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
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All sizes, from the smallest to the largest.

SCHAUL & ROOSA CO. HORNELL, N. Y.

"You don't half know that little girl

o' mine, yet, Stannie, son," he said earnestly. And then: "She's the only boy I ever had, you see; and she hain't

ed any mother since she can remem-ner. Maybe I hadn't ort to taught her

It still lacked a full hour of noon when we got our preparations made and were ready to stand a siege. Then we walted, and watted some more; and after a while I began to grin. What if we had stampeded ourselves needlessly? After all, the men we had seen in the deep gulch might really have been tramps, and not a Bullerton army. Would the mining engineer, unprincipled as he doubtless was, go to the length of trying to disposeese us by Grace? The more I thought of it, the

length of trying to disposees us by force? The more I thought of it, the

more unlikely it seemed.

"I guess maybe we were scared of a shadow, after all, Daddy," I said.

a shadow, after all, Daddy," I said, "Bulletton has had time enough to bring up his army, if he has one."
"I sin't countin much on his backin' down," was the drawing rejoinder. "Ye see, I know Charley Bullerton of old; keen knowin' him ever since he first bu'sted into the minin' game. That was over in the Sagauche, He's an ell-'round cuss, but he's a stayer. Be sides, you roughed him up sort o' hurt. but Dils mornin, and he's got that to make him softer. We'll be hearin' hotely.

make him spitey. We'll be hearing make him spitey. We'll be hearin' from bim as soon as he get things yanked round into shape to suit him." Still, as time passed and nothing happeried, it looked-less and less lite-ly that we were going to have to fight

ly that we were going to have to fight for our holding ground. I don't know

open space, two of them set to work

It still lacked a full hour of noon

THE GIRL, A HORSE AND A DOG

(Continued From Page Two)

you done to him a few minutes ago. But let's go eat."

I passed through the cabin to the out-kitche and while I was kindling a fire in the stove I saw Daddy with-un armful of hay and a peck "measure of cats, tolling the little horse down the path back to the cabin to disappear with it is the direction of the guich where the abandoned "Little guich where the abandoned "Little guich where the abandoned "Little gande where the abandoned "Little guich where the abandoned "Little gand and the bacon fried by the time he got back, and after we flad eaten he blossomed out in an entirely new role—that of commander in chief."

This is movin' day, Stannie," he

he blossomed out in an entirely new role—that of commander in chief.

"This is movin day, Stannie," he announced briefly. "If you'll dig up all the chuck and canned stuff you can find and tote it over to the shoft, house, I'll fetch the blankets and the cookin' tins."

I obeyed blindly, and entirely with ost prejudice to a lively curiosity as to what this new move might mean. While I was emptying the kitchen and pantry the old man unearthed another rifle from the closet under the loft ladand I observed that this second gun, like the one he had carried on our age of the night looked as if it had been freshly olled and roll every day since it had left the fac-

op every day since tory.

"You'll have a lot of talking to do
"You'll have a lot of talking to do
"You'll have a lot of talking to do

"You'll have a lot of talking to do presently," I warned him. "You seem to forget that you haven't yet told me what's biting you."
"Maybe there ain't nothin' bitin' me; maybe I'm just gettin' sort o' old and skeery. But it's this-away, Stannie, soon: Eiver since your gran'paw gave me this here watchin job, and since I heard tell how them Cripple Creek short-card sartists socked it to him on this Cinnabar deal, I been lookin' for trouble, I hain't been easy about them Cripple Creek holdups nary a day since your gran'paw told me to stay here and hold the fort for him."
"You thought perhaps the original

ere and hold the fort for him.

"You thought perhaps the original owners might try to grab the property by force?"

owners might try to grao the property by force?

Daddy looked up at me from under his bushy seybrows.

"Pears to me like you've got a mighty short memory, some way, Stannie. Have you done forgot that bunch o' huskies we saw eampin' out in Antelope guich as we come along by there at daybreak this mornin'? I didn't like the looks o' that camp much at the time; and I liked it a whole for less after we got nere and found Charley Bullerton sunnin' himself on the doorstep. Made me sort o' perk up my ears.

"But, see here, Daddy," I thrust in,
"If he's got my deed, or has destroyed

If he's got my deed, or has destroyed it, why."

"Why, he has as good a right to the Cinnabar as the next one that comes along, is what you're goin' to say. I sin't disputin' you for a minute. But afore he can have it, he's got to take it, hain't he? And we've got two mighty good il'!' pleces of artillery that says he's goin' to have one joyful old time atakin' it; that is, if you're of the same mind that I am."

By Jove! I wanted to put my arms around the old Spartan and hug him' As I've said, there were ten or a dozen men in that bunch we'd seen in the guich, and he was calmy proposing to stand up to them, as confidently as if it were all in the day's, work.

"I get you now, Daddy," I said, "and if there's a fight coming to us, your mind is mine. We'll give them the best we've got."

I thought the two old-fashloned guns

for our holding ground. I don't know to this good day what made Bullerton so alow in heiniging up his army, but it was high noon, and Daddy and I were eating a cold luncheon; with the shaft-house door-sill for a seat, when we saw the army coming. It was a straggling gang of perhaps a dozen men; we couldn't count them accurately because the road on the bench wound in and out among the trees. They came up within easy rife shot and pitched their camp; if you could call it that, in a little glade. At that distance we could see that they were armed, but, of course, we couldn't tell what kind of guns they had. After they had taken possession of the small open space, two of them set se work to the little continued.

open space, two of them set to work to build a cooking fire.

At the halt in the glade one of the party-Bullerton, we guessed it was—broke a branch from a pine stripped the twigs from it, and made it a figurant for his white handkerchief. Under this fing of truce he and two of his

we've got."
I thought the two old-fashioned guns and Jeanle's pistol promised a poor chance for an effective defense; but Deddy Hiram proceeded to show me that we had at least one other resource. In the mine stores-left behind by the former operating company were two boxes of sixty-per-cent dynamite, with fisse and caps, and Daddy pointed out that there were good possibilities writayed up in the greasy brown-paper-cartridges if the enemy should come slees essent to let us use theur. men came on, leaving their guas behind. There was a climb of shoat thirty feet, maybe, coming up from the bench to the ledge upon which the mine buildings stood, so we got a fairly good lock at the peace party before it came within talking distance. Balterton still had a slight fouch of the wry-neck, and the devil-may care jauntiness which had been his chief characteristic as a greet of the form

While the second



blys had been wiped from his face and er like a picture from a black-

in advance, Daddy," I said, when he had a neat little row of the cartridges laid out on the floor. "But surely you didn't expect to hold out alone if those sharks sent a crowd of 'jumpers' in to sian's sent a crowd of 'jumpers' in to run you of?'
"Me and Jeanie." he said simply. "We'd 'a' done our level best; and the angels couldn't do no more than that."
Here, unless the old man was saily mistaken in his daughter, was another and wholly unsuspecter side of the blue-eyed maiden displayed for me. I tried to imagine Lisette helping her father, or me, or any lone man, to defend a beleaguered mine against an armed attack. It was so funny that I shouted.
Do you mean to say that Jeanie would shut herself up-in here and load-the guns for 'you against a mob of mine jumpers'"
He looked up with a prideful sparkle in-his-mild-blue eyes.
"You don't half know that little girl

manner like a picture from a blackboard.

As the three of them topped the rise
in the ore road I reached behind me
and got one of the Winchesters.

"That's near enough #'. I called out.
"Do your talking from there, if you've
anything to say."

The delegation halted and Bullerton
took a paper from his pocket.

"Tm serving legal notice upon you,
Broughton," he said, waving the paper
at me, "and I have two witnesses here,
as the law requires. I represent the
Cianabar Mining company of Cripple
Oreak, You are trespassing on our
property and I am making a formal
demand for possession."

laughed. "I was hoping you might spring-something a little more original.

ship?"

"The burden of proof isn't on us;
it's on you!" he ripped out. "You haven't a shadow of claim to this mine. I've got your so-cailed deed right here"—and he shook that at us. "I've a forgery! a clummy, chitchish forcery that wouldn't impose upon a billad man! We can send you to the rock; pile on the Strength of It'll We want to!"

her. Maghe I hadn't ort to taught her to ride hawsses and shoot, and them things; but it seemed like I had to."

"You haven't made her one tota less womanly—or lovable," I hastened to say. Then I blurted out the thing that had been weighing on me ever lines we had found Bullerton loading on the doorstep: "De you suppose they could be to the could have been married yesterday, Daddy?"

"Ith.huh. I reckon there was. They might be some of own to Angelia." forgery. He must have known per-fectly well that it wasn't. But Daddy There's a justice o' the peace down

rectly well that it wasn't. But Deddy was whispering in my ser as he sat behind me. Something like this: "Goshall Friday, Stannie, he's got you gon!" He's made a copy o' the deed and throwed the "lights! away—burnt it up, " somethin!" "You have it all your own way, Bullerton—o' you think you have." I told him; and if I didn't get all of the self-confidence into the words that I tried to, I am persuaded that he didn't know the difference. "I saight even concede that you have everything but the mine that. If you want that, you may come and take it; but you'll permit me to say that when you break into this come and take it; but you'll permit me to say that when you break into this hart-bonse there will be fewer people alive on Cinnabar mountain than there are at the present moment. I shall quite possibly be one of the dead ones, but before I go out I shall quite possibly be one of the dead ones, but before I go out I shall quite possibly he one of the dead ones, but before I go out I shall quite possibly he one of the dead ones, but before I go out I shall quite possibly a possibly for yourse. "All right," he snapped back; "you're preside But how about you. Twombly! This is no quarrel of your. Suppose you go over yonder to your cabin and stay out of the fight, Nobody wants to hurt you."

That put it pretty squarely up to me, too, so. I turned to the old man at my side.

me, too, so I turned to the old man at my side.

"If a good advice, Daddy." I said; "and this isn't your quarrel. You'd batter dade while your can."

Daddy Hiram made no reply at all to me; didn't pay any attention to me. margar, he stood up on the door-all and shook his lift at Balletton.

"I been lookin' for you and your kind of a crowd for a year back, charley Bullerton, and drawin' payfor doin' it!" he shrilled. "Stannie, crr. says if you want this miles was

or dom litt he simmled. "Stamme, cree. Says if you want this mine you an come and take it, and, by gumiles, I say them same identical "All right," said Bullerton again But it's only fair to say that we out

But it's only fair to say that we out-number you six to one, and we've got the law, and a few deputy sheriffs, on our side: You two haven't as much our side. You two haven't as much show as a cat in hell without claws, and when the circus is over, you'll both go to jail, if there's enough left of you to stand the trip." Then, as he was turning to go he flipped the deed into the air so that it fell at our feet, "You may have that," he sneared. "We'd like nothing better than to have you produce it in court." It didn't seem just fitting to lef him have the last word, so I pitched a small ultimatum of my own after him, as he hearded his two scoundrelly looking "witnesses" into the downward

thinker Bullerton was likely to have in his army, and if there were any chance that his boast about having deputy sheriffs in the crowd was to be taken at its face value.

"There's nothin' to the deputy breast he have a subject to the county, and he'd be here himself if that was a posse committee of the county, and he'd be here himself if that was a posse committee of the county, and he'd be here himself if that was a posse committee of the county, and he'd be here himself if that was a posse committee of the county and have he has got, there's no tellin'. Most likely, he's picked up a fistful of tought and out-o-works down in Angels. There's always plenty o' defit o' that kind hangin' Tround a minin' camp."

"Fighters" I queried.
"Oh, yes; I reckon so—if fightin' comes easier than workin'."
With the doors shut and barred I climbed up on our breastwerk to bring my eyes on a level with one of the high window holes. The ten-minute ultimate in the court have the court in the county in the court has a least the court of the high window holes. The ten-minute ultimate in the court in th

commend up on our breatwork to bring, my eyes on a level with one of the high window holes. The ten-minute ultimatum interval had come to an end, but the ratiders were making no move to vacate the premises. On the contrary, their cooking, dire was now burning briskly and they were apparently making leisurely preparations to eat. It fairly made me schoolboy furious to see those fellows caimly getting their moon, meal ready and ignoring, my-warning.
"Hand me up one of those dynamite cartridges!" I barked at Daddy Historiam; and when he compiled, I tighted match and stuck it to the split and of the fuse. There was a fizz, a cloud of acrid smoke to make me turn my face away and cough, and then a frenzied yell from the old man.
"Throw it—good-gosh-to-Friday—throw it."

I contrived to get it out through the

I contrived to get it out through the window opening in some way, and lost my balance on the earth bags doing it,



Throw It! Good - Gosh - to - Friday

tumbling awkwardly into Daddy's arms as I fell. Coincident with the tumble, the stout old shaft-house rocked to the crash of an explosion that was still echoing from the cliffs of the mountain above when the sour functions of the dynamite rose to float in the window holes.

'G-good gizzardel' stuttered Daddy Hiram, "did you reckon I cut them fuses long enough so 't you could hold 'em in your hands and watch 'em hurn?"

what do I know about fuses?" I saked, grinning at him. Then I mounted the breastwork again and looked out, prepared to see the entire landscape blown into shreds.

Aside from a few sheets of corrugated iron torn from the roof of the adjacent ore shed, the landscape appeared to be fairly intact and still with us. But down on the bench below, the lately kindled cooking from was burning in solitary confinement. The raiders, to a man, had disappeared.

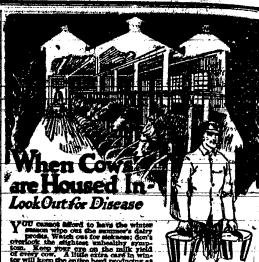
(To be continued)

13-YEAR-OLD GIRL LICENSED TO PREACH

Tulsa, Okla., Feb. 18. - A thir. Tulsa, Okla., Feb. 18. — A thir-teen-year-old girl was among seven persons granted a license to preach by the Northeastern Oklahoma Con-ference of the Methodist Episcopal Church here yesterday. She is Miss Fay Emery, of Miami, Okla., who be-gan preaching last summer in the mining district near her home. She is in the seventh grade at school and says her ambition is to become a for-eign missionary.

A SUITABLE SITE

Stevenson calls the sun "the gar dener of the world." Certainly no garden is possible without Old Sol. "Somewhere the sun is shining" and that is the spot to pick for a garden. The leaf crops such as lettuce and chard may be grown with caparative-ily little sunshine, perhaps only three or four hours a day, but other ing "witnesses" into the downward or four hours a day, but other crops must have at least five or six. Indeed, the heat garden sites, other things being equal, have a light slope to the south or southeast to get the four any of your men are in sight of Chanabar property ten minutes after you reach your camp, we open five. Stone the truce was thus definitely ended, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closed, the south or southeast to get the four control that the other canded, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closed, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closed, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closed, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closed, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closed.



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at lowest cost

and the state of t

JOS. McDONOUGH, Agent ANDOVER, NEW YORK

Our Jub Printing Department is emplied with the latest This is the Agree

Amo

South

ashington.
John P. Dean and Thu of his sister, Mrs. who was quite ill

who was quite ill repidemic.

Mike Casey is n over this week, b wingus home.

Doris Dean and up from Andewerthe day with Miss Master Richard quite sick with the recovering nicely.

Several of our their choice "roun the Andover Fire day night.

day night.

Mrs. Margaret
guest of her dau
Dean and family,

Dean and family,
day.
Ed. McAndrew
hill Monday night
Dan Appier.
Mrs. Ray Hurb
band Wednesday,
Hospital, Hornell,
ficiently recovered
operation, he was
day for hernia.
from this ordeal, It to leave the St. Jonew man.

Davis

Mrs. Harry Sy
the Water Melon
ville, one day last
C. F. Meade in
Respush farm an
has just vacated,
place on Grove St
The farmers ar
trees into the me tatoes into the ma Leo Davis and
Mrs. Frank Davis
Floyd Slocum spe
ing at Roy Davis'
Mrs. Edward Pa
of her son, Josep

L. E. Davis and been cutting logs Indepe

reb. 20. — Mr visiting her moth Wrights, Fa. — Mrs. C. M. Gra-dren spent Thursd her mother, Mrs. The Bethel Cla

will McGraw wor in Andover T.
Mr. and Mrs.
Mary Etta and Mand Elrene spen
relatives in Whit

The Farm and a meeting at the 1 day. The local H the dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Vitained from 2 to ing the birthday Marion.

work in Friendshi Miss Evelyn Cla the week-end from W. E. Densmor Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. J ering very nicely

Miss Margaret over, was over the her home.

Jos.