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The Bad Boy Goes to Belgium-Dad Buys Fake Souvenirs at Waterloo -He Goes Swimming with King Leopold and the Bad Boy Ties Up Their Clothes.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK. (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles) Brussels. Belgium .- Dear Old Skate: What is the matter with our going to Belgium?" said dad to me, as we were escaping from Germany.

"Well, what in thunder do we want to go to Belgium for?" said I to dad. sausage factory in Chicago, and stuff in the porter of the hotel, who charged dad Egypt with ground mummy for curry seven dollars for taking it away. powder, but I draw the line on Belgian up to dad real spunky.

backward until I fairly penuked, and is all out of style.



AND BEGAN TO SELL THINGS TO DAD.

ould give the sultan of Turkey cards and spades and little casino in the harem

"You will go along, won't you, bub?" and he gave my thumb another twist, and I said: "You bet your life, but I won't do a thing to you and Leopold before we get out of the Belgian hare belt," and so here we are, looking for trouble.

It is strange we never hear more about Belgium in America, but actually, I never heard of a Belgian settling in the United States. There are Irish, and Germans, and Norwegians, and Italians, and men of all other countries, but I never saw a Belgian until to-day, and it does you good to see a people who don't do anything but work. There is not a loafer in Belgium, and every man has smut on his nose, and his hands are black with handling iron, or something. There is no law against people going away from Belgium, but they all like it here, and seem to think there is no other country, and they are happy and

work from choice. I always knew the Belgian gune that sell in America for 12 shillings and kill at both ends, but I never knew they made things here that were worth anything, but dad says they are better fixed here for making everything used by civilized people than any country on earth, and I am glad to be here, cause you get notice when you are going to be be robbed. They ring a bell here every minute to give you notice that some one is after the coin, so when you hear a bell ring, if you hang on to your

pocketbook, you don't lose. This is the place where "There was a sound of revelry at night, and Belgium's capital had gathered there." You remember the night before the battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon Bonaparte got his. You must remember about it, old man, just when they were right in the midst of the dance, and 'soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again," and they were taking a champagne bath, inside and out, when suddenly the opening guns of Waterloo tweive miles away, began to boom, and the poet, who was present, said, "But hush, hark,-a deep sound like a rising knell," and everybody turned pale and began to stampede, when the floor manager said, "'Tis but the wind, or the car on the stony street, on with the till morn, when youth and pleasure meet, to chase the glowing hours with

flying feet." Well, sir, this is the place where that the peace I used to speak in school, but where the dancers got it in the neck. | hole. When dad found that the battlefield of Waterloo was only a few miles away, he hired a wagon and we went out there. Well, sir, of all the frauds we have an across on this trip the battlefield of Vaterioo is the worst. When the farm

they dropped their work and made a rush for us, and one fellow yelled some- Leopold make a rush for that swimthing in the Belgian language that ming place. The king put his hand in sounded like, "I saw them first," and he the water, and said it was fine, and begot hold of dad and me, and the rest gan to peel his clothes off, and dad stood off like a lot of hack drivers that took off his clothes, and the king made have seen a customer fall into the hands a jump and went in all over, and came of another driver, and made up faces at | up with his eyes full of water, strangus, and called the farmer who had ling because he did not hold his nose,

He showed us from a high hill where in the lake, just like kids. the different portions of the battle were. "I'll swim you a match to the other DONS THE GLOVES DAILY loaded at the hotel. Say, when we came "I do not want to go to a country that to look it over we found two rusty Coit's has no visible means of support, except revolvers, and guns of modern construcraising Belgian hares, to sell to cranks tion, which have been bought on the in America. I couldn't eat rabbits with- battlefields in all countries, and propout thinking I was chewing a piece of erly rusted to sell to tourists. I showed house cat, and rabbits is the chief food dad that the revolver was unknown at of the people. I have enten horse and the time of the battle of Waterloo, and mule in Paris, and wormy figs in Turkey, that every article he had bought was a and embalmed beef fried in candle fraud, the sabers having been made in grease in Russia, and sausage in Ger- America, before the war of the rebellion, many, imported from the Leutgard and dad was mad, and gave the stuff to

Dad kept one three-cornered hat that hares, and I strike right here, and shall the farmer told him Bonaparte lost have the International Union of Amai- when his horse stampeded with him, gamated Tourists declare a boycott on and it had drifted under a barbed wire Belgium," said I just like that, bristling fence, where it had lain until the day before we visited the battlefield. Say, "You are going to Belgium, all right," that hat is as good as new, and dad says said dad, as he took hold of my thumb it is worth all the stuff cost, but I would in a jiu jitsu fashion, and twisted it not be found dead wearing it, cause it

held it, while he said he should never We have seen the king of Belgium, dare go home without visiting King and actually got the worth of our money. Leopold's kingdom, and having a talk He is an old dandy, and looks like a with an 80-year-old male flirt, who had Philadelphia quaker, only he is not as a thousand chorus girls on his staff and pious as a quaker. Dad wrote to the king and said he was a distinguished American traveling for his health, and had a niece who had frequently visited Belgium with an opera company, and she had spoken of the king, and dad wanted to talk over matters that might be of interest both to Belgium and to America. Well, the messenger came back and said dad couldn't get to the palace a minute too quick, and so we went over, and as we were going through the park we saw an old man in citizen's clothes, sitting on a bench, patting the head of a boar hound, and when he saw us he said, "Come here, Uncle Sam, and let my dog chew your pants." Dad thought it must be some lunatic, and was going to make a sneak and get out, when the man rose up and we saw it was the king, and we went up to him and sat down on the bench, and he asked animals in the zoo." dad if he had come as a relative of the cash than to have any fuss made about anybody's affections, or for breach of have a little talk with the king and had any fun in running the king busi- could. ness, at his age, and they sat down and began to talk as friendly as two old mad, and he said no, that he always chums, while the dog played tag with enjoyed such things, and wanted dad me. We found the king was a regular and I to come the next day and go fishboy, and that instead of his mind being occupied by affairs of state, or his can go, but I wouldn't be caught by that African concessions with Congo country, where he owns a few million slaves who steal ivory for him, and murder other tribes, he was enjoying life just as he did when he was a barefooted boy, fishing for perch at the old mill pond. and when he mentioned his career as a boy, and his enjoyments, dad told about his youth, and how he never got so much pleasure in after life as he did when he had a stone bruise on his heel. and went off into the woods and cut a

tamarack pole and caught sunfish t'll



THE KING BEGAN TO PEEL HIS

CLOTHES OFF. he had a pond in the palace grounds, stocked with old fashioned fish and every day he took off his shoes and rolled up his pants, and with nothing on but a shirt, and pants held up by dance; let joy be unconfined; no sleep one suspender of striped bed ticking, he went out in a boat and fished as he did when a boy, with a bent pin for a hook, and he was never so happy as when so engaged, and they could all have their ball took place, which is described in grand functions and balls and dinners and Turkish baths, if they wanted never thought I would be here, right them, but give him the old swimming

"Me, too," said dad, and as dad looked down into the park he saw a little lake, and dad held up two fingers, just as boys do when they mean to say, "Come on, let's go in swimming," and the king said, "I'll go you," and they locked arms and started through the woods to the

Well, sir, you'd a dide to see dad and

caught us the vilest names. They said and then dad made a leap and splashed MISS HAYS IS NOT AFRAID OF we would be skinned to a finish by the the water like an elephant had fallen faker who got us, and they were right. in, and there those two old men were

fought, and where they caught Napoleon side," said the king. "It's a go," said Bonaparte, and where Blucher came up | dad, and they started porpoising across and made things hum in the German the little lake, and then I thought it was Physically She Is a Match for language, and then he took us off to his time there was something doing, so I farm where the most of the relics were | got busy and tied their clothes in knots found, and began to sell things to dad, so tight you couldn't get them untied until he had filled the hind end of the without an act of parliament. They wagon with bullets and grape shot, went ashore on the opposite side of the



ING SIGN.

untie the knots, the king gave the institution. grand hailing sign of distress, or somepark seemed filled with an army, and I bid the dog good-by and went back to the hotel alone, and waited for dad.

Dad didn't get back till after dark, and when he came he had on a suit or the king's clothes, too tight around the stomach and too long in the legs, cause dad is pussy, and the king is long geared.

"Did you have a good time, dad?" says I, and he said, "Haven't you got any respect for age, condemn you. The king has ordered that you be fed to the

I told him that I didn't care what they opera singer, to commence suit against did with me, I had been brought up to the king for breach of promise, or to tie knots in clothes when I saw people settle for a money consideration, re- in swimming, and I didn't care whether marking that he had always rather pay they were crowned heads or just plain dubs, and I asked dad how they got these little matters. Dad told him he along when their clothes were chewed had no claim against him for alienating up. He said the soldiers covered them with ponchos and got them to the promise, and that all he wanted was to palace, and they had supper, he and the king, and the servants brought out a find out how a king lived, and how he lot of clothes and he got the best fit he

I asked him if the king was actually ing with him, barefooted. Say, dad SHE BOXES WITH THE CLEVERking, on a bet. He would get even, sure. cause he has a look in his eye like they have in a sanitarium. Not any king business for your little

HENNERY. RUSSIANS LIVING HIGH. Aristocrats of St. Petersburg Spend Much Time Over Pleasures of the Table.

War or no war, the aristocratic Russian pursues his pleasures with an abandonment that speaks of unlimited resources or unlimited recklessness. ures of the table are protracted to an sion of good things, liquid and solid. in which meat will certainly figure, pared with Jeffries' 30%. and Russian tea, served in a glass with Taking into consideration the fact finer equipages exist anywhere than find a woman who is her match. steeds, dash at full speed, in lofty dis- up such strenuous exercise as a regard for the mere foot passenger, pastime Miss Hayes replied: methods of a Roman charioteer. In- of my women friends to learn how to deed, there is something of imperial use the gloves."

He Got It. Bosh-I knew a man once who had never met with a disappointment in his

"He was never looking for anything but trouble."-Detroit Free Press.

Ella-That fellow's head isn't of much

BOXING IS PRETTY

A BRAWNY FIST.

Jeffries and Puts Her Talents to Use-An Indiana Product.

In a New York woman's club at No. sabers and bayonets, old rusty rifles, lake, cause some women were driving 137 West Forty-third street, Miss and everything dad wanted, and we had through the grounds, and then I found Catherine Hayes and a sparring masenough to fill a museum, and when the a flock of goats grazing on the lawn, ter box at least six rounds every day. farmer had got dad's money we went and the dog and I drove them to where When he is absent Miss Sabel Johnback to Brussels, and got our stuff un- the clothes were tied in knots, and son, a 180-pound athlete, is the only pugilist in the club who can last for even three rounds against the club champion. Miss Hayes has proven herself more

than a match for the average male athlete in a five-round bout. She weighs 264 pounds, not one pound of which is superfluous flesh, stands five feet 11 inches in her stockings and has never met any two women who were able to last in a five-round bout. As a girl she attended the Convent of St. John's, at Indianapolis, Ind. There she began to play basket-ball

and before she left the institution she was captain for two years. One day at an athletic carnival which the boys of a nearby school were having, the romping "tom-boy" saw the boys run. jump, box and wrestle. The girls had no sooner reached their own grounds than Catherine suggested that they have a similar performance.

She excelled the others and soon her records were considered extrawhen the goats began to chew the ordinary. The sisters still marvel at clothes I took the dog and went back her performances, the results of to the entrance of the park, and dad which are tables on the old walls. and the king swam back to where the Within a year she covered the 100 clothes and the goats were, and when yards in 13 seconds, could jump five they drove the goats away and couldn't feet high and outbox any girl in the

She and her sister exercise every thing, and the guards of the palace and day with the boxing gloves and they some cavalry came on the run, and the attribute their good health to this fact.

Miss Hayes has put her knowledge of the art of boxing to good account. She was returning from Brighton Beach two years ago with her sister. They were the only passengers in the car, and as the conductor entered to



NESS OF A TRAINED PUGILIST.

collect their fare he stepped on her foot. Instead of apologizing he made an insulting remark. Ouick as a flash her fist shot

straight for the ruffian's eye and he was sent sprawling. After that he remained on the platform, sullen and silent; but looking for no more such punishment.

The club's instructor, who weighs 160 pounds, looks like a stripling when sparring with her. Even his clever footwork does not save him at times from the rushes of this woman. says the Pall Mail Gazette. The pleas- Jeffries' six feet of height. His neck inordinate degree. A lunch, in which measures 171/2 inches; hers 15. Her the courses are plentifully watered effest, contracted, measures 1/2 inch with champagne, will spread itself more than Jeffries, 421/2; when northrough the afternoon. You may bare- mal, an inch and a half more his 431/2 ly escape at five o'clock, though you be. inches and when expanded 49 inches, gin to eat at one. The host never sits just an inch more than the chamdown, plying his guests with a succes. plon's. Her waist measures 33 inches, his 35. She weighs 42 pounds more Even the afternoon tea in middle-class than he does. Her biceps measures circles is a very formidable undertak. 15 inches, one inch less than the Caliing. It includes dishes of various sorts, fornian's, and her arm 281/2 as com-

lemon, is but the pale comparison to that she is exceptional active, quick sparkling champagne. The appearance on her feet, strong and a clever boxer, of the streets tells of wealth, too. No it would probably be impossible to those which, horsed with coal-black. When asked how she came to take

down the central strip of wood pave- "In school I was always active and ment in the principal "prospec s," as my health was good. As I became the wider streets are denominated, older I felt the need of exercise, I had Holding the reins in his two hands, liked boxing so I took it up. It has with arms outstretched, the driver, benefited me greatly and this was so mediaeval in dress, has the summary apparent that I have induced various

Rome in this second capital of the On all sides are signs that point to the fact that New York women are beginning to realize the benefits of taking part in sports that were formerly considered as being distinctly within the province of men. Neither basket-ball nor hockey are now considered one whit too strenuous for the athletic woman.

> Lying-Down Dance. One of the attractions at the Palace theater, London, is a "dance" in which eight girls take part, lying flat on their backs and going through the motions of a dance with their feet,

HORSE CLIMBS STAIRS. LANDS IN BEDROOM.

Wholly Uneducated Equine Seeks Refuge in Second-Story Room After Startling Stunts.

New York.-Two large black horses belonging to a condensed milk com pany, while being led through York street, Brooklyn, became frightened and ran away. One of them dashed into an open doorway of 218 York Outing Flannels street, and, terrifled by the clamor behind him, knocked over several children, then dashed up a flight of fif teen stairs leading to the second story

dren were playing in it at the time Globe Warehouse low prices both horses took fright. A number of



DASHED UP A FLIGHT OF FIFTEEN STAIRS LEADING TO THE SEC OND STORY.

men tried to stop the runaways by Dress Goods stringing across the street and waving their hands. This effort merely turn ed the horses at right angles oppo site the entrance of 218, which is flush with the sidewalk.

After knocking over several chil dren both horses reached the entrance. Here was a baby carriage with cial 39c. a two-year-old boy in it and with an eight-year old girl at its side. One of the animals turned and sprang across a low fence into the back yard, but HOMESPUNS the other and the larger of the two dashed straight for the doorway and bowled both children over, smashing the baby carriage into splinters. He then pounded ahead through the dark hallway to a flight of fifteen narrow steps leading to the second story. He crashed up the stairs, carrying the

banisters away. Reaching the top the horse hoofed it across the cracking floor into the bedroom, where he seemed preparing to take a nap on the large double bed.

The bed cracked and gave way, while the animal rolled over on the floor A policeman finally, after many efforts, led the horse down to the street The children who had been knocked over by the animal in his rush were only slightly injured.

A MAINE SHERIFF REPLEVINS A BEAR.

Thought It Bather an Unusual Piece of Professional Work to Be Asked of Him.

Bangor, Me .- Deputy Sheriff Mark Huson of Presque Isle had an unusual piece of professional work the other day. A man coming in from Portage lake early last spring caught a pair of young bear cubs, which he sold to William L. Fields, who lives on the north bank of the Aroostook river, about two miles above Washburn village. They soon became strongly attached to Mr.

Fields. One afternoon in June Mr. Fields left home, shutting the cubs in the house, They became restless, and the female succeeded in climbing through an open window. She saw a man at work on the opposite side of the river and swam across. The man saw the cub coming and caught her as she came from the water. The little animal appeared so friendly that the man started to his home in Mapleton, bearing the cub in his arms.

A week later he came to Presque Isl looking for Judge George H. Smith whose reputation as a lover of pets is widely known. Unfortunately the judge was absent, and the man ther tried to sell the cub to Charles F. Daggett; as an all around useful animal to protect his lawn from young baseball players and dogs. Mr. Daggett, how-

ever, declined. In the meantime Mr. Fields had learned of the whereabouts of his little pet. As life had been made miserable for him because of the cries of the other cub, Mr. Fields sought out his pet, but the new owner would not consent even to show the animal. Then Mr. Fields hurried over to Caribou and got a writ of replevin. Coming back to Washburn, he telegraphed to Huson to come to his assistance, telling him

of his writ of replevin. Huson was on hand at the appointed time, and together they went to the man's house, where Mr. Fields recovered his missing pet without a struggle The sheriff thinks it is the only case on record of replevying a bear.

The Modern Novel. Anthony Hope, in a recent speech in London, in comparing the classic with the modern povel, said that, looking at the models of the modern school of novels, what struck him most was the ter iency toward more conscious philos hy, a greater effort to work p

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annihilating the banisters as he went, In plains and fancies; over and terrorizing the inhabitants of the 200 styles, light and dark, The street is narrow, and many chil. to select from at the usual

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