JIGGERS

FRANK R. ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK R. BROWN

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

The Sheridan Dramatic Club, of which Tom Bilbeck, the narrator, Maryella, the girl he cares for, and Jim Cooper, his rival, are members, start a performance of Pygmalion and Galatea at the Old Soldiers' Home, but are interrupted by a fire. During the rehearsals Tom Bilbeck is accused by the husband of one of the actors, Mr. Hemmingway, of being in love with his wife.

Riding away from the scene of the ill-fated play in their costumes and overcoats, the group of players are held up by two escaped convicts, one of whom is captured by Bilbeck after a struggle.

The captured thief is tied to a chair at the Old Soldier's Home. Unable to leave the home as the car refuses to budge, the players must stay there, and Mr. Hemmingway, hearing this over the phone, says he is coming right to the home—as he is suspicious of his wife and Bilbeck. Meanwhile the sheriff arrives.

Hemmingway arrives just when Bilbeck is assisting Mrs. Hemmingway, who has fainted, and of course thinks the worst. Meanwhile a disturbance is heard in the cellar, and all in the house rush down to it.

Now go on with the story—

The Sheriff's horse has broken loose. Meanwhile Hemmingway suspects Bilbeck more and more, and Jim Cooper mixes in to tell Bilbeck he has arranged that the Hemmingways be divorced and that Bilbeck is to marry Mrs. Hemmingway.

Now go on with the story.

Comrade Dreyanfurth saw he was not required as a conversational aid, and he left us alone.

"I want to beg your pardon for not speaking to you at breakfast," Mrs. Lillielove went on nervously. "Of course I couldn't before everybody. You understand, don't you, Mr. Bilbeck, that my social position as the wife of the most prominent undertaker and embalmer in town makes it impossible for me to do anything openly that might be talked about?"

I assured her absently that I understood. What was she driving at?

"But beneath my calm, conventional exterior," she went on, "I am terribly romantic! I am very broad and altho the world may float you for loving another man's wife, I do not censure you. Oh, Mr. Bilbeck, you naughty man!"

She paused to observe the effect of her reproof.

"But how we girls do admire you rakes, you men of the world!"

Covered with blushes at her own temerity, Mrs. Lillielove left me to digest her declaration. This two-hundred-pound Venus had seen in me a Don Juan and was secretly envious of Mrs. Hemmingway as the supposed recipient of my attentions.

The poor nut! What a fool situation it was. Probably no man within a radius of a hundred miles was less capable of being a gay deceiver than I, and yet entirely without effort on my part I was thrust into the role of such a part in a Decameron romance.

How could I clear myself and become again what I had been yesterday, a good natured dub, conventionally in love with the sweetest girl in the world?

CHAPTER X.

Skis vs. Snowshoes

The morning train left at eleven o'clock. The colonel had telephoned the local livery man to send rigs for our party. The sheriff determined to wait and go after we had broken the trail.

While we were waiting for the teams to come Comrade Henwether played the phonograph for us. Owing to his affliction his choice of records was nothing extra. Most of the melodies were very ancient and many were cracked. Evidently the Home got its records from the same source as its magazines.

Everyone was anxious to get away. As the time approached for the rigs to come the women folks got on their wraps and sat around expectantly near the door so as not to keep us waiting.

Maryella had spoken to me when she came from the room.

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you," she said. "Altho I am sure I don't know what to say to a man who wins the love of a married woman."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded roughly.

"Why, Jim has just told me that he fixed it all up for you," she explained innocently enough. "He says it is all for the best, because otherwise Mr. Hemmingway would probably have shot you."

"Maybe he will anyway," I added gloomily. "What pleasure it would be to pay a fine for assault and battery committed on the person of one James Cooper, alias Jim the Fixer!"

The telephone rang. Everyone listened with strained attention while the colonel answered it.

I leaned forward a trifle to restore my equilibrium. As I did so I heard a sharp swishing sound as the runners glided swiftly over the snow.

The speed increased. I looked about for some way of slowing up. There seemed to be no brake. It appeared inadvisable to turn sideways as one does on skates in order to stop. Even as I thought, my pace accelerated to such a degree that I abandoned all idea of doing anything but pray.

Directly in my path, proceeding slowly down the hillside, was John Hemmingway. Headed as I was I could not fail to strike him. I tried to steer in some other direction. It was no use. I flew toward him as a filing to a magnet.

He was blithely unconscious that

I was almost upon him. He made a supreme effort—and stumbled. I shut my eyes.

"What's that?" he asked after listening a minute. "Can't get thru? One of the horses has hurt himself already in a snowdrift? That's too bad. When do you think you can make it? All right."

He hung up.

"I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen," he said, turning to our group. "The liveryman says they can't get thru from town. The drifts are six and eight feet deep in places and they had to turn back."

"What can we do?" wailed Mrs. Lillielove.

"You'll have to stay here until they get the road broken thru. They say that they can make it tomorrow if there is no further fall of snow."

"But there must be some way of getting thru today."

"Not unless you use snowshoes."

We sat in moody silence. As hardly anyone was speaking to anyone else, there was not much opportunity for discussion of our situation.

"Mr. Hemmingway made the first move. "I'm going to town," he declared. "I can't stand it here any longer. I made it once on snowshoes, and I guess I can do it again."

"But the snow is deeper now," objected Mrs. Hemmingway, her maternal concern overcoming her anger for the moment.

"Thank you just as much for your suggestion," her husband said coldly, "but my going and coming has ceased to be any affair of yours."

Mrs. Hemmingway flushed as if she had been struck. I half rose as if to defend her. This was observed by the others, who glanced at one another with significant looks as if to say, "See!" The ownership of the woman has passed from the husband to the acknowledged lover."

"We can't let you go alone," Colonel Stewart objected when Hemmingway began to bundle up preparatory to leaving. "There is really considerable danger."

"Then will someone else go with me?"

Mr. Hemmingway surveyed our group with disdain. His attitude signified that he did not think there was a man in the lot of us.

"I'll go," I volunteered suddenly. After all, why not? There was nothing to stay for.

"You go with me?" Hemmingway questioned derisively. "There is no object in your trying to get me alone. You have already robbed me of the only thing I care for in life." He cast a tragic glance at the dissolving Mrs. Hemmingway.

"Don't be unreasonable." Jim Cooper put in his oar as usual. "This is all for the best. You ought to be glad to have Tom go with you. If he's with you it is the only way you can be certain that he isn't flirting with your wife."

Jim's argument carried undeniable weight with the distracted husband. I could see him ponder it. Altho he had cast her off, the idea of his wife taking up with someone else was galling to him.

At last he said. "Come on, then, if you're the only one who has the nerve to follow where I lead."

Then came the problem of snowshoes. Hemmingwey had his that he had secured in town, but there wasn't another pair in the institution.

Finally we dug up some skis which had been sent by some charitable contributor with a lack of aggravating. Once or twice I had to sit down to argue with them about it. I couldn't follow both of them, and if I went with one I had to leave one leg behind.

On the few occasions when I deflected them from the outward angle they turned the other way and I got my runners crossed.

"If you're trying to make me laugh," said Mr. Hemmingway sarcastically, as I got up and dug the snow out of my eyes and ears, "you may as well give up. I'm not in the humor for it."

I was able to keep still, thank Heaven, altho it would have given me great pleasure to have swatted him with the flat side of a ski.

The country round about was sloping. This is ideal ground, they tell me, for ski running. It was fairly level from the Old Soldiers' Home, however, for a distance of several blocks. I was glad of that because it gave me an opportunity to sort of find my ski legs. By the time I could take three steps without tripping or splitting, I considered that I was no longer in the amateur class.

My egotism melted away when we came to the first rise. It was a gentle slope, but I found it very difficult to climb. I had to tack or else I found myself slipping backwards.

I tried dismounting from the skis, but found that the snow was up nearly to my waist and it well-nigh impossible to flounder thru.

I made it somehow, but Hemmingway on snowshoes beat me to the crest by several minutes. He waited there until I got nearly to the top and then he started down the other side.

I gained the summit. It was not very high, but afforded an excellent view of the country. Under the snow it was beautiful. A group of fir trees over at the right with branches borne down with a tremendous load of white was a graceful picture.

"Come on," yelled Hemmingway, half way down the hill. "We have to catch that train!"

I wrenched myself away from my contemplation of the beauties of nature and considered the matter of progressing further. I started to walk after him. Soon I was relieved of the necessity of effort. The gentle grade was enough to cause me to slide over the surface of the snow.

It was an exhilarating sensation and very restful. I was suddenly glad that I had skis instead of snowshoes. I had been envying Hemmingway the superior traveling qualities of his equipment, but now I could see that the advantage was going to be all my way. While he walked down the hills I would be sliding gracefully and resting myself for the climb up the next one.

Wrapped in pleasant introspection I had scarcely noticed that my speed was increasing a little. Now a slight difficulty in balancing called my attention to it.

I was overtaking him. He is a large man and so am I. The result of an impact was terrible to contemplate.

I tried to cry out to him, but my voice left my dry throat only as a harsh cackle. The only word I could think of was "Fore!"

Intuition made him turn around. He must have read in my eyes that I had lost control because he started to scramble hastily out of my way.

Horror of horrors, my runners, which had hitherto glided straight, as if on rails, now swerved sharply to one side in the direction which he was going!

He saw it and redoubled his efforts to get out of range. With fiendish perversity the skis turned also. I was almost upon him! He made a supreme effort—and stumbled. I shut my eyes.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

For next year's clover to be seeded in wheat on sour soils, apply lime soon after the land is plowed.

Select seed corn for next year before you cut this year's crop. Save only healthy, early-matured ears from vigorous and disease-free stalks.

Rude Rural Rhymes

The Relic

The sun was warm but not yet hot; we labored on the garden lot, when Jim saw something gleaming white that Pulleyn's plow had brought to light. He picked the dingus from the ground, and said: "Hey, dad, what's this I found?" It was, it was, now what you guess? A corset steel and nothing less. A cost of good enamel paint had kept it free from weather taint, as white, with some few stains erased, as was the breast it once encased. Says I, "This relic was of yore part of a jacket women wore to give their shapes a mighty squeeze along between the neck and knees. The fullness thus compelled to go bulged out above and else below as if you tied with might and main the middle of a sack of grain." "And were they pretty funny dad?" "Why, no," says I, "They weren't so bad. I liked them pretty well, I guess, but now prefer the modern dress, the dress, the modern gait; when women walk they undulate. They ripple like a wind swept wood and wear their bulges where they should."—BOB ADAMS.

Agrigraphs

Roadside markets can not have continued success unless they sell quality products.

• • •

Sell cows that test low in butterfat; get high-test cows in their place, and increase the herd average.

• • •

Uncle Ab says: Don't live in the grave yard; the world is more interested in what you can do than in what your ancestors did.

• • •

Uncle Ab says one of the best investments on earth is a piece of the earth itself; the progressive farmer is coming into his own.

• • •

Spray cows during the fly season; it means more milk.

New Brunswick Records

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There is a lifetime of beauty in this lovely bedroom furniture. Rich butt walnut veneers reveal a master hand at matching and contrasting woods. Five ply broad surfaces and other construction features that assure one of enduring charm.

Make up a suite of pieces best fitted to your room or buy one or two pieces now and add to it later. Many do this and take advantage of our liberal discount for cash.

Four Poster Bed, $33.50
Panel Bed $40.00
Night Table $14.50
Bedside Chair .. $11.00
Bedside Rocker .. $11.50
Vanitie Bench .. $ 9.75

3-piece Suites As Low As $120

Dressing Table, $45.00
Vanitie Dresser, $57.00
44-in. Dresser ... $57.00
48-in. Dresser ... $82.00
Chest of Drawers $42.00
Mirror and Stand $12.50

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$99.50 (less tubes)

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Size	Tire	Tube
30x4.75	$ 7.75	$1.40
29x5.00	7.95	1.45
30x5.00	8.15	1.50
31x5.00	8.45	1.55
28x5.25	8.75	1.60
29x5.25	9.25	1.55
30x5.25	9.45	1.60
31x5.25	9.75	1.65
30x5.50	10.55	1.80
30x6.00	11.45	1.99
31x6.00	11.70	1.95
32x6.00	11.95	2.05
28x4.40	12.25	2.10
29x4.50	5.45	1.10
30x4.50	6.15	1.25
29x4.75	7.35	1.30
29x5.25	7.50	1.35

Community Correspondence

South Hill

Sept. 18.—Vegetation looks almost "as good as new" with the frequent rains now prevailing.

Com. Howland moved the stone crusher last week to the Horan Hill and his force of men are laying a gravel road bed at the Dean-Horan corner. Certainly a great improvement, which will be appreciated the coming winter.

Clarence Cronk has resigned as pumper on the Atwood lease and is now working at Bolivar. He trucked his household goods from the hill to his new home last Sunday. We are sorry to lose those estimable people from our neighborhood, and all wish them a full measure of success in their new location.

Materson and Son of Andover are doing the threshing on the hill, but have been "rained off" quite frequently, grain being all in the fields.

In stepping from her kitchen door Saturday evening, Mrs. Alice Livermore fell and had the misfortune of breaking a bone in her ankle. Dr. Scott of Andover reduced the fracture and her daughter, Anna Benjamin of Buffalo, came Sunday to care for her. But a few weeks ago Mrs. Livermore suffered from serious burns, and our people were very sorry indeed to hear of this injury, and hope her recovery will be as speedy as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dean and Mr. and Mrs. A. Dougherty were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Daniher of Wellsville.

Dr. Scott of Andover motored over the hill in caring for Mrs. Livermore.

Richardson and Hammond of Andover were doing preliminary work last week, on a water system for Dean brothers.

Frank Holmes is caring for the Atwood lease at present, and was assisted last week by Mr. Youngs of the Marsh.

Whitesville

Sept. 16.—Wm. McGraw of Salamanca was in town on business, Thursday.

Mrs. Leon Wildman was taken to Jones Memorial hospital, Wellsville, Friday for medical treatment.

Miss Alva Simmons was home from Andover over Sunday.

Ronald Leach, who works in Andover, spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. George McKee was a Wellsville visitor last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Deck were in Galeton, Pa., on business, Saturday.

Mrs. Guy Bassett and daughter, Hortense of Rochester, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bassett from Friday over Sunday.

Gustavas Ladd of Ulysses is spending some time with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Crittenden left Sunday for a week's vacation at Wallkill, N. Y., and vicinity. They were accompanied by John Crittenden and sister, May Chase of Wallkill, who have been visiting here for several weeks.

Robert Crittenden of Portville, is looking after the interests of C. L. Crittenden's store while he is on his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Deck, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anderson and Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Taylor attended the historical pageant, held at Leicester, N. Y., last Saturday afternoon. It is reported 50,000 people were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Merrick were here Sunday, bringing home her mother, Mrs. Clara Simmons, who has been visiting them the past week in Friendship.

Word was received last week of the death, in a Syracuse hospital, of Prof. Glenn Blaisdall, of Fredonia, N. Y., a former efficient and successful principal of the Whitesville high school for five years. Death was caused by hemorrhage of the bowels. It is understood that he had taught the first week of a year's contract at Glens Falls, N. Y. His Whitesville friends regret the passing of a fine gentleman and capable teacher.

Fire in the back part of Haslett & Chase hardware store created much excitement here Friday afternoon about 2:30 p. m. The condensory whistle and fire bell brought out firemen and a large crowd of people. Fire chemicals and two lines of hose were soon playing on the fire, which had a good start. For a time it looked as the the building would be consumed and aid was asked of both Wellsville and Andover. Both places responded but when they arrived the fire was under control. The back room where the fire was confined was badly damaged, but the loss is probably covered by insurance.

C. L. Travis, superintendent of the Borden milk plant here, states he has bought twelve new Ford cars of the Richmond-Probasco Co here, to be distributed among the different Borden plants needing cars.

Davis Hill

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Briggs and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and children attended the home talent play, held in Whitesville, Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs, Roy Meade, Rosanna and Edna Joyce, were in Hornell, Friday evening and attended the St. Angelo celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Amesbury, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Davis, Sam Freeman and Ruth Green were in Hornell, Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs and family and Mrs. Myra Gardner and daughter, Mae, were at Loon Lake, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey attended the five works in Hornell, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordway and sons visited at Frank Halsey's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family visited at Henry Heiser's at Galeton, Sunday, also at Conrad Heiser's at Germania.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and sons were in Hornell, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Montgomery and sons of Hornell were visitors at Arling Briggs', Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis and Mrs. Leroy Davis visited at James Gibson's of Nile, Monday evening, Mrs. LeRoy Davis staying for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum and Kathleen motored to Whitesville and Greenwood, Sunday calling on Mrs. Webster of Greenwood.

Victor Hoagland was on the hill Monday evening, repairing a telephone and called at Floyd Slocum's.

Threshing is the business of the hill farmers now.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schreiner, son, Billy and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin of Wellsville were Sunday supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum.

About 70 friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Amesburg gathered at their home, Wednesday evening. The evening was spent in dancing, after which a very nice supper was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Carson, Sunday.

Miss Carol Walton visited Kathleen Slocum, Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Green and babe were visitors on the hill, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum and Kathleen visited Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hoagland, Monday evening.

Lee Trowbridge was a caller at L. E. Davis', recently.

Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery of Milwaukee attended the dance Friday night at Greenwood.

Miss Esther Clark called on Miss Agnes McCaffery, Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Pond and Miss Pauline Brundage and Dean Bosel attended the show at Hornell, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Pease and son, Harry and Miss Margaret McCullen and Mr. and Mrs. Flay Pease, Mrs. James Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stephens and two sons, Olin and Gertrude, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Jr., and two daughters, Bernice and Gertrude, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Miss Pauline Brundage, also Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Rogers and daughter, Louise and W. O. Slocum were entertained at a picnic dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Steven Kelley and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pease, Sunday, at Coudersport, Pa. A good time was reported by all.

Mrs. Rose Brundage and two daughters, Norma and Carolyn, were shopping in Hornell, Saturday.

Miss Mae Whitmore and Albert Warine attended the show at Canisteo, Saturday evening.

Lloyd Norton and Sam Ackley of Canisteo and Misses Doris and Gertrude Case spent Sunday in Watkins Glenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Case and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Woodworth spent Sunday in Watkins Glenn.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cody and daughter, Evelyn, from Potter street visited Mr. and Mrs. Ordo Williamson, Sunday.

Ruth Bennett of Young Hickory called on his sister, Mrs. Ruth Williamson, Monday.

Miss Agnes McCaffery attended the dance on West Hill, Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Miss Agnes McCaffery were shopping in Canisteo, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Alnora Minard of Hornell spent Saturday with Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Fuller of Andover called on their parents, Friday evening, Mr. and Mrs. George Caffery of West Hill.

Mrs. Mae Freeland and son, Orlo and Mrs. Del Minard of Hornell called on friends in town, Saturday.

Sam Alkely of Canisteo called on Miss Geraldine Case, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Jr., and two daughters, Bernice and Gertrude attended the dance on West Hill, Friday night.

Attendance officer, A. L. Trowbridge has visited all schools in the town of Greenwood and found them all O. K.: District No. 1, Mrs. Mary Cornish teacher, with 20 pupils. District No. 3, Miss Genevieve McCormick, teacher, eight pupils. District No. 4, Mrs. Gena Banks teacher, with five pupils. District No. 6, Ralph Warburton, teacher, with six pupils. District No. 7, Mrs. Ada Atkerton, teacher, with 17 pupils. District No. 8, Mrs. Helen Boyd, teacher, with 15 pupils. District No. 9, Miss Alta McCarragher, teacher, with 16 pupils. District No. 10, Miss Anna Boner, teacher, with 16 pupils. District No. 11, Miss Addie Boner, teacher, with seven pupils. District No. 12, Miss Gertrude Pierson, teacher, with four pupils.

Mrs. George Banks and daughter, Isabelle of Canisteo, called on Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Monday evening.

Miss Geraldine Case took dinner with Miss Agnes McCaffery, Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Stephens of Rock Creek spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Amond in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rogers assisted with the threshing at Mate Rogers', Monday.

Barney Mills

Mr. and Mrs. Sherd Austin were business callers at Hornell on Friday.

The West Union Home Bureau unit entertained the Independence unit at a picnic on the lawn of Miss Emily Barney, last Wednesday. There were 38 present and all enjoyed a fine time.

A number from our community attended the fire works at Hornell on Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bliss entertained friends from Rochester over the week end.

Mrs. Anna McGraw is spending a few days with Mrs. Anna Wallace at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Updyke.

Mrs. Ward Pearce and daughter, Elsie, of Rochester, spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. Carl Tracy.

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—To settle the estate of the late R. Howland, the following property is offered for sale: Farm of 120 acres on state road, two and one-half miles from Andover, with ten cows, farm tools. Farm well-watered and has natural gas. Also eight-room house and lot on Water street and two lots on Barney street. C. W. and E. C. Howland, executors. tf

WANTED

WANT upholstering, refinishing, repairing, rush and splint seats, carting free. The City Upholstery, 12 Depot street, Canisteo. 34tf

Please return my pie tins and jell tins as I need them. Mrs. Henry Bennett.

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Car owners insuring in the (American) Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company are saving thru regular annual dividends 25 per cent. of the cost of their insurance compared with a tariff stock company.

Auto Policy holders are saving by annual cash dividends of 30 per cent. in the Central Manufacturers' Mutual Insurance Company.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1928

(AMERICAN) LUMBERMEN'S MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY:

Assets	Liabilities	Surplus to Policy Holders
$10,204,937.75	$7,677,337.61	$2,527,600.14

CENTRAL MANUFACTURERS' MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY:

Assets	Liabilities	Surplus to Policy Holders
$3,862,744.70	$1,924,623.02	$1,938,121.68

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PINKY DINKY — THE VICTOR IS THE VICTIM — By Terry Gilkison