

Among Our Neighbors

South Hill

Jan. 4. — The young 1922 came in with a big blow, zero weather and good sleighing.

Miss Mame Dean returned to Buffalo Sunday.

Some potatoes are being marketed from this section, the price having reached the dollar mark again.

Mrs. Frank Holmes, of Andover, spent last Friday with Mrs. Rob Dean.

Miss Edna McAndrew, of Alfred, was the guest of Miss Mary Dean a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Perry, of Savona, are spending the week at the home of John Ordway.

Mrs. Jim Dean and family were New Year guests of her mother, Mrs. Margaret Garvin, of Andover.

Byrne McAndrew spent the week-end with his aunt, Mrs. Ray Hurlbert and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Rob. Dean were New Years guests of Andover relatives.

Dr. O'Donnell was a professional visitor at Ray Hurlbert's Saturday and that it advisable to remove him to St. James Hospital, Hornell, Monday, as his recent illness had developed a bad condition for which he had had two previous operations. Mrs. Hurlbert visited him Tuesday, and it was hoped another operation might be avoided. His friends and neighbors of South Hill wish for him a speedy and permanent recovery.

John McAndrew, of Wellsville, was a South Hill visitor last week.

Elm Valley

We thank the News for so kindly remembering us with the New-Year greeting.

W. H. Howden, of Richford is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Charles Cole.

Mrs. Ackerman has returned home after an extended visit with friends at New York.

Miss Mary Hinchey was a business visitor in Wellsville Tuesday.

Mr. McCoy, of Austin, Pa., is stopping at B. Ham's for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Menzo Burdick and daughters, Florence and Grace, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Page, at Alfred Station.

Mrs. Anson Brewster, of Andover, visited at the home of Hermon Jackson Sunday.

Mrs. A. M. Wood was visiting her brother, Jacob Ham, Sunday.

A baby girl, Virginia Carolyn, came to gladden the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hardy, Dec. 28th.

Miss Wiggins visited Mrs. Wilcox at the home of Curtis Burdick Sunday.

Hermon Jackson has moved from the Burdick farm to his new farm home recently purchased of Curtis Burdick.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burdick and Mary E. Burdick were New Years guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Burdick.

Miss Florence Arlene Burdick and Miss Bernice Sampson visited Miss Gladys Baker, at her school Tuesday afternoon.

The pupils of the Elm Valley School furnished a few numbers on the Grange program, Dec. 28th. The Grange presented them with two dollars to apply on their victrola.

Perfect spellers for the week ending Dec. 24th were: Milda Burdick, Nathan Hardy, Eloise Caple, Doris Burdick, Burrell Cole and Bernice Sampson.

Independence

Jan. 2nd — Happy New Year.

Mrs. W. D. Clarke and Hilda were in Friendship the last of the week.

The young people are all home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Green and Fern returned from Hebron, Pa., Thursday.

Miss Helen Langworthy, who had

been a guest of her sister, Mrs. M. A. Barrett, returned to her school Monday.

Tuesday some of the relatives of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Crandall helped them to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. The day was one long to be remembered by those in attendance.

Mrs. Jennie O'Dell entertained company at dinner Monday.

Mrs. Myrtle Briggs is in Almond for a few days.

W. D. Clarke and E. R. Crandall are in Syracuse this week on business.

The Ladies Aid Society will hold their annual meeting at the home of Mrs. Floyd Clarke, Monday, Jan. 9th.

The annual meeting of Andover Whitesville Telephone Co. will be held at the Independence central, Monday, Jan. 9th.

The Bethel Class are invited to meet with Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Clark Saturday evening for their annual good time.

Davis Hill

Mrs. Geo. Beebe and Mrs. Ed. Teasdale were Tuesday guests of Mrs. Bulah Slocum.

Mr. Cooper, of Olean, was on the hill last week in the interest of the Rural New Yorker.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Scribner entertained their grandchildren from Whitesville over the week-end.

E. R. Crandall was doing Farm Bureau work Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Burdick and son, Carrol, ate church dinner at Alfred Station, Tuesday.

Fred Slocum was eating at Sam Spencer's, at Alfred Station, Tuesday.

Edward Padden, Jr., does not gain as fast as his friends wish he might. He is still at the home of his parents.

Monica Padden spent the week-end with her brother, Joseph Padden.

Mrs. Elmer Kemp was on the hill Wednesday.

THE GIRL, A HORSE AND A DOG

(Continued from Page 6.)

The property — it is mine, and it was to cost him nothing — sort of a contingent fee, as a lawyer would say.

"I laughed. You made an offer like that to a stranger? And on a mine that you had never seen?"

"The friend of mine, naturally, and got back at me, quick.

"All business is a taking of chances. As the matter stood at that stage of the game, I had everything to gain and nothing to lose, and the only chance I was taking was in the bet on my own ability as an engineer. The old man was a queer old codger in some respects; as secretive and cautious as an old fox. For example: he had carefully clipped the name of the mine from the blue-prints and other papers, and in all our talk he never once let that name slip, and never even mentioned the name of the district in which the mine was located. But in spite of all this caution he drew up a sort of option agreement with me.

"We found a lawyer and had the agreement drawn up in legal form. The time limit was to be a year, and each of us was to put up a thousand dollars to make the agreement binding. If either of us should wish to withdraw within that time, he was to be at liberty to do so by telling his agent of a thousand dollars to the other. If neither of us withdrew by or before the end of the year, I was to be at liberty to go ahead with my drainage project, and the agreement bound the owner to turn over a one-fourth interest in the property to me upon the completion of the job and the unwinding of the mine.

"At the moment I had three engage-

ment to go to Peru for a Chicago syndicate, and I expected to be out of the United States for at least six months, and maybe longer. As it turned out, the South American job was a lot bigger than I had anticipated, and for that reason this time of my year expired a week ago, on the day that I landed in New York. Yesterday I called upon the Omaha banker, and he gave me the cheering information that my old man was dead — had died just a few days earlier.

"Still, I don't see how you have lost out," I put in.

"Wait; here comes the funny part of it. Mr. Banker tells me solemnly that I am remembered in my old gentleman's disposition of some cash legacies made just before his death, and I'm to have the thousand dollars which he put up as a forfeit. I took the prize down and spent some of it within the next few minutes wiring the old man's home lawyer, whose name and address the banker had given me. I briefed the situation for the lawyer, and I was tract, and asked him to wire me the name and location of the mine. You'd never guess in a thousand years the kind of an answer I got."

I shook my head.

"No; probably not. What was it?"

"It was a bolt from the blue, all right. Mr. Home Lawyer wired that his client had never owned a share of mining stock in his life, that there was nothing in his papers or records bearing upon the subject of my telegram, and that I must be either drunk or crazy. Of course, he didn't put it just that way in his reply, but that is what he meant."

"How do you sort it out?" I inquired.

"The lawyer's telegram? I put it up that my cautious, secretive old gentleman never told anybody at home about his mining investments; kept them in a separate pocket, so to speak. Quite possibly he didn't have any other expecting the one I've been telling you about, and the one he regarded as a dead cock in the pit. That would explain the situation nicely, don't you think?"

The story had left me a bit fogged

as to the present state, and standing of the thing, and I said so.

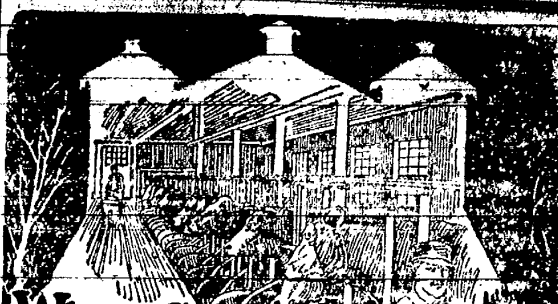
"Well, it works up about this way," said Brown-beard. "There is a perfectly good mine somewhere west of us that is worth anywhere from a quarter to a half million, and at the present moment it is kicking around without an owner. So far as I can see, I'm the only man on top of earth who has a claim on any part of it. And I have no more idea than the man in the moon where it is. No; I'm afraid my handsome fortune is a lost dog, so far as I'm concerned."

His mention of a lost dog hit me right in the center of the solar plexus, and I laughed like a fool.

"What struck your funny-bone?" he demanded, sort of dubiously. I fancied "Nothing," I gurgled; "nothing worth mentioning — only I'm hunting for a lost dog."

But I didn't tell him any more. After we'd smoked a white longer, and Brown-beard had apologized for making me listen to his rather lengthy tale of woe, we took the porter's hint that we'd like to have the smoking room for the nightly smoke, and retired in.

(To be continued)



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