

SCHAUL & ROOSA COMPANY

VAN HOUSEN COLLARS

You've read and heard about them, but you will never know what real collar comfort is until you wear one.

- Will not shrink — No starching.
- Will not wrinkle — No stiffening.
- Will not wilt — No rough edges.
- The comfort of a soft collar.
- The appearance of a starched collar.

STRIKING A YOUTHFUL NOTE IN THE SPRING SUIT STYLES

Happy companions are Spring time and youth time, for do not Spring time and sprightliness go hand in hand? Even men of mature age feel younger in the environment of balmy breeze, green trees, and nature's rejuvenation. Hence the tendency for brighter, livelier, more spirited styles in suits such as we show now in this wonderful Spring Display. The spirit of youth itself smiles at you from these pleasing clothes — pleasingly styled, pleasingly priced, at \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45 to \$60.

SCHAUL & ROOSA CO.

117 Main Street HORNELL, N. Y.

THE GIRL, A HORSE AND A DOG

(Continued From Page Two)

ing him—in the actual purchase of the property—to take expert advice, and by craftily priming him, by understatement of the facts, to trust them. Only rumors of what had occurred at this visit reached Angelo, but Beasley could testify that his grandfather had come and returned alone, and that after the pumping demonstration had been made he had seemed disposed to pocket his huge loss and to call it a bad day's work.

The later developments were not hard to figure out. Beasley was able to tell us that the proposed railroad branch to run to the new copper properties in Little Cinnabar gulch was now a certainty for the very near future. Hence the time was fully ripe for the recovery of the Cinnabar by the plotters. No finer thing had ever so subtly assumed that a representation of the property—not directly by themselves, of course, but by an agent who would figure as a disinterested third party—would be easy. Beasley said that there had been some talk of an underground drainage tunnel, such as Daddy and I had figured upon—this at the time of the springing of the flood trap—and that the cost had been estimated at half a million. Unquestionably the robbers had assumed that an old man who had already charged his venture up to profit and loss would sell for a song rather than to venture again; and in this they were probably well within the truth.

But at the moment when they were ready to complete the circle of imposture, death—the death of Grandfather Jasper—had stepped in to complicate matters. Somebody—possibly Cousin Percy—had corresponded with whoever was representing the robber syndicate, and by this means the plotters had learned that they would now have to reckon with an heir. How Bullerton came to be employed by them almost at the instant of his return from South America we did not know; but we could easily understand that with the new completion which had risen by reason of Grandfather Jasper's death, it was highly necessary for some emissary of the syndicate to get on the ground quickly, prepared to forestall by purchase, guile, or, in the last resort by force, any attempt of the Dudley heirs to pry into things they were not to be permitted to know.

The pushing of the fight for possession to the final and property destroying extremity was another matter that Beasley was able to explain.

"I see, it was a case of fish 'n' cut-bait, and do it quick," the marshal ex-

plained. "If he could run you folks out, pronto, and get possession afore anybody come along to ask a lot o' p'inted questions, he stood about one chance in a dozen to lie out of it some way. If you-all got killed in the scrimmage, he'd scatter his men in the woods and try to make me b'lieve that you'd got done up trying to run 'em off."

"Would you have believed him?" I asked, grinning across the table at Beasley.

"It'd a-been a question of veracity, as the court says, with maybe you and Ili Twombly too dead to testify." At this, Daddy, who had been eating like a man half-starved, put in his word.

"I reckon you can't get at them galsos higher up, Stannle, but if you don't shove Charley Bullerton just about as far as the law 'll allow, I'm goin' to call ye a quitter."

At that moment Jeanie had just brought in another heaping plate of the luscious corn cakes, and I was looking at her when I replied.

"I'll see about the moving a bit later, Daddy. The first thing to do is to put the old Cinnabar in shape to sell us out some money. I'm broke, you know."

When I made this admission, Beasley, the last man in the world from whom help could come, I should have said, looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Stannle, Brumpton, if that's your name, you ain't so dad-blamed crazy as you look and act," he remarked.

"Money's what talks. Are you aint to swing onto this thing with your own hands—for keeps, I mean, not to sell it out to the first set o' minin' sharps that comes along?"

"Sure!—you said it; I'm going to keep it and work it—after I get out of the jail where you're going to land me for pinching that inspection car and getting it smashed. Why else did I start out blindfolded to hunt for a girl, a horse and a dog?"

He let the latter half of my reply go without comment; charging it up to some last lingering remains of the craziness, perhaps.

"Well, let's see about where you'd crack your whip first," he invited.

"That part of it is easy," I laughed. "What I don't know about the practical end of the mining job would load a wagon. I'll pitch out and hunt me up a real, for-sure minin', of course."

"Nothin' so awfully crazy about that," he granted. Then: "What's the matter with Ili Twombly, here, for your boss minin'?"

"Not a thing in the wide world—except that he can't be because he is going to be my partner in the deal."

"Now you're talkin' a whole heap like a white man," said the desperado-ish one. "Dog-goned if I don't b'lieve

I took just one little glance at Daddy, and the mild blue eyes said "yes." "But you've got me under arrest, Mr. Beasley," I pointed out, just to see what he'd say. "You can't very well close a business deal with your prisoner, can you?" "Kill two or three birds with the one rock," he mumbled, cramming the striped hair of his breakfast-mishmash corn cake into his capacious mouth. "I'll chase you down to Angels and turn you over to the majesty of the law—the same bein' by name old Squire Dublin. Then I'll jump my job o' sortin' out the bad angels from amongst the good angels and go out and rustle your ball." Time old Bill Dublin's chewin' over the law in six cases made and provided—like he was bound to do—I'll scrape up a bunch o' men and start 'em up hereabouts to begin on the repairs. How does all that strike you?"

If my laugh was a bit grim there was a warning for it. "It strikes me fair in the empty pocket, my good friend," I told him. "Just at this present moment—I couldn't finance one solitary lonesome carpenter—to say nothing of a gang of them, with half a dozen steam-fitters and boiler-makers thrown in." "Huh! workin' capital, you mean? That's about the easiest thing this side o' Hades—with a mine like the old Cinnabar—with no more water in it than what can be pumped out—to back you. I reckon your title to the property's all right, ain't it?"

"It is; I have a deed from my grandfather." So much I said, but I didn't go on to explain how the quick wit of a girl who now hated me had saved that deed from being a mere scrap of waste paper. Not that I knew how she had done it—but the tangible fact was safely in my pocket.

Fifteen minutes after this breakfast table talk I was bidding a temporary good-by to the wreck on the Cinnabar ledge, and was about to take the road to Atropia with Beasley; both of us intent upon catching a way-freight to Angels. Daddy had lent me the piebald pony for the ride to the railroad station—this either with or without Jeanie's consent; I didn't know and forbore to ask—and the hell-quin-faced dog was ready to trot at the pony's heels. But the blue-eyed maiden had shut herself up in her room, and I thought she wasn't going to come out and see me off.

At the final moment, however, after Beasley had already steered his nag across the dump head, and I was about to climb into my saddle, she came to the cabin door, and was both curiously embarrassed and a bit breathless.

"Please—one minute!" she begged; and as I took my foot out of the stirrup: "Do you know what they have done with—will?"

"With Bullerton?" I helped out. "No, I don't know; but I suppose they've taken him on to the county seat at Copiah with the others."

"Then—then—please let him go! If you refuse to prosecute—"

"Make yourself entirely easy," I broke in, a bit sourly, maybe. "I agree not to play the part of the dog in the manger."

"Thank you—so much!" she murmured; and then she backed away quickly, and went in and on through to the kitchen, leaving me to follow Beasley, which I did, with the sour humor telling me that of all the puzzling, unaccountable things in a world of enigmas, a woman's vagaries were the least understandable. For, after all was said and done, and after all that had happened and been made to happen, it seemed to be patently apparent that Jeanie Twombly was still in love with the jeet.

CHAPTER XIX.

Angels, Desert and Urban.

Our stop-over in Angels, Friend Beasley's and mine, was of the shortest. Our business with Father William Dublin was the merest trivesty, upon a trial at law, and was speedily concluded.

Since there would be no passenger train until afternoon, Beasley and I resumed our places in the freight caboose, and in due time were set down in Brewster, the breezy little metropolis of Timanyoni Park.

Here my captor—and friend—appeared to be very much at home. He took me to the best hotel, where he was greeted with affectionate camaraderie by a clerk who wore a diamond big enough to serve for a locomotive headlight, shook hands with, and introduced me to, a number of gentlemen in the lobby, and presently gave me orders to go up to our rooms and "take a wash," preparatory to meeting a certain friend of his at luncheon; the meeting contingent upon his being able to "round up" the friend in time for the feast.

It still wanted a half-hour of the appointed luncheon time when I descended to the lobby. A little before one o'clock Beasley came in with a middle-aged man who looked as if he might have been the retired manager of a Wild West show; not long-haired, or anything like that, but with the cool eye and bronzed, weather-beaten face of one who lived under house roofs only when circumstances forced him to. A moment later I was shaking hands with Mr. William Starbuck, mine owner, ranchman, a director in the Brewster National Bank, president of the Brewster Commercial club and the prime mover in a lot of other civic activities too numerous to mention.

I may pass lightly over the events of the three days following; days in which Mr. William Starbuck, who seemed to be known to all the old-timers in Brewster as "Billy," and to the younger generation as "Uncle Bill," looked up in my behalf, procured me the necessary working credit at the Brewster National Bank, and, by the aid of a quantity of new machinery, helped Beasley to rustle up a small army of mechanics to go ahead of us to the Cinnabar, and last, but not least, made my peace with the railroad company in the matter of the stolen and smashed inspection car; this being a thing which he was easily able to do because he was the brother-in-law, once removed, of the railroad company's vice president and general manager.

On our last day in Brewster, and as a parting favor, I asked Starbuck how I should proceed in regard to quashing the indictment against Bullerton, and when I did so, he gave me a shrewd look out of the cool gray eyes, with a gentle uplifting of the shaggy brows. "If you are determined to let Bullerton go, all you have to do is to do nothing. If you don't appear in Copah to prosecute him and his would-be ignis jumpers, the case against them will be dismissed, as a matter of course. But watch, you know, you ought to make an ample of them."

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The proof of the Stove IS ON YOUR TABLE

AFTER all is said and done, that stove is best which is most economical of fuel, most easily regulated, and keeps longest its good looks and usefulness. The Sterling range does cost more than others but more than saves that difference in the first year.

SILL STOVE WORKS Rochester, N. Y.

If you don't know the Sterling dealer, ask us.

The MAULE FREE SEED BOOK

Send a postal for it today.

W.M. HENRY MAULE, Inc. Philadelphia, Pa.

Classified Adverts.

FOR SALE — 85 locus Fence Posts, better than chestnut; cheap. Frank Emery. 11

FOR SALE — Fine Little Farm of 20 acres, two miles from the Village of Andover, good buildings, well watered and sold on easy terms. Calhoun Real Estate Agency, Andover, N. Y. 11

FOR SALE — Quantity of loose Hay, also Grade Holstein Bull. Mack Dean. 11

FOR SALE — Duck Eggs, one dollar a setting, also Stove Wood. George Vickers. 11

FOR SALE — Two brood Sows in fine condition. George Weryly Andover, N. Y. 11

FOR RENT — The Mead Farm of 105 acres, cash rent. C. E. Hays. 11

April 1st will be All Fools day, but most of us will be careful not to recognize our own.

Get More Goods Pay Less Money

Candidly we do not know how to write a truthful advertisement that will appeal more strongly to your good sense than the above six words. We offer you exactly what we state in those two lines. If you are one of our customers you know it. If you are not a customer a few trial orders will convince you

H. H. WILLIAMS THE STORE OF QUALITY.

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New Spring Suits

The new "Par Vee" idea developed by our tailors at FASHION PARK is on display now.

Also new ideas in collars. Let us show you the VAN HUSEN. It's different.

GARDNER & GALLAGHER (INCORPORATED)

111 Main St. . . . Hornell, N. Y.



Was Looking at Jeanie When I Realized.



Now You're Talking Like a White Man.

you are white! What do you say to jivin' me a whack at the bossin' job?"

Elmon

South

Mar. 15. — Spring with the song of the first odors of the Miss Eva McAndrew spent last Thursday Dr. Grenolds, of professional visitor Mingus home. A representative Bailey Co. drove over recently. Richard McAndrew farm. Ed Lynch has been from his Welch farm. A few of our readers the big dollar day last Tuesday. Pingry Hill corrects the loss of former wee bit of consolation usual phrase "What our gain."

Elm V

Mr. and Mrs. L. in Hornell Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Shu Gertrude, of Kansas of Buffalo, were via Sampson's over the Mrs. Cole treated dren to cookies and as a reward for each fact in spelling Friday Ruth Burdick passed her cousin, Florence Mr. and Mrs. Me Miss Lovina Osborn in Hornell Thursday The Ladies Aid Mrs. P. E. Caple amounted to \$5.25. Mr. and Mrs. Jes Wellsville Saturday Misses Mira and Andover, were called Mead last Sunday Giles Caple and of Andover, called recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Simeon Hann were in ville Tuesday. The Home Bureau Mrs. S. Hann, this The pupils perfect the week ending Wilda Burdick, Ed Sweet, Natalie Cole son, Dorothy Dodge, Frederick Sampson, Doris Burdick, Mr.

The pupils perfect

HAVE YOU THE S

If So, Comm Gude's Pep and Get Good H

Lack of vitality, ness, bad breath, checks, loss of we lessened strength— for the immediate Pepto-Mangan. It produce satisfactory ing it with your weeks, and be surp prement in your Pepto-Mangan will strength during co any illness. It ha successfully by i where for thirty Recognized iron merit. For sale in form by all druggis the full name, "C gan." Advertisement

S P F

A big ass Latest S Homespuns. Fine Wro breasted styl many a day. Come to values.

Jos. I