

"THE MAVERICK"

By R. E. SHAFF
FINAL INSTALLMENT



She came to her feet, reached out and turned the breed's face towards her. Those great eyes filled with a light that thrilled even this half savage.

"Will you take me to him? Take me to my Bobby!" she cried.

He nodded his head. She sank to the floor at the side of the bed. She was praying, offering up thanks to Him who had sent this news. And she rambled on about Bobby—her boy.

Little by little, and in his halting way, the breed told her of his finding the half-starved waif alone on the open prairie, guarded by a small gaunt female dog. How he was compelled to kill the dog to keep her from tearing him down, the trip south, and the event at Sand Butte. Then how Joe MacDonald had found the lad at the foot of Sand Butte and brought him up. He told her that her boy was now a fine man. Just as soon as he was able to walk he was going to go with her to find her boy.

Time passed all too slowly for them both. How different their thoughts. One to again behold her Bobby, the other to walk into the arms of the law.

The prairie chickens were still booming over their morning call when George hitched the team to take them to the train that officially started them off on the quest of her boy.

As they sat there in the day coach side by side, they formed a strange contrast. He was a typical red skin, and she every inch a grey-haired mother. The trip consisted of one wonder after the other for her. It was her first long trip in many long years.

The city came crowding in on the train. The buildings were getting thicker and higher as they neared the center of population. To her, this was thrilling, but there was none for the breed.

The depot was a magnificent affair. There were people rushing about, and men calling "Taxi." Everything seemed to be tuned to a high pitch. There was no train to be had for Cooper's Plains that day so they started for a hotel to wait and pass the time.

As they crossed the street there was a grinding and screeching noise. A huge black giant of a car came bearing down. It swerved in front of them. The breed's bad leg played him false, and instead of stopping, he plunged headlong into the rear wheel. The impact threw his body and he rolled back at her feet, blood streaming from gashes in his face. She fainted there.

That evening found her sitting by the side of his bed, hope still alive in her breast that he might live to finish his mission. She dared not think of the consequences if he died.

Sunday was a dull day for the Maverick. He decided to go down to the stock yards and renew his acquaintance with the familiar surroundings.

There were the cattle pens grouped there by the railroad tracks with their network of switches. The long narrow runways that led to the rear of the slaughter houses and the cooling rooms beyond. Pens of fat hogs grunted about or lay sunning themselves. Sheep bleated out a welcome to him as he reached between the pen boards to pull at their heavy coats of wool.

They brought scenes back vividly. The pails of water that he had carried from the well at Old Man Grue's. Somehow, they did not seem so repulsive there patiently waiting to follow the decoy to slaughter. One sheep is kept for the purpose to mix with a pen of sheep and when the gate is opened to lead those timid animals to the killing chute.

Farther on, pens of fat cattle contentedly chewed their cud, well satisfied with life.

In a sturdily built pen, a monster short-horned bull raged and tore up the ground. The gate was secure by an iron pin. The Maverick climbed the fence to watch the monster challenge him to mortal combat. He visioned himself in Spain, with his spear in hand, and how this brute might be worn down and killed by him. The other bulls seemed reticent. Perhaps this monster had declared himself boss, and then proved it to all the occupants of the pen.

The Maverick moved on down the run. Nearby, a pen of white faces stared at him—and they made him homesick. He climbed up the fence part way to better view them, wondering what Joe was doing with the few that he had given him when he finished school. Lost in meditation, he did not see a man step down the runway and pull the pin from the gate that held the mountain of flesh, that ferocious bull.

Roger Hines had come the evening before with a load of whitefaces for the market. Joe, being tempted by the fancy price offered for this breed, had shipped some of his

stock. Roger had followed the dictates of his heart, and searched for Ida Peterson, but found that she was out. After inquiry, he found that she was out with a friend from Cooper's Plains by the name of MacDonald.

This had set Rodge off on a drinking spree which kept him in his bed till all hours of the morning. He was now getting over to look after his charges. Coming down the runway he spied the Maverick perched on the side of a pen, calmly watching a huge bull rant and rage. Rodge stopped and casually looked at some stock, keeping the Maverick within range. Soon the lad moved down to the next pen where the whitefaces from the Cross Bar had been herded. As the Maverick stopped to look them over, Rodge had edged down to the bull pen, pulled the pin, and grasping the gate pulled it open across the run. The bull had an uninterrupted view of his enemy.

Just as the Maverick noticed the Cross Bar brand on one of the steers, he climbed nearer the top, the great bull charging straight at his legs. There was no time to save the pen of whitefaces.

The Maverick was injured, but not seriously. The impact had come in the middle of a panel, and the place of least resistance. On into the herd of whitefaces the bull charged. The Maverick fell to the ground, and crawled back from the hole in the fence. People farther down the runway rushed up to see how badly he had been hurt. Someone called the ambulance.

Bobby was sick—sick at heart. These injuries would prevent him from working for some time. Soon the ambulance came and took the Maverick to the hospital. No one had seen the foreman of the Cross Bar ranch steal away up the runway from the pen of sheep, where he had leaped the instant the gate opened.

Clean, cool sheets were drawn up over the shoulders of the Maverick, a soft hand patted him on the side of the face.

"Now don't worry Bobby. This isn't so serious," it was Ida. "Just think! You might have been killed by that horrid beast, instead of having just a pair of crushed heels. I will be right here to look after you and sit by your bed. Look at that grey-haired lady over there. She is a lovely woman. When we get you in a wheel chair, I want you to meet her. She has the most wonderful eyes I've ever seen," she paused. "I think you have wonderful eyes, too, Bobby."

The Maverick blushed. It certainly was not going to be lonesome with Ida here.

Joe MacDonald dropped his paper to the floor. He walked into the kitchen, took his hat from the wall, then turned for the door. Mom put down the cat held in her lap.

"Where are you going at this time of night, Joe?" she asked. "Have to have the team hitched up. I'm going to the city at once. Be back in a minute. Get my good clothes, Mom, so I can change."

She caught up the paper from the floor and read:

MAN SERIOUSLY INJURED IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENT

Joel Lamosh, home unknown, was perhaps fatally injured when he was hit by an auto. He was taken to Jones hospital, but little hope is held for his recovery.

Joe came in hurriedly. "I must get to the Plains to catch the early train. This man may die, and I simply must get his confession before he does. Rodge is there and perhaps I can head him off and have him with me. I will have him sworn in as a deputy," Joe said.

Roger came back to the hotel to find that word had come from Joe MacDonald for him to stay there. He whistled. What was Joe doing in the city?

When Joe did come, he told Roger that he had come to the city for someone, but because this was another state, he must get extradition papers signed. The man to sign the papers would not be around until ten o'clock the next day.

When the ward had been put in shape the next morning, Ida brought a wheel chair to the side of the Maverick's bed. He was carefully placed in this and instructed how to operate his new vehicle. Ida pushed him down the aisle to the side of the bed where the grey-haired lady with the wonderful eyes sat beside the cot on which lay a bundle of bandages. One eye peered out from the mass of white, an eye that glittered from its depth.

The Maverick was introduced to the lady. How tired she looked, he thought. Her face was pale and drawn from so much strain. But she was a beautiful woman, he could not deny that. Hardly had the Maverick settled himself in the wheel chair when footsteps sounded. It was impossible to see anyone coming from that direction, because

of the back of the chair.

They halted at the foot of the bed. The Maverick wanted to look, but overcome the desire. A heavy voice spoke, "Here's your man." There was silence.

The grey-haired lady rose and came around the bed, then up behind the Maverick's chair. He knew it was she by the hand that was placed on his. The hand trembled so that the Maverick trembled. A man in plain clothes followed by an officer with a pad and pencil in his hand came to the other side of the bed.

The officer jerked his thumb towards the Maverick. "Better take them out."

Someone pulled his chair backwards, then turned it so the group at the foot of the bed was facing him. Joe MacDonald was beside his chair. Behind him stood the foreman of the Cross Bar. Joe stepped backwards just as Roger was in the act of bringing a handkerchief from his pocket. Surprise was all over Joe's face at sight of Bob. His foot came down on Roger's. It caught Roger off balance.

In his effort to catch himself, he jerked the handkerchief violently from his pocket. A brownish object hurtled thru the air and landed in the Maverick's lap. He gazed at it in amazement—the bear tooth belonging to Old Man Grue. Roger came close and reached out his hand but the Maverick clutched the thing tighter, shaking his head.

Joe came closer to the Maverick. "What happened to you, son?" he asked.

"Not much, dad. Just an ugly bull tried to push me thru a fence yesterday," the Maverick replied.

Joe turned and spoke to the officer. "Guess we might as well let them stay. I know this lad, and the lady seems to be a friend of the breed's."

Sounds were issuing from the bed, noises that sounded like "Look. Look!"

"Get that man," came haltingly from the bandages.

The officer ran down the corridor. Ida stepped to the head of the bed, but she was too late. The breed had freed his good arm from the covers. Dawn came the bandages from his chin. He turned his face towards Joe.

"What you want?" The voice was coming from the lips of that bruised man.

Joe leaned over closely. "We want you—for killing Old Man Grue." His voice was stony.

"Me no kill Grue, me like old man. Me—" the head shook from side to side. "Me—I change brand on calf over by Sand Butte. Roger he give me money to change brand on Cross Bar heifer. Me—put—on—cross."

The officer came back with Roger. The Cross Bar foreman spoke, "Sorry I had to run on you, but I simply had to have a drink of water."

Fire blazed from the eye that showed from the lower edge of the bandage. The good hand of the breed grasped Joe MacDonald by the arm. He was raising himself up in the bed. Ida slipped her hand behind his shoulder and raised him to a sitting position. Joe's head was beside the breed's now, and the breed's arm was pointing at Roger.

"There is man who killed Grue. Him have bear's tooth in pocket. Old man always keep bear's tooth. Look in bear's tooth."

The Maverick raised the tooth and pressed it. Off came the end, as it did once before in his hand. Again he pulled something from inside.

Joe was at his side. The Maverick handed it to him. It was a tightly rolled piece of paper. He unfolded it and laid it on the arm of the chair. It read:

To Whom This May Concern:

I, Joseph Grue, being of sound mind, do give and bequeath all that I may own at my death to Robert MacDonald, known as "The Maverick," for, and in consideration of his saving my life and caring for my sheep while I was sick.

(Signed)

JOSEPH GRUE.

Signed by witness

JOEL LAMOSCH,

JOEL (X) MARCH.

When Joe left the side of the breed, he had slowly settled back to the pillow. "I make mark on paper night I change brand by Sand Butte," his voice was weaker now.

"Lady," he was talking to the grey-haired mother, "That your boy."

He pointed to the Maverick.

Something clicked. They turned to see the officer with the handcuffs on the foreman of the Cross Bar ranch.

Ida pulled the covers up over the breed's face after closing his eyes. She turned to where the grey-haired woman clasped her boy to her heart.

Ida spoke, as she put her hand on the Maverick's arm. "It's no

GREENWOOD

(Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Reporter)

Officers' Conference Held Here

Sixty women attended the conference held in the Masonic Hall here on Friday by the Steuben County Home Bureau. These women were officers of the organization in the county.

In the forenoon group meetings were held for the discussion of the problems and plans which of each section of the unit. Following dinner, which was served by the Good Will Sunday School Class the entire group met with Mrs. H. D. Wood of Corning, county chairman.

The Greenwood Home Bureau had on exhibit a number of projects which showed the work done during the past few years. It included re-finishing of tables and chairs, lamp bases which had been wired, paper lamp shades and various types of chair seating.

Mrs. Arling Cobb of Greenwood is a member of the County Executive Committee.

Greenwood Union School Opens

September 10th. It has been announced that the Greenwood Union School will begin its sessions Monday, September 10. The faculty is as follows:

Principal, Walter Redmond, Alfred University.

Vice Principal, F. Dwight Young, Alfred University.

Latin and French, Loretta Casey, William Smith.

Art, Maxine Armstrong, Alfred University.

Seventh and Eighth Grades, Mary McKinley, Genesee Normal.

Fifth and Sixth Grades, Luella Edwards, Genesee Normal.

Third and Fourth Grades, Ruth Rudman, Brockport Normal.

First and Second Grades, Virgil Slight, Genesee Normal.

Music will be taught by the grade teachers. A commercial department is being established and it is expected that Miss Anderson of Elmira will be the instructor.

Work is now being done on the R. M. Guilds property which will be used to house the first four grades.

Mrs. Cooley Dies in California

Word was received last week by relatives here of the death of Mrs. Sarah Shaw Cooley at her home in Los Angeles, Calif. Death was due to suicide.

Mrs. Cooley was the daughter of the late Jarius and Anna Manning Shaw and a sister of the late Miner Shaw of this place. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Agnes Miller of Elmira, N. Y.

Attend Luncheon

Mrs. Miner Streeter, Mrs. W. G. Kellogg and Mrs. Arling Cobb were in Port Allegany, Pa., Saturday to attend a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. Bess Coston of Washington, D. C., by Mrs. Henry Richmond and Miss Kate Chapin of Whitesville.

Bridge Luncheon

Mrs. Q. R. Mott, Mrs. Lyle Jackson and Mrs. Harold Robertson of Hornell, Mrs. Warner Hug, Mrs. A. B. Stratton and Mrs. H. A. Fish of Canisteo, Mrs. Elton White and Miss Helen Brown of this place were guests at a bridge luncheon given by Mrs. Ernest Buck Friday, in honor of Miss Dorothy VanGelder of White Plains and Miss Reba Scott of Hackensack, N. J.

Celebrates 75th Birthday

Mrs. H. C. McCaffery entertained several guests at a tea Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. A. L. Thompson of Canisteo, celebrating her 75th birthday.

Mrs. J. Elwood Harvey of Little Silver, N. J., and Mrs. William H. Borden of Red Bank, N. J., spent last week with Mrs. Dever Clark.

Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Bennett, daughter Roberta and son Richard of Westfield, N. Y., have been guests of his sister, Mrs. Ordo Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Holler of Indianapolis, Ind., were luncheon guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Saturday.

Mrs. L. T. Harderbergh and Mrs. G. C. Lewis were business callers in Andover and Hornell, Wednesday.

Mrs. Elizabeth McNeill of Rochester was calling on friends in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Young and grandson, Robert Gifford of Buffalo spent Monday and Tuesday with Miss Ellen Young and Miss Sabrey Stephens.

Dwight Young returned Thursday from Albany where he has been attending the summer session of the State Teachers College.

Mrs. Theresa Inman of Olean called on Mrs. G. C. Lewis, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard Kreigbaum and daughter of Williamsport, Pa., spent a few days the past week with Mrs. Ella White.

Miss Caroline Raeder of Valley Springs, L. I., has been the guest of friends here.

Miss Loretta Casey has returned to her home in Geneva after spending some time with the Kellogg family.

Mrs. Mabel K. Stevenson and Mrs. Arling Cobb were in Clifton Springs

Wednesday to call on Miss Grace Kellogg.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Pepperman, Mrs. Vern Bradt and daughter, Barbara spent a few days the past week with friends near Smethport, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Dever Clark and daughter, Olive, with their guests, Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Borden visited relatives in Troupsburg, Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Ellen Young, Mrs. Harland Knight, Miss Caroline Raeder, Miss Grace Young and F. Dwight Young left Friday morning for Chicago, Ill., where they will attend the Century of Progress Exposition.

Miss Marian Trowbridge of Elmira has been spending the past two weeks with her grandmother, Mrs. Avis Young.

Mrs. Mabel K. Stevenson was a business visitor in Auburn, Tuesday. D. L. Miller is moving his family from the Blair house to the Lippert apartment recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fish.

A. W. Baker was calling on friends in Troupsburg, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse York and son, Milford of Bradford, Pa., spent the week-end with relatives here. Miss Marian York returned home with her parents after a two weeks visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hale and son, Stanley, were guests of relatives in Conrad, Pa., Sunday.

Mrs. Mabel Stevenson spent Friday in Buffalo.

Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Trowbridge of Elmira spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Avis Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith have moved from the Guilds house to the Plaisted house owned by T. F. Bates.

Hiram Cole, son of Mrs. H. A. York returned from Bethesda hospital, Saturday where he had undergone a minor operation.

Harland Knight of Ithaca spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. Minnie Knight. Mrs. Knight returned home with him to spend the week.

Donald Brundage has returned from Syracuse where he attended the graduation of James Mulholland of Whitesville, who has completed a course in embalming there.

Mrs. Leon Loomis and sons, Edward and Mark of Athens, Pa., have returned to their home after visiting her mother, Mrs. William Scott.

Robert Stephens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Stephens had his tonsils removed by Dr. H. P. Taylor in Whitesville last Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. L. T. Harderbergh spent Sunday in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Buck spent the week-end in Elmira.

Mrs. Ella White is spending the week with relatives in Williamsport, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Kenyon of Whitesville called on Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Green, Thursday.

Mrs. William Quinlivan, daughter Leona and son Billy of Syracuse and Mrs. Fern Hockman of Philadelphia, Pa., are visiting their mother, Mrs. Frank Updyke.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Miller with their guests, Mrs. Henry Campbell

and Miss Margaret Miller of Brooklyn spent Friday with relatives in Bath.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Cady of Harrison Valley, Pa., called on Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buss, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Rogers and son Jerome have returned from attending the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago.

Rev. and Mrs. Shirley Travis attended the Old Home Day gathering at Fremont, Saturday.

Mrs. Sarah Redmond has been spending the past two weeks with relatives in Howard.

Dale D. Baker, in company with William Perkins of Towanda, Pa., Walter Goff of Addison and Ray McMichael of Dansville spent the week-end in Chicago.

Fred Miner is installing an electric water system in his home here.

Mrs. L. C. Amey of Kane, Pa., and Miss Ellen Amey of Brooklyn were calling on Mrs. F. E. Carney last Wednesday.

Rev. Shirley Travis occupied the pulpit in the Centenary Methodist Episcopal church in Bath on Sunday.

Rev. W. P. Trowbridge of Elmira officiated here in his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. James Greer of Hartford, Conn., were week-end guests of Mrs. Greer's aunt, Mrs. Addie Coston.

Fred Krieger of Tioga, Pa., spent Monday with his brother, John Krieger.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Miller, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Margaret Miller attended the Harvest Home in Andover, Thursday. Mr. Miller appeared on the program.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodno and son, Redmond, spent Sunday at Canandaigua Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Rogers and daughter, Louise, of West Greenwood, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Baker of Canisteo spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Lana Baker.

Miss Elizabeth Herron of Hornell spent Monday night with Miss Lillian Holly.

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