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.

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.

To get back home, Hemmingway must travel by foot, and Bilbeck offers to go with him. In violent disagreement, they nevertheless start out together on snowshoes and skis and soon Bilbeck tumbles over Hemmingway, the going being difficult.

Now go on with the story—

CHAPTER XI.

The Soup-Bowl

My skis went under him and I went over him. It hardly seems possible that an object moving as rapidly as I was could have been brought to a full stop in so short a distance. Hemmingway made a wonderful buffer. I was hardly hurt a bit, and was very glad to cease moving for a few moments with more parts of me resting on the ground than just my feet.

Hemmingway scrambled to his feet. To my amazement he held one snowshoe in his hand and while I looked he brought it down over my head.

"You dang murderer!" he shouted by way of emphasis to the blow. "Whad'd you try to kill me for?"

"Wh—what's this?" I ejaculated. "Do you think I did it on purpose?"

"Of course! Otherwise why didn't you slow up or jump over me?"

I maintained a dignified silence. What possible answer could I return to a fool query like that? Why didn't I jump over him? Why doesn't Taft hold the pole-vault record?

When my skis were readjusted where I had strained the footstraps by tripping over him I proceeded the rest of the way down hill.

Hemmingway joined me a little la'er, limping.

"Use a long stick dragging in the snow to make them go slower," he offered contemptuously.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Pictures," he explained tersely.

I recollected something like that myself, now that he had mentioned it. You remember the photograph—a graceful young man in a tassled cap and sweater poised in mid-air half way from one rise of ground to another, in his hand a long pole, on his face a non-chalant smile?

A pole was what I needed most. I thought I could manage the non-chalant smile myself.

I cut myself a branch of a tree. It was a great help. I used it in climbing up the next incline and leaned heavily on it coming down on the other side.

For the most part we traveled in silence. Once we had an argument as to whether or not we were proceeding in the correct direction. I thought we were right and he maintained that we were bearing too far to the left.

"To go due east," he insisted, "we ought to head directly toward the sun."

"No," I argued. "Not at this time of year. In the winter the sun is quite a ways south. So, to go east, we ought to keep the sun a little to the right."

I finally convinced him, or he got tired of arguing. Anyway, we went my way. I still maintain that we would have reached Fair Oaks in that direction had it not been for the accident.

We passed thru a gully that was pretty thickly grown up with hardwood timber. It was a narrow and deep dry-wash and lots of snow had drifted into it.

I had gotten across it safely and was proceeding without looking back when a muffled cry of "Help!" caused me to turn around.

Hemmingway was nowhere in sight!

Slightly puzzled, I went back. He had certainly been close behind me. I found him in the gully up over of the loops that fastened the fool things on my feet. I didn't realize how thin a crust it was here or how deep it was underneath. It wouldn't hold me and I fell thru; that's all."

As far as my experience went it was an unprecedented situation.

"Can't you climb out?" I asked.

"No. Every step I take makes the hole larger."

I began to see the advantage of snowshoes and skis for winter traveling. It seemed hardly possible that the same crust which held us so easily with them on would prove so treacherous when we were deprived of our wide footgear.

"See if you can't give a lift of some sort," suggested Hemmingway.

At last, by supreme effort, I scrambled over the edge into the snow that was firm, but slippery deep.

"Gladly," I answered, "but how?"

"Reach down with your hands and help me while I scramble up and get back on my snowshoes. This seems to be sort of a hole in the ground I am in, and I think the snow isn't so deep where you are."

I acquiesced in his plan, as I his head in snow. His snowshoes lay on top, melancholy monuments of his whereabouts. I looked down at him in amazement.

"What's happened?" I asked. "How did you get down there?"

"I fell off my snowshoes," he explained briefly. "I tripped, and in trying to save myself I stepped out could think of no other. Reaching down I gave him my hands and began to pull up while he scrambled wildly with his feet.

I sincerely believe that the scheme would have worked if my skis hadn't begun to slip. As it was he was nearly half way out before my feet shot out from under me and I landed solidly at the bottom of the pit he had made.

How I managed to end up underneath Hemmingway I can't imagine; but I did with a lot of snow and his snowshoes on top of both of us.

"What are you doing down here?" he asked petulantly. He spoke as if it was his hole and no one else had any right to be in it.

"I didn't want to come in," I returned angrily. "I was trying to help you. The next time you fall off your old snowshoes you can get back on them all by yourself. Now that we are here, how are we going to get out?"

"We might tunnel," he suggested. "All the way to town?" I asked.

"How would it be if I stood on your shoulders," he suggested, "and climbed out?"

"Why you on my shoulders?" I asked. "Why do I get the star part in this acrobatic act? If you get out, what happens to me? I suppose I stay down here until it gets spring."

"You could wait until I got help," he offered.

"And freeze to death in the meantime, I suppose. This is a nice little ice-box you chose for a home anyway. My fingers feel as if they are going to break off now!"

Finally we evolved a scheme of tramping the snow under foot in each direction until we discovered what the confines of our prison were. It must have taken us an hour to do it, but it kept us warmer and gave us the feeling that we were at least doing something.

We found out that we were in a bowl-shaped depression with steep sides and a rounded bottom. It looked as if it would be comparatively simple matter to climb out under ordinary conditions, but with the snow over everything it proved as impossible as for an insect to get out of the funnel-shaped pit of an ant-lion.

"I think I've got it," Hemmingway suggested.

"What's your scheme?" I asked sceptically.

"We will run around in a circle down here," he explained, "each time going a little higher on the sides. The centrifugal force will keep us from falling out until finally we'll reach the top. You've seen fellows do that trick on motorcycles in a racing bowl, haven't you?"

I admitted that I had, but doubted whether we could go fast enough to raise us up to the top. However, it was worth trying, and we started. I had to carry the skis in my hand and he had his snowshoes strapped over his shoulders, so that when we got out we would have with us our means of proceeding further.

He started out ahead, and in order to keep out of his way I had to follow. We were getting along fine and were half way up the side of the bowl, when Hemmingway, who was traveling faster than I, tried to pass me.

Honestly I didn't trip him on purpose, altho he says I did. How foolish! I wanted to get out of there myself.

Be that as it may, he did fall, and as he went he carried me down with him. We landed in our usual position at the bottom of the bowl, hopelessly tangled up as to arms, legs, skis and snowshoes.

I got to my feet as soon as possible and moved the point of one of my skis from John Hemmingway's stomach.

"I hope this isn't broken," I said, examining it carefully.

"So do I," groaned Hemmingway, "for I want to break it myself!" He rubbed the spot where the ski had rested.

We tried the same trick again and again, and always with the same result. One or the other of us would slip and it would involve the entire party in disaster.

After we had done that for quite a while we desisted. We didn't have any more wind left anyway.

As we sat there panting I tried to rack my brain as to where I had been in a similar situation. At last I remembered it. It was in a summer amusement park years ago. There had been a depression in the floor of one of the concessions called the "Soup Bowl," out of which it was very difficult to extricate yourself after you had once got in. There was a trick about it—the trick was the only way you could ever get out.

I racked my brains to remember that trick. At last I did.

"Keep a little bit to one side," I told Hemmingway, and wondering but docile, he obeyed.

I ran up the side of the bowl as far as I could and then turned and ran straight down again and up on the other side. I repeated this process several times, the impetus carrying me higher each time, until at last by a supreme effort I scrambled over the edge into snow that was only moderately deep.

A few moments later Hemmingway worked the same trick. After we had put on our skis and snowshoes we started off once more.

"We were there so long," I said, "that we have probably missed the train."

"I suppose so," Hemmingway assented gloomily. "But there will be another train some time, I guess, and if we hurry we may be there before it goes."

So we pushed on. We had been traveling in the woods, so we were a little doubtful about our directions, but as soon as we emerged we found the sun again and headed in that general direction, bearing a little to the left as before.

I was getting hungry, but Hemmingway vetoed the idea of stopping at a farmhouse for lunch because, as he suggested, we could probably get a better meal in town. He thought we must be almost there as we had been traveling quite a while before we found the soup-bowl, and it was only about eight miles all told.

So we pushed on.

At the top of every hill we expected to get our first view of Fair Oaks, but every time we were disappointed. It seemed incredibale that we had not come eight miles—we had been walking for hours and were all tired out.

Still, we were headed in the right direction, due east, toward the sun.

It was only when the sun set that we realized our blunder. While we had been in the soup-bowl the sun had passed overhead; and when we had taken our bearings again after coming out, we must have headed southwest when we went toward the sun and a little left. It was absurdly simple when we came to think about it, but I doubt if any one not trained in woodcraft would have done differently than we.

We had been going ever since noon in exactly the opposite direction; and by this time were three or four hours' traveling from Fair Oaks!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Be sure the material is worth the time spent on it before making over an old garment.

* * *

A spray of mint added to the fruit while it cooks gives a delicious flavor to elderberry jelly.

Community Exposition and Style Show

Plans are now under way for the Fourth Annual Community Exposition and Style Show, under the auspices of the Wellsville Chamber of Commerce, which will be held on Thursday and Friday, October 3rd and 4th at the Odd Fellow's Temple. The Exposition this year promises to be even larger and better than in previous years. Two large tents are to be erected on the ground adjoining the building which will provide for the exhibition of automobiles, etc., while in the basement will be the exhibits of manufacturers and merchants.

One of the principal features in connection with the Exposition will be the Style Show which will be held both nights at 7 and 9 p. m. Living models will display the very latest in wearing apparel and accessories for the Wellsville merchants. A special orchestra has been engaged for this event. Guest tickets may be obtained from the Wellsville business men.

STATE OF NEW YORK,)
) ss.
Allegany County Clerk's Office,)

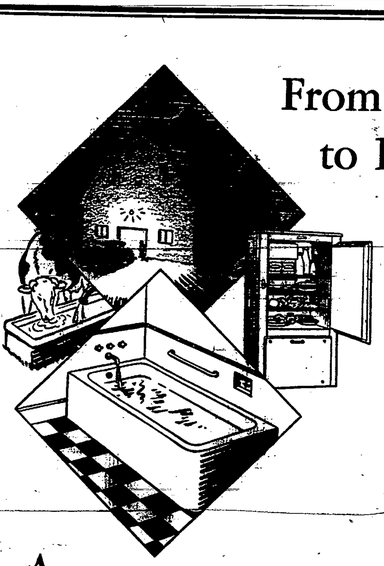
NOTICE is hereby given that on Friday, the 4th day of October, 1929, at 9 o'clock, a. m., a panel of TRIAL JURORS will be drawn at this office, to serve at a term of COUNTY COURT to be held in and for the County of Allegany, at the Court House in the village of BELMONT, on Monday, the 21st day of October, 1929.

WILLIAM W. BUSH, Clerk.

Flower beds and borders should be cleaned out in the fall to destroy disease fungi which live over winter in plant residues.

More than six million bushels of potatoes, or 16 per cent. of the New York crop, are unfit for food or seed. Much of this loss can be prevented by better harvesting and storage. Cornell has a bulletin on this subject; send for E141.

From BARN to BATH TUB



"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET. 7 models. $525—$695. A six in the price range of the four. Smooth, powerful 6-cylinder valve-in-head engine. Beautiful Fisher Bodies. Also sedan delivery. Light delivery chassis 1½ ton chassis and 1½ ton chassis with cab, both with four speeds forward.

PONTIAC. 7 models. $745 — $895. Now offers "Big six" motoring luxury at low cost. Larger L-head engine; larger Bodies by Fisher. New attractive colors and stylish lines.

OLDSMOBILE. 8 models. $875—$1035. The Fine Car at Low Price. Now offers further refinements, mechanically and in the Fisher Bodies—also eight optional equipment combinations in Special and De Luxe line.

MARQUETTE. 6 models. $965—$1045. Buick's new companion car, designed and built by Buick. Six cylinders. Fisher Bodies. Its price puts Buick quality and craftsmanship within reach of more families.

OAKLAND. 9 models. $1145—$1375. Oakland All American Six. Distinctively original in appearance. Splendid performance. Luxurious appointments. Attractive colors. Bodies by Fisher.

VIKING. 3 models. $1595. General Motors' new "eight" at medium price. 90-degree V-type engine. Striking Bodies by Fisher. Unusual appointments. Also optional equipment combinations.

BUICK. 14 models. $1225—$1595. Three new wheelbases, 118-124-132 inches. The greatest Buick of them all. Many new mechanical features. Fisher Bodies with new lines.

LaSALLE. 14 models. $2295 — $2875. Companion car to Cadillac. Continental lines. Distinctive appearance. 90-degree V-type 8-cylinder engine. Striking color combinations in beautiful Bodies by Fisher.

CADILLAC. 26 models. $3295 — $7000. The Standard of the World. Famous efficient 8-cylinder 90-degree V-Type engine. Luxurious Bodies by Fisher and Fleetwood. Extensive ranges of color and upholstery combinations.

(All Prices f. o. b. Factories)

ALSO

FRIGIDAIRE Automatic Refrigerator. New silent models with cold-control unit. Tin-core cabinets. Price and model range to suit every family.

DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plants—& Water Systems. Provide all electrical conveniences and labor-saving devices for the farm.

A farmer friend who owns two General Motors cars went to the city the other day and stopped in to see some cousins. They showed him around their new roof garden apartment, eighteen floors above the street, and proudly pointed out their Frigidaire in the pantry.

"Well," chuckled our farmer friend, "Mother has a garden full of old-fashioned flowers that she'd never trade for theirs . . . and as for the refrigerator, we have a bigger Frigidaire than they have!"

He also mentioned his Delco-Light power system and his DL water pump, which give him every other city convenience. As he often says himself, his farm is "General Motorized from *barn to bath tub!*"

It is perfectly true that General Motors, through its various units, offers even more to the farm family than to the city family. By applying methods of automobile production to home electric lighting and power plants, water pumping systems, and automatic refrigerators, General Motors can make the reliable kind of product that a farmer wants, at a price he can afford.

GENERAL MOTORS

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Party, every Monday, 8:30 P. M. (Eastern Standard Time) WEAF and 37 associated radio stations

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When posts are behind, the camera is a great automobile industry (this General Motors) The fields story is sold in a little book with lots of interesting pictures. This book—"*The Open Mind*"—will be of value to every car buyer. It is *free*. Send the coupon. Check the particular products you would like to know about.

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☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ VIKING ☐ CADILLAC
☐ Frigidaire Automatic Refrigerator ☐ Delco-Light Electric Power and Light Plants ☐ Water Systems

General Correspondence

South Hill

Sept. 25.—The heavy frosts of last week changed the hue of all green things growing.

The threshing machine has passed on, and now the corn crop, which was damaged by the frost, is being harvested.

Henry Horan, Mrs. John Wahl and Miss Nell Horan of Andover helped Mr. and Mrs. Leo Horan with their threshing bee last week.

Com. Howland moved the stone crusher Saturday, after greatly improving the intersecting road at the Three Corners.

Mrs. Ed. McAndrew of Andover spent Thursday on the farm, as cook for the threshing gang.

Mrs. Howard Dean and babe visited in Wellsville, Friday afternoon.

Business quiet on the Atwood lease this week, no pumper has yet succeeded Mr. Cronk.

Earl Richardson and Mr. Hammond got the water system doing business at the Dean homestead last Thursday.

Miss Anna O'Leary of Andover spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. M. Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean and Mr. and Mrs. A. Dougherty spent Sunday evening in Wellsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Roselle of Wellsville were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty, Sunday.

Some of our farmers have secured help for the potato harvest, and have begun the work.

Independence

Miss Minerva Trowbridge of Rochester is visiting Mrs. Carl V. Clarke.

Eugene Crandall of Alfred is spending the week-end on the hill.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Clarke and Hilda were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clarke at Little Genesee Friday and Saturday.

A goodly number of Home Bureau members attended the demonstration at Alfred Station, Wednesday.

Floyd Clarke and Wallace Briggs attended a Farm Bureau banquet at Belmont Thursday evening.

Mrs. M. A. Crandall was a guest Thursday of Mrs. Sue Sherman at Wellsville.

Miss Margaret Grossman of Andover has been spending a few days with Mrs. W. J. Potter.

Berton Crandall returned to his school work at Harvard University Thursday.

Mrs. C. M. Crandall and Burton Crandall were in Ithaca, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Barney Mills

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Edwards and family were business callers in Wellsville, Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bliss shopped in Hornell, Saturday afternoon.

Miss Jennie Waters of Bethesda hospital is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. John Wallace.

Quite a number in our community are on the sick list.

Norman Tracy returned to Buffalo on Sunday, to take up his studies at Bryant and Stratton business college for another year.

Miss Emily Barney spent Wednesday at Hornell.

Greenwood

Sterling Holly is attending school at Hornell.

Mrs. J. M. Crown of Lawrenceville, Pa., who has been spending the last few weeks with Mrs. Lottie Miller, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Corwin and son, Nelson, of Lawrenceville, Pa., spent Saturday with Mrs. Lottie Miller.

Miss Alberta Dennis of Jackson Hill called on her grandmother, Mrs. A. H. Dennis, Wednesday afternoon.

Henry Milligan of East Greenwood was in town, Tuesday afternoon.

Samuel Pearson and Dell Taylor of Rock Creek were in town, Tuesday.

The Eveready Sunday School Class met with Mrs. A. H. Dennis, Wednesday afternoon. A short business meeting was held. Mrs. Dever Clark was elected secretary and treasurer, to succeed Mrs. Clarke Foster who resigned on account of poor health. It was voted to have tureen suppers at the meetings hereafter. Each one brings sandwiches and one other article of food and take a fork, plate, spoon and cup. Mrs. Wm. Rollins gave a fine reading. Music was furnished by Albert Dennis and Marian Scribner. Refreshments were served by the hostess to 19.

Henry Milligan of East Greenwood was in town Friday on business.

Miss Alta McCarragher of West Jasper is driving a new Pontiac coupe.

Mrs. Wm. Wyckoff of Hornell is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Dever Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Austin of Springville spent the week-end with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn VanFleet and two children of Canisteo called on Mrs. Jennie Williamson, Monday evening.

Miss Isabelle Banks of Canisteo spent the week-end and attended the dance Friday night with Miss Agnes McCaffery.

Miss Louise Taylor spent from Tuesday until Friday with Mrs. Joseph Crammer of Lower Bennetts.

Marion and Virginia Scribner of the "gully" spent Wednesday night with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Scribner.

Davis Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Montgomery and sons of Hornell were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs, Sunday.

Charles Halsey had the misfortune to cut his thumb and finger badly, Monday, working in the woods for Ray Rogers. Dr. Scott dressed the wounds, and they are doing as well as expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Green of Duke Center were visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Green, Sunday. Mrs. Green has been very ill with indigestion, but at the present writing is much improved.

The road men have moved from the west road over on the Davis Hill road and are making much improvement.

Mrs. Glenn Amesbury was a dinner guest of Mrs. William Jennings of Richburg, Thursday.

LeRoy Davis is very ill at his home with a clot of blood on the brain. Dr. Scott of Andover, the attending physican. We are all hoping for the speedy recovery of Mr. Davis.

Mrs. Frank Halsey, Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway, Mrs. Leeman Davis Mrs. Arling Briggs, Rosanna and Edna Joyce, Mrs. Fred Halsey, Mrs. Frank Davis, Mrs. Bert Halsey, Mrs. Leo Davis, Mrs. Floyd Slocum and Sophia Slocum were guests of Mrs. L. E. Davis, Sunday.

Mrs. Bert Halsey was a visitor at the homes of Leeman Davis and Lawrence Ordiway, Tuesday evening.

Floyd Slocum and L. E. Davis are shingling George Beebe's house this week.

Arling Briggs, John Briggs and Floyd Slocum have started a new hen house on Arling Briggs' farm.

Mrs. Herman Kruger of Wellsville and Mrs. Glenn Amesburg canvassed the hill, Friday for Larkin Club members.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Perry are digging potatoes for Frank Halsey, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Slocum and son and Mr. and Mrs. John Coyle of Trumansburg were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum.

Mrs. L. E. Davis was a visitor of Mrs. Frank Davis', Tuesday, remaining for the meeting of Rebekahs in the evening at the I.O.O.F. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and children and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum attended the meeting in the I.O.O. F. Hall, Tuesday evening.

Ed. Kilbane and son was a caller on the hill, Monday.

Rosanna and Edna Joyce, Kathleen Slocum and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum motored to North Bingham, Sunday. Mrs. Sophia Slocum returned with them after spending several weeks at the home of Mrs. Mary Webster of Greenwood.

Leeman Davis is ill with a bad attack of summer grippe.

Mrs. LeRoy Davis returned home Sunday, after spending several days with her sister, Mrs. James Gibson of Nile.

Whitesville

Jack Frost got all the crops and gardens last week.

Corn cutting is the order of the day among farmers.

B. B. Hann of Andover was here reading gas meters, Tuesday.

Miss Freida Carpenter has been ill with jaundice the past week.

Lyle Cady of Adams Center was a week-end guest of friends here.

Mrs. George McKee has been on the sick list the past week.

Mrs. Nettie Vanderbeck is in Wellsville sanitarium for treatment.

Thomas Stafford went to Alden, N. Y., last week to try the Blackwater baths for rheumatism.

Gustavas Ladd of Ulysses is spending some time in town, with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Shay of Whitesville and Mrs. Howard Scribner of Wellsville spent Sunday in Dansville, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Crittenden returned Monday from a week's trip to Wallkill, N. Y., and New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Travis left Saturday for a trip to Boston, Mass., and will return the first of this week.

Mrs. Lawrence Crittenden and Earl Crittenden of Milton, Pa., are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Crittenden.

The Whitesville Civic Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Ella G. Millspaugh last Friday afternoon. Hostesses, Mrs. Anna Seger, Mrs. Lena Seger and Mrs. Millspaugh. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Whitesville M. E. church has raised $751 the past year. At the election of officers held last Thursday, Mrs. Rhoe Leach was elected president; Ella G. Millspaugh, vice president; Sara Crittenden, secretary and Mrs. Vina Hurlbert, treasurer.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society Auxiliary of Whitesville raised $159.61 the past year with 23 members. They support two scholarships in India and a reading room in China.

J. Arthur Crittenden is improving his residence with a new coat of paint.

Ronald Leach, who was granted a local preacher's license at the Corning district conference, held at Knoxville, Pa., last week, preached in the M. E. church here last Sunday evening.

West Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brewster and Idanette were in Andover Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Coombs were in Wellsville Saturday, where Mrs. Coombs had a tooth extracted.

Benjamin Sweet, Mate Woodworth and grandson, Billy, from near Alfred were callers in this place, Sunday.

Thatcher brothers' truck from Hornell was over the hill Wednesday.

Mrs. Gladys Brown and daughter, Veronica, of King Hill, and Mrs. Mildred Coombs and daughter, Leah were Thursday callers at Fred Conrad's.

Mrs. Grace Brewster was a Friday afternoon guest of Mrs. Flossie Brutsman.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Lewis and daughter of Young Hickory were thru here Sunday.

Horton Day is assisting Van Coombs with his work for a few days.

Dr. S. B. Scott of Andover was a professional caller at Clarence Brutsman's, Friday.

Glenn Coombs of Garwoods was a caller at his brother's, Van Coombs', Tuesday.

A group of farmers in Genesee county learned from their cost accounts that they lost 47 cents an hour for the time they spent in growing wheat last year. They grew less wheat this year.

Where to Shop in Wellsville

Rockwell Brass Co.
Wellsville, N. Y.

Dry Goods—Ready-to-Wear
Rugs—Furniture
The largest retail store in Allegany County.
A position held for 47 years.

Special Low Prices on Work Ordered now for Fall or Spring Delivery.
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Dr. A. O. Smith
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BRIEF BUSINESS BRIEFS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—50 acre farm close to town. Good land. Price less than cost of buildings. Sixty acres, close to village, Route 17, concrete—fine chance to raise chickens; seven room house and other buildings; $1,275. House, barn and five acres land in town. Don't overlook these bargains. Home Enterprise Sales. See R. E. Shaff.

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

FOR SALE—The Mrs. D. L. Hardy property. One acre of land; ten room house in good repair. Several fruit trees and hen house. Inquire of Mrs. A. R. Mead. 41

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Eight room apartment. Bath, electricity. Phone 213.

WANTED

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

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Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria.
It is the most speedy remedy known.

For best production from pullets put them in the laying house before production begins.

* * *

Uncle Ab says don't try to fool anybody; you can't fool a wise man; and fooling the other kind doesn't get you anywhere.

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Luxurious Mattress, Pillows and Springs to Match
Spring Green - - - Venetian Blue - - - Light Rose

To meet the modern mode for new charm and decorative beauty in the bedroom we offer these luxurious bed ensembles.

The woman who loves beauty in the home will enthuse over the rich damask chosen for the covering of mattress and pillows.

SPRING CUSHION MATTRESS

Inter-spring mattresses are now used in scores of America's foremost hotels, exclusive clubs and fine homes. These new type mattresses are silent, resilient, buoyant, cradling the sleeper in perfect comfort. This fine mattress is sold here at $29.50—delivered to your home.

THE MATCHING PILLOWS

Soft and billowy are the matching pillows with the same rich damask covering and the same lovely color as the mattress. The pillows are sold here at $12.50 pair—delivered to your home.

DOUBLE-DECK COIL SPRINGS

The spring that gives cushioned service to every inch of surface. This ideal comfort is assured for many years for more restful springs cannot be bought at any price. Babcock's price is $19.00—delivered to your home.

Complete Outfit
$56.50

New Highboy Fada 25 console—all electric, seven grid tube operation—no loop, antenna or ground—console of walnut with burl panels.

$165 less tubes

Babcock Radio Department

FADA Radio

Defiance Double Guaranteed Tires are Sold for Less

1 Because Defiance Tires are made by one of the largest and most reliable tire manufactures in the world.

2 These tires are made exclusively for one of the largest department store chains in the world, including 200 of America's foremost stores, and whose enormous buying power is able to effect tremendous economies.

3 The fact that tires are only one of the many lines sold by us, and that we are not dependent on them alone to carry our overhead, we are enabled to sell them at a much closer margin of profit, passing this saving on to you.

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
30x3½ Rez. Cl.	$ 4.65	$ .95	30x4.75	$7.75	$1.40
29x3½ G. Cl.	4.85	1.00	29x5.00	7.95	1.45
29x4½ Gt. S. B.	6.25	1.00	30x5.00	8.15	1.55
31x4	8.35	1.40	31x5.00	8.45	1.55
32x4	8.95	1.45	28x5.25	8.85	1.50
33x4	9.35	1.50	29x5.25	9.35	1.55
32x4½	12.35	1.70	30x5.25	9.45	1.60
33x4½	13.35	1.80	31x5.25	9.75	1.65
34x4½	13.85	1.90	30x5.50	10.85	1.80
29x4.40	5.45	1.10	30x6.00	11.45	1.90
30x4.50	6.15	1.15	31x6.00	11.70	1.95
28x4.75	7.35	1.30	32x6.00	11.95	2.05
29x4.75	7.50	1.35	33x6.00	12.25	2.10