

JUGGER'S DOUBLE
By TOM P. MORGAN

A FICTION contains so many examples of duplicate personages, or "doubles," as they are commonly called, our old friend Jugger, was right in the fashion when he discovered that there existed another man as near like himself as one warty toad is like another.

He discovered about the same time that his double was an enterprising fellow, a genius in his way. His first intimation of the existence of this duplicate came during a journey that he was making to a part of the state somewhat removed from his home. He noticed that the gentleman who sat opposite to him in the cars had for some time been regarding him with interest. He thought little of it till the stranger, catching Jugger's eye, addressed him with:

"Glad to see you. When did you get out?"

"Out of what?" questioned Jugger.

"The insane asylum, of course," answered the other, in a loud whisper. "Tell me all about it. 'Twill make at least a column and a half for the Daily Hewgag!"

"I don't know what—"

"Why, just tell me about your killing your wife and children; I know all about the burning of the house and the chasing of the neighbors with an ax. Tell—"

The stranger suddenly ceased, frightened by Jugger's look of wrath. He edged out of his seat and took to the smoking car, muttering something about, "It's coming onto him again."

"He mistook me for some one who resembles me," Jugger told himself. "But, confound it, I don't look like a lunatic!"

The next time he struck the trail of his double was very soon after he left the cars. He was proceeding leisurely up the street when an irate citizen rushed out of a store and fell upon our friend and smote him bip and thigh.

"Oh, I've been laying for you, darn you!" the thumper cried, as he beat Jugger full sore. "A man can't call me a jackleg and shyter behind my back and not suffer for it!"

Jugger protested that he had not called the other anything behind his back or anywhere else, but in vain. He did not succeed in getting away till the thumper considered the jacklegical insult avenged. Jugger drew out his notebook and as he limped away, put down a long black mark against his unknown double.

Before he reached the hotel he was arrested upon a charge of swindling that stood against his double and was only released when he exhibited the strongest symptoms of having a fit. His double, the real swindler, never had fits. He had just finished putting another long black mark in his notebook, when a young lady fell upon his neck, kissing him rapturously, shedding great hot tears inside of his collar, and declaring in halloping tones that she had heard that he had committed suicide. She had kissed him 14 consecutive times before Jugger succeeded in convincing her that he was not the man who had committed suicide. Then on the credit side of his notebook, he put 14 kisses on account of his double.

On the way to the hotel, he was presented with a tailor's bill, cased by an irate citizen who swore that his daughter had been insulted by our friend, caught by the collector of road taxes, who vowed he had been dodged as long as he was going to be, and followed by a half-starved dog that evidently recognized him as his master.

Arriving at the hotel, Jugger met a warm, if not cordial, reception.

"You need not take the trouble to register!" said the clerk. "You cannot

Jugger "ducky darling," called the children wappy-jawed and told the duns how cold Jugger's feet were. It was only after arguments enough to have moved mountains, almost, that Jugger succeeded in convincing her that he was not her other half.

He had had hardly time to charge his double up with many black marks when a savage-looking citizen rushed in and demanded in tones of thunder why he had not been at the rendezvous, declaring that when a gentleman challenged a degraded cur to mortal combat because of a deadly insult offered by the cur in question, he expected the said cur to be at the slaughter around within ten hours of the appointed time.

By the time that an ancient matron who declared that Jugger has, proven false to his promise to wed her, had wept on his neck, Jugger seemed on the point of having a "stroke." A little later, a message from the city physician to the effect that his wife, who was in the poorhouse, had given birth to twins.

A bellboy came up with the news that there was in the office a crate which had just arrived by express with \$23.50 charges on it, and which contained a large baboon with red Donegal whiskers. Next came a suspicious-looking character who made a whispered request for "that thar counter-felt money you promised me." And so



A SAVAGE-LOOKING CITIZEN

it went on till Jugger was nearly crazy and there were many long black marks charged up against his enterprising double.

He finally escaped by climbing out of the window and shinning down the fire escape. He hurried to a saloon to obtain a nerve tonic, of which he was sadly in need but had hardly entered the establishment before he emerged a-dying, with the "bouncer" of the place close to his immediate past.

"Take dat!" cried the "bouncer."

"Told ye dat de naixt toime I'd—"

But Jugger was departing. Finally, he obtained in another saloon the coveted tonic. After imbibing the tonic and a large amount of courage with it, Jugger armed himself with a club and started out to hunt his double.

He found him at last in one of the most sumptuous saloons in the city. Taking a firmer hold on his club, Jugger advanced toward his double, who also had a club and was advancing toward the open doorway that was between them. When they were only a little way apart, Jugger raised his club with the intention of wiping out the wrongs that the black marks in his notebook represented. Seeing his adversary also raise his club, Jugger leaped at him with the ferocity of a tiger, and, with a mighty stroke, shattered to a thousand pieces—the large plate glass mirror in which his image had been so perfectly reflected.

After he had been whipped by the barkeeper and fined at the police court, Jugger hastened out of town by the shortest trail and reached home in a state that bordered closely on insanity. He never saw his double, and, to this day, there are many long black marks on the debit side of his notebook—People's Home Journal.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS TRIES.

Whatever your ambition, lad, However high the prize, Its mastery may yet be had By him who always tries.

Does Fortune—with a roseal view—Forgetken fair empire? The dreamer's fancy may pursue—The plodder wins who tries.

Would you attain to Learning's lore, And be esteemed wise? By patient labor grows the store Of him who always tries.

If Fancy strew the flowers of hope In beauty 'neath your eye, The summit of her shining slope Remains for him who tries.

Though Truth appear in homely gray, Her counsel ne'er despise; She will be clad in light, one day, To honor him who tries.

—Ernest Neal Lyon, in Success Magazine.

Product of the Pen.

Editor—Anything in the way of a contribution this morning, Julius, from the pen of any of our rural contributors?

Julius—Yessir. Somebody's done sent in a fine about—Chicago Sun.

Flowers in Tombs.

Well preserved flowers have been discovered in tombs thousands of years old. The commonest are the white or blue lotus, the red poppy, the leaves and flowers of the pomegranate, the saffron and the crocus.

Japanese Recruiting.

The Japanese army is recruited by conscription, but only 25 of the strongest and healthiest are picked out of every 100 men called up for service. The remainder are sent into the reserve.

Long Stories.

Japanese books contain scarcely more material than the average magazine article, but a single story may consist of more than 100 volumes.

Only One.

"I've received ten proposals this fall."

"The persistent fellow! What's his name?"—Cleveland Leader.

Captive Gorilla.

The record for keeping a gorilla in captivity is held by the Bristol zoological gardens, where one lived for a little over seven years.



A YOUNG LADY FELL UPON HIS NECK

and accommodations here! I told you never to—"

"But there is some terrible mistake, I am—"

"I know all about who you are! Get out!"

"But—"

"Patrick!"

"Patrick" appeared, rolling up his sleeves, and Jugger took his departure. Out in the street, he charged up another black mark against his double.

Finally, he secured accommodations in a hotel that evidently knew not his prototype. Ten minutes later, complications began to arise. Inside of an hour 37 collectors had presented bills for hats, drinks, horse hire, ragweed exterminators, razors, bustles, blood-boards, potted tar, photographs of the eclipse, 14th remedies, stovepipe stretchers, and so many more things that had been bought, borrowed, hired or stolen by Jugger's lively double that our poor friend totally lost all count of them. These visitations were rendered all the more thrilling by the fact that most of the collectors threatened to speedily and scientifically remove Jugger's article unless prompt payment was forthcoming. They were paid.

Variety was lent to the calls of the duns by the appearance of a loud-voiced lady with eight interesting children with unwashed faces. She proceeded to claim Jugger as the husband of her bosom and the father of the eight unwashed children. She called

A Monster Sale

FAIR WARNING

Your Last Chance

PRICES FORCED DOWN

Costs Nothing to See our Goods and Very Little to Buy Them

Eats 'Em Alive

- MEN'S FURNISHINGS**
- 5c Handkerchiefs now 1c
 - 10c red and white Handkerchiefs 2c
 - Genuine Rubber Collars 10c
 - 15c Celluloid Collars 10c
 - 50c and 75c Umbrellas 38c
 - Police and Firemen's Suspenders 15c
 - Men's and Boys' 15c Suspenders 7c
 - Men's and Boys' 20c Suspenders 12c
 - Genuine President Suspender 21c and 39c
 - Men's 10c hose 5c
 - Men's wool hose 14c
 - Men's double breasted fleeced underwear, 75c kind 39c
 - Men's wool fleeced, 75c kind 39c
 - Men's natural wool underwear 59c
 - Men's flannel Shirts, plain and fancy 98c
 - Children's wool sweaters 38c
 - Men's 75c sweaters, now 39c
 - Men's all wool \$2.00 sweaters \$1.25
 - Men's fancy dress shirts, 75c kind 39c
 - Linen collars, 15c kind 10c
 - Coat springs, 10c kind 2c

And 1,000 other articles too numerous to mention; nothing is to be spared; every article in the store must go. Don't delay; be among the first to be benefited, for such another opportunity as this may never again be yours.

No Old Merchandise Here; Everything New and Up to Date

HALF PRICE SALE

Every Suit and Overcoat at H. Sattler's Store, Corner Packer Avenue and Desmond Street, Sayre, Will Be Sold at Half Price

If determination to sacrifice was ever written on the face of a price ticket you will readily recognize it here. Profits, original cost and competition are things of the past. We need the money and mean business.

Think of this tremendous money saving opportunity! The chance of a lifetime! You will be sorry if you miss it.

- Men's Suits**
- Every suit we show is well worth consideration. Every new and snappy style. Single and double breasted coats with new collar, wide lapel, broad athletic shoulders, and shape-retaining front; beautifully tailored and finished with careful attention to detail. Fancy worsteds, chevots, tibets, unfinished worsteds. Such reliable makes as Schloss Bros., Baltimore; Hersherberger & Co., Rochester; N. Snellenberg & Co., Philadelphia, you will find on sale.
- Suits for Young Men**
- A large selection of fine black tibets, unfinished and fancy worsteds, single and double breasted.
- Children's Clothing**
- Single and double breasted sacks, broad and concave shoulders, unbreakable front; made of fancy worsteds, chevots, tibets; in black and blue, in almost endless variety to select from.
- Overcoats**
- For old and young, long and short; made of meltons, friezes and Kerseys.

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STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN!

BARGAIN SHOTS IN

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

That Will Strike the Bull's Eye of Public Approval.

We Are Going Out of Business

98c for Ladies' Shoes worth \$1.50
 \$1.48 for Ladies' Shoes worth \$2.00
 Same Reduction on all higher priced Shoes.
 Men's working shoes 98c

In fact as all shoes have advanced 10 per cent I am selling patent leather, box calf, velour calf, vici kid at less than cost to manufacturer.

Look for the Large Red Front Going Out of Business Sale, at corner Packer Ave. and Desmond Street, Sayre.

SALE BEGINS THURSDAY, DEC. 14

Store is Rented. Lease Will Soon Expire

Stock Must be Sold at Once.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

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Corner Packer Avenue and Desmond Street, Sayre.