eggleston, Buffalo; Miss Mary Coston, Rochester; Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Bennett, Youngstown.

The thought passed thru his mind "Must have a lot of business to get into town so often," he thought. But then again, it was Joe's funeral, not his. Again he led off to the west again he came to the sheep ranch, but this time he was not unobserved. A lone rider sat on his horse at the foot of the draw, west of Grue's. Now Roger did not have to go to the Plains that day. Joe had not given any such orders. The thing that made him go there was the fact that Ida Peterson expected to take the noon train back to school.

The reason he rode over by Grue's was to be sure that the breed, Joel Lamosch, was not there. It meant that he could be found in town if he had not been at Grue's. He had seen the Maverick come down the long level strip of prairie and swing into the shack. That was enough.

He turned his horse and headed back up the draw. Rodge had always been friendly with the breed. More than once they had pulled together to the sorrow of someone else. Yet, it was not generally known that they had a great lot in common.

Rodge pulled up at the livery barn put up his horse, crossed to Pete Lesocker's saloon, and disappeared inside. Joel Lamosch sat hunched in his chair by a table when Rodge came in. Three other loafers sat with their feet propped up on the window sill, basking in the early spring sunshine that crept in thru the dirty front windows of the saloon. Pete was working behind the bar. No one moved when Rodge came in except Pete. He was pleased to see his friend and customer.

"Glad to have you come in again. Where you been keeping yourself this last year, Rodge," asked Pete. "Been up on the Cross Bar working for Joe MacDonald."

"Don't you ever come to town any more?" Pete inquired. "Sure," was Roger's curt reply. "Haven't seen you for almost a year," Pete went on.

"Haven't had a drink for a year, Pete; I've been off the stuff," Roger told the saloon keeper. "Well, Rodge, as long as it's you, the house will set them up."

The other four lined up along side of the bar. The breed had not wintered good, Roger noted. Well, that was good news for him. Roger had rather hoped he hadn't.

The drinks were downed, and Roger treated to another round. After that, he followed the breed over to a table in the corner and sat down facing him.

"Joel, you don't look as tho you'd wintered very well."

"Rodge, I've been broke for a month," the breed said slowly.

"Want to make some money, Joel?" Rodge asked, his voice lowering.

"Well, I did think that I might go up to Grue's pretty soon. Might hit the old fellow up for a loan until work opens up. And then I don't want to stay here any longer. Honestly, Rodge, this hole is dead."

"Don't you think you'd better have another drink?" Roger asked Joel.

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(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

### Greenwood Officers Installed

Officers of Greenwood I. O. O. F. were installed last Tuesday night by the District Deputy Grand Master Leon Dennis of Canisteo and his as-

isting officers. Those installed were: Noble Grand, Ralph Perry; Vice Grand, A. B. Karlen; Warden, Tipon Billy; Conductor, Thomas Taylor; Chaplain, E. M. Scribner; R.S.N.G., J. K. Miller; L.S.N.G., A. L. Townsend; Inside Guardian, A. H. Dennis; R.S.V.G., Wm. Reimann; L.S.V.G., Lester York. The appointed officers will be installed later.

The district deputy was assisted by the following officers: Herman Dennis, Grand Marshall; Chas. Milligan, Grand Warden; William Pittzenmaier, Grand Herald; William Thayer, Grand Chaplain; Stanley Wilson, Outside Guardian, all of Mountain Lodge, Canisteo.

Among the visitors were: W. H. Braested, E. W. Chilson, E. S. Roberts and Valentine Merg of Canisteo; Ralph Ballou, Henry Manning, J. O. Stephens and M. R. Vose of Hornell.

Miss Kate Chapin of the East Aurora faculty was a recent guest of Mrs. Addie Coston.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis Webster have returned to the home of his mother from a motor trip through the Adirondacks.

Rev. and Mrs. Shirley Travis spent a few days last week at Lake Lamoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis have returned from Oneonta where they attended the state convention of Rural Letter Carriers.

Mrs. John Taylor and daughter Maureen of Pittsburgh are spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Ed. Plaisted.

Mrs. Mildred Hill and daughter Patricia and Miss Reba Scott of Hackensack, N. J., are spending the summer vacation at the Scott farm south of the village.

Mrs. Raymond Fulker of Trenton, N. J., arrived Saturday to spend two weeks at the home of her mother, Mrs. Carrie Tyler.

Miss Irene Wallace has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cochran of Bath.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Kellogg have returned from Syracuse where the county highway superintendents of the state were in conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Harland Knight of Ithaca motored down for the week-end bringing Miss Grace Young to her home here.

Miss Roberta Baker has returned from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Donovan McEnroe of Petrolia.

Mrs. G. C. Lewis and Mrs. John Horton were business visitors in Andover one day last week.

The Faulkner children have returned to their home in Geneva after spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Karlen.

Dr. Hugh Pierce of Canisteo was called to attend Mrs. Ordo Williamson who suffered a severe heart attack.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Shelley and tack last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Potter were in town Saturday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Frank Turner.

Mrs. Melvin Atwell spent Wednesday in Canisteo.

Elton White and Charles Taylor were business visitors in Syracuse.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Kellogg, daughter Jane and son Wm. spent the week-end with Dr. and Mrs. James Kellogg at Bemis Point.

W. O. Sloum is driving a new Terraplane Coupe.

Miss Agnes Taylor of Andover was calling on Miss Ruby Taylor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everitt Osmin have returned from a visit in Jamestown.

Miss Nerece Deron spent the week-end with Mrs. Lewis Cornell of Whitesville.

Mrs. Charles Taylor spent Wednesday with Hornell friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Matthews spent Sunday with his parents in Hammondsport.

Mrs. H. A. Fish of Canisteo was a business caller in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Karlen and Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Scribner attended the picnic of the Hornell Past Noble Grand's Club at the Chisholm home in Crittenden, Saturday afternoon.

Miss Ethel VanDuren of Vermont and Richard VanDuren of Ransomville are visiting their sister, Mrs. Howard Warriner.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Drake and two sons of Wellsville called on Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Scribner, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Teribury were in Buffalo Sunday to call on his brother, Harry Teribury, who is ill there.

Mrs. Louis Beiswanger of Trenton, N. J., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Karlen.

Miss Jennie Waters of Hornell spent the week-end with relatives here.

Miss Eleanor Cline has returned to her home in Hartsville after spending several weeks at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Jennie Carney.

Miss Ellen Young, Mrs. Harland Knight and Miss Grace Young were in Hornell, Tuesday afternoon.

W. G. Kellogg and daughter, Miss Jane, were business visitors in Bath, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Warriner spent Sunday evening at the home of Mrs. Clinton Clark in Canisteo.

Dr. and Mrs. L. T. Hardenburgh returned Monday from spending their vacation in New Jersey.

Mrs. Charles Craig and Miss Mary Thompson of Canisteo were calling in town Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery were business callers in Jasper, Saturday evening.

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