



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. COAL COAL COAL

SPECIALTIES:

Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and the Proper Fitting of Glasses. Hours—9-12; 1-5; 7-9; 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 times and destinations for Lehigh Valley R.R.

J. W. BISHOP

There is as much difference in the quality of coal as there is between white and yellow sugar. We sell nothing but the celebrated Lehigh Valley fresh mined anthracite. We also sell Bituminous and Loyalsock coal and all kinds of wood.

Our specialty is prompt service and the lowest market price.

J. W. BISHOP, 103 Lehigh Ave., Lockhart Bldg. Both Phones.

WOOD WOOD WOOD

D. CLAREY COAL CO.

Lehigh Valley Coal

HARD AND SOFT WOOD

Best Quality & Prompt Delivery Guaranteed

[Bradford Street Yard Phone, 135d Office at Raymond & Haupt's Store, Sayre Both Phones]

C. J. KITCHIN, SAYRE'S LEADING DRAYMAN.

Special care and prompt attention given to moving of Pianos, Household Goods, Safes etc!

Ready for Business

Having refitted the billiard, pool and lunch rooms recently leased of F. S. Woycott, I am now prepared to serve all customers in a satisfactory manner. My specialty is quick lunches of all kinds. Your patronage solicited. Oysters and clams in season. Try a cup of our new coffee. S. BUTLER, Op. First Nat'l Bank, Broad St., Waverly.

Always Something.

"What do you think will be the result when the lobster supply becomes exhausted?"

"Are you worrying over that? My dear sir, rest easy; there will be something just as easy to work, only by another name."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Oldest Inhabitant. "Who is your oldest inhabitant?" "Old Bill Davis." "Where is he living?" "He's in jail. He was sentenced to be hung 80 years ago an' he's bin fight in the case ever since."—Judge.

The Proper Sensation. "How does the razor feel, sir?" asked the silly barber. "I give it up," snapped the victim, "but if it realizes how it makes my face feel it ought to feel ashamed."—Philadelphia Press.

Preserves. Mother's putting up preserves; Father's awful size. For it gets on father's nerves. To put up, with and for. —Puck.

A CINCH.



Belle—Did you tell Arthur you would leave him out of your will if he married that girl? Father—No; the idiot would marry her in spite of that, so I told the girl—Illustrated Bits.

So Sudden. "Your sudden marriage to Mr. Sap?" said the ex-widow's friend, "surprised me." "I reckon it surprised him, also," replied the bride, with a smile.—Hous. & Post.

Evasion. "We've quit keeping up appearances." "What are you doing now?" "Oh, keeping up dis appearances."—Puck.

Philanthropy at Small Cost. Friend—Say, old boy, how in the world did you, with your small income, get such a reputation as a great philanthropist? "I announced far and wide that I would pay the railroad fares of all the unemployed who wished to go to work on farms." "Well?" "Well, total expense so far, ten cents."—N. Y. Weekly.

His Choice. Tired Tatters—Say, Weary, if you had your choice, which'd youse rudder be—hang'd or 'lectrocut'd? Weary Walker—Dunno. Which'd youse?

Tired Tatters—'Lectrocut'd, ur course. Weary Walker—Cause dey let a feller die a-settin' down.—Chicago Daily News.

Hank Scrubbins: Confidence Man

"I HAD sold a large invoice to the proprietor of the general merchandise store in Chicago City and we were sitting in the shade in front of the store waiting for my train to arrive at the little station close by. Notwithstanding the fact that the entire place consisted of a railway station, a general store and post office and several wretched frame houses that smuted the adjacent landscape, the village exuded in its metropolitan name and often used it to tantalize rival towns who could not boast such lofty titles. The shade of evening was falling on the hot dusty Kansas prairie—a cool relief from the burning sultry sun that had baked the fields all day. A light breeze started to blow, causing the corn fields to rustle and the wheat fields to sway in graceful rhythmic waves.

I had been watching a wagon drawn by two large black horses approach down the long road, leaving a low cloud of dust behind; the lone driver was an old man, a typical old settler. As he tied his horses to a fence my companion exclaimed:

"G' gum! There's old Hank Scrubbins. Gets more letters about green goods and get-rich-quick schemes than any other fellow in the county."

"Does he ever bite?" I asked. "Don't know about that. People all ways called him a pretty smooth cuss till all the green goods men in the country got to warm'n' up to him like he was an easy mark."

After Mr. Scrubbins had been introduced to me he read a letter handed him by the postmaster. When this was finished he elevated his feet to the railing, took a bite from a plug of tobacco and said:

"Well, I reckon, boys, you hain't heard about me turnin' confidence man, have you?" "No, how's that?" asked the postmaster, all attention.

"Just like this. Last fall when I sold my wheat I heard that the old Dobson 'Salt Marsh' could be bought by payin' the delinquent taxes. There's a quarter section to it and savy as rock salt, and when it's dry it's as smooth as a billiard ball. Won't nobody have it because nothin'll grow on it; and as it joins me on the north I thought I might find use fer it. Lize was dead set against it fer awhile. But after I promised her one of those new fangled washin' machines she was all right, and so I hitched up and we went over to the county seat and got it dirt cheap. The boys all laughed at me fer buyin' it, but a feller who has jest sold 2,000 bushels of wheat has to spend part of it anyhow.

"Well, after I had it fer six months and found the land warn't no earthly account to me Lize and my daughter Marthy got talkin' about movin' to some city where there was a college. Lize seen in her 'Fire-side Helper' as how we could get minin' stock, money or some good business store for our whole plum farm and they kept naggin' me to do something. So I wrote to one of the fellers at Chicago and in a few days got a letter from a feller in Kansas City, who sez he was the other feller's agent. Well, we kept gettin' letters and papers, some of 'em from fellers that said they used to know my old dad back in Ohio. So after awhile I wrote to one feller in Kansas City to come and look at the farm.

"Well, the feller came. I met him there at the depot, just as it was gettin' dark. He sez he was in a hurry, had a big deal on in Kansas City and had to get back, said he could look over the place that night and get back in the mornin' and wanted me and Lize to go with him and see his partner in Kansas City. He had a letter writ by a lawyer in the county seat sayin' the records was all right. He was dressed out fit to kill and talked like greased lightning, and didn't want to see no one 'cept me and Lize.

"Well, by dad! didn't know that salt marsh was so purty till I seen it that night. Most level as a table and rollin'. Ought of seen the feller's eyes pop out—looked like twas worth \$10 an acre. So Lize and me didn't want to make him feel bad by tellin' him it was savy.

"So the feller bought our tickets and we went to Kansas City on the three o'clock train next mornin'. Met the feller's pard as we was climbin' off the car. The new feller said he owned the union depot and was goin' to build a better one soon as the railroads would let him. They took us to a hotel close

by and the fellers said not to worry about expenses as they owned the hotel and would see that there was no bills for us to pay. Seem as they was buyin' the farm for another feller they called Client.

"Well, first they wanted to trade \$10 bills as was stole from the mint at Washington, D. C., but Lize she kicked on that. Then they wanted us to take some minin' stock in a gold mine in California, and Lize kicked again. The fellers then said they guessed they would take only the north quarter section. After dickerin' awhile we reckoned \$75 a acre was a purty fair price. Then one of them fellers sez he had a store in a suburb worth \$15,000 he would trade even because he saw I was an honest feller.

"We all went out in a street car to see it. I seen it was only worth about \$1,000. When we got down to business Lize kicked again and I was gettin' purty rousin' bollin' hot and so I whispered to one of the fellers to take her out and buy her somethin'. That there feller went and bought her a silk dress and a hat and some beads and when she came back she was ready to sign anything. So they asked a lawyer who was lookin' 'round there to fix up the papers, and he had 'em all ready. Well, we signed 'em and I

sent my nephew, John, who lives in Kansas City and runs one of them typewritin' machines down to run the store fer awhile and the fellers bought our tickets and me and Lize come home.

"Well, I watched fer them fellers fer several weeks and at last one came. I watched him drive up the marsh and then he stood lookin' 'round not knowin' what to do next. He come up to the house, and after a lot of loud talkin' he give in and said I surely had one on him. He finally sez if I buy him a ticket to Kansas City he will deed the salt marsh back to me and so I bought the ticket and here's the deed. The salt marsh is mine."

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Miss Best went into a hospital a few weeks ago. Even then the strange change was creeping over her and masculinity was assuming dominance. She came out of the institution after an operation some days ago, a man.

The completion of the metamorphosis left her a woman in experience and ideas but a man in form and physical attributes.

The necessity for a new environment, a new start in life, was impressed upon her by Dr. Claude N. Finley, the physician who had charge of the case, and she will go to St. Louis, there to don male attire, assume a new name and fit herself to the life which this amazing freak of nature has necessitated.

From childhood Miss Best was a strong, robust girl, with an abnormal fondness for the sports of boys. As she grew older she would have liked to play baseball and done other manly things, but was restrained by a sense of delicacy.

As a young woman she was tall, broad-shouldered and very handsome, with jet black hair and blue eyes. She was strong, had rather large hands and feet for a woman, and walked with a manly stride. In spite of these things, a slight harshness of voice and the increasing growth of hair on her face, she never had the slightest suspicion of the change in life she was undergoing. Her ideals remained feminine; she chose girl companions. She painted, sewed and did all the other things that women do. She had men friends and girl friends and was popular with both.

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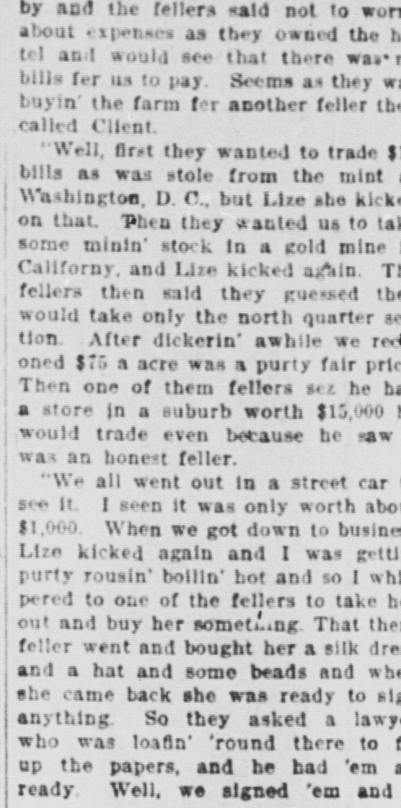
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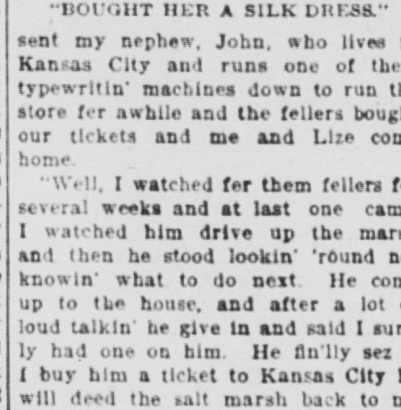
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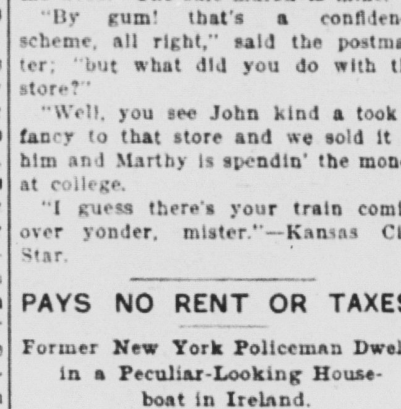
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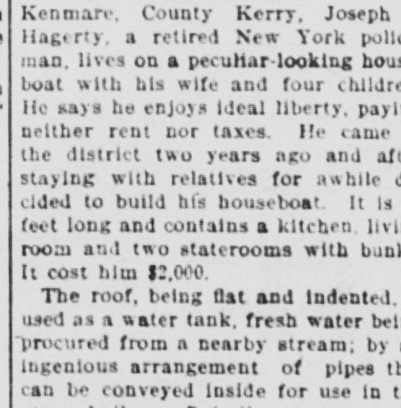
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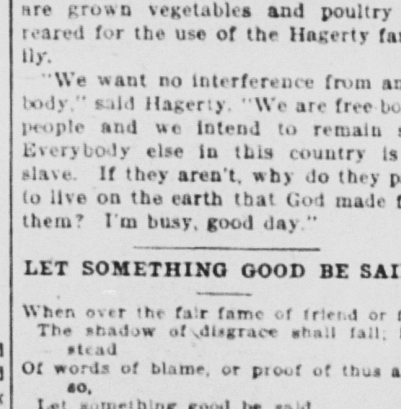
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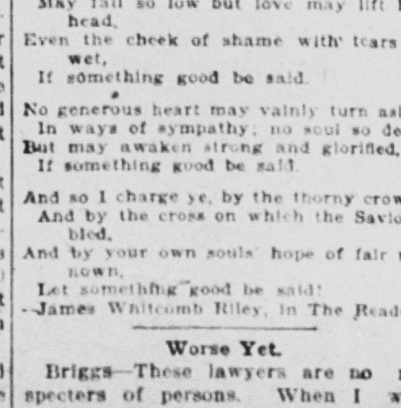
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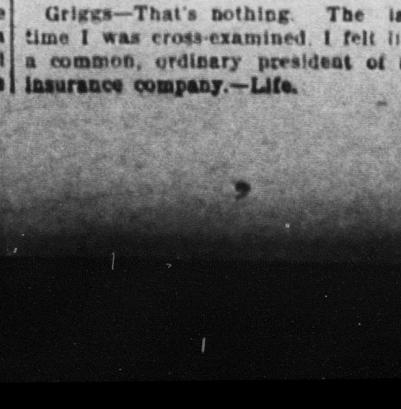
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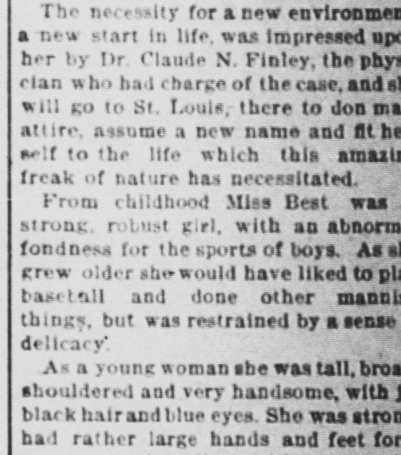
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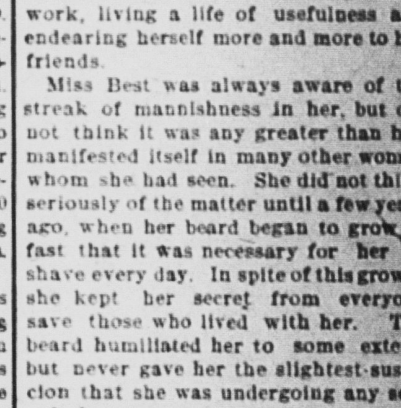
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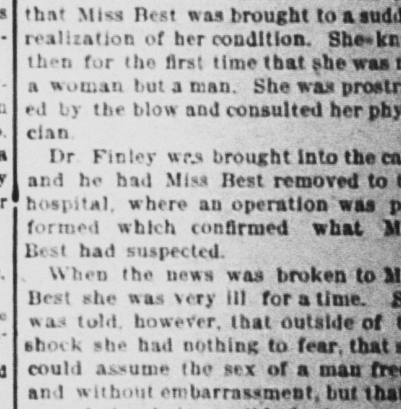
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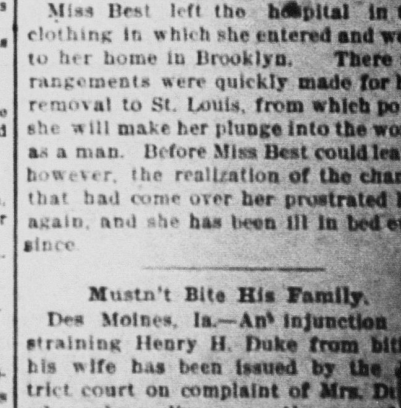
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