

LAST OPPORTUNITY!

Down comes the bankrupt sign, and this bankrupt sale which has been the talk of this valley for the past two months will be a thing of the past. This sale will commence on

For 10 Days THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15 For 10 Days

positively no longer. I am not giving you a lot of hot air, but will give you merchandise you are looking for at prices you never before heard of. Words in print cannot explain the great values we are offering for the next 10 days to come. No man, woman or child need go for lack of clothes or shoes as long as this sale is in force. Act today; tomorrow may never come.

It is easier to save now than ten years from now. He who hesitates is lost

- Men's Heavy Fleeced Underwear at 29c each
- Overalls and Coats to match at 39c each
- Knee Pants, while they last, at 11c a pair
- Men's Extra Heavy Socks at 4c a pair
- Red and Blue Handkerchiefs at 3c each
- Men's Black Sateen Shirts, the best in the land for only 39c each
- Men's \$2.50 and \$3.00 Stiff and Soft Hats, while they last, at 98c each
- Men's 50c Caps at 19c
- Children's All Wool Sweaters at 39c
- 250 Children's Suits from 98c to \$2.98
- 400 pairs Men's Patent Leather and Box Calf Shoes, the \$4 grade at \$2.60
- Men's Overcoats, full length, sold \$10, now \$5.98
- About 1 dozen Dress Suit Cases left, at 98c
- Men's Dress Shirts, worth from \$1 to \$1.75 each at 69c each
- Men's and Boys' 4-ply Linen Collars, all late styles, 3 for 25c

The man who saves will soon find he is earning twice as much

The world will not help those who will not help themselves

- Genuine Rubber Collars, 2 for 25c
- 50 dozen Men's Black Socks, 3 pairs for 25c
- A good Men's Business Suit, 75% wool at \$4.98. Have a look
- A good Men's All Wool Suit, the thing for business wear, at \$6.98. It's a dandy
- 25 Men's Black Unfinished Worsted Suits, all through satin lined, at \$8.98. It would be cheap at \$15
- Here is THE SUIT. Strictly pure wool, lined with the best of Skinner's satin, round and square cuts, single and double breasted. This suit we always sold at \$18.25, sizes run from 34 to 46. This suit is a wonder. They will go while they last at \$12.48
- Any Ladies' Coat in the store at \$4.98. Just think of it
- Men's Working Gloves at 19c a pair. This is your last chance
- 50 dozen Silk Bows at 10c each. The 25c grade
- All of our 50c Four-in-Hand Ties at 19c
- When you begin to save remember that it's the little things that count

DON'T GO TO SLEEP AND FALL OVER YOURSELF. When this sale is over you will wonder: "Where was I when such bargains were offered?" Your neighbor will have some of them; why not you? This sale positively closes on Saturday, February 21, and our large bankrupt sign comes down. Be wide awake. Remember, this sale means **Stock to Go Out and Cash to Come In.** It is up to you to do the rest, as you can judge for yourself. I don't say very much, but what I say is gospel truth. A word to the wise is sufficient. It will be easier to save now than ten years from now. He who hesitates is lost.

H. A. KAUFMAN'S OLD STAND

LOCKHART STREET, SAYRE, PA.

PEOPLE HAVE DIED

From serious trouble resulting from bad condition of teeth. Dangerous stomach disorders and severe neuralgia can often be traced to decayed or ulcerated teeth.

BE WARNED!

Do not impair your general health and personal appearance by lack of care for your teeth. Now is the time to escape neuralgia.

I give the benefit of over 30 years continuous practice at the following low prices:

- Gold crowns, 22k, 30 gauge, seamless \$4 to \$5.
- Bridge work, per tooth, \$4.
- Gold fillings, \$1 up.
- Amalgam or silver fillings, 50c to 75c.
- Cement fillings, 50c.
- Extraction, 25c.
- Plates, \$5.00 to \$8.00.

The gold I use is prepared by J. M. Ney, one of the oldest and most experienced metallurgists of the United States, which is sufficient guarantee of its excellence, as any dentist will tell you.

DR. J. W. MURRELLE,

106 CENTER STREET.

ATHENS, PA.

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DEALER IN
Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

500 gallons of pure Olive Oil just received. 500 boxes of macaroni and imported cheese. All direct from Italy.
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Everywhere to sell teas, coffees, spices, extracts, baking powders and fine soaps, premiums with all orders, such as lace curtains, dishes, etc. A good chance for boys and girls to make money after school hours. We also give prizes to boys and girls selling a specified amount, such as watches—good timekeepers, rings, wrist bracelets, guns, stick pins, dolls, etc. These prizes come extra and do not include your regular commission. Men and women are making a good income off our plan. Write today for full information to the SAYRE SPECIALTY WORKS, Box 115, Sayre, Pa.

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Everything New and Up-to-Date. First-Class Accommodations.
Thomas Ave., Opposite L. V. Station
Rates \$1.50 Per Day. Sayre.

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Diseases of Women and of the Rectum.
Hours—7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3, 7 to 8 p. m.
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THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

In sweet October's shortening days,
When comes the purple, smoky haze,
Of many an Indian summer more,
When through the rustling blades of corn
The wisome winds of autumn play,
No trace of winter, cold and gray—
Then fancy takes a backward flight,
Forgotten pleasures come to light.
The fun and frolic, rigid rule,
Of childhood's country school
The course of study was not high,
But small boys oft were made to sigh,
With eyes upon the dog-eared book,
Not daring to look at the book,
"The rule of three" they pondered o'er,
And sadly mused on Webster's lore;
McGuffey's Readers were the joy
Of every story loving boy—
The teacher at his desk and stool
Was dear and sitting in the school!
But minds appear'd would soon rebound,
When came the call of "fox and hound";
And "townball" had its devotees,
Who scorned all games that proffered ease;
With laughing eyes and rosy cheek
The girls would play at "hide and seek."
When "books" were called with thinking
"ball."
A thrifty crowd stood round the well,
Waiting their parched lips to cool
Before the grind of country school!
Where are the boys who played with me
In long gone days of "used to be"?
Ah, some are sleeping, calm and still,
By Salem church—on distant hill!
And some are living, brave and strong,
To lift their voice against all wrong,
And in the pulpit or the pew
Uphold the good, stand by the true—
Thank God for all—the kindly rule,
And lessons learned in country school!
—J. B. Cheavens, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Maguire and the Deaf Man

By WALLACE RAYMOND GOMPFF.

(Copyright, 1935, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
"I tell you, doctor, the man's as deaf as a post! We've tried all the old tricks on him, but they didn't work; I'm for discharging him as soon as possible."
The major in charge of the Second Reserve hospital in Manila looked up from his "morning reports."
"Tried shooting a gun beside his bed?"
"They tried that in the company quarters before we got him," answered the contract doctor. "We've yelled 'fire' in his ear at night, and everything else we could think of, but it's no use—he's deaf, that's all."
The major hastily glanced over the papers in the case, muttering as he did so:
"John Earle, private, cavalryman, tall, light."
Under the heading of "Remarks" he read:
"While in company quarters Private Earle, reading a letter he had just received, suddenly turned to another soldier saying: 'Why did that bugler stop in the middle of stable-call?' The man answered, but Earle insisted that he could not hear what was said. From that moment Private Earle has been to all appearances deaf; all tests have failed."
Then the major looked over the post surgeon's recommendation for transfer to Manila and discharge, and tossed the papers aside.
"Orderly," he said, "go down to the First Reserve and send Steward Maguire here."
"Yes, sir," and the orderly was gone.
Ten minutes later Steward Maguire stood at attention before the major.
"He was a red-haired, freckled-faced, short, thick-set young Irishman. The major knew Maguire's record; he knew if Earle was deaf, Maguire would know it before another day passed.
His eyes were again on the "morning reports," and he did not look up as he handed Maguire the papers relating to the Earle case.
"I want to know by to-morrow morning whether that's a fake," was his only remark.
"Yes, sir," answered Maguire, as he slipped the papers into his hip-pocket. "I'll do my best."
As Maguire left the room a smile flitted across the major's stern face, and leaning back in his chair he said to himself:
"I'd hate to have anyone give me those orders I gave Maguire. Wonder what he'll do?"
"Now, what's my friend the major steerin' me up against?" mused Maguire, as he pulled the package of papers from his hip pocket and began reading while he walked along.
"If I thought," he said aloud, "that the ol' guy worked on the theory that it takes a thief to catch a thief, I'd—but it's dead plain that he don't; he heard about me catchin' them two deserters in Havana after they'd fooled everybody from the general down—that's all. Now if a man wants to desert, I say, let him desert; it's none of my rations. But when he deserts and don't stop long enough to pay the four-fifty what he owes Maguire—as one of the did—it's no case for a peace commission."
Maguire stopped; he had reached the coast artillery barracks. As he entered the first sergeant's office he removed his hat, saying:
"I'm Steward Maguire from the First Reserve. Can you let me see the man Private Earle was talking to when he suddenly got deaf?"
"Over there on the third bunk cleaning his gun; his name is Kelly. See him?" responded the first sergeant.
Maguire did, and a moment later was seated on the opposite bunk.
"Say," said Maguire, "we're going to discharge your friend Earle, and as the doctors in the states want a full history of the case, I've got to make a full report on Earle's case. Now there's a transport sails to-morrow, so you see I'm in a hurry. They tell me you were with the poor devil when he lost his hearing."
"Yes—he was reading a letter, you say? Gee! From his mother, probably. No? From a girl? Is that a fact? Had a tintype of her in his pocket?"
"That's about all you know! Well,

I'll have to make my report out on those facts, then."

A hush fell over the surgical ward in the hospital as two attendants, bearing a stretcher, slowly and carefully made their way past the long line of neat white beds. Patients who were able rose on their elbows wondering who the new arrival was.

"Put him in 32," directed the ward-master—"next beyond that screen there."

The patient groaned loudly as he was carefully transferred from the stretcher to the bed.

"Wouldn't want to be the fellow that sleeps next to him, and hear him groanin' all night," remarked an attendant as he glanced toward the screen.

"That fellow's deaf; that's why I put him here," explained the ward-master.

Then, after taking the new arrival's temperature, the hospital men left the victim of a "runaway accident on the Escalita" to himself.

At nine o'clock the attendants turned out all lights save four. Patients were enough to enjoy the evening breeze on the veranda were slowly entering the hospital and retiring.

Earle, the "deaf case," was last to enter the room. An incandescent lamp burned near his bed. Pulling the screen around closer, he drew a letter and a small tintype from his pocket. Alternately he would read from the letter and glance at the tintype.

A sharp shriek of pain came from the injured man, but Earle seemed not to know it.

Finally, taking a last look at the tintype he put both letter and picture in the pocket of his coat, which hung



"ACCEPT CONGRATULATIONS."

over the screen. As he turned away a slight tinkle, like a piece of tin drooping on the floor, could be heard. Instantly he turned, stooped and felt on the floor under his coat.

Then his heart seemed to stop beating; for, glancing over his shoulder he beheld a bunch of red hair, freckles and bandages which, as it peered down over the top of the bamboo screen, was heard to mumble:

"Accept the congratulations of Steward Maguire on the sudden return of your hearing!"

Early next morning, as an attendant was sweeping under the cot that had been occupied by the "deaf man," something glittering in the sunlight caught his eye. It was not the tintype of Earle's sweetheart, but an ordinary piece of tin that Maguire had tossed over the screen.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Reply Which Was Productive of a Desire to Annihilate the One Who Made It.

The pleasant-faced young man stood in a aisle of the book department of one of the big stores. In his hand he held a volume which he had some time previously taken from the counter devoted to the display of the latest fiction. It must be confessed, says the New York Times, that the young man was devoting most of his attention to an exceedingly pretty blonde clerk who stood by his side. The pair were, in fact, so merry that they did not observe the approach of a haughty woman of middle age who would probably have tipped the scales at 250 pounds, and who wished to pass them, an operation which, though simple for persons of average size, was rendered difficult, if not impossible, by her extreme plumpness.

The newcomer paused a moment, but the merry pair, oblivious of her presence, kept on chatting gaily.

"Can I pass you?" she demanded at length in tones of thunder, surveying the offending couple with a glance truly Gorgonian.

The young man turned, surveyed the speaker, noted her distended nostrils and wrathful eyes, likewise her overplump figure.

"Really, I don't know," he said, raising his hat politely. "I hope so I'm sure."

Now, if looks could kill—!

Will Taste Good.

"Aha! I have made a great invention!"

"What is it?"

"A combination shaving soap and tooth paste. Now let the barbers do their worst!"—Cleveland Leader.

Worse.

"I think that the people who have taken this affair in hand have made you sincerely repent."

"Repent!" exclaimed the man who had been involved in questionable finance. "It's worse than that. They made me return some of the money!"—Washington Star.

Annoyed.

"Were you annoyed while on the witness stand?"

"Slightly," answered the great corporation magnate. "The judge and one or two other people in the court room seemed to think they were quite as important as myself."—Washington Star.

Contributor.

"I should like to contribute more than I do to conversation," said young Mr. Muddle.

"Your mere presence contributes," conversation, you know, is largely made up of polite nothings."—Washington Star.

JUDGING BY LOOKS.

"A story that I heard recently about Mr. Nicholas Longworth and Mr. H. M. Ziegler, the noted Cincinnati owner of thoroughbreds, reminded me of something," said a Washington owner of race horses who recently returned from a visit to New Orleans, to a Star reporter.

"The story goes that some years ago Mr. Ziegler, an intimate friend of Mr. Longworth, took the latter down to his Kentucky thoroughbred farm to show him his collection of fine yearlings."

"All of these yearlings were as yet unnamed."

"Longworth," said Ziegler, as they strolled about the stalls, 'you'd better let me name one of these yearlings after you. They're a swell bunch, and almost all of them are well-bred and bound to do something big in the world.'"

"I don't mind," was Mr. Longworth's reply. "But I'd like to be sure of bestowing my cherished name on a real good one. I'd hate to have a bad one running in my name. My friends of a racing turn would be guying me all the time about my namesake's performances."

"Well," said Mr. Ziegler, "you're a pretty good judge of a race horse yourself. Now, here are two of my cracks in these two stalls. I'll have 'em led out into my paddock by one of the stable hands, and you can look them over and take your pick of them. Whichever one you like the best I'll name after you."

"Done," said Mr. Longworth, and the two yearlings were led into the open.

"They were both fine lookers, but Mr. Longworth liked the appearance of the larger one of the two the better."

"He's christened 'Nick Longworth,' then," said Mr. Ziegler, and the colt was duly named Nick Longworth and registered with the Jockey Club under that name.

"Now, the other colt of the pair from which Mr. Longworth made his selection was afterward named Hermis. Sounds kind of familiar to you, eh, that name, Hermis? Well, I should think it would sound familiar, seeing that, in the deliberate belief of many of the most astute horsemen in this country, Hermis was absolutely the finest race horse ever foaled in the United States, a speed and distance marvel, a bulldog who never knew when he was beaten, and an animal worthy to be ranked with the very greatest race horses of all time in this or any other country."

"So much for Hermis, the one that Mr. Longworth didn't pick out. As for the one that he did pick out, and that was named Nick Longworth—well, Nick was worth about nine dollars and seventy-five cents as a racing proposition, and that's about all. He could win a selling race once in a while on Thursdays when the wind was sou'-sou-east by nor, but he couldn't get out of his own way in running with even fair handicap horses, and he lost about twenty times to one win, and it really did come to pass that Mr. Longworth's Cincinnati friends guyed him unmercifully about his namesake horse. Mr. Longworth never, of course, told his guying friends that he'd actually had the chance to get so noble an animal as Hermis named after him. He probably felt that the situation was bad enough as it was."

"All of which came to my mind while I was down in New Orleans, attending the races there."

"There's a horse owner down there, racing a small string at the old Fair Grounds track, who has got into the habit of talking to himself during recent years. But he is not crazy, and his friends understand what all him. Every little while he drills over to an out-of-the-way corner, where he thinks he is out of the range of observation, and gibbers to himself, and makes strange gestures with 'his hands,' and, at the end, goes through queer motions with his legs as if attempting to kick himself. But, as I say, all his friends understand the reason why, and so they don't dope him out as a candidate for the booby hatch."

"And the sub of it is this: When the mighty McCreaney and Evelyn Byrd were yearlings and on the block for sale for a few hundred dollars—it was a sale of supposedly cheap yearlings, and there weren't many bidders—Evelyn Byrd struck his owner's fancy as being a right tidy and trim little filly, while, to his view, McCreaney looked lummy and gross and overgrown and clumsy."

"Nothing to it as between these two," he said to himself, strizing up the pair. "Me for the filly," and he paid the price asked for Evelyn Byrd and led her away to his shed."

"Then McCreaney, the gross, clumsy, lummy, unpromising-looking yearling that had been, pranced out and made himself a conquering and well-nigh invincible king among the thoroughbreds of his era. And Evelyn Byrd, doing the very best that was in her, proved herself to be nothing but a poor little old selling plater with no more pretensions to class than a prairie cayuse. She won a few races from goat-horses, even after she went totally blind, as she did, but there was never a minute in her life when she had any more chance with McCreaney than I'd have with Jim Jeffries."

"So that nobody is surprised when these frequent tidal waves of memory strike this rather poor and hard-luck owner, and he hikes off to a corner of the New Orleans paddock and has it out with himself. The moans are coming to him."

A Contributor.

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