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They never wear out because of the new all steel construction.

Prices from \$6.00 to \$30.00.

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Furniture and Undertaking. Cor. of Broad St. and Park Ave., Waverly.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF SAYRE.

Capital - \$50,000.00
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We solicit your banking business, and will pay you three per cent. interest per annum for money left on Certificate of Deposit or Savings Account.

The department of savings is a special feature of this bank, and all deposits, whether large or small, draw the same rate of interest.

H. N. SAWTELLE,
Cashier.

The Valley Record

J. E. MURRELLE, Publisher.
W. T. CAREY, Editor.

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"All the news that's fit to print"

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1906.

The Tree Tavern.
In the Tavern of the Tree,
Listen to the revelry;
Mark the merry minstrel there,
Seated in his leafy chair.
All his cups the whole day long,
Paying toll with silver song.
Every draught he takes is drawn
From the cellars of the Dawn.
Fragrant dew from flower stalks,
Amber air from fairy casks
Brought from Araby, and bright
With the Orient's golden light;
Spicery of buds and vines,
Flavors his delicious wines.
Is it strange his lyric hold
So much of the summer's gold?
Rapture of the roses caught,
Into music deftly wrought;
Rim and ripple of the rills
All translated in his lills:
Every sweet, enchanted thing
In his glances met and sung.
Ah, my mocking bird, drink on
Till the happy day is gone;
Till the pale moon rising up
Drops the stars down in her cup.
—Frank D. Sherman, in Metropolitan.

A Kansas Sunset.
It is the sunset hour, and floods of light
Pour their full radiance o'er the western sky.
Giving the clouds a glory new and bright,
Of crimson robes and zones of Tyrian dye.

It is the sunset hour, and nature gay
Is hushed in slumber solemn and sublime.
As the last moments of departing day
Drop slowly, gently from the hand of time.

Now fades the brightness, and the veil of night
Enshrouds the splendor of the rosy West;
While all the stars upon their throats of light
Glisten like jewels in a monarch's crest.
The brightness fades, and yet a lingering ray
With shining finger touches yonder height
And links with gold the passing day.
And the still beauty of the coming night.
—Carrie M. Baker, in Colorado Springs Gazette.

New Explosive.
There is another new explosive for the destruction of navies and armies. It is named "vigort." Fire does not explode it, but burns up. It is safe against both friction and concussion. It can be fired only by an electric current, is not affected by water or air, and therefore is safe for transportation. It is a German invention.

New London Society.
A newly formed social organization in London, the New Bohemians, announces itself as a society "mainly devoted to the encouragement of intelligent conversation amongst journalists, bookmen, critics, artists and others. University men," the advertisement adds, "are not necessarily disqualified."

Woman Newspaper Founder.
The death has occurred at Derby of Mrs. E. M. Pike, head of the firm of E. M. Pike, Limited. Mrs. Pike, who was 70 years of age, was the widow of the late Mr. J. B. Pike, and is believed to have been the first of her sex in the world to found a daily newspaper.

History of Coal.
The history of coal is comparatively modern. It seems to have been used first in England in the ninth century. London has no record of it until the thirteenth century and that is in the form of opposition. Parliament in 1313 petitioned the king, the second of Edward, to prohibit the burning of an article claimed to be injurious to health and a royal proclamation was issued forbidding it. But the high price of wood compelled the Londoners to resort to it again.

Felicity and the Rose Tree

By JEAN COURTENAY

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Felicity!"
The weak tones carried tremulously through the quiet garden, and in answer to the call a girl rose from the daffodils with which she was filling the basket and sped quickly towards the house.
"Coming, darling!" she cried.
As she reached the wide porch she almost ran into the arms of a man who laughingly barred the way.
"Please do not detain me, Mordant," she exclaimed, impatiently. "Mother is calling me."
"You are an ideal daughter, Felicity," he replied, stepping aside.
She flushed faintly, as if reading an implied reproach in his quiet words, and said, almost defiantly:
"But I fall as a wife. Is that what you meant, Mordant?"

"Your perfect fulfillment of one duty, dear, need surely cast no blame upon the other," said her husband, meeting her defiant look with steadfast tenderness.
"Yet you are not satisfied with me?"
"I admire her daughter," he said, with a shade of bitterness, "but I long for my wife."
"She is my mother!" she interrupted, haughtily, then almost in a whisper added: "And you know. I made no pretense."
Again the invalid's voice was heard: "Felicity! Where are you?"

In an instant she was gone, and her husband, with a smothered sigh, went into the garden.
"God grant it was not a hopeless mistake," he murmured, as he stood trying with dissatisfaction a small rose bush near the porch. "I did it with full knowledge of her indifference. I knew, as she said just now, she was perfectly frank, as she always is. Her mother was her one thought; her comfort the one object of Felicity's existence. And I tempted her with the luxuries and alleviations my wealth would procure for that beloved parent (ill she consented to marry me. That's just about how the matter stood a year ago—and now? We are as much strangers as we were then. She orders my house and servants, plays an enchanting hostess to my guests, is a devoted nurse as well as an obedient mother (who is fading away now, notwithstanding all her care, and in spite of her sacrifice) and neglects not one iota of her duties, save that troublesome and superfluous being—her husband."

He laughed half scornfully as he carefully removed some green fly from the sickly rose bush and examined its leafless branches. Getting up from his close inspection of the plant, he brought a can of water and gave it to the almost lifeless-looking rosebush.
"Never say die! must be my motto," he mused.

"What do you find so absorbing in that dead rose tree, Mordant?"
His wife's politely frigid tones suddenly startled him from his soliloquizing.

"It's not dead yet, dear." Then after a moment's pause: "Do you know what rose it is?"

"Not in the least. Tell me!"
"I planted it soon after we were engaged," he said, slowly. "I hoped it would have taken root here and flourished. I pictured it a wealth of fragrant flowers showering their sweetness upon me in answer to my love and care. Look at it! Leafless, flowerless; just alive and nothing more—refusing to be reconciled to its lot."

"You are quite poetical over it," laughed his wife. "It doesn't look worth troubling about to me. Why don't you give it up?"
"I shall never do that as long as I live," replied her husband, almost forgetting in his earnestness the type of his prototype. "I shall never lose hope, while one spark of life remains in it, that one day it may yet bloom and be happy."

"And its name? You have not yet enlightened my ignorance on that point."
"Its name is—Felicite Perpetuelle."
She started, and her face grew hot; then, as quickly, the blood receded, leaving it whiter and colder than before.
"You are, I fear," she hesitated.
"Well? Won't you finish your sentence?"
Her husband stooped towards her, and for the first time she noticed the deep sadness of his face; the threads of silver that had surely not been present in his dark hair a year ago. And a wave of pity surged up within her for this man with his unflinching kindness, his unceasing devotion towards her—who gave him nothing.

The feeling seemed to stiffen her, and slow tears gathered in her dark eyes. Her husband saw them, and they gave him courage to draw her slim figure within his arm as he bent his head still nearer to hers and whispered:
"Tell me, Felicity."
"I was only going to say—that it doesn't look hopeful, I'm afraid."
"But appearances are deceitful—sometimes!" cried her husband, eagerly. "Look here!" And impelled by something in his tone, she stooped beside him and saw that his finger was

pointing to a tiny swelling on the stem, which looked as though perhaps it might mean some day to be a bud.
"Do you see that?" he said, softly. "I think your tears have started it into life, my dearest!" And suddenly he laid a kiss upon her lips.
That kiss had curiously affected Felicity. True, her husband was not in the habit of kissing her; kisses had not been included in the programme of wedded life which they were rather wearily sitting out, and that might account for the pertinacious way in which that stray one remained in her memory. But then she had never wanted him to kiss her! She would, in fact, have been seriously against such a proceeding had he suggested it. Perhaps his suddenness had robbed it of its unpleasantness, for she could not honestly say that she had disliked it.
But there was more than that.
It had altered her attitude towards Mordant. She found it harder than she could have believed possible to keep up the cool friendliness and indifferent politeness which had hitherto marked her intercourse with him. She could no longer meet his eyes with steady frigidity; that absurd kiss kept coming between, and her lids lowered in spite of her and her cheeks grew rosy. It was most vexatious!

And sometimes—but this thought she was ashamed to meet even in the strictest privacy—she had an insane wish that he would do it again! Clearly a kiss was a very dangerous thing to trifle with.
It had affected Mordant, too, she was sure. His face was not now really half so sad as she had thought it that day, and there was a little demon of mischief in his eyes, whose smile was so dreadfully infectious that she was afraid of meeting it for fear of disgracing herself forever, by joining in.
Now life felt fuller and grander, and nature seemed to encourage her to rejoice and be merry, with its tender green leaflets and spring flowers.

She said surreptitious visits to the rosebush; she watered it regularly; she turned faint with anxiety over the mystery of that tiny swelling. Would it turn out indeed to be a bud, or was it the last flicker of life and would the tree die? She had a superstitious feeling that her whole future happiness depended on that swelling's ultimate development.
One day when Felicity was presiding at the breakfast table, a picture of dainty freshness and cool composure, her husband remarked that the rosebush he had been so anxious about—side the porch—had unfolded two leaves, and he felt confident that it would now do well. And there is no shadow of doubt that he appreciated to the full every shade of feeling that chased across his wife's tell-tale face as he spoke, the sudden alarm, the overwhelming relief, the hot shame at that relief; none were lost or misunderstood, and when he quietly and confidently laid his hand over hers as it lay on the table.

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NEVER SAY DIE

It was not till an appreciable interval of time had elapsed that she withdrew it gently and asked him whether he would take a second cup.
And after breakfast was over he wickedly retired to a favorite position of his in the garden, from which he distinctly saw Felicity go down on her knees beside the rosebush, and after patting the earth remove every sign of blight or other marauder from the two pale green leaves it now boasted.

It was a glorious September that year. I merely mention this in passing, because it really would not have mattered to them, I believe, if the weather had been absent altogether.
Her mother had passed away early in June, and soon after they went abroad. I daresay the really large things, those I mean that loan big and cannot be ignored, such as custom-house officials, hotel proprietors, French garibaldini and German appetites, were forced upon their notice, but the less obtrusive things, such as weather, would certainly be outside their combined consciousness.

They came home in September, and the morning after their arrival Mordant entered the breakfast room with one hand held behind his back.
"Guess what I have here, darling?" he cried, gaily.
"An appetite for breakfast," was the prompt reply.
"Clever child," said he, sitting down beside her and finding all beauty reflected in her face. "Don't you want to know?"
"Of course I do. Tell me," she answered, leaning her head against him.
"What will you give me for it?"
"Greedy boy!" she said, laughing, as she kissed him. "Show me!"
He held up before her a spray of creamy blossoms which filled the air with their delicious fragrance. Then having fastened it in the bosom of her gown, he drew her tenderly into his arms and whispered:
"My queen of roses! My Felicity Perpetuelle!"

WAVERLY
FRANK E. WOOD, Representative
News and advertising matter may be left at Gregg's Racket Store, Waverly. After 12 o'clock noon call the main office at Sayre, Valley phone 128X.

Try Strong's cough syrup.
Harvey Ingham is in Watkins today.

Mr. E. Clair VanAtta in in Elmira today.

Post cards at Strong's.

P. W. Towner went to New York last night.

Mrs. Hadie L. Blackmore went to Elmira today.

Wall paper at Strong's.

Mrs. A. K. Gore went to Huntington this afternoon.

The Polyhemia club met with Miss Maud Ellis last evening.

Devote paints at Strong's.

David Levy of Buffalo was calling on Unger & Ellis yesterday.

The Republican and Democratic caucuses will be held this evening.

Archie Hess is doing the electrical work in Unger & Ellis' new plant.

There was a meeting of the Republican committee in C. O. Hoagland's office last evening.

During the month of February here were 12 deaths, 6 births and 10 marriages in the village of Waverly.

Mrs. Ella Baldwin of Chemung, N. Y. left for New York this morning where she will reside in the future.

Thodore Shay, John Eddy and George Miller have returned from New York city, where they attended the sportsman's show.

The last meeting of the present board of trustees will take place Saturday night at which time the business for the past year will be closed.

The young people's society of the Baptist church will give a farewell reception to Mr. and Mrs. Jolls in the church parlors this evening. All the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jolls are invited.

CHARGED WITH VIOLATING COMPULSORY SCHOOL LAW

Waverly—John Carmody, a resident of Church street, was arrested yesterday afternoon on a warrant charging him with refusing to send his son to school in violation of the compulsory school law. Two o'clock tomorrow afternoon is set for the time of the trial.

WILL REMODEL HOTEL

Waverly—Architect Pierce of Elmira was in town yesterday afternoon at the instance of I. G. Dodge, for the purpose of looking over the back part of the Tioga House with a view to remodeling it. When the change is made it will front on Elizabeth street. As soon as the plans are made work will be begun.

STRUCK A COAL VEIN

Waverly—A vein of coal two feet thick was pierced by the drill at Tioga Center yesterday where a stock company is putting down a well. Gas has also been found in limited quantities, and an artesian well is also in working order, sending up such quantities of water that it seriously impedes the work of the drillers.

PURCHASED ENGINE

Waverly—The Waverly Sayre Company that has erected the large grist mill south of the Erie railroad tracks and east of Waverly has purchased a 100 horse power Fairbanks Morse gas engine from Lou Miller, which will furnish the power for the mill.

ENLARGING STORE
Unger & Ellis are having the basement of their store remodeled and finished so as to use it for a storeroom. This will give the firm some much needed space, and allow them to carry lines of goods which their present limited space rendered impossible.

STAR STOCK COMPANY
Athens—The Star Stock company has been organized in Athens composed of Misses Elsie Durrant, Zella Keech, Genevieve Lenox, Floyd Crayton, Harry Crayton, Mahlon Rice and Robert Jones, and they have a play called the "Country Kid" that is a side tickler for all who witness them perform it. They go over to Smithfield to give the play this evening.

LEFT YESTERDAY
Rev. F. T. Cady, who has been the rector of the Church of the Redeemer at this place for the past four years, left yesterday for Ambridge, this state, where he is to be the pastor of the Episcopal church in that place. No arrangements for a pastor to take the place made vacant by Mr. Cady have as yet been made.

LOST LEFT EYE
Mazzi Bati suffered the loss of his left eye while working in the Lehigh shops this forenoon. A chisel he was using broke in two and one of the pieces flew and struck him in the eye, penetrating the eyeball and destroying the sight. The injured man was taken to the hospital for treatment.

R. H. DRISLANE, Contractor and Builder
Plans and Estimates Furnished.
103 Lincoln St. Sayre, Pa.
Subscribe for The Record.

Saturday
—AT—
Williams

5 lb pkg excellent Dairy Butter	\$1 25
Washburn's Best Bread Flour	1 45
1 pall Maple Butter	22
2 cards Fancy Honey	25
7 bars Wool Soap	27
1 bushel Potatoes	95
4 qts Beans	45
1 lb Huyler's Chocolate	45
2 lb box Granulated Sugar	25
2 lb finest Shredded Coconut	11
1 lb Fine Peanut Butter	29
4 pkgs Nu Life	25
3 cans Red Seal Lye	10
1 lb Brazil Nuts	25
3 pkgs Currants	25

CANNED GOODS
Hoyt's Tomatoes—1 doz cans 1 60
3 cans Telephone Peas 25
3 cans Baker's Corn 25
2 cans String Beans 25
5c can "Franco American" Soup 20

TEA SPECIAL
3 lb New Tea Dust 25
1 lb B. F. Japan Tea 25
1 lb 50c Japan Tea 45
1 lb 60c Japan Tea 62

Tetley's Famous Package Teas tomorrow 10c per lb. less than the regular price.

I. A. & C. R. WILLIAMS
148 Desmond Street.

Very Cheap Traveling
Beginning Feb. 14 and continuing daily until April 9th, the Erie R. R. will sell colonist tickets to all Pacific Coast and numerous interior points at very low rates, which will be quoted and all other information given by calling on or writing any Erie ticket agent, or J. H. Webster, D. P. A., Elmira, N. Y. 236-50d

Excursions
ERIE RAILROAD.
\$6.75 to New York City and return March 6th. Valid to return on or before March 16th. Children 3-40.

Wanted.
If you want a good sealable shoe go to James Smith's, 604 South Main street, Athens. 244-6

Dreammaking done at your home. For further particulars inquire at 115 Hospital place, Sayre. 8 year's experience.

For Rent
The Dr. Judson property on North street, Athens, Pa. Apply to W. Howard Allen, Farmers National Bank, Athens, Pa. 240-4

Two offices for rent in the Maney & Page block. 214-6

Third floor of the Glaser block. Electric light, bath room and all modern improvements. Inquire at Glaser's Loan office, Lockhart street. 170

For Sale.
Houses for sale in Waverly, centrally located, from \$1,000 up. Lots \$450 up. Inquire of A. G. DuBois, 458 Waverly St., Waverly, N. Y. 251-12*

Situation Wanted
Widow wishes position as housekeeper. Inquire at 802 Stevenson St. 247-6

Notice.
Want ads inserted by persons not having a ledger account with The Record must be paid for when ordered printed. We positively cannot charge want ads indiscriminately—the expense of book-keeping and collecting is entirely out of proportion to the amount involved in the transaction.

For Sale or Rent
The Robinson house, corner Main and Ferry streets, Athens, Pa. Possession at once. J. T. Corbin, Athens. 211-7

ALL 50c SHEET MUSIC 13c

SATURDAY
Between the hours of 10 a. m. and 9 p. m. This includes all the Latest Popular Sheet Music. Add 1c extra by mail to cover the postage.

D. S. Andrus & Co.
128 Desmond St., Sayre, Pa.
Stores also at Elmira and Williamsport.
Established 1860.

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13c 13c 13c 13c 13c 13c 13c

GREGG'S RACKET STORE

WAVERLY.

Dairy Pans and Pails

Biggest assortment in the valley, and priced low at the very time of year when most in demand. We have a well earned reputation for handling only the best grades of tinware at no higher prices than usually asked for the cheap, flimsy kinds.

SPECIAL---All 50c Tams for 25c. 75c and \$1.00 Wrappers for 50c.

Gregg's Racket Store,