

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.

They sure are; you'd think so if you'd been where I was. Then I began to recall some of those mixed and mingled impressions I had gathered.

"What kind of soil is there under this floor, Daddy?" I asked.

"Huh!" he snorted; "what soil there is on this here ledge you could mighty near put in your eye, I reckon. 'Tain't nothing but rock, and blame' hard rock, at that."

"That was my notion. But if the shaft is in rock, why did they box it so strongly with timber? Surely there wouldn't be any dangy of a cave in solid stone."

"Well, now, I'm dinged!" he returned, musingly. "Long as I've been monkeyin' round mines and such, I never once come to me to wonder about that!"

Speaking of the wooden bulkheading renewed that other impression, or rather two of them; one of having the feeling that I was shut in a tight box at the moment of the fiercest struggling, and the other of fancying that I had felt a swirling tarsh of the liquid ice as well as the sucking outrush. But the recollection was so confused that I attached no importance to it. When a man is fighting for his life ten or twelve feet under water, pipe-dreams are nothing to the things he can imagine.

It was while we were sitting at the shaft-house door, hammering away at the old puzzle of why the water level never varied so much as a fraction of an inch in the shaft, in wet seasons or dry—as Daddy testified it never did—and why the subtraction of two six-inch streams at a velocity sufficient to stir up a veritable whirlpool at the suction intake should make no impression upon it, that I began to notice the queer actions of the plo-faced collier, Barney. First he would come and stick his cold nose into my hand; then he'd trot over to the cabin and back, and maybe loaf a little way down the road toward the bench-level. Coming around to the shaft-house again, he'd sit beside Daddy Hiram, yawning.

Around Robin Wood's Barn. After we had covered possibly two of the four miles between the Channah and the railroad station, the dog branched off to the left along the mountain on a road that was little better than a bridle path through the forest, and which, for the time, kept its level on the slope, neither ascending nor descending.

"How about it, Daddy?" I asked. "Where does this trail go?" "Give it time enough, it comes out at the old Haversack, on Grassie mountain."

"Tada there, you mean?" "You said it, far as I know, it ends there."

"What is the Haversack?" "It ain't nothing now. Used to be a good prospect eight or ten year ago. Mover got far enough along to be a mine, they tell me."

It was certainly singular that the dog should be leading us to an abandoned mining project, but Barney seemed to know perfectly well where he was going.

In one of the gulch headings there was a patch of wash sand in what was, in wet weather, a runway for water, but which was now only a streamless ravine with a few damp spots in it. Here Daddy called a halt, and while the dog sat down and yawned at us and otherwise manifested his impatience at the delay, the old man gathered a few pine-cones and twigs, struck a match and lighted a fire, cautioning me meanwhile not to walk on the damp sand patch.

I hadn't the slightest idea of what he was driving at, and he didn't explain; but after the fire had blazed up enough to light the surroundings a bit, he went down upon his hands and knees and began to give an imitation of money. "It's sort of queer, Jeanie's been here, and the dog's been back and across a couple of times, as you can see. But Bullerton hasn't crossed here. There's only the one set of tracks."

We made a wider search, with a dead pine branch for a torch, but found no other tracks; in fact, the gulch was gullied so deeply above and below that there was no other practicable crossing-place for a horse. If Jeanie had headed for the gulch—and the hoof prints in the sand, and Daddy's identification of their seemed to prove this past any question of doubt—she had headed it alone. But why had she been riding alone into the depths of this uninhabited mountain wilderness?

Calm and self-contained as he usually was, I could see, or rather feel, that Daddy Hiram was growing increasingly nervous as we pushed on. I didn't blame him; so far from it, I was sharing the nervousness in full measure. What were we going to find at the end of the trail?

It must have been at least two miles beyond the damp sand patch that the dim trail we had been following ended abruptly at the abandoned mining claim spoken of by Daddy Hiram—the Haversack. The starlight was bright enough to show us what there was of tumble-down shacks, a shed that had probably been the prospectors' blacksmith shop, and a tunnel mouth that had once been securely boarded up, but from which the bulkheading was now partly fallen away.

To freshen the flavor of canned fruit, open the can several hours before the fruit is to be used, drain the sirup and reheat it, adding a little more sugar. Pour the sirup, boiling hot, over the fruit, and let it chill before it is served.

FLORIDA LETTER

(Continued From Page 5)

photographer printed the two best shots.

I had got the "distant view" all right; there was nothing else in the picture but distance. If I had not autographed them they might have been used for "my best strings-of-fish," or the "results of two hours fishing in Florida." No one could have disputed the title. It looked as much like that as anything. I had a "hunch" that it needed more light, so opened it up some more, and slowed down the "time" for the next film. They were some better, and by taking a good look at daughter's photo of some objects, could point with pride and some assurance to definite objects, such as the postmaster's cow and the big cactus on Massachusetts Avenue, and seldom make a mistake.

Then I asked a drug store man, who sells cameras, about "lighting," and he enlightened me as follows: "The Florida sunlight, while seemingly so bright, has not the light qualities which it has at the North. Do not try snap-shots before 10 a. m. or after 3 p. m." Now I open my shutter, to full capacity and can readily distinguish the electric light poles from the pines in the background of my pictures.

There are two fine drug stores here, but at neither one could I get a film to fit my camera, with the autographic feature. So on an auto trip while passing thru Orlando, a city of 10,000 population, I went into the finest store, where cameras were displayed and inquired if they had autographic films for No. 2 Brownie camera. The saleslady said "certainly," and produced some films. They did not look just right, so I asked "Are you sure they are the autographic?" She said "Yes, see it is printed here on the box." As I had come in from the bright sunlight and it was dark in the store I could not see it myself, but bought them.

On examination at home, the word proved to be "autochromatic" and the film the ordinary No. 120 Eastman, which I turned over to daughter. I do not think the saleslady intended to deceive me; but perhaps had never heard of the autographic.

My friend of the drug store is an obliging chap (almost every one you meet is that way down here) and he was very sorry he did not have what I wanted, but said he was taking an auto trip next day to several large cities, and would get me a half dozen. But to our mutual disappointment, he could not find them.

I sent an S. O. S. call to "Ben." of the Brundage Drug, at Andover, and received the proper items P. D. Q. If you are coming down, and there is any small thing out of the ordinary you may need while here, better bring it along.

Which reminds me of tar soap. I have found out that for removing paint from my hands, and keeping them to their lily whiteness, and velvet softness, nothing equals tar soap. Going into a grocery store I asked for Grandpa's Wonder tar soap. They did not have it; neither did they have any other brand. After I had tried a number of these places the dialogue got down to this: "tar soap?"

Store-keeper—"No got," I became discouraged, but decided to try just one more place, so I went in and said once more "tar soap?" The store-keeper passed his hand across his forehead, and I decided he had never heard of the beast, and turned to go-out, when he said: "Hold on, I think I have some 'Grandpa's Wonder' tar soap." He had. He found it at length behind some goods on a shelf. Three cakes of it, which, from the looks of it, I think were the first ones made by that soap company. But old soap, like old wine, old friends, etc., is best, so I had my soap and at a cost of one-cent less per than at the North. But you know in Andover I could have found it any place, from the butcher shop to the "News" office.

The cost of ordinary groceries is not much greater than in the North; some things, like Irish potatoes for instance, are an exception. Price here 4 cts. per pound for old, and 6 cts. for new, raised here. Board is not as high as might be expected in the city with the "most salubrious climate to be found in the U. S. A." Good board can be had for six to twenty dollars per week.

Nearly every one is friendly and ready to chat with you. Work is taken easier (I almost said lazier) here than in the North. Why should it be rushed when it can have all the time there is? No winter ahead.

The bees here seem to work the same way. They do not rush feverishly from one blossom to another, but alight and crawl leisurely about. Why heat up their machinery when blossom time is year 'round?

At the North we hear a great deal about reptiles and insect pests of this part of the country. One thing sure, they are not bad here at St. Cloud (at least in the winter). Have not seen a snake of any kind, and of insects only a few each of houseflies, ants, mosquitoes and cockroaches.

Say! Friend-wife, daughter, and Donald had great sport with the roaches; found them on the back porch under chests, boxes, etc. They were a new species of game to them, and they made for those poor roaches until I told them I would report them to the game warden for hunting without a license.

A. L. JONES

READ THIS AD AND SAVE A DOLLAR

After reading this ad, if you come here for your Groceries you will save not only a dollar, but many dollars. You save it in two ways. Our prices are absolutely the lowest and the high quality of our goods insures their lasting longer than inferior goods. We especially want to emphasize the popularity of our Flour, Tea and Coffee. There is only one way to learn their worth and that is to try them yourself. Then you will know why others speak so highly of them.

H. H. WILLIAMS THE STORE OF QUALITY



The Finest Sedan Ever Sold for so Little

Good-looking with its blue and black finish, its four doors, its tan velours interior. Unvaryingly dependable, and 25 miles to the gallon of gasoline is common. Easy-riding because Triplex Springs ward off road shocks. The comfortable way to motor at lowest cost. Sedan \$895 complete, f. o. b. Toledo. Roadster - \$955 Touring - \$995 Coupe - \$850

JOS. McDONOUGH, Agent ANDOVER, NEW YORK

GARDNER & GALLAGHER

Time To Be Looking For Your NEW SPRING HAT

You want the best value for your money and you are sure to find it in our assortment of Mallory Hats for Spring. Our stock is large and our styles are smart. We consider ourselves hat specialists, and always try to select the right shapes and shades, and we know how to fit you — not just your head; but your face and your personality. Come in-to-day and see our new Fifth Avenue quality Mallory Hats at \$5.00.

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 Endicott-Johnson Shoe Store 110 Main Street, Hornell, N. Y.

THE GIRL, A HORSE AND A DOG

(Continued From Page Two)

Inquired; seeing my jaw drop, I supposed. "The last thing there was in the box that could fall out and hit me," I gurgled. "Bullerton has stolen my deed to the Cinnabar!"

"The mischief he has! Plum sure you hadn't lost it out of your pocket?" We made sure, without the loss of a moment, looking in my left sleeping place and in the mine buildings. The deed was gone, safely enough, and we both agreed that Bullerton had had plenty of chances to steal it. Wearing overclothes while I was working about the machinery, I had often left my coat hanging in the cabin. As a matter of fact, I hadn't worn it at all on the previous day.

"Well, Daddy," said I after the prolonged search had proved futile, "where does this leave me?" "Threshing the facts out, we soon found where it left me. 'Grandfather Jasper, as you may remember, had made no mention of the mine, or, in deed, of any legacy to me in his will as it had been probated; there was no need of it because he had already deeded the Cinnabar to me, and at the time of his death it was no longer among his assets. Moreover, his lawyers had told Bullerton (according to Bullerton's story told me in the Pullman smokeroom) that there was no record of any mining transaction in his papers. Therefore, in the absence of the memorandum which my grandfather had given Cousin Percy—and which Percy had doubtless carried with him to China—there was nothing but the deed to show for my ownership; absolutely nothing."

At that, the loss of the deed wouldn't have been fatal if the document had been properly recorded. It hadn't been. And now, with the unrecorded deed gone, there was nothing to prove that I had ever owned the Cinnabar. The loss was total—with no insurance.

Daddy Hiram was shaking his head sorrowfully after we had run this last bunch of straw through the threshing machine. With things looking as blue as the bluest whetstone that ever clicked upon scythes, we tried to settle upon some line of action. Copah was the county seat, and the obvious first step would have been for me to go there for a search in the county records for evidence in the sale of the mine to my grandfather. But the mine, I should show myself on the railroad. I'd be nabbed for the theft of that infernal inspection car. Daddy offered to go in my place, but that alternative didn't appeal to me at all. I knew perfectly well how helpless he'd be in any such lawyerlike search as would have to be made in the county recorder's office.

Being stopped off short in every other direction, we finally gravitated over to the shaft-house and went to work in an aimless sort of fashion gathering up the wreckage of the smashed gear train and putting things shipshape again. With steam up, we turned the machinery over a few times, just to see that everything was in working order again, and I threw in the clutch of the centrifugals, merely for the satisfaction of hearing the flood rushing through the outlet. When the pumps were going at full speed I went to look down the shaft. As before, when we had run the pumps for a week on end, there was a slight disturbance of the water, but nothing more. My makeshift float-and-pulley gauge showed no change in the level. Suddenly a freak notion seized me that I'd like to know just what was going on down in those black depths into which the suction pipes of the big pumps led.

"Daddy, I'm going to try to find out something," I declared, and forthwith began to strip my clothes off. "We've seen the water coming out at the other end of things, and now, by George, I mean to make sure that it's going in at this end." He didn't try very hard to dissuade me, and a minute or so later I was crawling down the shaft ladder in the habiliments that old Mother Nature gave me. It was my first exploration of the shaft, and I was surprised to find it so well and tightly timbered; "boxed" is the better word, since the timbering was really a substantial wooden box built within the square outlinings of the pit. Common sense told me that this must have been done to prevent the caving in of the sides; and afterward I remembered wondering, at the time, that the shaft should have been sunk in caving material when the remainder of the terrain upon which the buildings stood appeared to be little else than solid rock.

By feeling with a free foot I could determine that the pump suction pipes went on still farther, and then the real adventure began. The ladder suddenly gave out, quit, ended. There were no more rounds below the one upon which I was standing. That being the case, there was nothing for it but to dive, feet foremost, and taking a deep breath, I let go of the ladder and began to swim downward. Almost before I realized it I was fighting desperately for dear life. One of the big suction pipes had taken hold of a foot and leg, like a tentacle of an enormous octopus, and I was unable to get loose.

After all, it was Daddy Hiram who saved my life. Suddenly the thunder of the pumps magnified a thousand-fold for me in that icy pit of death, stopped short and the mechanical could let go of my leg. With legs bursting I shot to the surface and weakly clutched the ladder. Framed in the square of daylight a dozen feet

overhead I could see Daddy hanging over the mouth of the pit; saw him and heard his shouted words: "Freeze to the ladder, boy—I'm a comb' down after ye!"

I was freezing all right, in both senses of the word, but I found breath to warn him back, and presently managed to crawl up the ladder and roll out upon the shafthouse floor. Instantly the old man pounced upon me, buffeting, slapping and rubbing, mauling me worse than any Turkish-bath pirate would have dared to do. It was kept torture, but it turned the trick, and by the time I was able to breathe comfortably again, I had acquired a beautiful spanked blush where I had been blue—all but the great bruises, ring-shaped, where the suction pipe had bit me.

Of course, Daddy was chock full of sympathy and concern, mixed up with a good bit of curiosity. "One of the suction pipes," I explained, beginning to crawl back into my clothes. "I was foolish enough to get under it and it grabbed and held me. If you hadn't stopped the pumps I'd have been a gone goose. I was just about all in, as it was."

"Well, you found out the pumps are sucking all right, anyhow," he remarked.

Framed in the Square of Daylight I Could See Daddy Hanging Over the Mouth of the Pit.

overhead I could see Daddy hanging over the mouth of the pit; saw him and heard his shouted words: "Freeze to the ladder, boy—I'm a comb' down after ye!"