PIDGIN ISLAND

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Storm Passes.

CRANFORD released the enemy, stared at him, at Diana, at the other young woman he had never seen before.

Her brother! He laughed, toppled into a chair and beat his aching head to his knees. He was hanging on to things by a mere rag of nervous energy. The daughter of Michael Smead!

That morning, by the aid of what remained of his last candle, he had discovered a loose plank in the side of the cistern, and all day long, with but a few intervals of rest, he had tugged and twisted and pulled and kicked.

The plank gave outward at 5 o'clock or thereabouts. But two more were necessary to admit of his passing out into the cellar and thence to freedom.

Followed a stumbling, staggering journey in the dark, ignorant of how far he was away, persistently onward to the west, still crimson and purple. In all he had come six miles—to find that this man was her brother and that she was the daughter of Michael Smead!

"Di, I'll be getting on my way."

The younger Smead straightened his collar and tie mechanically. With Cranford at liberty, he sensed the danger in which his father and companion stood. He must at least give them fair warning.

"Do you mean it all, Don?"

"About going away, of trying hereafter to walk straight? From the bottom of my soul, girl. It doesn't pay. South America. Will you wish me good luck?"

"Yes, yes! Good luck! I shall always be thinking of you."

She stretched out her hand.

Donald would always be to her the Faun—handsome, charming, whimsical, merry. Diana had never seen her father till the day of her arrival in New York, but Donald had visited her at the convent many times.

The young man offered his hand to the other woman, while Diana gazed, dim eyed, at the huddled man in the chair.

"Not yet," said Frances, shrinking back. "God speed you and God guard you, Donald! I can't touch your hand just now! There are so many black things between it and mine."

"True enough. But may I win out?"

"How shall we know?" wearily.

"When I come back it will be written on my face and in my eyes." He picked up his hat, looked down at Cranford, smiled oddly, passed from the room and gently shut the door.

No sooner was he gone than the woman who had denied his hand flew wildly to the door and stopped before her hand touched the knob.

"No, no, Frances!" cried Diana.

The man on the veranda paused.

"But I cannot let him carry away that lie. I might never see him again."

"Do not call him back. He must have something to fight for, to win back. He knows. He has the keenest eye and the quickest mind of any man I know."

Frances turned and ran swiftly back to her room, closing the door violently.

Diana looked sadly at the bowed man in the chair. The knowledge that she was the daughter of the notorious Smead had crushed him.

"Mr. Cranford, are you ill?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid to move. I shall fall down."

Diana touched the bell. "Some cold chicken and a glass of milk. Have you any port wine in the house?"

"Yes, Miss Wynne."

"Martha, bring me the wine first. That'll set me up till I can get back to the hotel. Will you have them hitch up the team? I feel pretty weak."

He sipped the wine, and shortly the glow of it permeated his veins. He set the glass under the chair and smiled. Diana was not expecting that smile, for it was warm and friendly.

"You were to call me Cran," he said.

"Cran, I am sorry."

"Sorry for what? Who was that young woman?"

"My brother's wife."

"You told me you were married."

"No, Cran; I told you that I could not marry any man—any man I might wish to marry. Can I—Michael Smead's daughter—a notorious gambler, a man without feeling or kindness or truth or honor—my father?"

He got up and steadied himself by holding on to the chair. "I must look pretty well hanged up. Will you marry me, Diana?"

"No"—quietly. "Smead's daughter cannot marry a man of your station."

If only he knew how desperately she was fighting! She wanted him—wanted his head on her breast, close to her heart—wanted to run her fingers through his tousled hair—wanted him!

"Come; supposing I took you at your word and married you. Could you introduce me to your friends? I am proud."

"In heaven's name, why not?" His hand slipped from the chair and he crossed the room unsteadily. "Look at me—in the eyes, Diana, and tell me you will not marry me."

"I will not marry you, Cran." Her eyes looked up into his, bravely and unwaveringly. "It is rather cruel of you. I'm helpless; I cannot get up and leave you."

"Do you want to leave me?"

"Yes."

"Repeat after me," he said. "I do not love you."

She was silent.

"What is your father to me—friends? Out of the world somewhere you have come to me, and I shall not let you go. Will you wreck your life and mine over such a silly phantom?"

"Please go," she begged.

"I'd be a fine lover, wouldn't I? I shall stay here till the sun rises unless you tell me one way or the other."

Lover! The kind a woman dreams of—waits for.

A smile quivered on her lips, and he saw it. He seized her hand, turned it palm upward and pressed it against his face. After a moment he looked up.

"You can't say it?"

"No."

"You don't want me to go?"

"No."

"Will you marry me?"

"I ought not to, but I will—whenever you wish." And to make the surrender complete she drew his head tightly to her heart and laid her cheek upon it.

* * *

Smead turned the note over and over in his hand. His cigar went from one corner of his mouth to the other. Occasionally a small wave slapped mischievously against the gunwale and splashed his knees.

His teeth sank into the tobacco. The young fool would be back quickly enough when his money gave out. Still he could not to have been so rough with him that day in Kingston. But the cool banter of the boy had maddened him.

Suddenly his teeth met with a click, and the cigar bounded and rolled down his chest to the bottom of the boat.

Played! He knew now. The boy had them. Possession had given him this courage. A quarter of a million, and South America, where no one would ask questions!

Played! Diana should tell him where the boy had gone, and, if it was the last thing he ever did, he would find him. Played all along; actually made sport of!

At the farm he called for Miss Smead. There was nobody there by that name.

"Perhaps it is Miss Wynne you wish to see?"

Wynne. So she had taken her mother's name?

"I am her father. I wish to see her."

Cranford, the smiling old aristocrat (though at this moment his face was grave enough), the lawyer and a young woman he did not know, were standing behind Diana's chair.

Smead looked keenly at his daughter's face. She was as beautiful as ever her mother had been. The sight of her stirred nothing in his heart, no tender quickening, no regret.

"I wish to see you alone," he said directly.

"Whatever you may have to say to me must be said in the presence of my friends," she replied.

Straight from the shoulder. He nodded with appreciation. "I am your father."

"Beyond that accident of chance," she replied, "I do not recognize you."

"Where's Donald?" he asked.

"He is, I hope, on his way to South America. If I knew exactly where I should not tell you."

Smead laughed. "Well, you are wasting your time. He has lied to us all neatly. He went away with the gems stowed in his pocket. Fine reformation that!"

"That is not true."

"And who might you be?" inquired Smead coldly.

"I am Donald's wife," answered Frances.

He appraised her critically.

"Did you ever hear of the emeralds of the Princess Xenia, so called?" added Smead. He could at least twist their hearts a bit if nothing more.

"Yes. He left a note for me," interrupted Diana, "telling me what he did with them."

"And if he has the jewels he has certain rights to them. They were mine," said Frances.

"Yours? Stole them from you, his wife?" said Smead.

"Perhaps he only took them," she modified.

"All men are not rogues."

"Mr. Smead," said Diana, "I was born at sea, and my mother was buried at sea."

Her Brother! He Laughed, Toppled Into a Chair and Bent His Aching Head to His Knees.

"So my father gave me to the sea. Is not the sea my mother? Is not the ship my home? Sometimes we touch land for a day or two, but we belong to the sea. You talk of my mother. I do not know. Perhaps she was as you say. But I know my father. There is a burial at sea between you and me, Mr. Smead. These are the last words I shall ever speak to you."

Cranford stepped to the door and opened it.

Right about face, with never a glance back, into the open, down the path to the dock went Smead.

"Simpsons," said the very old man. "I hate that man greater than all the hatreds in my life combined, yet what a son-in-law he would have made born right!"

"I am tired, and my arm aches," said Diana.

"Grandchild, I am a very old, very lonely man. I have brought my pride to you and laid it at your feet. If your mother had come to me at any time God is witness I would have taken her in my arms. But she was proud, too proud to admit that her judgment was wrong and mine was right. I want young people in my house. I want to hear laughter, music, coming and going. I want the ghosts driven out of its corners."

"Grandfather, I am going to marry the man I love, whatever he says."

"Mr. Wynne," said Cranford, "I have but little, yet I believe that little will suffice. I could not live on my wife's bounty."

"But she is bound to inherit what I have. Why waste all this time?"

"Let us compromise," interposed the suave Simmons. "Small birthday and Christmas gifts and Thursdays and Sundays to dine at Mr. Wynne's."

Diana looked up at Cranford, and he looked down at her.

Then they both laughed, and the grandfather laughed, and Simmons cackled, and the young woman with the tragic eyes smiled.

"To that we agree," said Cranford.

And then Uncle Billy came rushing into the parlor.

"Hey, Miss Wynne, I got 'em!"

From under his arm he took the gray cotton casings and shook forth the butts of two rods.

With trembling fingers he unscrewed the caps. A silvery cascade poured into Diana's lap—pearls, pearls, pearls!

"That was the wall I could not get over. I knew not how they were going to smuggle them in. Cran, these belonged to Frances' mother. Uncle Sam has had his tithes long ago. But if you had stumbled upon them earlier you would have had to report them, and they might have been confiscated."

"Diana," said the wife, "he meant it."

"Of course he did! Uncle Billy?"

"Hub?"

"Mr. Cranford and I are going to be married this afternoon."

"And Mr. Cranford," said the owner of that name, "desires the pleasure of your company as best man."

"By jings!" ejaculated Uncle Billy. "What d'y' know 'bout that?"

Diana took Cranford's hand and laid it against her cheek and stared out of the window through the late September haze toward Pidgin Island.

"Lover!" she whispered.

THE END.

(Continued next week.)

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS

Many war zones hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, for use among the troops, because it gives rest and comfort to tired, aching, swollen feet and makes walking easy. At druggists everywhere, 25c.

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On the reverse side of this tidy red tin you will read: "Process Patented July 26th, 1907," which made this and other smoke pipes where one smoked before!

A GOOD SHOWING

World's Record Holstein Cow at State School of Agriculture at Alfred University.

Vikina Johanna No. 64385, a Holstein cow owned by the State School of Agriculture at Alfred University, recently made a worlds record for a cow of her age for producing in 7 successive days 556.7 pounds of milk and 29 pounds of butter. In 30 days she produced 2281.7 pounds of milk and 112.745 pounds of butter. This is the largest record ever made by a cow of her age, she being 12 years, 10 months and 17 days of age at freshening.

Wonderful Progress of the John Hancock Life Insurance Co.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the 53rd annual statement of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, which has now become the largest life insurance company in the state of Massachusetts, where the interests of policyholders have always been religiously safeguarded and no old line life company has ever failed.

The record of this sterling institution is one of remarkable achievement. Twenty years ago, after thirty-three years of existence, its assets were $7,664,909.00 and in 1915 they reached the astonishing total of $127,361,389.00, while its surplus or safety fund is $7,730,205.00, a sum in excess of its total assets in 1895. This wonderful progress indicates the confidence of the insuring public and is substantial evidence of the way in which the institution of life insurance is recognized in these days when the value of other investments is so uncertain. The prudent man has discovered that the certain way to protect himself and his dependents is by insurance in a solid, Mutual surplus distributing company. The old John Hancock stands for everything that is best in life insurance and offers its protection to all who are physically fit to enter its membership.

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 the lot No. 28 and 29, of Two lots, bounded as follows: Commencing in the center of the Henry Valley road, on the line of R. Burdick's land, running thence north 4 degrees 64 chains 50 links to stake in south line of L. A. Beach; thence south 86 degrees 40 chains 60 links to the east of Turnpike lot No. 29, thence south 4 degrees west 11 chains and 86 links to the south corner of Esterbrook's; thence south 86 degrees 40 chains 93 links to a stake; thence stands 13 chains from the line of Lot No. 28, thence west 4½ degrees west 49 chains to 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 1861, recorded July 4, 1861, in 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, being a part of the Turnpike Lot No. 28, commencing at the northwest corner of that part of said lot heretofore deeded to James McCurdy and running (as follows) North one degree; thence the distance of 11 chains and 86 links to the southeast corner of Arnold Carpenter land, thence south 89 degrees East 7 chains and 15 links, thence south one degree west 11 chains 86 links to the north 89 degrees west 7 chains and 15 links, containing about 8 acres of land be the same more or less, surveyed by D. D. Gibnery 1857. Being the same premises conveyed by Lewis Simons and Harriet, his wife, to Orlo Allen, by Warranty Deed dated Feb. 11, 1858, and recorded Feby. 12th, 1858, in Liber 57, Page 49.

Dated this 8th day of March, 1916.

CHARLES M. LASH,
Referee.

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

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Our National Capital

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

THE FROTH AND THE FLAME

Washington, D. C., Mar. 18.—A couple of years ago Washington newspaper writers were kept busy by the "crisis" in affairs with England, growing out of the Panama canal dispute, and one of the officials formerly at Panama has related within the past few days that the feeling was so bitter that nearly everyone on the Isthmus was ready to enlist — if they might have the privilege, to "go and fight England." And it was only the forepart of the present month that the executive and legislative branches of the government were seriously discussing going to war with German. In a few hours the nature of all the excitement changed, and the American "war correspondents" felt the thrill of delight at being back on the old job, with Mexico in the big headlines. No one can deny the seriousness of present conditions, but the greatest of all the American difficulties seem to rest in the hysteria and chip-on-the-shoulder attitude of our citizens. If the cool-headed people in control of public affairs continue to keep the mastery of the situation, the moth and the froth will escape most of the blame, and the United States will be the most respected nation of the world, because of its neutrality. The wonderful sense of right and justice guiding the present generation, is evidence of the wisdom of our democratic form of government.

Burton Stock is High

A few days ago former Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, visited the floor of the Senate. There was a noticeable stir of interest, and some one in the press gallery called attention to the fact that five men who had been more or less prominently mentioned for the Republican nomination were in the Chamber. However, as the weeks and days bring the Chicago convention closer, the number of men who continue to be regarded as actual "political timber." are decreasing. A few who were "favorite sons in their own states awhile ago, have already been relegated to the discard. One of the pivotal states this year is Ohio—the "home of presidents." It is united in its support of Burton, and indications are that it is going to be the Republican field against his candidacy. There has been a good deal of talk to the effect that Mr. Wilson, in choosing his new Secretary of War from Ohio, anticipated a contest with Mr. Burton in the campaign, and used the occasion to strengthen himself in the state from which his opponent was likely to come. Mr. Burton has one of the best records of any man who has been in Congress during recent years. He was a foe to "pork barrel" legislation and graft of any kind, in his last great fight upon the 1914 bill, his arguments were so strong that President Wilson was drawn into the open, and supported Burton, to the great discomfiture of partisans of his own political faith. This remarkable instance of a Republican Senator proving the endorsement of the White House after having defeated the united opposition of members of all parties who had combined to get their own appropriation through by the old system of trading support, is unique in political history. In Washington Mr. Burton is regarded as one of the ablest men in public life during recent years. He is "presidential size," and since he is satisfactory to the different elements in the Republican party, it is perfectly natural that his candidacy should be favorably received among the leading members of that party and particularly those who are most familiar with his career in the House and Senate.

Body Blow to Trading Stamps

The United States Supreme Court handed down a number of decisions sustaining the restrictions placed upon trading stamp and coupon schemes by state legislatures. Under two of these decisions trading stamps are driven out of Florida and the State of Washington. It is interesting to note the lack of good opinion by the Supreme Court as evidenced by the statement in one of the decisions which first treats of advertising as "well defined," with "nothing ulterior; it is the practice of old and familiar transactions and has sufficed." But the schemes of trading stamp promoters are declared to "have no such directness and effect. They rely upon something else than the article so sold. They tempt by a promise of a value greater than that article and apparently not represented in its price, and it hence may be thought that thus by an appeal to cupidity, lure to improvidence. This may not be called in an exact sense a 'lottery,' may not be called 'gaming' it may however, be considered as having the seduction and evil of such."

It is pleasant to have one's position confirmed by so distinguished a body as the United States Supreme Court for the move is entirely in accord with the position frequently stated in this correspondence in reference to the coupon and stamp practices of the American Tobacco Company and other institutions, some of which are classed as "trusts." The sceptical Supreme Court speculates upon the system by saying: "It may well be thought there is something in it which is masked from the common eye and that the purchaser at retail is made to believe that he can get more out of the fund than he has put into it."

Cook Still Claims the Pole

Dr. Frederick A. Cook was in Washington the other day, and made his annual claim to the pole. Dr. Cook insists that he "saw it first," and he wants an investigation by Congress, to prove his statements. A good many people are beginning to wonder why it is that Dr. Cook should be denied the simple justice of "trial by his peers." The Peary claims were accepted almost without question, notwithstanding they were quite as hazy as those of Dr. Cook's. It is an easy thing to keep a man in the "fakir" class when he is all along denied the right to state his case before a fair tribunal.

Severe Test of Pan-Americanism

Director-General John Barrett, of the Pan-American Union, says that the Mexican situation will bring about a severe test of our friendly and helpful relations toward the Latin-American republics. He seems to think that if we make a clean job of handling Villa, that it will result in a boom for Monroe doctrines and the new all-American diplomacy. The little fellows down in South America feel that they have outgrown their swaddling clothes, and they like the partnership idea in settling the affairs of the New World. Barrett and other authorities believe that our future salvation rest in making the Southern Republic as useful to us as we are to them.

Borland's Silly Notion

Representative Borland of Missouri, is the most unpopular man in Washington; all because he wanted to fire 3,500 civil service clerks who have nothing to do except to sign the pay-roll; and to make the balance of the government clerks work from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon. The Washington Herald voices the plaint of the clerks by saying this was a "plan to saddle an excessive working day on the government clerks of Washington." The working day is all too long as it is, since there is hardly time for golf and tennis between half-past four and "supper-time." If Borland had studied his political economy he might have known that Congress would hold to the old rule that "public office is a private snap," and would protect the people who are beneficiaries of the system.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and will remove dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

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HE WAS VERY LIVELY CORPSE

Remarkable Story of Attempt to Defraud a Life Insurance Company — Supposed Dead Man is Now Located.

Cohocton, March 5.—Attorney William H. Clapp, of this village, an inspector for the Mutual Life Insurance Company, has been interested recently in ferreting out and bringing to justice a man who attempted to defraud the insurance company on the supposition that he was dead.

The incident began in March, 1915, in the State of Missouri, where a man by the name of Brock, with a wife, one son and two daughters, had become so involved in debt that he was likely to lose his 200-acre farm, and proposed to his wife that he would make way with himself that she might realize on his life insurance. To this plan she refused to be a party, but one night in March the barn was burned, and he rushed into it presumably to save property, but determined in his own mind to be burned to death.

While in the barn he changed his mind and throwing his false teeth, watch and some of his clothing into the fire he ran from the burning barn on the opposite side from where the family was and made his way to the attic of the house, where he secreted himself.

The ruins were searched and his teeth, watch and buttons from his clothes were found, and as some of the neighbors asserted that they had smelled him burning, the ashes were gathered up for burial though no bones could be found.

The funeral was held at the house, and he had the privilege of listening to his own funeral service while secreted in the attic, and the remains, in a full sized casket, were properly buried with Masonic ceremonies.

A settlement was made with the widow by which she received ten thousand dollars for the loss of her husband, and she with her daughters moved last October to Colorado. Meanwhile an investigation had been begun by the Modern Woodmen and the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and Mr. Clapp was sent to look after the interests of the insurance company.

Mr. Clapp learned that Mrs. Brock had given birth to the fourth child while at the ranch home near Pueblo, Col., and one John Alvins, to whom she was married soon after Alvins had told his neighbors previously that he was to be married to a widow whose husband had been burned to death in a barn, and as he soon learned that there was suspicion that everything was not on a level, he sold his ranch and went to Woodward, Okla., while his family returned to their former home.

Mr. Clapp followed Alvins to Woodward and obtained from him a confession that his name was Brock, and he was taken back to Missouri, where restitution was made to the insurance companies interested.

THE ASHES OF HOUSE CLEANING

The pain and soreness caused by bruises, over-exertion and straining during house cleaning time are soothed away by Sloan's Liniment. No need to suffer this agony. Just apply Sloan's Liniment to the sore spots, rub only a little. In a short time the pain leaves, you rest comfortably and enjoy a refreshing sleep. One grateful user writes: "Sloan's Liniment is worth its weight in gold." Keep a bottle on hand, use it against all Soreness, Neuralgia and Bruises, Kills pain, 25c at your Druggist.—Advertisement.

Clean the Blood

The Spring is the time of year it should put our house in order. Worn out from after a hard winter—after grippe, colds, catarrh. It's time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, purely vegetable and free from alcohol or narcotics. It will search out impure and poisonous matter and drive it from the system. Buy it now in tablets or liquid.

It will penetrate into the joints and muscles, and dissolve the poisonous accumulations. It will replace the bad blood it drives out, with rich, pure blood full of vital force.

It will clear the skin; eczema, pimples, rash, blotches will dry up and disappear; boils, carbuncles and other evidences of vitiated blood will pass away, never to appear again.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION

North Tonawanda, N. Y.—"Some twenty years ago I was an invalid, had to sit in an easy rocker and could hardly lie down. My right hip swelled out as large as a pumpkin and the right leg shortened. When I tried to walk, I had to bend over far to the left side. The doctors treated me for spinal trouble and for sciatica but I got no better, but rather worse. I suffered for eighteen months. I took three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery', and in two weeks I improved so that I could walk. I also found that with the gain my cough left, the large swelling at my hip gradually went away and I picked up fast. I gladly give Dr. Pierce and his medicines the credit for my cure.

"No one else could help me and he cured me. I have had no return of the trouble. Am 59 years old and enjoy good health—do all my work and take boarders."—MRS. AMAZIAH DAVISSON, 46 Manhattan St.

WATCH CHILDS COUGH

Cold, causing it pain, continued irritation of the mucous membrane if neglected may mean Catarrh later. Don't take the chance—stop coughing for your child. Children will not take every medicine, but they will take Dr. King's New Discovery and without helping or coaxing. It's a sweet pleasant Tar Syrup and so effective, that laxative enough to eliminate the waste products. Almost the size of a large dose. Always prepared, no mixing or fussing. Just ask your druggist for Dr. King's New Discovery. It will safeguard your child against all colds, bronchitis, throat colds.—Advertisement.

NOTICE OF CREDITORS

In pursuance of an order of the Surrogate's Court of Allegany County, New York state, made by Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of said County of Allegany, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Harriet H. Corwin, late of the town of Andover, Allegany County, New York, deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned, executrix of the will of said deceased, at her residence at Andover, N. Y., on or before the 8th day of April, 1916.

MARY E. HARTRUM
Executrix.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., Sept. 9th, 1915.

Charles M. Lash,
Attorney for executrix,
Andover, N. Y.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Olivia Dimick, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of the said deceased, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of May, 1916.

Dated November 4, 1916.

AMY J. ADAMS,
FRANK S. CLARK,
Executors.

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