DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

What Happened Before—

At a party in Palm Beach given by Mr. Cooper Clary, Leeson, an attorney, meets Lucy Harkness, known as Devil-May-Care because of her adventurous, eventful life. In a game in which partners for the evening are chosen, Lucy is won by Tim Stevens, who has a great reputation as a successful heart-breaker. Leeson is a bit jealous. Tim Stevens tells Lucy they are going aboard his boat, the Minerva, and she accedes in order not to be "a quitter." Asked if she is sorry that he won her company, Lucy says she is not and that evidently Fate has arranged it. Tim thereupon tells her to stop looking regretfully after Leeson.

Aboard Stevens' boat, the Minerva Stevens tells Lucy of his love. When she replies with contempt for him, he grows violently angry and she becomes afraid of him. He says he will never let her go from the Minerva until she consents to be his. To escape him, she leaps into the water from her cabin window, swimming a short distance under water.

Lucy reaches land and meets Dr. Fergus Faunce on an island. He takes care of her and takes her home. Everyone is worried about her, and when she meets Stevens he is frantic, regretful and still ardent in protestations of love.

Now go on with the story:

"We start from here, then; I took you away with me; I frightened you; I drove you to almost certain death. But—we start from there. Is that it?"

"From where else could we start?" she countered.

"And you—you can't forgive me, Lucy Harkness."

"Can you make me? That seems to be the question," she answered.

He rose from his chair, fatigue dropping from him like a bath-gown from a bather on the beach. That amazing virility which was himself, but which this morning had been absent, returned to him in a rush.

"Give him the equal chance," he cried. "I want the odds against me. Two to one, ten to one, a hundred to one!"

"They are," she reminded him.

"And—and what shall we tell people who are curious."

"I came home," she said calmly, "in my bathing suit. If your crew and Modane—"

"They'll say nothing," he promised.

"And naturally, we won't!" she laughed.

"And you'll see me, speak to me, as the nothing had happened?"

"I'll do what Fate directs," she promised.

He shook his head.

"You're no saint, Lucy Harkness. If you were, I'd not love you. You're flesh and blood and wavy hair and long lashes and pink and tan skin, and—human! You can't fool me. You're going to do something—"

"Which ought to make life interesting, Tim," she chuckled. "Trying to outguess a woman is hard enough under ordinary circumstances, but under these—but perhaps your blood has cooled. In emotion we want things, promise things, do things that contemplation causes us to regret. An hour ago death was an adventure which we welcomed. Now a flirtation seems dangerous. Well, go your own way, Tim Stevens."

"I'll go yours," he cried. "The way of Fate."

She laughed.

"We'll see."

"You hate me. You'll get even, some way—" He paused, too puzzled to continue.

"Of course I hate you," she returned evenly. "I think you're low, bestial. But what has that to do with Fate?"

"You're daring me," he asserted.

"And you are afraid to take a dare," she accused. "But I've given you all the time I can this morning. I'm due at the Beach Club."

He held out a tentative hand. She shook her head.

"Not yet a while, Tim. Perhaps never. You know, after all, you didn't trump my ace, or move as I putted. You did—tried to do—a thing that you must have known would have caused me to kill myself. But enough of that. We start again."

After he left she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"We start again," she murmured. "But where shall I lead him?" The curved lips straightened harshly and the hands that rested upon the arms of the wicker chair suddenly gripped them. Then she relaxed. She was able to summon a perfectly natural smile to her lips as, in response to the noise of the iron knocker upon the gate, a Jap admitted Leeson to the patio.

A nice-looking boy, she told herself as he advanced eagerly. Clean, well built, and enthusiastic. She liked fresh vagueness in the viewpoint of life. Too much of it had gone from her, perhaps because the people she knew, played around with were too sophisticated, too ennuied with the business of living. Perhaps she could regain some of it from Leeson.

"You didn't come back to Mrs. Clary's last night," he accused, as he bent over her hand.

"Did you expect me to?" she enquired.

"Of course. I hoped so."

"But you lost," she said.

"On a foul," he reminded her.

She shrugged.

"We threshed that out last night. I like winners, as I told you."

"Did Stevens keep you away?" he asked.

She straightened in her chair.

"That's a strange question," she told him.

He brushed his forehead nervously.

"Well, Mrs. Clary was worried, and—I don't like Stevens, you know."

"Losers never care for victors," she mocked.

"It isn't that—alone. But when Stevens came and fainted in Mrs. Clary's patio—and you hadn't answered the telephone—"

"After parties I regain my girlish color by plenty of sleep," she said. "And—aren't you being a trifle persistent, Mr. Leeson? I'm not used to cross-examination, or insinuations that I'm unable to take care of myself. What makes you think that Stevens, or anyone, could take me anywhere against my will?"

He blushed nervously.

"I didn't mean to be—impertinent. But—well I don't care whether it's good form, or being done, or anything like that. Steven's bad, Miss Harkness. I mean—a rotter. And when you go off, with him, and don't return—"

"The intimation is that I am also bad, a rotter, isn't it?" she returned.

"Not at all." His blush was painful. "You know—no, you don't know—how could you—my opinion of you."

"It might be interesting, tho," she scoffed. "And I almost believe you are frank enough to give it."

"You don't mean frank; you mean unsophisticated, Miss Harkness," he said. "Well, I suppose I am. I'm not used to—well, the sort of people, the sort of things I meet down here."

"Why not run back home, then where everyone is nice and wholesome?"

"Now you're not being you. You know I'm not critical, or condemning. I'm merely explaining. I—I'm a lawyer, Miss Harkness. And I ought to tell you about Stevens."

"How ethical!" she murmured. "Stevens is a client of your firm, and I am not. Therefore, you will tell me about him."

"Professional ethics can't be permitted to conflict with common decency," he declared. "And he isn't a client any longer. The firm have telegraphed that, owing to many things, he is no longer a client. They've asked me to remain down here a while; ordered me to—to get in touch with him, to get explanations of certain matters, to settle up affairs with him."

"And you, out of common decency—was that it?—tell me, who have no interest in the affairs of Mr. Stevens or your firm, that the latter is too holy to deal with the former. Stick to professional ethics, Mr. Leeson; they will get you farther than common decency, it seems to me. Professional ethics are laid down for you; you don't have to guess at them. But common decency is open to interpretation, and a cad will interpret it according to his caddishness."

"That is not merely unfair; it is dishonest," he said. His color, his embarrassment had vanished. He was not the nervous youth who had entered the patio, but a cool and collected attorney, willing and able to challenge her, to pick up where she left off.

"Why isn't it?" she demanded.

"Because when a woman is involved a man must not protect another man. He must protect the woman."

"You think I need protection?" she asked cooly.

"This man Stevens is a beast; any woman would need protection from him, and almost any man who wasn't forewarned. And I—isn't anything fair in love or war?"

"Is there a war?" she asked.

"Perhaps there's love," he retorted.

"We met last night," she reminded him.

"And again now," he said.

"And about Stevens?"

"There's going to be a warrant issued for his arrest, today, unless he settles a certain matter. And he can't settle. It's for a quarter of a million cash. That he stole. That's why I come, caddishly, to you, to warn you not to have anything to do with him."

"Did you think he'd borrow from me?" she asked idly.

"Oh, I didn't mean to say all this!" he cried. "I—I wanted to see—you. And I'd worried, as Mrs. Clary had done; and then—you defend Stevens, and—well, I've told you."

"Most unethically, and not even common decency. Your ex-client"

"You've no saint, Lucy Harkness. If you were I'd not love you."

"To my present client." He smiled "you didn't know? Your lawyers, Maddox and Roe, have just joined our firm. Another reason why I am staying longer than I'd intended. The firm—the new firm, Maddox, Thamer, Roe, Wilson, Crewe and Lovejoy—telegraphed me this morning."

"Oh," she said.

* * * *

She hid a sigh of relief when luncheon ended. Here formality ceased; one went to the room and at hazard or roulette forgot one's hostess, one's guests. She played a while at a wheel, then was conscious of some one standing over her. She turned around, to meet Leeson's intense gaze.

"Hello!" she said.

He knew the etiquette of roulette.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said hastily.

She shrugged, bet her last few chips, lost, and rose from the table.

"No need to concentrate on the wheel when one's luck is vile. I'm thru. Have you been lucky?"

"I can't afford to play," he said. "I came to luncheon, and am just looking on. Stevens," and his voice sank to a husky whisper, "is to be arrested at five."

"Why that hour instead of another?" she asked. She was hardly conscious that her every muscle was tense.

Leeson laughed.

"After all, Stevens has been our client. To demand a quarter of a million from him on the spot is going too far. To demand it within a few hours is slightly different. Stevens was given that amount of money for a definite purpose. Either he used it for that purpose or should have it accessible. He didn't use it. Therefore he must have it. Unless he's stolen it, converted it to his own use. This, we happen to know, he has done. But the police here won't act on the moment. He asked, an hour or so ago, until five o'clock. Said he had the money, but was busy on other things. At five he'd pay. But he can't."

She hastened from the room, secured her wraps from the maid, and went out into the blazing sunshine, so incredible in February. The doorman beckoned for a chair, and stepping into it, she ordered that she be taken to her bank.

"What's my balance?" she asked the paying teller.

He looked it up and told her that she had something over forty thousand dollars on deposit.

"How much can I borrow?" she asked.

The teller summoned the president; there was a ten-minute conference. From the vaults Lucy brought securities. The loan she asked was quickly arranged.

"And there'll be no word of this leak out?" she asked.

The bank officials assured her of silence.

"I'll take it in cash," she said.

Well, those who come to Palm Beach did many strange things, and Lucy Harkness was called Devil-May-Care. She had deposited four hundred thousand dollars of the best securities for a loan of two hundred and fifty thousand. If she wanted the cash—Perhaps she was buying property from an owner who demanded money, not a check. Perhaps—a thousand perhapses suggested themselves, including the possibility of blackmail, but why annoy a good client? She departed with a satchel crammed with money.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

PARROTS

Parrots have come in for a lot of unfavorable publicity lately because of a strange disease which has attacked several persons and which is attributed to infection brought by certain parrots from South America. Physicians and health officials say there is no danger of catching "parrot fever" from a bird which has been in the family for any considerable time.

The parrot is probably the most intelligent of all birds, and the fact that it can be taught to talk makes it almost a human companion. And, like human beings, parrots develop personal attachments to such a degree that they often pine away and die when separated from their particular friends. Don't let anybody kill your parrot just because a few parrots are suspected of being disease-carriers.

FEMINISTS

Ganna Walska, the Polish singer who has been married to two American multi-millionaires, has convinced the U. S. Customs Court that a married woman can have a legal residence separate from that of her husband. That saves Ganna from paying duties on French gowns imported from her Paris "home," tho her husband lives in Lake Forest, Illinois.

This decision is hailed as a great victory by the feminists, whose purpose in life seems to be to break up the American home and put married life on the plane of the cheapest illicit love-affair. Because this "modern" idea runs counter to the most deepseated traditions every expression of it gets a lot of publicity, which is probably what Ganna and the other feminists want. But it by no means follows that American family life is in danger. Home and babies and a husband with a good job are what the overwhelming majority of American girls still want in marriage.

STYLE

The fur coats and silk stockings worn by the American stenographers who accompanied the delegates from this country to the Naval Disarmament Conference at London made a greater impression on English newspaper men than anything else about the delegation. Londoners never saw working girls dressed "smartly."

The young women from the different departments in Washington who were taken over to do the clerical work for the delegation were not picked for their beauty but solely because they were the most efficient at their jobs. In any part of America, city or country village, they would attract no special attention. We are so used to seeing our girls well-dressed and "smart" in manner and appearance that we do not realize that nowhere else in the world do any but ultra-fashionables and actresses on parade wear the latest styles in clothes.

LINCOLN

Appreciation of Lincoln's greatness is felt today thruout the Nation, both North and South. In his own time even the North did not appreciate him. Dr. Albert Shaw, the distinguished editor of the Review of Reviews, brings this out graphically in a new two-volume book which reprints the most complete collection ever made of the newspaper cartoons, campaign posters and other pictorial representations of Lincoln during his rise to fame and his tenancy of the White House.

Even without Dr. Shaw's illuminating text the pictures show Lincoln as more grossly maligned and bitterly lampooned, even in the house of his friends, than any other man who ever rose to the Presidency. Only after his tragic death did the people of the North begin to realize that a great man had led them. We are prone to forget that no man appears great to his contemporaries.

LIGHT

Fifty years from now the world may regard the discoveries made in our time about light as the greatest scientific advance of all time. Light cures disease, ordinary sunlight, light produced in various ways by artificial means. Ordinary window glass keeps the healthful part of the sunlight out of the house. New kinds of glass let it in. In 50 years every modern home will be equipped with the new glass and illness will be less common.

Light stimulates growth of both animals and plants. An English farmer proved that exposing young pigs to ultra-violet light made them worth double their farrow-mates at six months. A French scientist recently grew strawberries in a cellar, ripening in half the normal time, using artificial light. They cost $5 apiece, but the time will come when out-of-season fruits and vegetables can be grown in the North by artificial light as cheaply as now in Florida.

In a dry season paper mulch generally increases yield.

What Will you do

When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Rude Rural Rhymes

WE ALL DO IT

In sight of Mencken and the rest, with satire and with clever jest, we weigh by Sinclair Lewis test, the small town. It is outrageous. When Deacon Jones is not so good and Kate not walking as she should, our village hums, the way it would, in every street umbrageous. Our free imaginations play, unkind, untrue, the things we say, and we can shatter in a day what patient years have builded. My head is bowed, I too have been among the folks who talk and grin. I do not whitewash small town sin or try to have it gilded, yet turn the accusation back; no pot should call a kettle black, and gossip down your city track is running free and frantic. Your daily paper serves it up with pictures there to fill your cup of Sam and Susie and the pup and every little antic. And should our city fail to please there's something in Los Angeles on which the morning papers seize, above our coffee steaming. With rather more of sex appeal, there's juicy material in Mobile. Hear all they say and all they feel, from big black headline screaming. You talk of me, I talk of you; there's nothing else for folks to do in Tallahassee, Timbuctoo, or anywhere they labor. But small towns offer scanty yield. We make the most of what's revealed. We cannot go so far afield to find a sinful neighbor.—BOB ADAMS.

WHY push an iron 156 miles a year?

STOP and REST

. . . for a few cents a week

THREE MILES an ironing day . . . 52 ironing days a year. Standing all day long . . . pushing an iron. Who wouldn't be foot-sore and arm-weary?

Let an electric ironer "take you off your feet." Do your ironing comfortably seated in a chair. Cuts ironing time a full two-thirds.

Do the whole ironing . . . Junior's play suits, Dad's shirts, your own frocks, and all your big white sheets . . . better than by hand . . . for a few cents a week. Cheap! Of course, it's cheap! For, while the price of most necessities has nearly doubled, your electricity costs you less now than when "Tipperary" was a popular song.

NIAGARA, LOCKPORT & ONTARIO POWER COMPANY

NIAGARA SERVICE

Community Correspondence

South Hill

Feb. 19.—We enjoyed the snappiest snap of the winter on Sunday, mercury 16 degrees below in this locality.

Mrs. John Danther of Wellsville spent some days last week with her daughter, Mrs. A. Dougherty who was ill with the grip.

Several of our farmers attended a sale of farm machinery by C. L. Lynch of Andover last Friday.

Mrs. Howard Dean and little daughter spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. Robert Dean of Andover.

The Empire Gas Co. have moved their rig to the farm belonging to Miss Alice Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Horan and little sons were Andover visitors, Sunday.

Miss Mary Byrnes of Wellsville is spending the week at the home of A. L. Dougherty.

Some of our residents enjoyed the Market Basket pancake supper at Blessed Sacrament hall, Andover, Tuesday evening.

Miss May Dean, R.N., has returned to Ithaca, to resume her work in that city.

Gaynor Boyer of Andover was running oil in this section of his field, Wednesday.

West Greenwood

Feb. 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Franz Teribury and family spent Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brewster.

Mrs. Daisy Mulconery is spending a few days with her mother at Andover.

Frank Northrup has been drawing wood to Andover this week.

W. J. Redmond, Clifford Caffery, Fred Conrad and Clarence Simmons were in Greenwood, Wednesday.

Mrs. Fred Brewster and Idanette are visiting relatives at Hornell and Stephens Mills this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Waldon were in Greenwood, Wednesday.

Ella Conrad spent Wednesday evening with her sister, Mrs. Gladys Brown on King Hill.

Jerry Donaldson was in Andover, Wednesday.

Clarence Brutsman was a business caller in Greenwood, Saturday.

Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, the Misses Agnes McCaffery and Isabelle Bankes attended the dance at Andover, Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Caffery of Millwaukee called on their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Knight and two daughters of Bennetts visited their mother, Mrs. Minnie Knight Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elden Sharp and daughter, Mrs. Blanche Rollins and son Dale spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Ordo Willmarth.

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

The Ever Ready Class met with Mrs. Clark Foster, Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Cleone Travis of Canisteo is spending a few days with Miss Agnes McCaffery.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bankes and daughter, Isabelle and Orvis Taylor of Canisteo were calling on friends in town, Monday evening.

Mrs. A. L. Lewis and Mrs. Clark Foster are on the sick list.

Stewart McCaffery of Milwaukee spent Monday evening with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Rogers and daughter of West Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Woodworth and two sons of Coby Creek also Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Sr., visited Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Jr., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stephens spent a part of last week with Mrs. Archie Stephens in Rock Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Fuller and son of Andover passed Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Caffery on West Hill.

Never wait to see if a headache will "wear off." Why suffer when there's Bayer Aspirin? The many millions of men and women who use it in increasing quantities every year prove that it does relieve such pain. And as surely relieves that of neuralgia; neuritis; even rheumatism. Doctors declare genuine "Bayer" tablets (with the Bayer Cross on them) are safe. Only "Bayer" (tablet) does not affect the heart. Any druggist.

ASPIRIN

Davis Hill

Feb. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Bert Halsey and Mrs. Pearl Davis were visitors over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs, Rosanna and Edna Joyce visited relatives in Hornell, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Amesbury, Miss Genevieve McCormick and Howard Green were business visitors in Rochester from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Pearl Davis has rented her farm to Mr. and Mrs. E. Carson who will take possession at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway and family and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey, Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Halsey was a visitor in Wellsville, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Amesbury were visitors in Bolivar, Wednesday.

Charles Halsey is assisting Arling Briggs repair the Harold oil lease.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs and Edna Joyce visited Mr. and Mrs. Peter Joyce, Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis, Mrs. L. E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum and Mrs. Frank Halsey attended the initiation and supper of Rebekah's Wednesday evening.

Arling Briggs was a business visitor in Wellsville, Monday.

Barney Mills

Feb. 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Sherd Austin entertained a party of friends on Sunday.

Mrs. James Wallace spent several days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Flay Pease of West Greenwood.

Mrs. Carl Tracy and Leona spent from Friday until Sunday with Mrs. William Pease of Andover.

Home Bureau met with Mrs. Fred Updyke last Wednesday. A tureen dinner was served to 16. Business meeting, reed work and exchanging Valentines was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Mabel Hesselton is spending a few days with her son, Victor and family.

Whitesville

Feb. 17.—It was 15 below zero Sunday morning.

February is bringing sunshine and snapping cold weather.

Potatoes are selling at $1.10 at the car.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Crittenden spent the week-end with relatives in Hornell.

Mrs. Everett Richmond was visiting friends in Andover, Saturday night and Sunday.

Lee Millspaugh of Andover was doing business here Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Miller of Ulysses, Pa., were calling on her sister, Mrs. Kate Richmond, Sunday.

Mrs. George Locke of Westfield, was called here Saturday by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. John Cook.

Mrs. Martha Perry of Potter Brook, Pa., is here on account of the death of her sister, Mrs. John Cook.

Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Taylor were in Wayland, Friday, and took dinner with Rev. Thomas Carter and his wife, who is visiting him at this time. Rev. Carter has been holding meetings in Wayland the past week.

James Higgins who lived alone on the Genesee road below town was found dead in the cellar last Tuesday evening. Apparently he had been working in the cellar and fallen, striking the back of his head and neck on a box. The remains were taken to the Embser undertaking rooms in Wellsville where funeral services were held in Immaculate Conception church on Monday morning, with burial in Sacred Heart cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Greggs, Mrs. Bert Snow and Earl Snow were in Sayre, Friday, where Earl was operated for ulcers of the stomach. He is reported improving fast as possible.

People here were greatly shocked to learn of the sudden death of Mr. Frank Kibbie of North Bingham, which occurred Saturday morning, after an hour's illness. He will be greatly missed in his home town and in this vicinity. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the North Bingham church the Rev. L. J. Engler officiating.

Mrs. Eleanor Leachman Cook, wife of John Cook, died at her home on Main street, Monday morning from heart trouble. She suffered a bad fall on the icy walk Thursday night, which resulted in her death. She was 72 years old and is survived by her husband and two daughters, Mrs. George Locke of Westfield, Pa., and Mrs. Bert Snow of Whitesville and a sister, Mrs. Martha Perry of Potter Brook. Funeral services will be held at the late home on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with the Rev. L. J. Engler officiating.

Shovel Hollow

Feb. 11.—John Will was a business caller in town, Tuesday.

James Mitchell was thru this vicinity, Tuesday.

William Slocum was in town Tuesday on business.

Dr. Scott was in this place Tuesday.

Frank Northrup of Greenwood Hill was thru our vicinity Tuesday.

Robert Hall is on the sick list so was unable to attend school Tuesday.

Otto Witter was calling on Francis Ray, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell were in town on business, Tuesday.

George Smith was thru this place Tuesday.

Burdette Hall was drawing wood Tuesday.

Frank Slocum is drawing hay from John Lever's farm where he purchased it this week.

John Will took his daughter, Mrs. Clark Briggs, who is very ill, to St. James Mercy hospital, in Hornell, Tuesday.

John Swarts was thru this place, Wednesday.

John Will and family and Clark Briggs went to Hornell to see Mrs. Clark Briggs, Wednesday.

Frank Northrup was thru this vicinity with a load of wood, Wednesday.

B. C. Williams was calling on Frank Slocum also Arthur Hall Wednesday.

William Slocum and Otto Witter were calling on Fred Marvin and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Robbins, Wednesday.

John Mitchell was in town on business, Thursday.

Fred Howard of Greenwood Hill was thru this place, Thursday.

William Slocum and Otto Witter were calling on Mrs. Francis Ray, Thursday.

Ralph Shaff was thru this place Thursday.

Burdette Hall was on the sick list Thursday.

Mrs. Otto Witter was calling on Mrs. Arthur Hall Friday.

Fred Brewster was thru this place Friday.

Mrs. Otto Witter was calling on the school Friday.

Agnes Fisher had a very fine dinner at the school house for the children Friday.

C. D. Erskine returned home to his daughter, Mrs. Frank Slocum from visiting his daughter, Mrs. Clifton Hamilton in Scio, Friday.

Frank Slocum and son, William, were down to the sale, Friday.

Mrs. Otto Witter was calling on Neva Edwards in town, Friday.

Steven Taylor had a wood bee and cut up a nice wood pile, Friday.

Fred Brewster was thru this place with a veal calf, Saturday.

John Will was to town with a veal calf Saturday.

Charles Erskine left for his granddaughter's, Mrs. Leonard Reisman's, Saturday.

The thermometer went down to 12 degrees below zero Sunday morning.

Mrs. Arthur Hall is on the sick list at this writing.

William Slocum was calling on Arthur Hall, Sunday.

Frank Slocum and Otto Witter were business callers on Grant Sherwood, Monday.

Mother!

Watch Child's Bowels

"California Fig Syrup" is Children's Harmless Laxative

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic, feverish breath, coated tongue, or diarrhea, a teaspoonful of gentle "California Fig Syrup" sweeps the stomach and promptly clears the bowels of poisons, gases, bile, sour undigested food and waste. Never mind your child refuses to take medicine. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Children love its delicious taste.

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

Notice of Sale

COUNTY COURT:
COUNTY OF ALLEGANY

Mary Laverty, Plaintiff

against

Margaret Heath, Catherine Halleson, Lizzie Esmay, Elizabeth Laverty, Mary Laverty, Francis Laverty, Marion Laverty, James Laverty, Richard Laverty, Bernard Laverty, Helen Laverty, Bernice Laverty and John Laverty,

Defendants.

BY VIRTUE OF A JUDGMENT of partition and Sale granted by this Court in the above entitled action and entered on the 13th day of February, 1930 in the Office of the Clerk of the County of Allegany at Belmont, N. Y., the undersigned, Mira A. Diffin, a Referee duly appointed in this Action for such purpose, will sell at Public Auction on the 31st day of March, 1930, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day at the Law Office of Crayton L. Farley in the Village of Andover, N. Y.

ALL THAT TRACT, PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the Village of Andover, County of Allegany and State of New York, known and distinguished as a part of the east one hundred acress of Lot No. 66 in Township No. 2 in the Seventh Range of Townships in said County and bounded as follows, viz.: Beginning in the north line of said Lot No. 66 one chain and four links east of the northwest corner of said east 100 acres; thence south 86 degrees 30 minutes, east one chain; thence south 3 degrees 30 minutes, west three chains and fifty links; thence north 86 degrees 30 minutes west one chain; thence north 3 degrees 30 minutes east parallel with the west line of said east one hundred acres and one hundred and four links east therefrom three chains and fifty links to a stake at the place of beginning, containing fifty six square rods of land and no more.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., this 13th day of February, 1930.

MIRA A. DIFFIN,
Referee.

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Notice of Sale

Surrogate's Court: County of Allegany:

In the matter of the application of Clarence A. Slaght as administrator of the Estate of George Hartrum, deceased, for an Order and Decree finally judicially settling his accounts as such administrator; and for authority to sell all of the real property of which said deceased died seized in order to pay the debts, funeral expenses and etc., of said deceased.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER granted in the above entitled proceedings by this Court by Guy O. Hinman, Surrogate, on the 31st day of December, 1929 and entered in the Office of the Surrogate's Clerk of the County of Allegany, at Belmont, N. Y., on the 21st day of December, 1929, the undersigned administrator of said Estate will sell at Public Auction at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, New York on the 24th day of February, 1930 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all of the real property owned by said deceased, at the time of his death, bounded and described as follows:

ALL THAT TRACT, PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the Village of Andover, County of Allegany and State of New York being a portion of Great Lot No. 65, bounded and described as follows: Commencing in the center of Baker Street in said Village at a stake in the southwest corner of the Henderson Lot in said Village, running thence along the westerly line of what was known as the Henderson Lot 238 feet to the northwest corner thereof; thence westerly on a line parallel with the center of Baker street, 194 feet; thence southerly on a line parallel with the aforesaid Henderson line 88 feet to the northwest corner of the Platts lot now owned by one Wallace; thence easterly along the northerly line of the Wallace lot on a line parallel with the center of said Baker Street 66 feet to the northeast corner of the Wallace Lot; thence southerly along the easterly line of the said Wallace Lot 150 feet to the center of said Baker Street, 128 feet to the place of beginning be the same more or less.

Dated this 7th day of January, 1930.

CLARENCE A. SLAGHT,
Administrator of the
Estate of George Hartrum, deceased.

8

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