



BRILLIANT SHOWING

Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats

With the advent of colder weather comes the usual rush for Winter Suits and Overcoats, and we are better prepared for it as we've never been before.

Our lines of Suits and Overcoats for men, boys and children is by long odds the largest and most select to be found anywhere in the valley.

There is scarcely a price at which you cannot find from six to twelve styles for selection. Each succeeding season finds us better able to meet the growing demand for these really superb garments. We invite everybody to come this week whether they wish to purchase or not.

If you are looking for a Suit or Overcoat for man, boy or child, you owe it to yourself to call at the "OUTLET," where you can save from 15% to 20% on every dollar's worth of clothing, as we manufacture and sell direct. SUPPOSE YOU COME TODAY?

SUITS MADE TO MEASURE A SPECIALTY
Look for the Large Blue Trunk.

G. S. McGLENN & CO.

307 Broad St.

Waverly.

A. H. MURRAY, M. D.

SPECIALTIES:

Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and the Proper Fitting of Glasses. Hours—8-12; 1-5; 7-8; Sundays by appointment. Office, Wheelock Block.

LEHIGH VALLEY R. R.

(In effect June 18, 1905.)

Trains leave Sayre as follows:

Table with train schedules including destinations like Towanda, Pottsville, and Sayre, and times for various routes.



RELIGIOUS MATTERS

IF WE COULD HEAR IT ALL.

If we could hear the grasses grow, If we could hear the flowers bloom; If all their music we could know, As we are conscious of perfume, How would our souls enraptured be With their transcendent melody!

If all earth's grief could smite the ear, Could utter all its grim despair, If all their music we could know, As we are conscious of perfume, How would our souls enraptured be With their transcendent melody!

And God does know—He made the ear, Each opening bud—He hears it sing; Each vibrant thought shall He not hear, Whose hearing hath no limiting; He hears, through discord, sweetest chime, And we shall hear it so sometime.

A THOUGHTFUL GIFT.

How a Missionary Couple Were Made Glad for a Whole Year on Their Lonely Foreign Field.

A young missionary couple, going out to the field for the first time last year, received a most thoughtful gift from the young women's friends, writes Miss Miriam Locke Corbin from China to the Chicago Advance. It was presented to them at the farewell reception in the bride's church. Toward the close of that evening one of the ladies produced a laundry bag of blue denim and handed it to the young missionaries. The bag was found to contain 52 packages, each one bearing a date and the name of the giver. Beginning with the week when the young missionaries sailed from their native shores, one package was to be opened each week. Each packet contained a little gift, a book, a pretty handkerchief or collar, a photograph, or some similar remembrance, oftentimes including a helpful message from the giver. The bride immediately dubbed it, "The Wonder Bag." Only those who have been in like conditions can understand what joy this gift brought two young people in the long first year of exile from their native land. Each week the day when the "Wonder Bag" package was to be opened was looked forward to with liveliest anticipation. The givers were rewarded with a personal letter, and these, written when the vivid "first impressions" gave the writers facile pens, were not the least of the blessings that the magic laundry bag was responsible for. The givers of the packages were almost all members of the church to which the

young missionary wife had belonged from childhood, and their gifts were given with a personal touch that made them doubly precious. This thoughtful gift is spoken of in the hope that other churches may take up the suggestion and make other young missionaries happy.

BITS BY THE WAY.

There is no mystery where there is complete mastery. Never is happiness more clear than when founded on clean-heartedness. There is more warmth in the music of the heart than in all the art of music.

Chronic self-conceit is more fatal than either measles or mumps—United Presbyterian. Some people never think of being grateful for one meal until they are hungry for the next. Death is only the one who has gone to get the home ready coming to take us to it—Ran's Horn.

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God—Jacobin.

If the mind is kept fully occupied with good thoughts there will be no room for evil ones. The cell that is full of honey has no room for anything else—United Presbyterian.

We are apt to forget that the development of the inner life is not perfect unless it issues in such going about doing good as was the flower and fruit of our Saviour's thirty years—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibilities or my gifts—Ruskin.

To love is better than to be great. It is better than to be refined. It is better than to be wise. Love takes precedence of all prophecy, of every kind of knowledge, and of the gift of tongues; love is higher than hope or faith, and is the very royalty of God.—Selected.

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting in yourself.—F. W. Faber.

Life Rekindles Life. We can give only what we have. Happiness, grief, gaiety, sadness, are by nature contagious. Bring your health and strength to the weak and sickly, and so you will be of use to them. Give them not your weakness, but your energy—you will revive and lift them up. Life alone can rekindle life.—Amiel.

HOISTING COAL AT A MINE

The Smallest Details Are Carefully Looked After in the Anthracite Region.

To most men—such as are even engaged in other lines of engineering construction—the mechanical details of mine hoisting cannot fail to be of interest, says R. V. Norris, in Engineering Magazine. It is here shown that they are vital to the success of the majority of coal mining industries.

With many, the mining of coal is classed among the roughest kind of mechanical operations, in which the pick, drill and mule car play the most prominent part—an idea which has survived the era of primitive mining operations. Modern mining, however, has been brought to a stage of engineering refinement never dreamed of by the pioneers of the industry. To the lay reader, the condensed presentation of the state of the art as now conducted, even so far as it relates to the lifting of coal from its normal level to the surface, is a revelation, such, as without expert instructions, could not be gained even by a tour of inspection throughout the anthracite districts. The manner of obtaining the great supply of fuel, which is so intimately related to the progress of civilization, of which supplies the Pennsylvania anthracite regions are one of the most important sources of supply, will ever continue to possess an interest superior to that of many industries to which coal-gathering is commercially vital.

The facts given illustrate the importance of skillful engineering to mine hoisting, and serve to place in a strong light the great advancement made during the last 25 years by careful study and skilful construction. It will be seen that even the smallest details have received attention, and that what might seem of small moment to those unfamiliar with the requirements of coal hoisting, prove upon examination to be far otherwise.

Eligible to Matrimony. The bachelor who doesn't smoke, and doesn't drink, and doesn't play poker, and doesn't bet on the races, and keeps away from the stock market, is almost good enough to get married.

Ancient System. Identification by finger-print is generally supposed to be quite a modern European device; but it appears that it was employed in Korea 1,300 years ago.

Industrious Prisoners. The Japanese prisoners in Russia have been occupying their time in making miniature warships, toys and paper flowers at which they are said to be very skillful.

PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD



The Bad Boy Finds Germany Very Much Like Milwaukee—He Plays Mumblety Peg with the German Princes—He Entertains the Royal Family with "a Trick."

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Berlin, Germany.—My Dear "Old Pummernickel"—Now we have got pretty near home, and you would enjoy it to be with us, because you couldn't tell this town from Milwaukee, except for the military precision with which everything is conducted, where you never take a glass of beer without cracking your heels together like a soldier, and giving a military salute to the bartender, who is the commander-in-chief of all who happen to patronize his bar, everybody here acts like he was at a picnic in the woods, with a large barrel of beer with perspiration oozing down the outside, and a spigot of the largest size, which fills a schooner at one turn of the wrist, and every man either smiles or laughs out loud, and you feel as though there



HAPPINESS EVERYWHERE

was happiness everywhere, and that heaven was right here in this greatest German city. There is laughter everywhere, except when the emperor drives by, escorted by his body guard, on the fine horses in the world, then every citizen on the street stops smiling and laughing, all stand at attention, and every face takes on a solemn, patriotic, almost a fighting look, as though each man would consider it his happiest duty and pleasure to walk right up to the mouth of cannon and die in his tracks for his pale-faced, haggard and loved emperor. And the emperor never smiles on his subjects as he passes, but looks into every eye on both sides of the beautiful street with an expression of agony on his face, but a proud light in his eye, as though he would say, "Ach, Gott, but they are daisies; and they would fight for the Fatherland with the last breath in their bodies."

The pride of the people in that moustached young man, with the look of suffering, is only equalled by the pride of the emperor in every German in Germany, or anywhere on the face of the globe. There is none of the "Hello Bill," such as we have in America, when the president drives through the streets, many of them yell, "Hello Teddy," while he shows his teeth and laughs and stands up in his carriage, and says, "Hello Mike," as he recognizes an acquaintance. But these same "Hello Bill" Americans are probably just as loyal to their chief, wherever he may be, and would fight as hard as the loving Germans would for their hereditary emperor.

I suppose there is somebody working in Berlin, but it seems to us that the whole population, so far as can be seen, is bent on enjoying every minute, walking the streets, in good clothes, giving military salutes, and drinking beer between meals, and talking about what Germany would do to an enemy if the ever-present chip on the shoulder should be knocked off, even accidentally. But they all seem to love America, and when we registered at the hotel, from Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A., citizens began to gather around us and ask about relatives at our home. They seem to think that every German who has settled in Milwaukee owns a brewery, and that all are rich, and that some day they will come back to Germany and spend the money and fight for the emperor.

We did not have the heart to tell them that all the Germans in Milwaukee were going to stay there and spend their money, and while their hearts were still warm towards the Fatherland, they loved the Stars and Stripes and would fight for the American flag against the world, and that the younger Germans spoke the German language, if at all, with a Yankee accent. Gee, but wouldn't the people of Berlin be hot under the collar if they knew how many Germans in America were unfamiliar with the make up of the German flag, and that they only see it occasionally, when some celebration of German days takes place.

Well, when dad saw the German emperor drive down the great street and get a look at his face, he said, "Henriery, I have got to see that young man and advise him to go and consult a doctor," and so we made arrangements to go to the palace and see the emperor and his son, the crown prince, who will before long take the empire on his shoulders if William is as sick as he looks. You don't have to hire

any masquerade clothes to call on the emperor of Germany, like you do when you visit royalty in Turkey and Egypt, for a good frock coat and a silk hat will take you anywhere in the day time, and a swallow-tail is legal tender at night, so dad put on his frock coat and silk hat, just as he would to go and attend an afternoon wedding at home, and we were ushered into a regular parlor, where the emperor was having fun with his children, and the empress was doing some needle work.

Dad supposed we would have to talk to the emperor and the prince through an interpreter, and we stood there waiting for some one to break the ice, when some one told the emperor that an American gentleman and his boy wanted to pay their respects, and the emperor, who wore an ordinary dark suit, with no military frills, took one of the young princes he had been giving with, across his knee and gave him a couple of easy spanks, in fun, and the whole family was laughing, and the spanked boy "tackled" the emperor around the legs, below the knee like a football player, and the other princes pulled him off, and the emperor came up to dad, smiling as though he was having the time of his life, and spoke to dad in the purest English, and said he was glad to see the "Bad Boy" man, because he had read all about the pranks of the bad boy and bid dad welcome to Germany and he didn't look sick at all.

Dad was taken all of a heap, and didn't know what to make of the German emperor talking English, but when the ruler of Germany turned to me and said, "And so this is the champion little devil of America," and patted me on the head, dad felt that he had struck a friend of the family, and he sat down with the emperor and talked for half an hour, while the young princes gathered around me, and we sat down on the floor and the boys got out their knives and we played mumblety peg on the carpet, just as though we were at home, and all the boys talked English, and we had a bully time. The princes had all read "Peck's Bad Boy," and I think the emperor and empress have encouraged them in their wickedness, for the boys told me of several tricks they had played on their father, the emperor, which they had copied from the "Bad Boy," and it made me blush when they told of imitating their father into the Masons, the way my chum and I initiated dad into the Masons with the aid of a goat.

I asked the boys how their dad took it, and told them from what we in America heard about the emperor of Germany, we would think he would kill anybody that played a trick on him, but they said he would stand anything from the children, and enjoy it, but if grown men attempted to monkey with him, the fur would fly. The crown prince came in and was introduced to me, and he seemed proud to see me, 'cause his uncle, Prince Henry, had told him about being in Milwaukee, and how all the women in that town were the handsomest he had ever seen in his trip around the world and he asked me if it was so. I referred him to dad, and dad told him the women were the greatest in the world, and then dad made his usual break. He said: "Look here, Mister Prince, you have got to be married some day, and raise a family to hand the German empire down to, and my advice to you is not to let them saw off on to you no duchess or princess as homely as a hedge fence, with no ginger in her blood, but you skip out to America, and come to Milwaukee, and I will introduce you to girls that are so handsome they will make you toe the mark, and if you marry one of them she will raise a family of healthy young royalty with no humor in the blood, and you won't have to go off and be gay away from home, 'cause an American wife will take you by the ear if you show any signs of wandering from your own fire side like lots of your relatives have done."

Gee, but that made the emperor hot, and he said dad needn't instill any of his American ideas into the German nobility, as he could run things all right without any help, and dad got ready to go, 'cause the atmosphere was getting sort of chilly, but the emperor soon got over his huff, and told dad not to hurry, and then he turned to me and said, "Now, little American bad boy, what kind of a trick are you going to play on me, 'cause from what I have read of you I know you will never go out of this house without giving me a benefit, and all my boys expect it, and will enjoy it, the same as I will; now let'er go."

I felt that it was up to me to do something to maintain the reputation I had made, so I said, "Your majesty, I will now proceed to make it interesting for you, if you and the boys will kindly be seated in a circle around me." They got into a circle, all laughing, and I took out of my pistol pocket a half pint flask of glass, covered with leather, and with a stopper that opened by touching a spring, and I walked around in front of each

one of the royal family, mumbling, "Ene-mene-mony-my," and opening the flask in front of each one, and pretty soon they all began to get nervous, and scratch themselves, and the emperor slapped his leg and pinched his arm and put his neck, and the crown prince jumped up and kicked his leg, and scratched his back, and said, "Say, kid, you are not hypnotizing us, are you?" and I said, "Ene-mene-mony-my," and kept on touching the stopper.

By and by they all got to scratching, and the emperor turned sort of pale, but he was going to see the show through to the end, as long as he had a ticket, and he said, "What is the joke, anyway?" and I kept on saying "Ene-mene-mony-my," and walking around in front of them, and dad began to dance around, too, and dig under his shirt bosom and scratch his leg, and they all scratched in unison and laughed, and a little prince



DAD LEANED AGAINST A LAMP POST AND SCRATCHED.

asked how long before they would know what it was all about, and I said my ene-mene, and looked solemn, and dad said, "What you giving us," and I said, "Never you mind, this is my show and I am the whole push, and everybody had raised up out of his chair and each was scratching for all that was out, and finally the emperor said, "I like a joke as well as anybody, but I can't laugh until I know what I am laughing about," and he told dad to make me show what was in the bottle, and I showed the bottle and there was nothing in it, and there they stood scratching themselves, and I told dad we better excuse ourselves and go, and we were going all right enough when dad said, "What is it you are doing," and as we got almost to the door I said, "Your majesty, I have distributed, impartially, I trust, in the royal family of Germany, a half a pint of the hungriest fleas that Egypt can produce, for they have been in that flask three weeks with nothing to eat except themselves, and I estimate that there were a million Cairo fleas in the flask, enough to set up house-keeping in your palace, with enough to stock the palace of your crown prince when he is married, and this is that you may remember the visit of Peck's Bad Boy and his dad.

The emperor was mad at first, but he laughed, and when we got out of the palace dad leaned against a lamp-post and scratched his back, and said to me, "Henriery, you never ought to have did it," and I said, "What could a poor boy do when called upon suddenly to do something to entertain royalty?"

"Well," says dad, "I don't care for myself, but this thing is apt to bring on international complications," and I said, "Yes, it will bring Persia into it, 'cause they will have to use Persian insect powder to get rid of them," and then we went to our hotel and fought fleas all night, and thought of the sleepless night the royal family were having.

Well, so long, old Pummernickel, Yours truly, HENRIERY.

SMALL PARISH IN LONDON.

Consists of But Twenty-Five Souls and Is Located in the Heart of the City.

A parish situated within the limits of the precincts of the Bank of England has reason to be proud of itself. Such is the happy position of St. Christopher-le-Stock, which has an area of only two and eight-tenths acres and a population of but 25 souls.

The population is a gradually diminishing quantity, though there has been a notable increase of one during the past four years. The figures since 1811 are as follows: 1811, population, 29; 1831, 22; 1841, 16; 1851, 15; 1861, 14; 1871, 14; 1881, 14; 1891, 24; 1901, 25.

There are only three inhabited houses in St. Christopher-le-Stock. In 1780 the church of St. Christopher-le-Stock occupied the ground upon which the Mansion house now stands. The name was derived from its proximity to the stock market, which was then held in the neighborhood of Change alley. This church was demolished in 1781.

The graveyard, according to published reports, was converted into a garden within the grounds of the bank.

Peace of the Heart. If quiet and peace could only be had by withdrawing from the duties and occupations of active life, then quiet and peace for most of us could never be. It is not in our power to fly to some far still retreat, in whose quiet we may escape the evils and troubles here, and the corner will never be found in this world where care and evil shall be unknown to human beings. But the peace which the Saviour gives His own in peace of heart and mind amid daily duties. It is that "central peace," which may subsist at the heart of endless agitation.

"AND SO THIS IS THE CHAMPION LITTLE DEVIL."

ability, as he could run things all right without any help, and dad got ready to go, 'cause the atmosphere was getting sort of chilly, but the emperor soon got over his huff, and told dad not to hurry, and then he turned to me and said, "Now, little American bad boy, what kind of a trick are you going to play on me, 'cause from what I have read of you I know you will never go out of this house without giving me a benefit, and all my boys expect it, and will enjoy it, the same as I will; now let'er go."

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