

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

Andover Chamber of Commerce

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Meets 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome. W. W. PINGREY, W. M. H. D. SMITH Secy.

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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

(Continued from Page Two)

down to knit, just as her grandmother might have done, and at that her father got up, and lighting a lantern, went out. I was fairly perishing by this time to know a vast number of things, but hardly knew how to begin asking about them. So, as the old man clapped on his hat and left the cabin, I blew out the first foolish remark that came uppermost. "All dressed up, and nowhere to go; isn't that about the way of it for you two up on this mountain?" "Meaning Daddy, and now, particularly?" she said, smiling across at me. "He has gone to make his regular round of the mine buildings and cabins. Not that there is the slightest use of it; only he likes to feel that he is at least pretending to earn his pay."



A Little Later the Girl Returned to Set the Table.

"Yes; this is the old Cinnabar, you know; and Daddy is the well, I suppose you might call us the caretakers, though there isn't much to take care of. The mine has been shut down for a year and more."

"Is it a gold mine?" "It was." "Why the past tense?" "Water," she said, briefly. "It's a drowned mine. That is why it was shut down."

Of course, this was exactly what I was expecting to hear, and yet this plain, unvarnished confirmation of things gave me a damp and soggy feeling of despondency. Percy had wired, you remember, that his letter was no joke; but it seemed that it really was one, and that the joke—which was a mighty grim one—was on me. "Can't the water be pumped out?" I asked.

"It seems not. I understand the company spent thousands of dollars trying to pump it out. It's—it's rather pitiful."

"You mean the company's loss?" "No; the company didn't lose anything. It was just one-old man."

Now we were coming to the real meat of the thing—and I looked my head of cards over carefully to the end that I should not overplay it. "I'm fond of stories," I ventured; "especially mining stories," and thereupon she told me the story of the Cinnabar. It was a fair repetition of Bullerton's tale, with a few more of the particulars thrown in.

"As my blue-eyed little Scheherazade understood it, my grandfather had been a minority stockholder in the company during its prosperous period. When the water debacle came, the fact of it was carefully concealed from him and he was generously permitted to come to the rescue—which he did by paying a fabulous sum (Scheherazade did not know how much) for his fellow-stockholders' holdings. In other words, they had sold him a gold brick; soaked him for a final clean-up on a doomed mine. That was about all there was to it.

"I don't know," she replied simply. "I should suppose he would be able to identify himself in some way, though; shouldn't you? That is, if he ever comes."

"Sure; nothing earlier, of course." I agreed, and then, since we seemed to have scraped the bottom of the Cinnabar dish clean I switched off to something else. "When we were coming up the road a while back, Miss Jeanie, you gathered the impression that I was a crazy man, didn't you?" "Didn't you try to give me that impression?" she countered. "I fancy I didn't have to try very hard—inasmuch as you had been spending the afternoon in Atropa."

"She forced a queer little laugh and bent lower over her knitting. "When you were in Atropa, did you see or hear anything of the other crazy man?" "Is there another one?" she asked, a bit breathlessly. "I was told so in Angels this afternoon."

"Is this other man a friend of yours?" she wanted to know. "You could scarcely call him that; I've met him only once. He is a mining engineer and his name is Bullerton—Charles Bullerton."

"If I had reached up and got her pistol out of its holster over the mantel to bang it off into the fireplace she could hardly have been more startled. "Oh—Charles Bullerton?" she stammered. "Is Mr. Bullerton here?" "Not here, exactly, but he was in Atropa two days ago. Do you, by any chance, happen to know him?" "Oh, yes; quite well."

"Then, naturally, you know best whether or not he is in my class—the crazy class, I mean."

"Once more she let the blue eyes drop to her knitting, and if I wasn't mistaken the pretty lips were twisting themselves in a sort of wry smile. "The last time I saw him he told me he was crazy," she admitted. "Isn't this delightful?" I murmured. "Bullerton is crazy and I'm crazy; perhaps we are all a bit crazy. Do you know, Miss Jeanie, that I have come thousands of miles to find you?" "To find me?"—the blue eyes were as round as the full moon.

"Even so; you, your horse and your dog. Would you—er—would you permit an exceedingly personal question? Remembering always that it is put by a man who has lost his wits? Have you a small brown note on your left shoulder?" She blushed very prettily, even the handsome mountain wind tan wasn't brown enough to hide it. "I think you are crazy—completely crazy."

"Certainly I am; there hasn't been the slightest doubt of it since—well, since about two weeks ago, when I started to hunt for you and a pie-faced dog and piebald horse."

There was silence before the fire for a long minute and I began to be afraid Daddy-Hiram would come back before anything else happened. Then she said, with more curiosity than resentment, I thought: "How did you know about the mole?" "Then there is one?" I questioned eagerly. "Yes."

"Glory be!" I chanted. "You don't know what a load you have lifted from whatever poor fragment of a mind I have left!" Again she said: "I don't know what you mean."

"Just you wait," I begged. "I have lucid intervals at times; all crazy folks do, you know. When my next one comes along I'll explain as much as I can—which isn't nearly as much as you might think, at that."

be directly over the room with the fireplace in it. I was so workmanly tired that I fell asleep almost at once, and why I should have awakened before morning, I don't know. But I did awaken, and though I don't know what time it was, it seemed as if I hadn't been asleep more than a few minutes. There were voices in the room beneath; Twombly and his daughter had not yet gone to bed, so it must have been reasonably early. I had no manner of right to listen in, but short of stuffing cotton in my ears there didn't seem to be any easy way of staying out—and I didn't have any cotton.

"I heard something today—something that you won't like to hear."



I Stuck My Head Out of the Blankets and Listened Greedily.

Charles Bullerton is somewhere in this neighborhood. He was in Angels yesterday or the day before."

"Huh?" grunted Twombly; "I wonder what sort of a crooked deal he's tryin' to pull off now? Did he stay in Angels?" "N-no. What I heard was that he had left there to go to Atropa."

"I don't want to see him come foolin' round you any more, whatsoever, Jeanie girl. I kep' still the other thing, but that was afore I'd found out how everlastin' crooked he is."

"You needn't be afraid for me, Daddy," said the girl, and I could hear her low laugh. "You know you've always said I'd have to marry money, and Charles Bullerton hasn't enough to tempt even me."

I heard something that sounded like a deep-throated "Gosh!—listen at that, will ye?" then: "If Charley Bullerton's been in Atropa, he'll be bustin' in here, next tryin' to get his claws into this here Cinnabar carcass. And me, I ain't got no boss to stand behind me. That'll be a nice kettle o' fish!"

I stuck my head out of the blankets and listened greedily. It seemed to be very highly necessary that I should be made acquainted with the precise ingredients of that kettle of fish. But my luck had exhausted itself. In a few minutes there was a stir in the living-room below, and I heard Daddy Twombly shoveling up ashes to cover the fire. That meant goodnight; and though I continued to listen, there were no more sounds, and I was finally obliged to go to sleep, leaving the fish-kettle still unanalyzed.

(To be continued) KEMP'S COUGH BALSAM. GARDNER & GALLAGHER HALF-YEARLY SALE! \$25 Suits and Overcoats \$18.75 \$28 Suits and Overcoats \$21.00 \$30 Suits and Overcoats \$22.50 \$35 Suits and Overcoats \$26.25 \$37.50 Suits and Overcoats \$28.00 \$40 Suits and Overcoats \$30.00 \$45 Suits and Overcoats \$33.75 \$50 Suits and Overcoats \$36.50 Boys' Suits and Overcoats reduced accordingly. One lot of Men's Wool Undershirts and Drawers, \$1.50 quality, reduced to 98c. One lot Boys' Wash Suits, about three dozen in all, every size represented — mostly dark colors — formerly sold from \$1.50 to \$4.00, while they last One-Half Regular Price.

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