SOULS FOR SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

NINTH INSTALMENT

Remember Steddon comes West to avoid revealing the result of an unfortunate love affair to her father.

The Rev. Dr. Steddon, a clergyman of kind heart but narrow mind who attributes much of the evil of the world to the "movies" and constantly inveighs against them. Mem, her lover Elwood Farnaby having died in an accident, at the advice of Dr. Bretherick, gives her bad cough as an excuse to get to Arizona and from there writes homes that she has met and married "Mr. Woodville," a wholly imaginary person. Later she writes again to say that her "husband" has died in the desert. She takes a job as a domestic to avoid being a burden on her parents. A fall prevents her becoming a mother. In Arizona she had met

Tom Holby, a leading man in a motion picture company, and thru him gets the opportunity to play in a desert drama. With the company is

Robina Teale, a star, fond of Holby and

Leva Lamaire, an extra woman. After her accident, Mem becomes friendly with

Mrs. Dack, a poor woman of Palm Springs, Arizona, and takes an interest in her bright little son,

Terry Dack, who has a great gift of mimicry. Inspired by a letter from Leva, Mem plans to go to Los Angeles to take a job in a film laboratory.

She gets a job in a film laboratory, but loses it. She meets a Mrs. Sturgs from her home town, who talks of the evils of the movies, and says the stars are forced to sell their souls. Mem then learns her mother is coming to visit her. Mem is worried about her finances.

She sees a casting director, Arthur Tirrey, and abruptly offers herself to him in return for a job in the movies. He tells her the talk about "paying the price" is all rot. Meanwhile the attention of Mr. Bermond, head of the company, is divorced to her and he decides to give her a chance. Soon she finds herself posing with Claymore as her director, obeying his commands in a kind of stupor.

Mem's father reads a publicity story calling her "the prettiest girl in America," and writes a letter of protest to his wife and daughter. Mem's fame begins to spread, and Claymore, the director, takes an unusual interest in her. He is infatuated with Mem but tries to be aloof and professional to hide the fact from the company.

Now go on with the story—

He never said anything, however, that he might not have said before a crowd. He never tried to hold her hand or snatch a kiss or filch an embrace. Mem was constantly set quivering with expectancy that he would make some advance, some gesture of endearment, yet always unable to decide just what she would do if he did. But he didn't.

The picture and its final retakes were finished on a Saturday afternoon. There was an evening's idleness ahead. Claymore asked Mem to take a drive in his car, a long farewell flight about the familiar and unvisited roads. She accepted meekly. Something told her that this drive was important to her fate.

Something was always telling her something. Nine times out of ten it was false, but she forgot the failures and recalled the coincidences.

Nobody had yet asked Mem for her self-respect as an initiation fee or an initiation rite. She was paid a weekly wage based upon her ability, her experiences, and her usefulness. She was paid in coin of the realm.

Her price would rise and fall according to the general market for moving pictures and her specific value. Her emotions and her beauty were commodities, and Steddon stock would be quoted on the Soul Exchange as the demand for it rose and fell, as the bidders for it increased or diminished.

Claymore had been chaperoned by the company and his own reverence for discipline. But now she was outside his authority. Both were outside the Bermond inclosure. And they were as helpless together as any other twain whom nothing restrains or separate in the undertow of passion. They were two emotional people without a barrier.

Among the countless things said about the hows and whys of women's surrenders one motive seems to have been too much ignored; tho it must have exerted a vast influence as women go more and more into the worlds of business, of art, and of freedom with only themselves for their guardians.

Good sportsmanship, a hatred of smuggery, a contempt for too careful self-protection, a disgust for a holier-than-thou self-esteem, these are amiable attitudes of mind that make for popularity. To be a miser of one's graces, a hypochondriacal coddler of she's virtue, is to be unloved and unlovable.

So many men will gamble, break a law, risk his career, his health, his life, get drunk, steal, slay, and play the fool rather than face the reproach that he is a mollycoddle, a Puritan, a prig, a Miss Nancy, a coward, a Pharisee.

And many a woman who would not yield for love or luxury must have consented for fear of seeming to be overproud, stingy, cold, prudish, disobeying, superhuman, subnormal, unsportsmanlike.

Mem had been swept once beyond the moorings by a summer storm of devotion to young Farnaby, her first love. Now she was to feel her anchors cut adrift by the gracious gesture of good fellowship with a colleague.

* * * *

The Ocean Drive stretched along a forest of palms like huge coconuts dark against the gaudy west. The automobiles of every make were so many that they were almost one long automobile, or at least a chain on which they slaid as black beads. Their lights were coming out now like early stars pricking a twilit sky. For miles and miles the highway mounted and writhed along the steeps of precipices, hugging the rocks to let pass car after car with lamps flashing in front of blurred passengers.

In almost every "bay" where

"..., to interrupt you, folks, but I need your money."

there was a bit of space a motor had stopped and drawn close to the cliffside in the dark, each car a wheeled solitude, a love boat at anchor in a stream of cars ignoring and ignored. There was a strange influence in this recurrent mystery. Everywhere lovers were hiding themselves in conspicuous concealment. Mem felt disgust at the first dozen, amusement or contempt for the next fifty, tolerance for the next, and—

Claymore did not speak of them or of anything else. He was too busy twirling the wheel and gauging the little distances between the edge of the cliff and the cars that whizzed by.

Halfway up the canon his headlight ransacked a black cove and found no motor in possession of the estuary of night. And here, to Mem's dumb astonishment, he abruptly checked his car, swung in off the road against the wall of rubble, and stopped short with a sigh of exaggerated fatigue.

"Well," he groaned, "this is a drive! I'll rest a bit if you don't mind. Pretty here, eh?"

From their cavern of gloom they looked across a fathomless ravine to a mountain as which the risen moon poured a silent Niagara. In the dozing radiance a creamy shaft of yucca stood, a candle blown out in a deserted cathedral.

The night air was of a strange gentleness, and the cars that shot past threw no light into their retreat.

There was a long, long silence that filled Mem with a terror she could not quite fail to enjoy. She could not tell whether she heard her own heartbeats or his, but excitement was athrob together in the little coach that had brought them so swiftly to this remote seclusion.

Claymore was dumb so long that Mem had time to cease to be afraid of what he would say, and to begin to wish that he would get it said, so that she could know what her answer would be.

She felt a baffling uncertainty of herself. She could not imagine what she might do or say. She had not had much experience of men, but enough to know that before long he would initiate the immemorial procedure that starts with an arm adventuring about a waist and a voyage after a kiss.

She told herself that the only right and proper thing to do would be to resist, protest, forbid and prevent at any cost the profanation of her sacred integrity. If necessary, she must fight, scratch, scream, escape, run away, appeal for help to any passer-by, or, as a last resort, leap over the cliff and die for honor's sake.

But who was that she and who was that herself that told each other so many things?

Herself told She that Mr. Claymore could not be treated as an ordinary ruffian, an insolent, outrageous knave, a fiend. He had treated her with most delicate courtesy from the first, he had given her his admiration, his praise, his devotion, his mute but evident affection.

If he loved her and revealed his love, she could hardly reward his patient chivalry with prompt ingratitude and violence and fear. That would make her the insulter, not him.

She must be very gentle with him and ask him kindly to forbear and not to spoil the pleasant friendship that she had prized.

If Mr. Claymore should propose marriage, that would make his caresses acceptable—according to some canons, tho not to all. But he could not marry her and she did not want to marry him. She did not want to marry anybody just now. She was a free woman in a free country.

She was not free, however, from the witchery of the night, this dream the vast yearning of this mountainous beauty. She was not free of the disaster of desire, the hunger to be embraced and kissed and whispered to, the need to be kept warm in the cold loneliness of the world.

Her thoughts spun giddily in her mind, all entangled with a skein of romantic threads. She was young and pretty and time was wasting her flowery graces. Some one bloomed!

While she debated with herself, as doubtless innumerable women have plights, Claymore's own mind was a chaos of equally ancient platitudes of a man's philosophy.

At length he found the courage or the cruelty to slip his arm about Mem's waist and to draw her close to him. He was almost more alarmed than delighted to find that she hardly resisted at all.

He took her hands in his and whispered, "Your poor little hands are cold!"

Then he kissed them with cold lips that he lifted at once to hers and found them warm and strangely like a rose against his mouth.

He was so much amazed at if here were the first lips he had ever kissed—as if he had just invented kissing. Then in a frenzy of wonder he closed her in his arms with all his power. He did not know that the wheel bruised her side, and neither did she.

But she forgot to debate her duty or to think of her soul. She thought only of the rapture of this communion, and her arms stole around his neck and she clenched him with all the power of her arms.

Mem, swooning she knew not whither, was awakened from her mad rapture by a low voice across her shoulder.

"Sorry to interrupt you folks, but I need your money."

She turned and found herself blinded by a glare from a motor halted at a little distance. Dazzled as she was, she could see the gaunt hand that held before her a black pistol with a glint outlining its ugly muzzle.

Claymore was sane enough to attempt no resistance, tho he almost perished of chagrin. He endured the insolence of the masked stranger who stole the chain and a wallet and the loose silver.

The blackguard held his clubbed pistol over Claymore's head a moment, then forebore to strike, and dropped from the step with a last warning.

"Sit pretty now and keep 'em up till I git goin' or I'll—"

His car shot around the curve.

Claymore brought down his aching arms. They were too much ashamed of themselves to return to their late pose about Mem's shoulders.

A preverse remorse filled their souls with confusion; a remorse because of a wrong resistance, a disgust for an unaccepted temptation and for being so temptable.

A woman never quite forgives a man for not dying for her at the first opportunity. She probably never quite forgives him for dying, either.

So a clever man evades the situation where a choice is required, as the virtuous man evades temptation while it is yet far off.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Objected to Knitting in London Co. Council

Knitting needles may not click in accompaniment to the debates in the London county council.

This unwritten law was laid down with emphasis by an irate masculine objector when Dame Beatrice Lyall, member for East Fulham, produced a pair during an all-night session and proceeded to click off interminable hours of debate with as many inches of warm woolen sock.

No woman has yet had the hardihood to produce knitting needles in the house of commons, but in the past men M. P.'s have done so.

The most famous knitter in parliamentary annals was one of the Wason brothers, who were well known to a former generation at Westminster. They were such big men that they were prominent figures wherever they appeared, and the spectacle of one of them, a man six feet tall and proportionately hefty, plying his knitting needles throughout debates in the house must have been incongruous. His fellow M. P.'s apparently thought nothing of it, however, for there are no chronicled objections in parliamentary archives.

An Arithmetic of 1649

In the Garcia library of the University of Texas is the oldest arithmetic in America. Upon touching its vellum covers and back skin things your memory may go back to that proud but unwelcomed day when your own schooling arrived at the portal page of "Fractions." With awe one discovers that pupils of 1649 had to wade through seven chapters of mathematical quicksands. The pioneers evidently desired to obtain strength of mind in their children for it was a stern age. Another chapter was devoted to the formation of military companies in squares, hexagonal units and other strange geometrical forms. Otherwise the book shows pupils struggled with the same problems that perplex modern youngsters.

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Mother!

Clean Child's Bowels

"California Fig Syrup" is Dependable Laxative for Sick Children

Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. Doesn't gripe or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

South Hill

Dec. 26.—The snow fall made ideal Christmas weather, tho we were nearly snow bound on Tuesday.

Miss Lenora Dean of Cleveland, Ohio arrived home Saturday for a two weeks' holiday vacation.

The Empire Gas and Fuel Co., have begun work of "flooding" on the Horan lease.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Garvin and sons of Pittsburg motored to Andover, Saturday to spend the holiday week with their mother and other relatives.

A number of our residents journeyed to Belmont (over those icy pavements) one day last week to meet the county supervisors in the interest of an improved road, to connect Andover and Stanards. We've got no "plum" until present construction work of two years is completed, an instance of the early bird catching the worm.

A call was made for a meeting, in Andover, Saturday, of our telephone patrons of which there are 12, and four were interested sufficiently to attend. If no more interest is shown in its up-keep, we lose central service January 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dean and Mrs. A. Dougherty were shopping in Wellsville, Monday.

South Hill members of Blessed Sacrament church, Andover, attended the edifying midnight services in that edifice Christmas Eve.

Miss Mary Dean of Ithaca, N. Y., is one of the Christmas vacationists on the hill, having arrived home Tuesday morning.

Ed. McAndrew has been enjoying the sleighing with horse and cutter, on his daily trips to the farm.

The children and grandchildren of Mrs. Catherine Dean enjoyed Christmas with her son John at the family home. The party included Mr. and Mrs. James Dean and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dean and little daughter of Andover, Mrs. J. Sauter of Hornell and the Garvin family of Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dean and Mr. and Mrs. A. Dougherty were guests at the Daniher home in Wellsville Christmas eve, Mrs. Dougherty and little son remaining until Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Horan and little sons were Christmas guests of Andover relatives.

The Christmas guests entertained by Mrs. M. Dean and son Louis were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean, Miss Anna O'Leary, J. A. O'Leary of Andover and daughter, Miss Mary of Elizabeth, N. J., and the Misses May and Lenora Dean.

With the old, but ever new salutation—"I wish you a Happy New Year."

Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Woodworth and two sons of Coby Creek visited Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Sr., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner of Wellsville called on Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Sunday evening.

Miss Amy Streeter who teaches school in Rochester, is spending her Christmas vacation with her mother Mrs. Alice Streeter.

George Caffery and son Albert were callers in town, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scribner and two sons of Wellsville and Mr. and Mrs. Grant Fuller and son of Andover spent Sunday afternoon with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Caffery on West Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Miss Agnes McCaffery spent Thursday shopping in Hornell.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Mallotte of Milwaukee spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Mallotte spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ordo Williamson and Mrs. Jennie Williamson called on Mrs. Alice Streeter, Sunday afternoon.

Albert Warner and Miss Mae Whitmore called on Miss Agnes McCaffery, Sunday afternoon.

Wilson VanFleet and Fry Dennis of Canisteo were callers in town Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bankes of Canisteo called on Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Sunday afternoon.

Barney Mills

Dec. 23.—Ice is the order of the day.

The Marsh school held its Christmas tree and program Friday night. A large crowd enjoyed a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bliss have moved into the house formerly owned by the Rex Oil Co.

Mrs. Ida Simms is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Sherl Austin.

Mrs. A. W. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards shopped in Hornell on Saturday.

Two brothers and three sisters of Miss Polly's, attended the Christmas exercises at the school house, Friday evening.

Left-over meats may be used to make delicious loaf, meat pie, croquettes, creamed meat on toast, stuffed vegetables and sandwiches.

Davis Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs were in Canisteo Monday. Mr. Briggs had two teeth extracted by Dr. Stewart.

Miss Rosanna Joyce is in Hornell since Monday, for a visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and Mrs. Pearl Davis were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis, Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Halsey and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ogdiway and sons and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis attended the Christmas exercises at the Elm Valley church Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis were shoppers in Andover Monday.

School closed Tuesday with the usual Christmas tree to the delight of the children. School will be resumed again next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs took Miss Genevieve Clark to her home on Beech Hill, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Earley are visitors at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Walton of Medina for the holidays.

West Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brewster and family spent Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Franz Teribury.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brutsman from near Canisteo were Sunday callers of his brother, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brutsman and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Stephens spent Sunday at Mary Laverty's.

Mrs. Ada Atherton spent the week-end at her home at Adrian.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Coombs were in Andover, Saturday.

John Swarts and Patsy Dixon were in Andover, Tuesday.

Fred Conrad has been doing the chores for Clarence Brutsman while he has been ill.

CURE HEN'S COLDS BY WARM FRESH AIR

If There is No Disease in Flock, Ventilation Will Do the Trick.

Chickens are susceptible to colds, for they are unlucky in the structure of their heads, says Doctor E. L. Brunett of the New York state college of veterinary medicine at Cornell University, in warning poultrymen to avoid conditions that will bring on colds.

In the head, in front of the brain cavity, are thin cones of bones located in chambers. The use of these chambers is to provide a space in which the inhaled air is warmed before it is taken into the lungs. When a chicken develops a simple cold, an excessive amount of secretion forms in these cavities. As this increases, the poor drainage of the cavities allows it to accumulate. This accumulation is an ideal place for bacteria to multiply and the resulting bacterial growth makes the foul odor which is often present with roup.

A simple cold may be avoided by increasing the warmth with plenty of fresh air and providing plenty of dry litter. If the first stage is not checked the cold may end in roup with its characteristic head swelling and foul odors.

The opinion that roup is a contagious disease is not well founded, according to Doctor Brunett, for there is usually some underlying condition that is indirectly responsible. This may be tuberculosis, or worms, but whatever the cause it should be removed before a cure can be expected.

A third type of cold is more of a distinct disease, commonly known as bronchitis. This condition is acute and the birds die quickly. The cause of the disease is not known. The best treatment is to increase the temperature of the house, either by controlling the ventilation or by using brooder stoves. In the early part of the outbreak it is well to remove all sick birds and put them in heated brooder houses. Most of them will recover when placed in heated houses. Some disinfectants will give relief, but quack remedies should not be used.

Chicken pox is often mistaken for a cold, but it is a specific disease. Unless care is taken, colds may appear with the pox and many chickens will die. The mouth form of chicken pox is not ordinarily serious if the occurrence of colds can be prevented. The temperature of the pens should be raised, the birds given special care, and the litter changed often to keep moisture at a low level. The removal of diseased birds in the early stages will help, but when a number keep coming down it is best to let them remain with the flock.

When chicken pox appears in the flock, it is best to allow it to run its course. In some cases it may be advisably to vaccinate the birds, especially if the disease is found early and if the flock is not laying heavily.

Uncle Ah says most failures are due to the failure to save.

Births

Dec. 17.—To Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Sweet of Black Creek, a son, David LeRoy.

Dec. 18.—To Mr. and Mrs. Everett Davis of Alfred Station, a daughter, Geraldine Lou.

Dec. 24.—To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilliland of Bolivar, a son.

Dec. 10.—To Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Sweet of Fillmore, a son, David Lloyd.

Marriages

Dec. 23.—Miss Margaret Davis and Leland Burdick, both of Little Genesee. At the Little Genesee S. D. Baptist church of which the bride's father, Rev. L. A. Davis is pastor.

Dec. 16.—Miss Mary K. Reynolds of Winston-Salem, N. C., and Charles Babcock, Jr., of Friendship. After a wedding tour of the West Indies, they will make their home in Philadelphia.

Dec. 14.—Miss Vesta Clair and Francis Palmer, both of Alfred Station.

Dec. 14.—Miss Florence E. Wells of Almond and George W. Ostrander of Karr Valley.

Deaths

Dec. 14.—Arthur N. Hills died suddenly of a heart attack at his home in Friendship. Mr. Hills was born in Belfast in 1862. He leaves his wife, two daughters and five sons.

Dec. 15.—Delbert E. Adams, 53 years old, of Richburg.

Dec. 15.—John N. Jordan of Friendship died at the home of his daughter, in the town of Wirt. Deceased was born in 1852 and is survived by three daughters.

Dec. 23.—Mrs. Minnie M. Watson, aged 60 years at her home in Wellsville, following an illness of over a year. She leaves her husband, Clark J. Watson and a daughter.

Dec. 18.—Mrs. Marion H. Barton aged 80 years at the home of her granddaughter in Wirt.

Dec. 17.—Fred R. Halstead, former resident of Cuba, and veteran Erie railroad employee died at St. James Mercy hospital, Hornell. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

Dec. 11.—Mrs. Lena Hitchcock. Deceased was born at Wellsville in 1867, and had been a resident of Bolivar for 40 years. Her husband, H. B. Hitchcock and one son survive.

Dec. 12.—Herbert Pennock, 68 years of age, at the home of his sister, Mrs. H. C. Goltschall of Canaseraga.

Dec. 18.—Mrs. H. C. Vanderhoof at her home in Belmont. The husband, one son and two daughters survive.

Apple trees planted forty feet apart yielded 43 bushels more fruit to the acre than trees spaced 30 feet.

Among the Best Sellers

On the shelves of book stores in Paris, the New Testament, bound in paper covers is to be found. Its price is the same as that of any paper-covered novel—fifteen francs. There is no preface and the matter is not arranged in texts, but is printed solid.

Cross heads give it a modern appearance and guide the reader through the Gospel. A table of contents arranged like the contents of a novel, ends the work.

Are You Ready

When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No prescription then. Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of minutes. Yet you have made your child SMILE with not a single harmful drug; Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot pat away. And it's always ready for the cruder pangs of colic, or constipation, or diarrhea, or teething, fever, for older children. Keep a bottle within reach every hour of the day and night.

Chas. H. Fletcher

RAISING RABBITS IS MONEY MAKING ENTERPRISE

Money is being made with rabbits on many farms, says the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation. The rabbit raising industry undoubtedly has a great future.

The decreasing supply of wild fur bearing animals and the increasing use of furs for clothing are steadily increasing the demand for rabbit skin which is now the most extensively used fur. In the United States alone about 100,000,000 rabbit skins are used annually, of which 98 per cent are imported. The flesh of young hutch rabbits resembles the white meat of chicken.

Feed costs of rabbit production are low. Alfalfa hay, oats and barley, and roots especially carrots, and some green feed such as lawn clippings are extensively used. Buildings need not be expensive. By using multiple hutches, a large number may be produced on a small area in back yards.

A prolific doe will easily produce 20 to 25 young in a year. Young rabbits may be bred at 7 to 8 months of age. The Chinchilla, American White, American Blue, New Zealand White, New Zealand Red and White Flemish are the varieties most extensively produced in the United States.

Size, texture of fur, color, and the care given the pelt after removing are the chief factors in the price of rabbit skins. Fine pelts are often a "cut by cuticle" handling. Chinchilla White, and Red, in the order named take precedence over other colors. Marketing methods are being improved so that small breeders are now able to obtain the full commercial value for their pelts, the Foundation adds.

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

WANTED

WANTED—Veal calves. Will buy veal calves at my barn, Chestnut street every Saturday. Must be there by 11 o'clock. Highest market price. W. E. Pease. 1p

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

666

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

"Woodman, Spare That Tree."

By GEORGE POPE MORRIS

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bow!
In youth it sheltered me
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earthbound ties;
O, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old, tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save
The axe shall harm it not.

We're All Counting On You, Uncle Sam— By Albert T. Reid