

If you have to kick Andover kick her in the rear, so she will go forward.

Andover Chamber of Commerce

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A. O. SMITH OPTOMETRIST. 80 N. Main St., Wellsville, N. Y. Which of today's ads contain money-saving facts for you?

The Girl a Horse and a Dog

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford brought, society likes, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$40,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a pinto horse, and a dog with a split face, hair black and half white.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while. He decides finally, concerning the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources he learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

CHAPTER IV.

At the Back of Beyond. To my chagrin, the railroad ticket offices in Denver didn't know any such place as Placerville in the Red desert region, which was then, as now, traversed only by one railroad. The single "Placerville" they had listed was a station not far from Telluride, in quite another part of the state. "Nor could the Mining exchange gentleman help me. However, he suggested that if I could find some old resident—"old-timer" was the word he used—"whose memory reached back a ways, there might be something doing."

"Steeer me," I begged; "I'm a half-orphan and a total stranger in Denver." He laughed, and then thought for a minute, and said: "The Du Pont Powder people have been doing business here for a good many years, and they know the powder buyers all over the state. It's just possible that they could tell you. Suppose you ask at their office."

I went forthwith, and the gentleman to whom I presented my card at the cashier's window had the done. The Red Desert Placerville, he told me, was strictly a "has been." The placers had long ago been exhausted, and the place had afterward figured as a shipping point for some mine or mines on the desert slope of the Eastern Timanyonis. He was not quite certain, but he thought the name "Placerville" had been changed to something else.

As to the manner of reaching the "has been," this, as he pointed out, was simple enough. There were through sleepers by way of the P. S. W. and Copah all the way to the Pacific coast.

Armed with this information, I quickly shook the dust of Denver (no slam here intended at the Queen City of the Plain) from my feet, taking a following ticket to Angels; and the following morning, when I ran my window shade up previous to turning out for breakfast, the train was rolling, along over endless reaches of the driest, dreariest, most barren-looking country that the sun ever shone upon; red sand, it appeared to be, with here and there bits of grass here and there and scattering bunches of what I afterward learned was called "greasewood."

It was while luncheon was getting itself served that the train stopped to water the engine at the most desolate place that ever lay out of doors. I do think. The place was utterly deserted; there wasn't a human being in sight, either on the platform or in the street upon which the station faced; not even the bunch of loafers which usually materializes out of nowhere to see a train come and go. I was looking out of the window and wondering how anybody, even a hermit telegraph operator, could stand it to live in such a graveyard of a place when I got my shock.

It was a dog that connected up the high-voltage wires for me; a shaggy mongrel with his ears cocked and a red ribbon of a tongue hanging out as he jumped up on the high station platform as if to say "Hello, stranger!" to me. For, right down the center of that dog's face and dividing it as accurately as if it had been drawn by some mathematical draftsman, was a line marking off a black half from a white half!

I was just taking a swallow of hot chocolate when the dog appeared, and it nearly choked me. Luckily, I got this swallow down before I saw the horse—a grasshopper-headed cow pony, saddled and bridled and standing hitched to a gnawed wooden rail in front of one of the tumble-down shacks.

"Pibald" is a sort of an elastic word, as the dictionaries define it, and it might apply to almost any beast-markings out of the ordinary. But the horse I was gazing at fell easily within any or all of the definitions; it was a true "calico," white and light brown in gorgeous patches; usually taken by "pibald" if a variety in the



"H'm; Ticketed to Angels," He Muttered Half to Himself.

use of the mother-tongue—like Cousin Percy, for example—wished to call it so.

Before I could rush back to the steward's sentry-box in the vestibule of the car our train was chasing along again.

"Hey!" I shouted; "what's the name of that place where we stopped to water the engine?"

"Atropia," "Death-sleep," I translated with a grin. "It fits, all the way down to the ground. What are the industries of Atropia?"

"I don't get you." "Excuse me; I'll try to put it in simpler form. Why is Atropia?"

He appeared to have reached the conclusion that I was an escaped lunatic, safe enough, most probably, & harmless one. He looked first at the little colored slip sticking in my hat-band and then consulted a note-book drawn from his pocket.

"H'm; ticketed to Angels," he muttered half to himself. And then to me: "Was you expectin' to have me meet you at Angels?"

"This was too much, and, anxious as I was to find out something more about Atropia, I felt it an imperative duty—fool-like—to do my small part toward enlightening a rather sad world. So I said, solemnly:

"I shall be met by a parade of the Angels fire department, in uniform, and with the apparatus, headed by a brass band. This is irrelevant to the present burning question. What I am thirsting to know is why there should be a dog with a face half white and half black standing on the Atropia station platform, and a pibald pony hitched to the horse-rack on the Atropia public square."

That finished him. "Say, young feller, you've got 'em bad," he commented. "But that'll be all right. Just you wait till we get to Angels, and then you can find out all these funny things you're so dead anxious to know."

"Hold on a minute," I interposed as he was trying to escape. "Atropia hasn't always been as dead as it is now, has it? What was its name when it was alive and able to sit up and take nourishment?"

"Huh?" he queried; and then: "Oh, I get you, now; it used to be called Placerville."

"Thank you; that helps. Now how much farther is it to Angels?" "Bout twenty miles."

"All right. And when will there be a train coming back to this Atropia place?" "Way-freight—tomorrow mornin'—eight-thirty out of Angels."

"Good. Now if those fire people and the brass band don't miss me—I couldn't resist the temptation to give him a final shot, and it hit the bull's-eye. As he edged away I could see by his expression that he still thought me crazy."

When I got back to my Pullman

after luncheon I perceived at once that the train conductor had promptly passed the word about the episode in the dining car. The Pullman conductor evidently had his weather eye on me, and the negro porter shielded every time he passed my section. "That was rich, but if I could have known the tenth part of what was going to pop out of this Pandora box that I had foolishly dug up in the dining car, the amusement feature would speedily have been forgotten in a pretty strenuous effort to straighten things out while there was yet time.

I descended from the train at my ticket-named destination of Angels, and found a typical mining camp of a single street and a tawdry, dusty dirtiness scarcely exceeded by that of the dead-alive Atropia. The first thing I saw on the station platform was my train conductor talking earnestly to a large, desperadoish-looking man whose greatest need was for a clean shave. By the manner of the two I saw that their talk was aiming itself at me; the railroad man was only too plainly warning the Angelic person that Angels the Best had a probably harmless, but possibly dangerous, maniac in its midst.

Still I saw only the humorous side of it and refused to be disturbed. Fired by the ambition to find some way of returning at once to Atropia, before the magic horse and dog should disappear, I tramped off in search of a place where I could leave my two grips. The place that offered, and the only one, was the "Celestial Hotel," and I wondered what sly wag had suggested the name, which was a double pun upon the name of the town and the fact that the tavern, half restaurant and half lodging-house, was kept by a Chinaman.

But I secured accommodation, and as I was turning to leave the restaurant-tavern trouble loomed up in the shape of the heavy-shouldered desperadoish-looking person whom I had seen at the station talking with the train conductor.

"I'm onto you with both feet," he remarked, boring me with an eye that I could easily fancy might strike terror into the heart of the most reckless criminal. "I'm givin' you warnin' right now that no funny business don't go in this man's town; see?"

"I'm quite harmless," I assured him. "Give me a little information, and I'll forthwith remove myself from the confines of your charming city. How far is it by wagon road to Placerville, Atropia, and how can I get there?"

"My gosh!" he said gloomily; "two of you in the same dog-gone week!" "Even so. When did the other one arrive?"

"Day before yesterday. He didn't look so much bughouse as you do, but I reckon he must 'a' been off his kisser, too, 'r he wouldn't 'a' gone to Atropia."

"Let him rest in peace. Do I get my information?" "Shore, he spends the parlin' guest you've come amput your place. Twenty-one bits back, and the way-freight'll get you there to-morrow mornin'."

"I'm going to Atropia—this afternoon," I bragged.

He let me pass, and I tramped up the street until I found the one livery stable. Here, again, my fool reputation had quite evidently outrun me. The man had idle horses, plenty of them, as I couldn't help seeing, but I couldn't hire one for love or money. When it came right down to the pinch, he wouldn't even sell me one.

By this time I was in a hot sweat of impatience to be on my way; to bridge that twenty-one miles before the elusive clue—if it were the clue—could come more dodge me and vanish into thin air. In that frame of mind I told the cautious liveryman, in gentle phrase, what I thought of him and his kind, and hurried down to the railroad, hoping to be able to catch an east-bound train of some kind, any kind whose crew could be bribed or cajoled into carrying me to Atropia.

It was just as I was about to inquire of the telegraph operator what the chances were that the great temptation rose up and slapped me in the face. Up the grade from the westward a day, three-wheeled car, carrying two men, came spinning along. I recognized it at once as a track-inspection car, driven by a small gasoline engine; an evolution of the old velocipede car.

foot and hand-driven and used by road-masters and other railroad men for making quick trips over short distances.

In half a minute the little car rattled up to the station and made a quick stop, the two men getting the brakes and hopping off to dodge into the telegraph office. They left the little pop-popping engine running at killing speed, and in a flash I saw my chance. Of course, if I should steal the car, I'd be caught and arrested and hauled off somewhere to be tried and fined; but before any of these untoward things could happen, I should have settled that biting question of the ownership of the pibald pony and the harlequin-faced dog.

With a quick glance over my shoulder to make sure that the coast was still clear, I slipped into the driving seat, jerked the throttle open and released the clutch, praying fervently that the switches might be set right for me at the upper end of the Angels yard.

As the machine began to gather speed, I looked back. What I saw was a plenty. Three men, one of them, whom I took to be the telegraph operator, in his shirt-sleeves, came running up the station platform. The shirt-sleeved man was yelling and waving something that glistened in the sunlight. Next I heard the distance-diminished crack of a pistol and a blunt-nosed bullet sang a whining little lullaby to me as it tore past.

I flung up an arm to show the pistol-firer that he had missed, and then the small car swung around the shoulder of the nearest hill and Angels became only a backward-fitting memory.

(To be continued)

Success is right ahead of us, but it moves too rapidly for the laggard to catch up.

Fortune follows great men even to the grave. They don't have to read their own biographies.

We object to the contention that charity should begin at home. It should not be viewed in that light.

NEW YORK MAN LAUDS THIS WONDER CAPSULE

Jaques' Little Wonder Capsules Relieved Obsolete Intestinal Indigestion. L. H. Phillips, of 268 West 128th Street, New York City, is one of the hundreds who heartily praise Jaques' Little Wonder Capsules. He recently wrote: "I have been afflicted for many years with an obstinate case of intestinal indigestion and constipation for which I have used many remedies with little benefit. A friend suggested the use of Jaques' Little Wonder Capsules and I take pleasure in certifying that they have been beneficial from the very start, and I heartily recommend them to others similarly afflicted. This is but one of many testimonials coming from those eager to do their part toward spreading the knowledge of the relief they have experienced. Jaques' Little Wonder Capsules are guaranteed to give satisfactory relief in dyspepsia, flatulence, gas on the stomach, indigestion and constipation or money will be refunded. They enable you to eat what you like and enjoy it to the full without discomfort. Jaques' Little Wonder Capsules contain a number of reliable standard medicines, acknowledged to be valuable in treating gastric and intestinal disturbances. Just one or two of the capsules and a swallow of water after each meal will aid in digesting your food properly without any disturbing effects. They will also improve your appetite, making the foods necessary to health appeal to your taste. If you have chronic dyspepsia, continue taking the capsules and they will tone up your stomach and assist in restoring health. Jaques' Little Wonder Capsules are quick, sure stomach relief without fuss or bother. Try them today. On sale by J. D. Cheesman, Andover, N. Y., or 60c by mail postpaid for large package from Jaques Capsule Co., Plattsburg, N. Y.



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Kow-Kare costs so little and means so much to cow owners that no dairy should be without a constant supply. General stores, feed dealers and druggists can supply you at the new reduced prices of 65c and \$1.35.

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