SCHAUL & ROOSA COMPANY

SHOWING OF

New Spring Hats

Quite unnecessary to elaborate very much on the superiority of the hat style of a **"Knox."** Styles of the new **"Knox"** are just about the sort you'd like. Not a radical change, but a bit different from last seasons'. Various shades in the **Soft Hats** and priced so that you can afford to buy a **Good Hat.**

Knox Hats at $6.50
S. & R. Special at $5.00
Ward Non-Destructable Hats at $4.50

All sizes, from the smallest to the largest.

SCHAUL & ROOSA CO.
117 Main Street HORNELL, N. Y

THE GIRL, A HORSE AND A DOG

(Continued From Page Two)

should have left things in such a dreadful muddle."

"How much do you know about the muddle?" I asked.

"I know that 'old Mr. Dudley let, or partly let, a contract for the draining of the mine, to a man who was almost a total stranger to him."

I saw how it was. Bulleton, always readier to talk than a stuck pig is to bleed, had been giving her his own version of things. But I let that pass for it go.

"Grandfather Jasper was laboring for the good of my soul. He knew his medium; as the artists say. He wanted to make me work—something that nobody else has ever been able to do."

"Don't you like to work?"

"Why-e-e, I guess I'm like other folk in that respect. I don't mind working if I can pick my job—and my company. I've been having a lusty good time hammering around this old bunch of junk with your father. Or I was having one until Satan came also."

"Meaning Mr. Bulleton?"

"Quite so; meaning Mr. Bulleton, christened 'Charles'."

"Ought I to stay here and listen if you're going to say things about him?"

"Not if you are going to marry him, you shouldn't."

"Well, why shouldn't I marry him if I want to? Hasn't he plenty of money? And haven't I told you that I'd marry for money?"

"Humph!" said I; "when you talk that way you are saying out loud just what Lisette says to herself—only you don't mean it and she does. But tell me how did you get permission to come over here and talk with me?"

"Whose permission—Daddy's?"

"No; Bulleton's, of course."

"I don't have to ask it—yet."

"Not yet, but soon," I grinned. "All things come to him—or her—who waits. Just the same, you shouldn't have come. It's cruelty to animals. After a man has traveled thousands of miles to sit at the feet of the one girl in the universe, only to find himself elbowed by a brown-whiskered jeet—"

"Hush!" she chided. "Can't you ever be serious? You are not sitting at anybody's feet. What are you going to do about the mine?"

"Bulleton offered to unwater the Cinnabar if I'd deed him a bit more than a half interest—and possibly he'd still be willing to do that, which would mean that he'd form a stock company and freeze me out completely when he got good and ready."

"And what is the other way?"

"He offers to buy the mine outright, just as it stands, for fifty thousand dollars."

"But your grandfather paid nearly half a million for it, didn't he?"

"Even so. But, you see, in the present scrap I'm the under dog. The man you are going to marry has none of the nice little scruples in a business transaction—if you'll permit me to go that far. He even threatens to turn me over to the authorities for stealing that inspection car and getting it smashed."

"Oh, I don't believe he'd do that!" she deprecated.

"It is perfectly right and proper that you shouldn't think so—in the circumstances. Just the same, you'll pardon me if I say that I'm swearing continuously and prayerfully at the circumstances."

"You don't want me to marry money and have good clothes and all the other nice things, and travel and see the world, and all that?"

"No, by Jove! I want you to marry me."

Her laugh was just a funny little gurgle.

"Bluebeard!" she said, just like that. "And you haven't even killed Miss Randle yet! Thank you, ever so much; but I don't want to be one of several. Besides, you haven't any money."

"Talk of impasses and impossible situations! What could a man say, or hope to say, to such a girl as that?

"Did you come over here just to orment me?" I rasped.

"Woof!" she shivered, "here comes the bear again!" and then, right smash out of a clear sky: "Kiss me—just once, Stannie dear."

Did I? She was gasping a bit when she got up rather unsteadily to go back to the cabin across the dump head and wouldn't stay another minute, though I begged and pleaded with her.

"No, indeed, Bluebeard man," she said with that queer little gurgle of a laugh. "I think I have found out what I wanted to, Goodby." And then, after I thought she was clean gone, she turned back to say, airily: "Oh, yes; I had almost forgotten what I came over here to tell you. You mustn't sell the Cinnabar, Stannie; not for any price that anybody might offer you.—Goodby, again."

Can you beat it? When the good Lord made women He doubtless had many patterns; but I do believe the mold was broken and thrown away after this Jeanie girl had been fashioned. For a solid hour or more I sat on that slab bench at the shafthouse door in a sort of bewildered daze, wondering if I had been asleep and dreaming, or if the bedazzling thing had really happened.

A repetition of the next morning every thing passed off as usual and for anything that Jeanie said or looked there needn't have been any bench beside the shafthouse door and the dream theory I had been playing with might have been the sober fact. An hour later, after I had gone across to the mine, Bulleton came over to dig me out, as before.

"Forty thousand this morning," he announced as chipper as an English sparrow over an unexpected heap of street sweepings. "Say, Broughton, can you afford to let your capital shrink at the rate of ten thousand dollars a day? If you should ask me, I should say not."

"You never miss what you haven't had," I shot back. "There are no takers on the floor this morning."

"Right-o; it'll be thirty thousand tomorrow, you must remember. At that rate you'll be owing me quite a chunk of money by this time next week. That's about all I have to say—excepting one more little thing: No more chinny little tete-a-tetes in the starlight, old man, or I shall be obliged to put the gad to you; the railroad gad, you know."

It made me so boiling hot to have him admit, thus baldly, that he had been spying upon Jeanie and me the previous evening that I could scarcely see straight.

"That will be about enough," I barked. "I told you the other day that there were limits, and you've walked up and looked over the edge two or three times. You may think you have as many lives as a cat, but I doubt it!"

He laughed and threw back the lapel of his coat to show me a regulation six-gun slung by a shoulder strap under his left arm.

"You pulled a hammer on me yesterday," he said, letting the laugh lapse into a grin that showed his fine mouthful of teeth, "and you probably didn't know that you would have been a dead man before you could swing it. Oh, yes; I could do it, and any coroner's jury in the Red desert would acquit me; dangerous lunatic—self-defense, you know. That's a word to the wise, and it ought to be sufficient. But I have a better life-insurance policy than any that the six-gun could write me: you're in love with Jeanie Twombly—in spite of that girl back East; and because you are, you are not going to make her a widow before the fact. You're not selling your mine for forty thousand—cold cash—this morning?"

"Not this morning or any other morning."

"Good. I can afford to stick around here a few days longer, I guess—at the rate of ten thousand dollars a day. So long." And he picked his way out of the clutter of the shop and went across to the cabin—and Jeanie.

Later, along in this same day, while I was standing at the shaft mouth and staring down at the water that was keeping me out of my heritage, Daddy Hiram came up.

"Still a-puzzlin' over it, Stannie?" he asked, in the sympathetic tone that he always used when he spoke of the Great Disappointment.

"There's nothing to it, Daddy," I groaned. "Bulleton has me by the neck, and he knows it."

He tiptoed to the door and peeped out.

"You've heard 'em say 'at curiosity killed a cat," he said, out of the corner of his mouth; "well, the cat's a-comin'. Skip out of that other door, Stannie, and hit for the timber. I'll ketch up with you in a little spell."

I didn't know exactly what he was driving at until after I got clear of the mine buildings and was climbing the slope of the mountain above. Then

He Waved Me to a Seat, on a Pile of Broken Rock.

I looked back and saw Bullerton sauntering across the dump head. He was evidently bent on another little job of spying; either that, or else he didn't want Daddy and me to get together by ourselves.

Under cover of the forest I sat down and waited; and in a short time Daddy joined me, making an excuse for the dodge away that didn't mean anything at all.

"I got a claim over yonder in the right-hand gulch—the one 'at I was workin' when your gran'paw came along," he said. "Thought maybe you'd like to mog over with me and take a look at her."

Of course, I said I'd be delighted; so we made a detour around the Cinnabar, keeping out of sight from the cabin and shaft-house, and pushing on around the western slope for maybe half a mile until we came to the gulch in which the abandoned claim lay.

Working entirely alone, Daddy had driven a tunnel possibly a hundred feet deep straight into the solid rock of the mountain side, following the thin vein said hoping that it would widen into a "pay-streak." After he had led me a few yards into the tunnel, he waved me to a seat on a pile of broken rock, and took one himself with his back against the opposite wall.

"I'm gettin' just naturally so I hate a peah-dummed crowd," he remarked, switching suddenly from his talk of the abandoned claim. "Feel sometimes as if I'd like to swap skins with a condummed gopher and duck plumb into a hole."

"Well," said I, grinning at him, "you've ducked, for once in a way, and so have I. What about it?"

"Charley Bulleton," he spat out, without further preface. "That slick-tongued word-artist sure does get onto my nerves. What-all's he tryin' to do to you, anyway, Stannie?"

I didn't see any reason why he shouldn't know, so I told him all of it, from start to finish, offers, bullyings, and threats, but, of course, nothing about the Jeanie factor.

"Great Moses!" he ejaculated, at the end of the sorry tale. "Why, gosh-fer-Mehmisiah!—it's a hold-up! Do you reckon he kin unwater the Cinnabar?"

"Surest thing in the world. So could you or I, if we had the money to drive a long drainage tunnel from the lower slope."

The old man smoked along in thoughtful silence for a few minutes. Then he said:

"Bout that there tunnel job; somethin' like two hundred thousand, we figured that'd cost, with no bad luck, didn't we, Stannie?"

"That was the figure."

"And, first off, Charley Bulleton was willin' to give you fifty thousand for your rights—though now you say he's shaved it down to forty. That'd mean an investment of at least two hundred and fifty thousand; all a-goin' out and nothin' a-comin' in. Let's see where that's fetchin' us to. I don't know what your gran'paw paid for the mine, but it was less'n half a million, and I reckon he paid ever' dollar it was worth, don't you?"

"Doubtless he did," I admitted.

"So there's where we land," he went on speculatively. "Two hundred and fifty thousand tacked onto half a million gives her a capital of three-quarters of a million sunk in her, first and last. Question is: Is she worth it?"

I was beginning to get his idea at last. He was wondering if a mine that had once sold at a top-notch price of half a million could stand the investment of a quarter of a million additional and still hope to be a paying proposition.

"You mean that Bulleton is figuring upon spending a quarter of a million more on it?" I queried.

"Nope; I reckon I can't. There's too nigger in the woodpile, somewhere, Stannie, as sure 's you're born."

"Can you carry it any farther?"

"Nope; I reckon I can't. There's too many darned things a-puzzlin' me. One of 'em is where in Sam Hill did Charley Bullerton get all the money that he's flashin' around so peacocky?"

"I don't know where he got it, but he has it, all right; carried it with him," I said sourly.

"Yes; but see here, Stannie, son, I'll bet a fice dog worth a hundred dollars that it ain't his money."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, for one thing, because I know Charley Bullerton; been knowin' him since Adam was a little boy in knee breeches. He can't keep any money of his own; just naturally ain't built that way."

"Gambles it?" I suggested.

"Big gambles, yes; stocks and that sort o' truck. No sir-ee; these yeller-backs he's a-flashin' around ain't his'n, nor by a long chalk, and I'd bet on it. Somebody else is settin' 'em up; and if that's so, Stannie, there's a reason for it."

"Sure," I conceded. Then: "Could you make a long, high, running jump and guess at the reason, Daddy?"

"Not so 's it'd hold together, I reckon," he replied dubiously. "But there's a few little notions 'at I've picked up from folks that's older in this neck o' woods than I am—been here longer. The old Cinnabar never was what you'd call a bonanza. Plenty of ore, to be sure, but mostly low grade, cepting them rich little pockets now and then."

"Those rich pockets," I put in. "A strike of one of them would be about the right time to sell, wouldn't it?"

He nodded.

"You're shoutin', now. I reckon that's about how they caught your gran'paw. But Buddy Fuller—he's the Tropia telegraph-operator and a sort o' half-way nephew o' mine—says there's more to it than that. Long back couple o' years 'r so there was a copper strike made in Little Cinnabar gulch, about four mile west o' here, and follerin' it there was a heap o' talk about the railroad runnin' a branch to it. That there branch, if it was built—r when it's built, for it's goin' to be, some day, to open them copper mines—that there branch 'll go right along one bench within a hundred yards of the old Cinnabar; so close you could mighty near dump from the ore sheds into the cars.

"I began to see more creakings in the accrincial road over which Grandfather Jasper was hitched up to the year-state of affairs, what would you advise me to do? Shall I hang on—with no prospect, that I can see, of getting anywhere on my own hook? Or shall I sell out to Bulleton and thus let your daughter in for a wife's share of a possible fortune?

"Gosh all-hemlock!" he sputtered, "when you line it up thataway, I reckon I ain't the man to tell you what to do!" Then, as upon a second and belated thought: "Jeanie says for you not to sell; if she said that to me, I'd hang on till the cows come home. I would so!"

I got up and knocked the ashes from my pipe.

"And that, Daddy, is precisely what I'm going to do," I said; and the saying of it ended the conference in the abandoned tunnel of the "Little Jeanie."

(To be continued)

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.**

GARDNER & GALLAGHER
(INCORPORATED)
111 Main St. . . Hornell, N.Y.

SOME SHOE FACTS YOU CAN'T BEAT

Week before Christmas we had a lady, who had a check all ready made out to send to catalogue house to pay for two pair shoes and rubbers, stopped to see what we had; bought our goods and had 45c left from her check. We have the proof.

Men's Work Shoes as low as . . $1.75 pair.
Men's Extra High Cut Shoes at $4.48 pair.
Boys' All Solid Shoes at ..... $1.98 pair.
Buy Better Shoes for Less Money.

The Place **Endicott-Johnson Shoe Store**
113 Main Street, Hornell, N. Y.

Classified Advts.

Price: One Cent a Word, Minimum, 25c.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE or TO LET — With Stock and Tools, the Sanford Mead Farm. Inquire of Mrs. P. E. Stephens, Canisteo, N. Y. 9

FOR SALE or LET — With Stock and Tools, the 209-acre Farm on Bennetts Creek, State Road. Inquire Perry Stephens, Canisteo, N. Y. 9

REAL ESTATE — If you are interested in buying or selling Real Estate will be pleased to have you call on us. We have a number of good Farms, all sizes and locations, and at bargain prices; also Village Property. W. S. Calhoun Real Estate and Insurance, Andover, N. Y.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT — My Farm of 112 acres for rent, with stock and tools or without. Jerry Donaldson, Greenwood, N. Y., R. D. 1. 6

Finding a buyer for your property is a task of importance — and may require some patience and persistence in advertising. Even if it does, it's worth it — and success is merely a matter of sticking to it.

A MESSAGE TO TIRED, SICK FOLKS

Don't Drag Through Life Half Sick and Half Well. Take This Advice

Go to your druggist and ask him for Gude's Pepto-Mangan and take it with your meals for a few weeks and see how your health improves.

If you are pale, tired lack ambition and vigor, you know yourself that if you had plenty of red blood this sun would not be tired and half sick all the time. The only sure foundation of permanent health is good blood. Gude's Pepto-Mangan builds up your blood with a form of iron that gets into your system quickly. It is wonderful. You will like it and it will make you feel so well and strong. Life will be worth living again. Try it and you will thank us for telling you about it. Druggists sell Gude's Pepto-Mangan in both liquid and tablet form. — Advertisement.

To-days want ads will be answered in person and by letter, by all sorts of alive people — and most of these will be glad they didn't overlook them.

The man to whom the "business opportunity" ads are a constant source of interest is in the mental mood to succeed — and some of the ads which appeal to him will be factors in his success.

Among Our Neighbors

South Hill

Feb. 8. —February, the shortest, and often times the stoutest.

Mrs. Jim Dean and children spent the week-end with Mrs. M. Gervin of Andover.

Richard McAndrew was up from Andover recently for a day on the farm.

Mrs. Lizzie Huggins and Raymond spent Saturday night with Andover relatives.

Arthur Mingus is quite seriously ill, and is attended by Dr. Grenolds of Andover. Mr. Simpkins, of Voorhees Hill, was called as nurse Monday, but could not remain to care for him on account of sickness at home.

Jim Dean is marketing his potatoes, preparing to moving.

Miss Helen Driscoll spent Sunday with Miss Mary Dean.

Mike Casey, of Andover, remained on the hill Tuesday night at the Mingus home.

Davis Hill

Lawrence V. Cornwall, of Machias, spent Friday night at the home of Clifford Burdick.

Fred Slocum has been doing carpenter work at the American House this week.

Frank and Hollis Norton, of Jersey Hill, spent from Saturday until Monday with their sister, Mrs. Clifford Burdick.

Several of the farmers are having logs sawed at the mills this week.

Mrs. Flora Bess, who is at the home of her brother, Ed. Wilcox does not gain as her many friends of the hill wish.

Clifford Burdick and family spent Monday with her parents, of Tip Top.

Independence

Feb. 6. — The sleighing is being repaired again.

Jesse Grossman is home from Friendship for a few days.

T. H. Jones is ill at the home of of R. E. Spicer, with appendicitis.

Mrs. Grace McGraw was in Hornell the first of this week attending teachers conference.

Miss Gertrude Clarke is a guest for a few days of Miss Edna Bassett.

Mrs. John Lewis is slowly improving from quinsy.

Miss Evelyn Clarke was home from Alfred over the week-end.

A number of farmers are filling ice houses from the Potter pond.

Anna Belle and Kenneth McGraw were Sunday and Monday guests of their aunt, Mrs. Clarkson of Greenwood.

Miss Clara Nye has been obliged to leave school on account of her nerves.

M. R. Crandall and Miss Virginia Crandall spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Clarke.

The Ladies Aid Society will serve supper at the Parish House, Feb. 11th.

Voorhees Hill

Feb. 7: Mrs. F. E. Fanton and children spent Monday with her mother in Proctor District.

G. A. Sizakin called on Arthur Mingus of South Hill Monday.

Dr. MacCarthy was called Thursday to see Jacob Halladay. Mrs. Robert Richardson spent a few days with her father, helping to care for him, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Van Schaik entertained a company of neighbors at dinner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison Baker and little sons of Andover were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Adams Wednesday afternoon.

Herbert Adams is tearing down the old house on his farm. It was one of the first dwellings erected in this settlement and altho unoccupied for several years will be missed as an old land mark.

Alfred University

A hurried census of hours used for study outside of recitation periods, showed an average of 22 in the Freshman Class. The highest number was 45, the lowest 4.

Dr. George Burdick of Syracuse, and Herbert J. Burdick, of Norwich, N. Y., were guests of their father, Thomas F. Burdick, Sunday, the occasion being his 80th birthday.

There are a few open dates for the Alfred University Glee Club on its annual New York trip. It is better than ever this year.

A Y. M. C. A. deputation team of five members conducted three meetings in the Cuba church on Sunday. The subjects under discussion were sportsmanship and the need of a college education of every boy.

Professor Radasch will lecture on "The Use of Ceramics in Chemistry" to-morrow evening, at the meeting of the Ceramic Society.

Professor Wingate will direct the singing at the Steuben County Teachers Conference in Addison, Friday.

The Alfred University Faculty Male Quartet will sing at the D. A. R. meeting, in Hornell, Friday evening. The members of the quartet are: Professors Place, Wingate, Comenga and George Robinson.

The second Assembly dance was held in Old Academy Hall, Saturday evening, Feb. 4th. Many guests from out of town were present. The floor was crowded, the decorations pretty and the occasion everything that makes a typical college dance successful.

Harold Reid, of Yonkers, John Clark, of Russelus, Tenn., and Adolph Vossler were guests at the College dance, Saturday evening.

Dr. Ide has been ill for the last two weeks, a result of nervous breakdown.

Dean Titsworth is ill of pneumonia. It is a light case, and he is expected to recover soon.

Sunny Side

The Roach Brothers are hauling logs to the Elm Valley saw mill.

Mrs. P. E. Fitzgerald left Saturday morning for New York City where she is to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Edward Sinning.

Catherine Rockwell was home from Withy until Monday, there being no school that day because of the death of one in her district.

Mrs. Jerry McCarthy and daughter, Lorretta were calling on Mrs. D. W. Driscoll Sunday.

Walter Derry is in Buffalo this week on business.

Melvin Madison is up to his farm most every day now, doing what repair work that can be done during the winter and getting ready to move his household goods and machinery.

Tip Top

Miss Esther Baker, of Arkport High School, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Baker.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake, Feb. 5th, a son, Winifred Clayton.

Mrs. C. W. Williams spent Thursday afternoon with her mother, Mrs. F. M. Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Dodge spent Saturday and Sunday at Alfred Station, guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dodge.

Miss Eloise Greene entertained the Sophmore Class of Alfred High School, at her home, Sunday evening.

Miss Dorothy Foster and Mrs. M H. Green gave a shower for Mr. and Mrs. Truman Dodge, Thursday evening. They received many gifts of linen and aluminum.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baker and family spent Saturday evening at W E. Baker's.

James Saunders, of Belmont, was a recent guest at E. V. Greene's.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Greene were Belmont visitors Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Burdick and son, Carrol, of Bess Hill, spent Monday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Burdick.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Baker spent Monday evening at N. M. Lanphear's.

Mrs. T. G. Burdick spent Tuesday afternoon at B. S. Baker's.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baker and family spent Sunday in Andover, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Greene were Hornell visitors Wednesday.

Miss Ruth Bawer was a business caller in Hornell Saturday.

C. S. Rennells, of Friendship, spent Saturday and Sunday at W. E. Baker's.

To watch the want ads is to make you next move pay you.

To watch the want ads is to "be in" when opportunity knocks.

ST. MARK'S HOSPITAL
OF NEW YORK CITY
Offers a Complete Course in Nursing to Young Women Wishing to Become
REGISTERED NURSES
Practical and theoretical instruction in all branches by members of the Medical Staff and the faculty of the Training School. During the period of preparatory Pupil Nurses receive free board and furnished rooms, laundry, text books and uniforms. Allowance after completion of preliminary training, the first year High School Education or the equivalent. Attractive young women may acquire the mechanic skills in embrace at hospital.
Ample opportunities for recreation.
For further information address Superintendent, St Mark's Hospital, Second Avenue at Eleventh Street, New York City.

AUCTION!

I am going to close out at Public Auction my entire stock of New Farm Machinery at the Bassett Store
WHITESVILLE, N. Y.
At 11o'clock Sharp
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16

One Hoover Potato Digger; One 11-7 Van Brunt Grain Drill with Fertilizer and Grass Seed Attachment; Two Ajax Spike-tooth Harrows; one John Deere Sulky Cultivator; one Syracuse Hand Cultivator; one Dain System Windrow Hay Loader; one 9 ft. hay rake; one 10½ ft. Massy Harris hay rake; two John Deere two-way Plows with three horse hitch five Syracuse Handle Plows; one John Deere standard wagon gear with 40-44 3x¾ wood wheels, 4x¾ tire; two Truck Wagons, 30-34 metal wheels, 4 in. tire; three Syracuse 15-tooth Lever Harrows; one United States Cream Separator, 600 pounds capacity nearly new; one good coal heater, also quantity of Household Goods.

10 head Registered Holstein Cows, 7 fresh and 3 springers, ranging from 5 to 12 years of age. One cow 10 years of age with 21lb record. One Bull Calf eligable to registry. Herd Sire, Elmwood Duke Paladin No. 279051, 6 years of age. All this stock in good condition and from good breeding, owned by J. A. Crittenden.

Come and meet your friends and enjoy a day of relaxation. Luncheon at 12 o'clock.

TERMS: All sums of $10.00 and under CASH. All sums over $10.00, eight months time on good, endorsed bankable notes bearing interest.

G. M. LEWIS
Bert Conderman ..... Auctioneer

NOTICE!

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that Jerry Donaldson, of Greenwood, N. Y., has been judicially declared incompetant to handle his own affairs. No deals or bargains, made by him, will therefore be recognized by the committee.

Homer Donaldson, Committee.

BOWEL INDIGESTION RELIEVED QUICKLY

New York Woman Warmly Praises Jaques' Little Wonder Capsules

"I have taken your Little Wonder Capsules and want to express my appreciation to you for the wonderful results that I have so far obtained. I have been suffering from indigestion of the bowels for a long time. Since taking these wonderful capsules, my appetite has increased and assimilation of the food that I take seems to be perfect."

This is an exact copy of a letter written by Miss Louise M. Brunning, of 255 W. 52d St., New York City, praising Jaques' Little Wonder Capsules.

Jaques' Little Wonder Capsules contain a number of standard medicines acknowledged to be correctives in treating certain gastric and intestinal disturbances. A single capsule goes direct to the spot and gives prompt and beneficial relief in mild and acute cases of indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation.

On sale by J. D. Cheeseman, Andover, N. Y., or 60c by mail postpaid for large package from Jaques Capsule Co., Plattsburg, N. Y.

Will you share some of a store's usual profits on things in your shopping to-day? The ads will tell you how and where.

Read the Classified Ads. in the News.

Store Hours 8.30 a. m. to 6 p. m.

C. F. BABCOCK Co. Inc. 114-118 Main Street Hornell, New York

Ladies' Rest Room

These New Dresses at $4.98

Are Attracting Much Attention

WOOL VELOURS — TRICOTINES
HOMESPUNS — CHECKED VELOURS
WOOL POPLINS

The styles have been the source of much favorable comment (See Window Display) and the extremely low price accounts for the augmented activity in our Ready-to-Wear sections this week. Surely one can afford a couple new dresses when the price is only $4.98.

A Special Purchase from the Merrill Silk Company Enables Us to Offer Saturday

Fine Satteen Pettibockers **$1.49**

White
Chamois
Brown,
Grey
Black

Made of the highest grade sateen—not the quality used by manufacturers, but the quality carried in our own piece goods department. Double shirred at the knee—cut full and carefully made by expert needle-workers in the Merrill Silk plant here in Hornell. This is a very exceptional offer Saturday only.

Our Announcement of a Special Sale of

McDougall Kitchen Cabinet

is Amazing **$39.50**

For the World's Best Kitchen Cabinet

That's the price that has taken the city by storm and is sending economy-wise folks hurrying in to take advantage of this offer—good for only a few days.

Don't trudge, trudge, trudge—day after day, week after week, year after year—for the sake of $39.50. Half your kitchen before you within arm's reach, with a McDougall preparing a meal is changed from drudgery into pleasure. Act promptly and a McDougall will be yours for $39.50

Worth-While Savings on CLOTHES

You'll find some mighty good bargains here in Suits for Men and Young Men.

Saving on winter weights are a fourth.

Of course the stock is somewhat broken, but your size and the style you want may be here.

Hurry and make your selection.

Jos. Levy Clothing Co.
WELLSVILLE, N. Y.