SIGN-BOARDS ON THE UP-ROAD

Hamilton B. Williams

If the Lind Christ should come those who are attuned to God's voice again in the flesh well, those who that knows no language save kindle serve Him now in quiet ministry ness.

They should know that a messanger.

If He should come again,
And crave our hospitality,
What folk would open doors to Him?
Why, those whose doors are open for their fellowmen.

If He should speak His word
In hamlet and in crowded streets,
Who would bring all and follow Him?
Why, those like those of old who listened and who—heard.

If He should show the load That lades the multitudes of folk, Who would go Iorth, to lend a hand? Why, those whose light shows Man's to be a neighbor's road.

And who 'mongst men would still ,
Be of his fellowship world-wide?
Why, those whose quests spur them to do —
By roads true, good and beautiful — the Father's Will.

And who would kneel before The kindness of God's gentlemen? Why, those who find through mercy's torch In some brave hand, the welcome at the Father's door.

And who as couriers
Would bear good news of the Father's Hour,
Where bed and bread are for us all?
Why, those who have the heart that ministers.

papers and pipes and set it with Lee's nearer supply of dishes. There was a real omplet, ten, crackers and the pastry, and to the hingry young people it tasted like a feast. "Imagine my coming to see you in your room." exclaimed Molly after they had finished, "when rather didn't even want us to write! What would

he thick of this "Coder the circumstances, I don't see, how he could object," said Lee

see-flow he could object, said Lee with a little siffness. Your father seems to object to me on general principles. Of course he is my guardian, and the way my father's will was left-1 court courted by own money until after 1 aim twenty-six-mother.

"I know about n, sans dad if he really blame dad if he began barrer allowance

He is really bound by the terms of the will to take only enough from it

the will to take only enough from it for the expenses of your maintenance and education."
"I didn't want to have a larger al-lowance," protested Lee, glad to see that Modly understood the way the land lay. "I simply have been asking him to make a loan. I'm of age, good-ness knows. I know my own mind and when money is tied up by wills

itke that the trustees or guatuam-often forward something—"
"But dad says you are extravegant. Where does the money go? That's what he asks. You have a large al-lowance." Molly bushed a little at """ and the more there, ""Really," like that the trustees or guardians

towance." Molly bushed a nine at the seeming importhence. "Really, Lee, where does it go? Surely living this way can't cost very much, cooking your own lunches and things. You poor dear, it's a shaine. Dad thinks you are living extravagantly."
"It costs something to study medica accorders. Molly I finished my

cine nowadays, Mony. I finished my work as interne several months ago,

dream." Molly had drawn her chair over to Lee's and had put one of her hands over his soothingly. "You know how I feel. Lee—you must have guessed. But, of course, I couldn't do anything to hurt dad, and dad Just thinks you have been extravagunt. He thinks you've been studying medicine just as

"That money still worries you," Lee

11. (] Mr.

Who would his enemies be.
And seek to still the voice of Truth?...
Why, those like those who made his way
(Truth's crimson road) straight — to the Hill called Calvary.

Who could go down to greet
The Lord with palms and psalms of praise?
Why, those who love the father's folk
And flame Love's torch to every street.

Love and / Luggage

By JANE OSBORN

Ormsby was making an

That is, he called it an omelet, that he proceeded to fry on one-burner ras stove sounded more inviting when so dubbed than as scrambled eggs.

His cost was off and his steeves

Were rolled up. A look lay open on the combination study and uning table in the center of his large, rather bare from. From time to time in his preparations for his two o'clock lunch he would read a few sentences and conjure over them as he went about his tasks. Then there was a knock and he opened the door, holding his cooking spoon in one hand. He was quite sure that it was one of his fellow medical students. But it wasn't it was most and byte, the daughter of his guardian, from way down south of the Mason and Dixon line.

"Heavens above!" exclaimed Lee, throwing the spoon toward the table and taking Molty's hand in a vigorous

browing the spoon toward the table and taking Moily's hand in a vigorous andshake.

"I thought you'd be surprised. But "I thought you'd be surprised. But you're the only person I know in Philadelphia." Lee had closed the door and cleared his most comfortable chair of note hooks and papers and Molly was seated when she continued. "I have hegen visiting near New York and I had to make a change here for a southern train and I discovered that I haddt any money. Just ter cents, and I spent that on car fares finding you. I must have left my money in and I spent that on car fares finding you. I must have left my money in the trunk that was to be expressed through. In fact I am quite sure I did. I remembered your address just by chance, and so I came to get you to give me a little money to get my ticket home." Mally stopped saddenty, suffing inquisitively. "Excuse me, Lee," she said, but weren't you cooking something."

Work as interne several months ago, and now I'm taking a postgraduate course here, seme specializing I was interested in. I didn't want to hang out my shingle mitti had enough money to buy my cur and get my cuitipment. Lee stopped abruptly and looked into Molly's sweet brown eyes. "I didn't want to start till I could go down home and ask you to marry me, and I had no right to ask you or your father until I had my money. It's going to he a great adventure starting in with my practice and I didn't want to be alone at the start. But perhaps it is all a foolish dream." Lee, "the sait, "but weren't you cooking something."
In three long steps Lee, who had been very much engrossed just looking at his pretty culter and basking in the soft melody of her voice, reached the stove. "Late "the store in the soft melody of her voice, reached the stove. "Late "the store in the soft melody of her voice, the best working bard at the clinic."
Then, after explanations, interrupted by explanations, in terrupted by explanations, it was agreed that Lee Should go out in search of the needed funds while Molly should remain in the room preparing a real

the needed funds while Molly should I remain in the room preparing a real omelet with the eggs that Lee had on hand, and after that they should lunch together. Lee intimated that he could not reach the bank before closing time, which was a fact, though the important thing was that there was no money in 'the bank anyway. He hoped to be able to borrow the needed \$220 from some of the follow sundants

20 from some of his fellow students whose resources might not be so low as his own.

Two of these friends were away when he called at their lodgings and the other two were nearly as lumpercunious as he. He managed to accurate between them \$3.25 and spent 40 cents for pastries on his way home. Lee, with much embarransement, confessed his failure on his return, but Molly said that there must be formed to accurate the trace of the said of the remainders o

should be ready to welcome.

Not those, perchance, who are from God is come by certain signs and shout loudly, "this way;" and here "s the "sacred road" . . . but

change in telegraphing to Molly's father in her name and ind enough
money-left, to pay for a tax's man tocarry Molly and one of his trunks to
one of the good hotels. The trunk,
though empty, would serve us security.
She could have it checked on South
on her ticket, as Loe was returning
home in the spring and had a preclous minil wardrobe to curry. That
would save Lee the expense of expressing it when the time came.

Lee had gone out to see shout the
leigram when the tax' man came, so
Molly in some confusion wrote to Lee
that she had gone to her hotel, and
got the taxi' man to take the trunk, got the taxi man to take the trunk would expect him to the morne

and would expert him to the more period of the property of the period of

was not until morning that Lee the empty trunk but a trunk contain-ing \$1,000 worth of equipment, all fortunately carefully packed for trans-portation.

Two days later came a night letter

Two days later came a night letter-from Lees home town in the South-"The trunk was so heavy that dad had it opened. We discovered the equipment, which showed how money-has been spear. Dad is sending check on account. He hopes you will come back home to begin practicing in the spring. Shall we have the trunk sent

which Lee responded: "Keep Coming home at once to hang

Accidents Will Happen

By FREDERICK HART

When Ethel Dorrance opened her came conscious was a pair of gra-

came considers was a pair of gray eyes very close to her own, and a handsome face on which auxieur and relief, struggled for mistery.

She was viguely considers that the body was one vast ache; that when she tried to move her right arm it refused to obey the behest of her will; and that something—her hat, probably—was twisted around her neck awkwardly and prodding with a sharp wire into her shoulder.

Dimly she remembered what had happened; how she had taken the towning-car and started downtown to meet her father at his office; how she had swerved to avoid running down a street urchin who had sprung from nowhere directly in front of her car; how there had been a clanging of goings and a grinding of brakes in her ear, and a looming vision of the menacing front of a heavy street car over her very head; then darkness and world till the aching return of consecutive with the residual of the wid till the aching return of con-sciousness and the knowledge of the

sciousness and the knowledge of the eyes near hers and of a strong arm supporting her shoulders.

Weakly she tried to raise herself to a sitting position, but the pain made her sink back again with a groan.

A voice belonging to the man who owned the gray eyes spoke.

"Don't move—you're all right—ther'll he here in a minute"

they'll be here in a minute."

Who were they"? Who were they'? she wondered.
Then she thought again of the urchin
who had been the cause of her accident. "How is—how is the little boy?"

she asked.

"He's all right—got off with a bad scare. You saved his life, and risked your own to do it. Ab—here it is."

THE PROPERTY OF to hurt dad, and dad just thinks you have been extravagant. He thinks you've been studying medicine just as an excuse to come off here and they alone. He can't see how any one who is some time to have all your money to spend could choose to be a doctor. That is why he is so suspicious. Perhaps I cun help to explain, now thattheve seen you. Still, don't see why you needed so much money to live this way."

That's why I have had to live this way. That's why I am always dead broke before my monthly check comes. That's why I haven't the money to lend you—"

For a moment Lee will dejected over this failure to rescue Molly in the predicament, Finally it was agreed which drew up with much ringing of

he would nave to wait until bell and courging or motor. The fo arrange at the bank to crowd parted, and a sprace young insome money on the strength terms easisted the man with the gray test mostably resultance bloke or a to bluck Ethel in the car. She or his next mosthly resistance. Melly would have to see about griting accommodations. She could go to a hotel for the night telegraph home of her deley, and then take a train in the morning after funds had been secured to pay her hotel bill and for her ticket home. Still, she could not go and come unknown at her hind with the scheme. He spent some of his scant change in telegraphing to Molly's father to her name and bud enough.

made a last effort.

mu father J. W. Dorrand "Tell my father—J. W. Dorrance-tell him I'm all right," she said; and then the cool white walls of the ambu then the cool where wans to the amoujance sysvered queetry, and there was
a confused buzzing in her care, and
she sank down, down, through limittiese space till she reached a place
when there was a defined such
silence and blessed relief from pain.
When she came to herself she was
lying in her room at home. Begideties had she made are two faces.

the hel she made out two faces; one of a white-capped nurse, and the other the anxious countenance of her father. As she opened her eyes she heard him say, "Thank God" and felt him take her hand. She held his fingers in a convulsive grlp. - "Am I am I all right?" sl

pered.

"Yes, thanks to the man who picked you up. You gave us an awful fright, little gif, but you're all right now."
Her father's voice was cheery and his eyes met those of the nurse with a soulle.

eyes met those of the nines with a smile.

"Who was it?" she asked.
"I don't know. He disappeared after the accident. But the doctor at the hospital said that if it had not been for his first aid you might have—" he did not complete the sentence. "Seehere's the only clew we have to his identity." He held up a handkerchief. "He twisted this into a tourniquet on your arm and stopped the bleeding where the glass from the windshield had cut you. The handkerchief is marked 'J. H.! That's all we know." "Perhaps—perhaps he'll come to claim it," she said with a faint smile. Then, for she was still weak, the nurse forbude further talk, and gave her

Then, for she was still weak, the nurse forbude further tulk, and gave hersomething that tasted bitter, but which sent her into a deep slumber from which she woke refreehed.

Two weeks later, when she could, at up and felt able to receive her friends, many of whom called to congratulate her on her speedy recovery, ber father entered the room with a twinkle in his cy. The said "Some one is going to call on you in helf an hour—some one you don't know yet, but whom you will before long." With these words he was gone, nor could all her coar-

he was gone, nor could all her coax

ng call him back.
Promptly at the set time there was a knock at her door. To her call her ather replied, and entered, ushering

father replied, and calculations in a stranger of stranger of stranger with gray.

"Ethel," began her father, his is the young man to whom we owe your life. May I present Mr. Harris,—my daughter, Mr. Harris, I want her to tell you herself how gratefu we all are for your prompt aid.

by the way, she has something fours which you may want." And good man chuckled to himself a left the room.

"Daddy, I think he's splended. How did you find who be was?"
"Ball, It was a control control of the big firp of lawyers, wrote in to sake how, you were—he's an old friend of miths, you were—he's an old friend of miths, you were—he's an old friend of miths, you were—he's and friend of his firm, and a very clever one, had been there and priched you up. It seems that after you left he west to his office to find out who I was, and told the whole story to Morton, swearing him to find out who I was, and told the whole story to Morton, swearing him to secrecy. But Morton thought that he was foolish not to let us thank him, so he spilled the beans, and I got hold of young Mr. Harris for dunch and made him promise to come up here. What do you think of him? "Daddy, I think he's just as nice as he: "And did you return his handsechief?"

A little blush ran across Ethel's

little blush ran across Ethel's

A little blush row face.

"Well, he didn't ask for it, and 1

"Well, he didn't ask for it, and 1

"Well, he didn't ask for it, and a thought—I thought foll like to keep it for a souvenir of the occasion."

"Oh! Well—I see!" And Mr. Dorrance left the room laughing heartly, to the great indignation of his daugh-

But several months later, when the engagement of Ethel Dorrance to the rising young lawyer, John Harris, was announced, and the newspapers hint-

perture. Ethel called her father to ed at the community beginning of their ber.

"Daddy, I think he's splendid. How her Latter."

his daughter and death, reg

Narrow Minds.

It is difficult for the good Christias to acknowledge the good Pagan; almost impossible for the good Orthodox to grasp the hand of the good Unitaring, Jeaving to their Creator to estile the matters in dispute; and giving their mutual efforts strongly and trustingly to whatever right thing is too evident to be mistaken. Then and trustingly to whatever right thing is too evident to be mistaken. Then again, though the heart be large, yet the mind is often of such moderate dimensions as to be exclusively filled by with one tides. When a good man has long devoted himself to a particular-kind of beneficence—to one species of reform—he is apt to become narrowed into the limits of the path wherein he treads, and to fancy there is no other good to be done on earth but that self-stane good to which he has put his hand, and in the very mode that best suits his own conceptions—Nathaniel Hawthrane.



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