

If you have to look Andover look for it in the NEWS, or the WILL go forward.

Andover Chamber of Commerce

ANDOVER LODGE No. 788. I. O. O. F. Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed. CLAIRE C. BACKUS, N. G. AMES L. BOGERT, Secy.

ANDOVER LODGE No. 558. E. & A. M. 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.

ANDOVER DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE Co-Operative Association, Inc. Meets First Saturday Each Month. JAMES P. DEAN, President. BENJ. CONLEY, Vice Pres. W. W. PINGREY, Secretary.

ANDOVER GRANGE NO. 1098. Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evening, I. O. O. F. Hall. LEONARD HARVEY, Master. MRS. JENNIE SMITH, Lecturer. HARRY SMITH, Secretary. Visitors Always Welcome.

WALTER J. GRENOLDS, M. D. Will answer all country calls. Office Hours: 8-10 A. M. 1-3 P. M. 7-9 P. M. Office Main and Center Andover, N. Y.

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A. O. SMITH. OPTOMETRIST. 801 Main St., Hornell, N. Y.

THE GIRL, A HORSE, AND A DOG

(Continued From Page Two)

When I drew myself up and tried to get a hand through the opening the mysterious darkness was emphasized. The window embrasures were stopped up, both of them, on the outside by something that felt like a heavy canvas curtain, though how the curtain was held in place I could not determine. But it was firmly braced in some way. With all the purchase I could get—which wasn't much—I couldn't dislodge it or push it aside.

"Huh!" he said; "that old tarpaulin that was out yonder in the ore shed. How'd ye reckon they got it there, Stannie?" "It's hoisted on a framework of some kind, and they did it while we were rubbering and trying to find out what all that noise was about."

"Get down here, Daddy, and smell this dog!" I whispered. "If it's old-fashioned matches, or what?" "One sniff was all that the old man needed. 'Gosh-to-gosh-whis-brimstone!' he choked; 'them devils are smokin' us out! That's why they stopped up them window holes; so we couldn't get any air!'

There appeared to be little enough time for any defensive move. The asphyxiating gas was coming stronger every moment, and any search for its source seemed utterly hopeless. Yet some source there must be, for we went at it, coughing and choking, and stumbling over everything in the darkness, as a matter of course.

After all it was Barney who (I honor him with the human pronoun because he certainly deserved it) it was Barney who showed us the devil's doorway. The red glow was now sending enough light through cracks and crevices and the bullet rippings overhead to make our inner darkness a degree or so less than Stygian. Missing the dog for a moment at our common breathing hole, we saw him cowering a particular spot in the floor and snarling at it as if it were something alive.

At that we both remembered that the shaft-house floor was raised a foot or so from the rocky ledge on the down-mountain side, and that the space underneath was partly open. Daddy pointed to the circling dog. "Barney's got it!" he panted. "They're run their chimney up under the floor!" Then: "Where in Sam Hill did you leave that ax?"

The ax was near at hand and I ran for it. Holding my breath I began to chop madly at the floor planking. By this time the air was so bad that it was impossible to breathe it, and after a few blows I had to drop the ax and run to the breathing gap. Daddy took his cue instantly, snatching up the ax

as I flung it down and hacking away as long as he could hold his breath. When he was forced to quit a half-dozen blows later in the same way, I ran in again; thus got a couple of the floor planks loose and pried them open. In the space beneath the open cracked floor we found Bullerton's chimney end; an old discarded boiler flue, it seemed to be, leading up from the 'bunch' below. From unscrewing the deadly thing to murder it with one of our wet blankets was the breathless work of only a minute or two; and with the gas-main thus shut off, the air in the shaft-house soon became bearable again, the hole we had chopped through the floor serving as a ventilator through which the cool, crisp night air came rushing in a revitalizing blast.

Our first care, after a prolonged attempt to believe that the raiders had withdrawn to study up some fresh scheme for getting rid of us, was to get a bar and pry our two dogs open so that the breeze might blow through and air the place out a bit. Closing and barring the doors after the sulphur stench had been reduced to a mere match-box odor, we established our night-watch, Daddy Hiram taking the first trick under a solemn promise to call me at the end of a couple of hours. This time he behaved better, rousing me a little before midnight. He reported everything quiet, and pointed to the sleeping dog as evidence that there were no intruders within smelling distance.

"Then there's another thing," I put in. "Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that our first guess was right; that he did take Jeanie to Angels three days ago and that they were married there. You know your daughter, Daddy, and I know her, a little. Nobody but an idiot would suppose that she'd live with Bullerton as his wife for a single minute if he makes himself my murderer."

"It sure does look that-away to a man up a tree," admitted the stout old fighter. "I'm hanging on to the little hope like a dog to a root, Daddy," I confessed. "If I can only keep on believing that they're not married, I can put up a better fight, or be snuffed out—if I have to be—with a good few less heart-burnings."

But at this the old man, who, no longer ago than the yesterday, had seemed to lean definitely toward the no-marriage hypothesis, suddenly changed front. "Don't you go to bankin' on anything like that, Stannie, son," he said in a tone of deep discouragement. "Charley Bullerton's a liar, 'rom the place where they make liars for a livin', and 'tain't goin' to be no trick a-tak' for him to make Jeanie, and a lot o' other folks, b'lieve that we blowed ourselves up with our own dynamite. No, sir; don't you go to bankin' on that."

"Then you do believe that Jeanie went with Bullerton?" "Looks like there ain't nothing else left to believe," he asserted dolefully. "Look at it for yourself, son: she's been gone three whole days. If she hadn't gone with him, and the good Lord only knows where else she could have gone—don't you reckon she'd've been back here long afore this? No, Stannie; we been lettin' the 'wish it were run away with the 'had to be' I reckon we just got to grit our teeth, son, and tough it out the best we can."

During this waiting interval, which seemed like hours and was probably only a few minutes, we were momentarily expecting another crash. It did not come; but in due course of time we heard a stir outside and then voices, and one of the voices, which was not Bullerton's said: "F—bet that catridge smoked 'em out good an' plenty, cap'n. Gimme th' ax, Tom, till we bu'st open the door an' have a squint at 'em."

Just at that moment a submerging wave of depression surged over me and shoved me down so deep that I think possibly if Bullerton had called (Continued on Page Eight)

"Broughton!" the voice called; "can you hear me?" "So well that you'd better keep out of range!" I snapped back. "All right—listen. You've got to get out, Broughton—that's flat. I haven't wanted to go to extremes. For perfectly obvious and commonplace reasons I don't want to have to kill you to get rid of you. But we are not going to gentle you any more. You've already hurt four of my men, and two of the four are crippled. The next time we hit you, it'll be for a finish!"

"Yes," said I. "You brought me new club up in a wagon, didn't you?" He ignored this. "We could starve you out if we chose to take the time. I know pretty well what you've got to eat—or rather what you haven't got. It's your privilege to take your life in your own hands, Broughton; that's up to you. But how about the old man?"

"The old man's a plenty good and able to speak for himself!" yapped Daddy. "You do your darndest, Charley Bullerton!" "All right, once more. You'll hear from us directly, now; and as I said before, we've quit gentling you. That's my last word." For a time after this the silence, and the darkness, since it was the hour before dawn, were thick enough to be cut with an ax. But the dog was more restless than ever, and we knew that something we could neither see nor hear must be going on. After a while I asked the question that had been worrying me ever since I had heard the wagon wheels.

"What did they bring up in that wagon, Daddy—'a Gatling?" "The Lord only knows, Stannie—and he won't tell," was the old prospector's reply, made with no touch of irreverence; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a thunderbolt struck the shaft-house.

What the shaft-house could, separately be called air. "Dynamite—that's what they fetched in that wagon!" gasped the old man as my ax, and I could have sworn for joy at the mere sound of his voice that it was an ammunition that he hadn't been killed outright.

"It's only a question of a little time, now, Daddy," I prophesied. "What we—said yesterday—that Bullerton would try to get possession without destroying the property—no longer holds good. He has evidently decided that we've got to be ousted, even at the expense of building a new shaft-house and installing new machinery. Why has he changed his mind, when he knows that he could starve us out in a few days?"

"I been thinkin' about that, right p'ntedly, Stannie. Shouldn't wonder if somethin' in the 'wind—somethin' we don't know about."

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SIGN-BOARDS ON THE UP-ROAD

Hamilton B. Williams

Faith is a vast program-builder. And always with eternal symbols. It is mercy, service, righteousness, justice—the forerunners of peace—projects in education, culture and development of the human possible, that are the visions of Faith. Our utmost would still be far short of God's program. He is the Eternal Life Engineer. The human maximum would be but the shadow of the service God is energizing into the building project.

It is vastly important what one believes about God. We cannot go beyond our conception of him. If I conceive God to be a clan deity devoted to a fortunate few—why should I tremble to go outside the clan? The primitive mind naturally conceived God to be something of the same fashion. The Gods were themselves magnified! The conception of Jehovah being the God of Zion's Hill was in keeping with the spirit of the primitive age. For centuries this idea obtained. Hebrew history must be read with the back ground of the primitive age in mind—and clarity comes of what otherwise would be perplexity. The ancient people actually believed that pillage, massacre, revenge, exclusiveness and religious and national selfishness were the will of God. As the human intellect grew in spiritual magnitude the idea of God became more and more refined. It was Jesus who came upon the idea that God is—a Father.

We are building upon the logic of that conception a concept of which God.

give him the freedom of his universe. He is not to be cramped on Zion's Hill or in any man-wrought shack, jacket of nationalism, creed, theology, scheme or church. We believe him to be the Father of all men, and actually fathering the uttermost souls because they are neediest. We believe him to be the Engineer of an Eternal-Life project—and energizing infinitely to bring the plan into substance. We believe him to be the Friend of trait—every trait—and every man and woman and child—a Friend in the intensest idea of friendship.

When these ideas are made the foundation of human relation and the passage of philosophy religion Jesus shall be indeed the light of the world! It does matter what one believes God and man and religion to be. If there are bigots and exclusiveness and clannishness and classisms and selfists and narrow-brained creedsists and mechanical schemists and snug religionists, and the arrogant sort of nationalists—all thinking of their own skins—and blithely indifferent to those they doom and damn—(for God never doomed and never damned anyone)—it is simply a show-down of what ignorance can do!

A belief in the Fatherhood of God sends the illuminated soul out upon all highways and byways—for there God goes. Faith is adventure in Righteousness, Justice and Brotherhood. These roads lead to all brothers—and to that conception a concept of which God.

Farmers! Don't be in a hurry to bargain for Timothy and Clover Seed. Prices have steadily declined for two months, and before you buy let me quote you prices on Fancy Tested Seed. Can save you money.

O. E. VARS

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Daddy Took His Cue Instantly.

KEMP'S BALSAM. That word "thunderbolt" is hardly a figure of speech. The thing that hit us couldn't be compared to anything milder than thunder and lightning. There was a dash, a rending, ripping roar as if the solid earth were splitting in two, and the air was filled with flying fragments and splinters. Air, I say, but the air, choking gas which