PIDGIN ISLAND

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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CHAPTER XVI.

In the Enemy's Hands.

UNCLE BILLY got up suddenly and shook his hat in the air. "I know! Simplin t' do 'th that dinged hundred dollars 'r my name ain't Bill. I'll go out 'n ask Miss Wynne."

"I wouldn't. If she's sick, asked it might upset her. Billy, what did Miss Wynne expect to find out there at Pidgin?"

"Honestly, Lester, I don't know," drawling his words to make them emphatic. "I'll tell y' this much—she said sumpin 'bout preventin' a crime 'n' a rajah's ransom. What's a rajah, buh?"

"It's a Hindu king, I guess."

"I remember; one o' them nigger chaps that wears silk pants 'n' a bedspread for a hat. But I don't see what a rajah's got t' do 'th Mr. Cranford's disappearin'. Y' leave it t' me, Lester. I'll go back t' where I found that hat 'n' nose 'bout."

"The hotel people are going to send to Watertown for a detective."

"Let 'em. I got jes' 's good nose 'n' eyes 's any detective." He rammed the hat into his pocket and strode out of the boathouse, followed by Lester, who was anxious and solemn. "Don't y' say nuthin' t' th' hotel folks 'r th' boys. Wait a day 'r two. Mebbe Cranford was runnin' after some one 'n' lost his hat."

"Wouldn't be running all this while."

"Well, y' leave it t' me. I wa'n't thinkin' much when I picked up th' hat. I'm goin' out there t' see what did happen."

It is doubtful if Uncle Billy had ever read a novel, much less a detective story, but he knew all the earth signs. He was a guide to the manner born.

When he picked up Cranford's hat his mind was occupied with the girl's grim earnestness out there at Pidgin, the hundred dollars. He had not, therefore, observed things. But now he had reason. He found the spot and studied the ground thoroughly. During the storm it had rained plentifully. The ruts in the road were still damp and impressionable, and out of these ruts Uncle Billy gathered his reading.

An automobile had stopped and backed and gone on again. Good many footprints, close together, and one long slip which trailed over the lip of the road.

This has been made by Cranford, for he recognized the rubber spikes of the tennis shoes. There had been a scrimmage. But who would want to fight Mr. Cranford? was the question which was troubling Uncle Billy. Hm! Here was a new rubber heel. And all these footprints vanished abruptly.

Three persons—and they had gone away in the automobile. Where? And why?

Shaking his head, he plodded back to the boathouse. Mr. Cranford had been abducted. Most amazing!

At 6 o'clock that evening he had come to the conclusion that as a detective he was a blooming fizzle.

He had, during the afternoon, detected some one—a guest at the hotel, the local druggist, a man who had a summer cottage in the village, the tinsmith, the hotel proprietor and the bartender.

The guest, the man who had the cottage and the tinsmith all had automobiles with the same make of tires. Uncle Billy did not sleep well that night.

Neither did the object of all these earnest endeavors. Cranford's bedroom was a circular affair, windowless, whose sole entrance and exit was a trapdoor some five feet beyond the reach of his fingers.

Briefly, an empty cistern in a deserted farmhouse four or five miles inland. Whenever he wanted a drink of water he had to grope for the pail.

For nearly forty-eight hours, two days, he had been incarcerated in this unusual prison. From the fight in the road down to this very hour not a question had been asked. He had not even seen his captors since night before last.

The candle they had left him had gone out in a sputter of wax.

Three matches left. He fumbled them undecidedly.

Surely they would return to renew his meager larder. At length he could resist the temptation no longer. He struck a match and found that it was almost 9. Ere the glow of the match died he heard the putter of an automobile. It paused.

His heart beat quickly. He tried to count the minutes between the death of that noise and the birth of another. Came the muffled closing of a door. They had come at last.

This affair was Diana's, and never should these rascals learn anything from him. He knew nothing; he would not have to lie or dodge or evade. He would tell them frankly that they were wasting their time and let it go at that.

The trapdoor opened, and a ladder came slithering down.

"Come up," said a voice.

Cranford climbed out of the cistern and stood blinking in the light of a detached automobile lamp.

For awhile he remained at the edge of the cistern waiting till his dark smothered eyes resumed their functions. Then he saw Hanchett and Denison and, in the gloom of a corner, a third man.

Without thinking of the tinge of melodrama in the act, Cranford filled his pipe and began smoking. He had not dared to smoke in the cistern; he would have suffocated. Ah, but the smoke tasted good!

"Well, gentlemen?" he said quietly.

Hanchett smiled.

Dusty, cobwebbed and disheveled, Cranford presented really a comic picture, and the sang froid with which he lighted his pipe made him irresistible to Hanchett's every ready appreciation of the ludicrous.

"Cranford, we shan't waste time beating about the bush. It doesn't matter how or when you learned. We want what you took from Pidgin Island."

"What was it I took?"

Hanchett smiled again. "You can't pass your hand up like that, Cranford. We do not wish you injury or inconvenience. Clever idea of yours to have that telegram delayed. We found it out, however."

Cranford held his surprise in check. What a woman! Not a detail has escaped her. "I dare say by this time you've been through my belongings at the hotel."

"We have," frankly. "And found nothing; else your exile would be releasing you."

"Do you want the truth?"

"As quickly as you can give it."

The prisoner mused for a minute a minute or two. Diana was playing a game of her own, and it was evident that she was playing it for all it was worth. Cranford was not a quitter, and he was in no quandary as to what he was trying to manage with Diana. To life he added the loot, but I should not tell you if I did. I realize, to the importance of your particular world, you are out to do me for the crutches.

Smead rose and tiptoed into the light. "Cranford, give them up. Otherwise, on my word, you'll stay here till the crack of doom."

Cranford puffed and let the smoke drift up into his nostrils.

"We haven't got all night."

"You've got just as much time as I have."

"Give him his bread and fill up the pail," said Smead. "Another twenty-four hours will bring him to reason."

"Would you object if I washed my face and hands first? Water is necessary inside, of course, but I'd feel a trifle more comfortable with a few handfuls on the outside."

"Get your pail," said Hanchett.

Cranford went down the ladder and fetched the pail.

"Dennison, I appoint you Ganymede," declared Hanchett loftily.

"What's the matter with Fagin?"

"Well, then, Fagin, off with you to the well."

Fagin returned presently and set down the pail before Cranford.

"That's right; coddle him," sneered Smead.

"I understand your point of view," replied Cranford. "You do not understand what the word of a gentleman means. I know absolutely nothing. Since I do not believe you intend to put me out of the way, you three shall answer for this. I do not forget."

"Neither do we, Mr. Cranford," said Hanchett, stepping close. "We can outwait you in this game. You shall stay here on bread and water till the snows come."

Cranford puffed his pipe three or four times, knocked the bowl against his heel and turned toward the laddef.

"No candles this time—twenty-four hours in the dark," Smead warned.

"So long as you're not bent on starving me, a day or two more in this hole will not matter." Cranford began the descent. He heard Hanchett laugh.

"Cranford, I'm beginning to like you. I'll make it two candles and a box of matches."

"Fool!" growled Smead.

"You be still!" retorted the son. "He's right. You don't appreciate him. I like a cool hand, no matter which side he is on. A brave man isn't so common these days that we can afford to ignore him when we meet him. He'll have his candles and matches, and tomorrow night he may be a little tamer and tell us who has them."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Smead.

"Why, he really hasn't got them, but knows who has. You're as dense as a sand bank. Found them, but gave them to some one else to keep. Clever!"

On the farmhouse veranda, sometimes called the front porch, the stoop and often the piazza Diana sat in her steamer chair. Her arm was still in a sling and over her injured foot a furry carriage boot.

Whenever she saw the figure of a man in the distance she would lean forward from her pillows, only to recline again, embittered that she could not resist the impulse. Why should she wait and watch? He was busy—perhaps he had gone away. Had it not been her wish that he should go and no more waste his time in thought of her? The gender feminine—to wish one thing and desire another.

"It's no use, Frances. I am not listening to a word you're reading."

"I have not been reading for the past ten minutes, Diana," replied she of the tragic eyes and the intaglio face. "You are watching for some one. You look always toward the village." The fingers of Diana's free hand drummed tattoo.

"You have been so good to me," said Frances. "I have been very unhappy. One by one I let my rings go. I hated to part with a single one of them, but needs said must. They were so beautiful. But I had starved else."

"Foolish Frances! Well, yes; we are both of us unhappy, only you accept your fate resignedly and I rebel against mine, always and eternally. I rebel against the accident which makes me what I am, which stands as a wall between me and what might be. I rebel against the lack of money, my love of fine clothes and comforts. Extravagance is the heritage of all women, but I am one of those who war against the desire. I have saved half of all I have earned."

"You have only to ask," said Frances, "and all these things are yours."

"What?" wrathfully. "On my knees. No! I rather believe not. Humble my pride in the dust for nothing perhaps? No! I can earn my living. I have been hurt, terribly hurt, through no fault of mine."

"And so have I."

"Ah, you thrust yourself into that hurt! You were warned. Mine was given me gratuitously."

"Di, you are cruelly right in what you say."

Diana saw some one coming along the road afoot. "It's Uncle Billy. I wonder where he's been keeping himself?"

"Hello, Miss Wynne!" hailed Uncle Billy. "How y' gittin' along?"

"Finely. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Awful busy."

Uncle Billy sat down on the steps. "Hr'd t' take th' engine all apart."

"So busy to come out and ask how I was getting along?" reproachfully.

"Uncle Billy, you're a mighty poor fib teller. What has happened?"

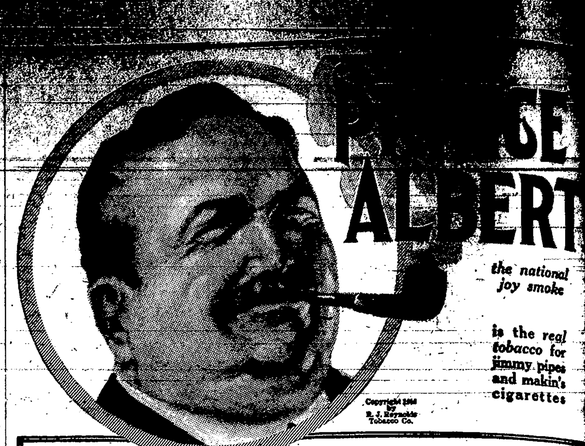
"I ain't bringin' good news."

"Is Mr. Cranford ill?" she asked.

"No; that I know of. I was goin' t' tell y' th' day it happened. Well, Mr. Cranford's be'n kidnaped."

"Kidnaped!" from both women.

(Continued next week.)



Get a Fresh Start!

For men who got away to a false start on a pipe or home-made cigarettes Prince Albert has a word or two for what ails *their* smokeappetites!

Forget you *ever tried* to smoke, for Prince Albert is so different, such a fine flavor, so cool and cheerful and friendly, you'll get a new idea of smoke joy! The patented process fixes that—and *cuts out* bite and parch!

And this little preachment is also for men who *think* they're on the right track. All to be said is that the sooner you lay out a nickel or a dime for a supply of Prince Albert, the sooner you'll make a discovery that'll be worth a lot to your peace of mind and tongue!

Get the idea of smoking *all* you want without a comeback—*that's P. A.!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Buy Prince Albert all over the civilized world! Tappered bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that classy crystal-glass pound humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such fine shape—always!

On the reverse side of this ad you will read, "Patent Pending July 26th, 1907," which has made three pipes where one smoked before!

"You three shall answer for this. I do not forget."

Eventually You Will Buy

Both Disk and Hoe Drills

Gridley Fuhrman & Martin Co.

NOTICE OF SALE

COUNTY COURT.
COUNTY OF ALLEGANY.

Andover State Bank,—Plaintiff,
against
Elmer E. Sisson and
Adda B. Sisson, Defendants.

By virtue of a Judgment of foreclosure and Sale, granted by this Court in the above entitled action, and entered on the 8th day of March, 1916, in the office of the Clerk of the County of Allegany, at Belmont, N. Y., the undersigned Charles M. Lash, a referee duly appointed in this action for such purpose, will sell at public auction on the 24th day of April, 1916, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y.,

ALL THAT TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the Town of Almond, County of Allegany and State of New York, described as follows to wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Town of Almond in McHenry Valley known as part of the James McCurdy farm formerly occupied by Clark D. Wilcox and said land lies on the north side of the McHenry Valley road, bounded and described as follows: Commencing in the center of the highway on what was formerly Asa Sisson's west line, running thence north to the northeast corner of land deeded by Barnet Bump to Joseph H. Mathewson, thence west on the north line of said land thence continuing said line below the north line of land deeded by Clark D. Wilcox to Joseph H. Mathewson west to land formerly owned by Orlo Allen; thence south along the east boundary line of the Orlo Allen land to center of McHenry Valley road and thence on said center in an easterly direction to the place of beginning, containing sixty-eight and one-half acres of land, be the same more or less, being the same premises conveyed by Joseph H. Mathewson to Samuel P. Wilcox and said contract assigned by said Wilcox to Joseph Sisson in his life-time and held by him at the time of his death and being the same premises conveyed by Joseph H. Mathewson and Polly H., his wife, to Mary J. Sisson, Elmer E. Sisson, Ella O. Sisson, Cora B. Sisson and Cola S. Sisson by Warranty Deed, dated May 8th, 1875, recorded August 25th, 1886, Liber No. 139, Page 115.

ALSO ALL THAT TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the Town of Almond, County of Allegany and State of New York, lying and being situate in McHenry Valley known as part of Lot No. 28 and 29, of Turnpike lots, bounded as follows: Commencing in the center of the McHenry Valley road, on the south line of R. Burdick's land, running thence north 4 degrees and 64 chains 50 links to stake in south line of L. A. Beaches' land, thence south 86 degrees east chains 60 links to the east line of Turnpike lot No. 29, thence south 4 degrees west 11 chains and 86 links to the southeast corner of Esterbrook's land, thence south 86 degrees west chains 93 links to a stake and stands 13 chains from the east line of Lot No. 28, thence south 4½ degrees west 49 chains to the center of the McHenry Valley road, thence westerly in said center 15 chains and 12 links to the place of beginning, containing eighty-two acres of land be the same more or less, being the same lands conveyed by Joseph H. Mathewson and Polly, his wife, to Orlo Allen and Abigail Allen by Warranty Deed dated April 1, 1861, recorded July 4, 1861, Liber No. 57, Page 538.

ALSO ALL THAT TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the Town of Almond, County of Allegany and State of New York, lying in Township No. 4, Range 7, being a part of the Turnpike Lot No. 28, commencing at the northwest corner of that piece of said lot heretofore deeded by James McCurdy and running (as follows) North one degree and the distance of 11 chains and links to the southeast corner of Arnold Carpenter land, thence south 89 degrees East 7 chains 15 links, thence south one degree west 11 chains 56 links, thence north 89 degrees west 7 chains 15 links, containing about 8 1-2 acres of land be the same more or less, surveyed by D. D. T. Gibnery 1857. Being the premises conveyed by Levi Simons and Harriet, his wife, to Orlo Allen, by Warranty Deed dated Feb. 11, 1858, recorded Feby. 12th, 1858, in Liber No. 61, Page 49.

Dated this 8th day of March, 1916.

CHARLES M. LASH,
Referee.

CRAYTON L. EARLEY,
Plaintiff's Attorney,
Andover, N. Y.

STOP THE PAIN AND AGONY

Thousands of people have learned that the simplest and easiest treatment for a troublesome corn is the application of a Raccoon Plaster and they can now be obtained at nearly every drug store in the United States. Never again use a razor, knife or file to stop the pain and agony. It is a dangerous and unnecessary. Sample mailed free if you write. Raccoon, LeRoy, N. Y. 13

KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAR AND HEALTHY

There is only one way to have a clear, healthy complexion and that is to keep the bowels active and regular. Dr. King's New Life Pills will make your complexion healthy and clear, move the bowels gently, stimulate the liver, cleanse the system and purify the blood. Sound spring medicine. 25c at your Druggist.—Advertisement.

Every good store ad makes good store friends, in course of a little time, of people to whom that store had—up to the time the particular ad caught their attention—meant nothing more than a name.

TO RID CHILD OF WORMS

Don't scold the fretful, nervous child. Often its due to worms. Get rid of these, by giving one-half to one lozenge Kickapoo Worm Killer, a laxative worm candy. Give only plain nourishing food; lots of out-door exercise and put to bed early. Watch stools and continue giving Kickapoo Worm Lozenges, they will positively remove the worms. 25c at Druggists.—Advertisement.

WALTER J. ORENDORFF
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Office Main and Center Sts.
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ARE YOU THE
RIGHT GLASSES
DIAMOND, Optometrist
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TOWN
Maker and Embalmer
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Call day or night
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SIGNS
A SPECIALTY.
The Florist,
Hornell, N. Y.

IN PENMANSHIP
Give names of young men 11 years old and I will, repaid, my home business writing.
BOW, Prin.
Business School.
Main St., Hornell, N.Y.

"Logical buyer" of itself to-day.

Our National Capital

Events of Interest from the Seat of Government by the News Special Correspondent, J. E. Jones

COUPONS AND TOBACCO

Washington, D. C., March 4.

One of the reasons assigned for the increasing volume of newspaper advertising by the American Tobacco Company is that the expense of trading stamps and coupons eats up the advertising appropriations, and agencies like the Frank Presbrey concern in New York, while badly hurt by the conditions, appear to lack the nerve to take up the cudgels against their foes. Since Ben. B. Hampton, who made a big reputation as publisher of Hampton's Magazine, ascended to the position of vice president of the American Tobacco Company, where he is regarded as the principal authority on tobacco advertising, it would appear as though reputable publications might have a real friend in the saddle; but Mr. Hampton, like the rest, appears to be under the "spell" cast over all sales propositions by trading stamp and coupon schemes; or he has concluded that these devices which are robbing the publishers of their legitimate business, are more valuable than newspaper and magazine advertising. As long as publishers depend upon the agencies to fight their battles against coupons and trading stamps, just that long will those devices grow and flourish. There is a timidity among the agencies in handling this question; superindued by a fear of antagonizing their clients, who in turn are in position to do business direct with the publishers as a way of showing their displeasure with any agent who has the effrontry to express an opinion publicly. The evils referred to above are such as should command the attention of all publishers, and a little healthy discussion might have a fine effect on advertisers and their agents. Publicity has cleared up many a bad situation, and as this is one that affects the bank account of every publisher it might be well for him to get busy and lambast the offenders. While serving themselves the publications affected could do still greater good to the public by helping to drive out the coupon evil.

The President and Congress

"Old inhabitants" of Washington have lived through many an exciting event surrounding contests between Congress and the President, even though the issues involved may not have been of as far-reaching consequence as those that have brought about the recent test over the matter of handling our foreign policy. In one thing the President and Congress have been agreed, and that is that every effort must be made to keep the country out of the European war, and maintain our place as the leading neutral nation of the world. A readjustment of international affairs is certain to follow the present lamentable condition of world affairs, and all officials, from the President down, recognize that the United States is the supreme neutral power. The legislative and executive branches of the government may have all the friction that can be hatched out of a tempestous sea of politics, but they all know that the people of the worlds' greatest republic have no time for jingoism; and so much of that sort of thing has been injected into the present controversy may have served to cloud the real issues, but it is hoped, has not strengthened the personal standing of men who have built their own fortunes upon the distress of their fellow men.

A good many people believe an occasional quarrel between Congress and the President affords the country and opportunity to get a more intimate knowledge of the actual things that are happening in their government, and at the same time tend toward clearing the differences existing in the business management of the nation; and that therefore, such disputes answer a useful purpose on this, of course, providing that the country in consequence avoids things like war, panic, pestilence and other great evils. It is a time for people to keep cool heads, warm feet, and chipless shoulders.

"THE COME BACKS"

The National Press Club of Washington has a thousand members, all men. One-half are newspaper men, and the remainder come from various fields of life. Recently an evening was given over to a program, in which the "come backs" recounted their tales. The headliner was Uncle Joe Cannon. Nicholas Longworth, the "son-in-law of the Progressive party," also had a place on the program. Then there was Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, Ebenezer Hill of Connecticut, and Representative Rodenberg of Illinois. These men come from the old Republican guard, and are very instrumental in the affairs of the nation, as reflected from Capitol Hill. Not only that—they are attempting to regain control of the machinery of the party. Longworth has been groomed to succeed Representative Woods of Iowa, as Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, and it is understood that he has the backing of Representative William McKinley of Illinois, who at one time, was the big Republican leader in the Capitol.

The Republican Congressional Committee, as it exists at the present time, is supposed to be in control of the progressive members, and they assert that party unity can only be preserved through continuing them in authority. The "come backs," and others who think with them, are equally anxious to redeem the party by taking its affairs in charge, and they frankly admit that one of the reasons they should do so is because they are in position to "get the dough," and fill up the campaign money bags.

The two branches of the party are as far apart as ever, but each crowd in Washington is bent on saving the party and defeating Mr. Wilson by methods that are diametrically opposite. But of course the Democrats are not all thinking alike either, and there may be some interesting happenings at the June convention, as well as thereafter. The period to be covered in these affairs will undoubtedly run till November—and no man knows what the end will be.

Seeking to Honor the March King

One of the most wonderful organizations of the National Capital is the Marine Band. John Phillips Sousa was at one time the director, and he served brilliantly in that capacity through the term of four Presidents. After he retired, Mr. Snatlemann, through a special act of Congress, was given the rank of Lieutenant of Marines, and Mr. Sousa's supporters have taken the matter up before Congress and expect to secure for him the same recognition. Recently the New York Hippodrom gave impetus to the movement in Mr. Sousa's behalf by giving a special performance that was designated "All American Night." Mr. Sousa has been decorated by the king of England, and many European countries honored him during his world's tours.

"Brandies and His Critics

There never has been a nomination of a justice of the Supreme Court where there has been so thorough a seaching of character as in the case of Mr. Louis Brandies. The hearings before the Senate Committee have practically amounted to trials. A good many of the people who had nothing to say about Brandies more than they did not like him, piled up most of the objections. Brandies will be confirmed and those who know him best feel that he will be a genuine acquisition to the personnel of the Supreme Court.

Grand Opening Next Time

General Goethals tells "for sure" that the Panama Canal will be side-proof when it is reopened. This may be six months hence, or it may be a longer period; but he is certain that the canal can never be blocked again. Of course the work that is now being done should have been finished before the canal opened at all. But the impatience of the American public caused the builders to take a long chance on declaring the work finished. They lost — and millions of yards of dirt are being removed in order to prevent any possibility of a further tie up in navigation.

Sign Boards on the Up-road

By Hamilton B. Williams

If man originated the principle ideals and eternal life philosophy called Christian, that would show the great spiritual capacity of the race, his eminent position in the universe.

And it should be, at least, as big as our dreams.

If, however, God is the author of the ideals, principles, and eternal life philosophy called Christian that fact would recommend God as a Being most desirable to know and have fellowship with.

Whether God revealed through long processes the truth of life or whether man discovered it by age-long experience, does not in any way minimize the Truth, or shift in the least the responsibility of disseminating the Truth.

Man is honored in either event.

I do not believe in an absentee God, an uninterested deity, indifferent to the fortunes of His creatures, callous to their sufferings, bitter against us for our failures, wrathful on account of our sins.

But better an "angry" God than one detached, apathetic and inert.

God is a Father.

And like a father pities.

Our need of His fathering is overwhelming.

"The lanes of the earth are pitifully barren; it is an inferior planet—and the dark comes soon.

The highways of the world are crowded with human beings who do not realize the joy and beauty and riches of life in an approximate measure. They not only do not realize the meaning of life, but do not want to realize it.

They are content with—nothing.

Of the fellowship with Jesus Christ, thinking His thoughts and obeying His law did not add cubits to our spiritual stature, if contact with Him did not produce superior men and women, building another world and consequently others, world-makers, visioned of God and consequently friendly folks here—we might not with such sacrifice and hardship and patience proclaim the gospel and magnify the Christ.

But He makes big people.

When people seek the truth of religion they find it when they hear it equated, in terms of friendship.

When there are proclaimed All-Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of all men; when the kingdom of Heaven is bounded in terms of Righteousness, Justice, and Peace; when the eternal life is declared to be the "knowing" of God; when the Christ is shown to be God's interpreter of Life, and the followers of Christ—friends—the truth is proclaimed!

For the Truth is that which ought to be.

The ad which creates or renews or increases the interest of the reader in your store—is a "good ad."

How's your Blood?

PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS MEAN BAD BLOOD

People who have impure or impoverished blood should be careful to take only a vegetable and temperance remedy such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is and has been for nearly 50 years. Its ingredients printed on wrapper.

The first day you start to take this reliable medicine, impure germs and accumulations begin to separate in the blood and are then expelled through the eliminative organs.

In place of the impurities, the arteries and veins gradually get fresh vitalized blood and the action of this good blood on the skin means that pimples, boils, carbuncles, eczema, rash, acne and all skin blemishes will disappear. Then you must remember that when the blood is right, the liver, stomach, bowels and kidneys become healthy, active and vigorous and you will have no more trouble with indigestion, backache, headache.

Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to-day at any medicine dealers, in tablet or liquid form or send 10c for trial package.

Akron, N. Y.,

"I can speak well of Golden Medical Discovery. It has been thoroughly tried in my family. We found it a good medicine to build up a run-down condition and found it as represented."

Mrs. P. P. Hart,
9 Clement Street.

NOTICE of ANNUAL ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the annual election will be held in and for the Village of Andover, on the **21st day of March, 1916**, at **Village Hall**, in said Village. The polls will open at **1 o'clock P. M.**, and close at **5 o'clock P. M.** The following officers are to be chosen:

President in place of E. J. Atwood, Term 1 year.
Trustee in place of C. W. Williams, Term 2 years.
Trustee in place of J. M. Hartrum, Term 1 year.
Treasurer in place of James P. Cannon, Term 1 year.
Collector in place of Jas. D. Cheesman, Term 1 year.

The following is a true and correct list of all nominations of candidates for offices to be filled at the Village Election, filed with me pursuant to the provisions of chapter 99, Law of 1896 and amendments thereto.

NAMES OF CANDIDATES	RESIDENCE	OFFICE TO BE FILLED	PARTY NAME	EMBLEM OF PARTY
E. J. Atwood,	Andover,	President,	Union.	
E. D. Baker,	Andover,	Trustee,	Union.	
C. E. Brown,	Andover,	Trustee,	Union.	
James P. Cannon,	Andover,	Treasurer,	Union.	
James D. Cheesman,	Andover,	Collector,	Union.	

Angelo O. Tucker, Village Clerk.

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