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

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

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The Valley Record

J. H. MURRELLE, Publisher. W. T. CARRY, Editor.

Published every afternoon except Sunday at Murrelle's Printing Office, Sayre, Pa. Subscription, \$3.00 per year; 25 cents per month. Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

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"All the news that's fit to print"

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1906.

LOCAL MENTION

Mrs. Simon Glaser is critically ill.

H. D. Titus, superintendent of the Auburn division of the I. C. High, was in Sayre this morning.

The members of the council held a meeting last night to make preparations for organizing on Monday.

G. M. Clark of Towanda was in Sayre this morning and accompanied Mrs. Clark to their home. Mrs. Clark has recovered from a serious illness at the hospital.

There will be no preaching service at the Milltown chapel tomorrow, because of the funeral of John A. Woodworth. The Sunday school will be held at 3:30 p. m. instead of 3 p. m.

Miss Clara Shoop of Stevenson street and Mary Hamm of North Elmer avenue, employes of the Reeser, Kessler, Wieland Co. department store, will start upon a vacation of a week on Monday.

The remains of Mrs. John R. White, who died at the hospital last Thursday were taken to Wilkes-Barre on the 8:50 train this morning. The body will be taken from Wilkes-Barre to Forty Fort, where the burial will take place.

One of the most scenic productions touring the country this season is Lottie Blair Parker's great success "Under Southern Skies," that is booked for an early presentation here. An absolute disregard of expense has characterized the production of this play, and the scenic, mechanical and electrical devices employed are all of the very latest.

A letter from Rev. Ira W. Bingham of Norwich, N. Y., formerly pastor of the Sayre Baptist church, states that he is well pleased with his new charge. A evidence that he has not forgotten The Record man he says he has discovered a couple of good trout streams in the region of Norwich. Next summer when the trout are biting re-venously we can expect to read some good fish stories under the date line of Norwich.

Read The Record

MAN WITH THE HOR

Say, how do you see your row, old chap? Say, how do you see your row? Do you see it fair? Do you see it square? Do you see it the best you know? Do you see it the best, as you ought to do, And leave what's worth while there? The harvest you'll garner depends on you; Are you working it on the square? Are you killing the noxious weeds, old chap? Are you making it straight and clean? Are you going straight? At a hustling gait? Are you scattering all that's mean? Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill, And dance a step or two, As the row you hoe leads up the hill? The harvest is up to you.

You can reap the thing that you ought to reap; A pitiful, worthless dolt Or a harvest fair, With a bit to spare; For another and awayward soul; The Master who's waiting to garner in Will credit you all you're due; So hoe your row with a song and grin The harvest is up to you. J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

WHICH OF THE THREE

By JANE CARR

"BRAVERY," said the clergyman in his pedantic tones, "is a full realization of danger, and yet a willingness to face the difficulty or the death that providence has seen fit to place in the road."

The soldier laughed out of his cyclin- am and, turning to the third traveling companion, he asked pointedly: "Is that your definition of heroism?" The man who had not spoken or taken any part in the conversation looked up with a quick, sidelong glance that had something of the hunted expression that one sees in the creature wounded to the death, in the eyes of the criminal before the trap is sprung or the enemy at bay.

"No," he said, slowly; "bravery is doing something for somebody else with out thinking of yourself. Providence, to my way of thinking, doesn't take a hand in the game. Now, suppose—be- lieve me, I'm not a cynic, and my regard was speculative and keen—"what would you do if Jim Ruggles were to come right into this car and hold the gun to your head—would you?" he turned to the man of cloth with a contemptuous scrutiny—"would you preach a little sermon, parson, or dig up your loose coins?"

The exponent of holy writ flushed an indignation scarlet, and, ignoring the questioner, addressed the soldier of the loyal, blind countenance. "Have you ever experienced fear— been conscious of the terror of unseen things, by the lady called unexplained phenomena, by the children of faith the manifestation of spiritual power?"

The scar on the old soldier's cheek gathered up into the wrinkles of his smile, and with a wink out of the corner of his fearless eye, he replied soberly: "Well, to shame his majesty the devil by a truthful statement, I must confess that I have. I'm an old fighting man; I've seen the blood and battle of the civil war and the sham blood-letting of modern conquests, and no matter where I've been, whether in the thick of the real thing or when playing at arms down with the Cuban nig- ger, there it has always been—the sick- ness at the pit of the stomach, the grip of the heart and the rise of goose- flesh all over the body. If that's being a coward—then I'm one."

"And you experienced that at the approach of mere physical danger?" There was a covert sneer in the unctuous inquiry, and the divine turned his glance upon the veteran full of a lofty pity for such human frailty. "But you never balked or turned heel, did you?"

The soldier smiled into the grinning face opposite. "No," he answered, "I never went right on into the very thickest of it." "That's what I call bravery. The mealy beggar without imagination never realizes what's coming and sticks by the post, and if he gets killed every one calls him the hero. Now the man who can keep from running when he has the feeling of the ball stinging in his breast, when all of the brute in him wants to save his own life, when he realizes the giving up in the wink of an eye, and when his healthy blood pounds all through his strong body, when he can face the music of famine or fire or sword, then don't tell me that that man isn't a hero when he gives up the game for the sake of some weaker devil whose life isn't worth the blowing out."

"That's my idea," said the soldier, beaming his satisfaction at such plain speaking. "It's the brave man who has suffered agonized fear and conquered." "Don't you think," said the clergy- man, stiffly, "that we might close the window. The sparks from the burn- ing snowsheds are rather disagree- able."

The three strangers sat for awhile in silence, and the coach, empty but for the casual acquaintance, moved over the hot rails, and the night grew fit- fully bright with ominous fireflies that flew out from the consumed sheds along the way. The heat became in- tense.

The clergyman and the soldier sat in un- speaking discomfort, but the third

traveler moved restlessly. At length he rose and threw up the window. There was a scorch of burning bread laden with particles of charred wood. Far out into the night he thrust his body, steadying himself by the window frame as the crushing train leaped headlong for the bridge. There was the sound of hurrying waters and the shrill call of a whistle. There was a sudden bump and wrench, and the three men came to their feet simultaneously. "Good God!" breathed the clergyman, and the soldier blanched under the ugly red of his scar. The third man rushed to the platform, followed closely by the other two. There they were met by a sheet of flame spreading upward, and the raucous scream of a departing en- gine.

"The baggage cars have caught fire and they have uncoupled us," cried the stranger as he caught at the molten brakes; then in a stifled voice he said: "The air brakes have collapsed. We can do nothing and the chances are that the bridge has given way." The clergyman stood on the first step, ready for a plunge. "Man," cried the others, "are you insane? You would be dashed to death at the speed at which we are going!"

"There is but one chance." The soldier and the divine clung de- speringly to the last hope, and their eager eyes pierced the darkness for a sight of the speaker's face. By a pow- erful thrust they found themselves back into the coach and heard the slam of the car door. The interior had be- come a furnace. The incense mass gathered momentum as it slid down the incline to the bridge below. The men's faces were drawn into centuries of horror at the hideous fate ahead of them. Nevertheless, the man of God sank into the nearest seat and covered his eyes. With true martial instinct he had discovered the commander.

The stranger stood with his back to the door, a smile on his lips. "We will plunge down into the river. It is a drop of only 20 feet. The engine and the baggage cars have passed over it. I think in flames, but at least saved from the watery grave." His glance rested upon the shivering frame of the seated passenger, and then he continued: "We must take our turn in getting out of the window before the cars fill, and of swimming to the surface of the river. It is only deep enough to cover the car, but the current is swift and strong."

They took their places at the closed window. . . . There was a horrible downward rush and a hissing sound. . . . At the window there was a

struggle. The abysmal brute was up- permost, and its strife was that of one of the wild things that grow and snarl and leap in the jungle. The stranger's grayness gave way to some inner illumination, and he fell out of the ring. He pushed the clergyman forward and said, hoarsely:

"You go first. Save yourself and learn to teach men how to die." Then he turned to the soldier. "You deserve another death than this. Go next." "But you, man—how about you?" "Oh, I'm only Jim Ruggles running away from the law—"

"The stage robber! You don't mean—"

"Yes, that's me. I've had many a chance. You can have this one. Don't waste a second; the car will fill with an awful rush. Say, don't forget—"

There was the feel of cold waters, and the lights went out.—San Francisco Bul- letin.

CIGARS KEPT SINCE 1861. Manufacturers, Unwilling to Pay Tax on 18,000, Now Dead—Re- venue Officials Puzzled.

Reading, Pa.—The attention of the local internal revenue office has been called to an unusual case. Reuben Keinert, a cigar manufacturer, died re- cently in Hereford, this county. Stored at his home are 18,000 cigars that were made before the civil war, and the ad- ministrator of his estate is now won- dering what to do with them. In ad- dition to the cigars there is sufficient leaf tobacco to fill a four-horse wagon.

Keinert had the 18,000 cigars on hand when the government, needing money to carry on the war, passed the revenue law which made it necessary to put sev- eral dollars' worth of stamps on each 1,000 cigars. Mr. Keinert was opposed to this and declined to buy stamps. As a result he could not sell his cigars and for 45 years they have been stored.

About the time that the stamp law was passed he was offered \$2,000 in gold for the cigars, but he declined to sell, thinking that as soon as the war was over the revenue law in regard to the cigars would be repealed. With each recurring congress he expected this to happen, but each time the aged cigar- maker was disappointed.

After nearly half a century he died, with the revenue law in force and his 18,000 cigars in storage. They are in excellent condition. Friends of the de- cedent say he was a stubborn man and would never dispose of anything unless he secured his price.

Since Mrs. Clarence Mackay became school commissioner in Roanoke, she wished to make a birthday present to one of the children, a little girl. "I'll give you a doll," she said. "Thank you." "And what kind of a doll?" "Trina, please." Trina it was.

WAVERLY

FRANK R. WOOD, Representative News and advertising matter may be left at Gregg's Racket Store, Waverly. After 11 o'clock noon call the main office at Sayre, Valley phone 128X.

Try Strong's cough syrup.

The Polyhymnia club will be en- tertained next week by Miss Mabel Baldwin.

Post cards at Strong's.

Fred Pike and Charles Myers are enjoying the sights of New York city.

Wall paper at Strong's.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Scott are spending a few days in New York city.

Devoc paints at Strong's.

Max Shoemaker of this place has been granted a State Druggist certificate.

Miss R. M. VanAtta is ill at the home of her brother, A. J. VanAtta, in Pennsylvania avenue.

A party of high school young people enjoyed a dance at the Y. M. C. A. hall last evening.

The Business Men's association will hold a meeting next Wednes- day evening at the town hall.

M. C. Swarthout and wife of Wayland, N. Y., are visiting at the home of F. D. Swarthout in Wa- verly street.

The goods of Powell's dairy kitchen were sold at foreclosure sale this morning by John Tozer as auctioneer.

Attorney George Andrews of Owego, who is being boomed for county judge, was in Waverly this morning looking after his political fences.

WAVERLY REPUBLICANS HOLD THEIR CAUCUS

Waverly—Enthusiastic republic- ans crowded Stone's hall last night as a result of a call for a caucus to place in nomination candidates for the various village officers.

President J. T. Tucker stated the object of the meeting and suggested the name of Judge F. A. Bell as chairman of the meeting. Edgar Sebring was elected secretary and four tellers were appointed by the chair. Dr. Tucker placed in nomi- nation O. H. Lawrence for presi- dent of the village and he was unanimously chosen. Hon. A. I. Decker presented the names of P. L. Lang, F. L. Howard and W. C. Farley for trustees, and the secre- tary was instructed to cast one bil- lot for them. Charles Laine of the east ward was nominated for assessor without opposition. There was a lively contest for the offices of treasurer and street commis- sioner, and Ernest Whitney was nominated for the former and Jefferson Bingham was nominated for the latter office, by small majorities. C. B. Horton who made such a splendid record as collector last year, was re-nominated without op- position.

An executive committee to fill vacancies and conduct the cam- paign, composed of the following persons, was named: O. H. Law- rence, W. H. Brugham, P. L. Lang, J. T. Tucker and G. D. Ge- nung.

BROKE INTO STATION

Waverly—The East Waverly station was broken into last night. The parties who did the deed gained entrance by prying open the door with a brake key. Noth- ing of any considerable value was taken, however, a few small articles only being missed.

MINSTRELS LEAVE

Waverly—The Waverly Imperial Minstrels, forty strong, accompa- nied by the Boys' band, left today on the 1:11 train on the D, L. & W., for Owego, where they give a performance this evening. A large number of their friends accompa- nied them.

LAST NIGHT'S CAUCUS

The Democratic and Municipal Reform party, which is in reality the old Union party, held their caucus at the Town Hall last evening. James Falsely was chosen chairman and James Clohessy was secretary. The following ticket was nomi- nated:

President—O. H. Lawrence. Trustees—Louis F. Lord, Mich- ael Curry and Simon Zausmer. Assessor—M. W. Kennedy. Collector—C. Burt Horton. Street Commissioner—Horace Whitaker. Treasurer—Lewis J. Buley.

RECEPTION WAS WELL ATTENDED

Waverly—The farewell recep- tion given by the Baptist church at their parlors last evening to John M. Jolls was largely attended. The evening was spent in a social manner and gave an opportunity for the many friends of Mr. Jolls to bid him God speed and success in his new home.

Mr. Jolls has accepted a position as musical director in the Bethany church, Philadelphia, and will leave at once for his new duties.

MR. GREGG'S CONDITION

Waverly—Information received from Philadelphia this morning is to the effect that the condition of H. S. Gregg is slightly improved. After the announcement a couple of days ago that he was conva- lescing, Mr. Gregg was taken with a turn for the worse, but at last accounts he is able to receive some nourishment and indications seem to favor his ultimate recovery.

WILL CHOOSE RECTOR

The vestry of the Church of the Redeemer will meet at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon for the purpose of electing a successor to Rev. F. T. Cady.

BISHOP TALBOT TO PREACH

The Right Reverend Ethelbert Talbot, bishop of the diocese of central Pennsylvania, will be at the Church of the Redeemer tomorrow evening and conduct the service. Bishop Talbot will be in Athens in the morning and will confirm the applicants for confirmation at that time.

The congregation of Trinity church, Athens, have been invited to attend the evening meeting at Sayre.

MADE ASSIGNMENT

Notice was given yesterday that H. O. Hansen, the well known Sayre contractor had been obliged to make an assignment for the benefit of creditors. The Hon. L. T. Hoyt was named as assignee. The assets are \$4500 and the liabilities \$9000.

HOSPITAL NOTES

Miss Rose Heinze of Forkes- ville was admitted today.

Charles Morningstar of Wilmot township, this county, was dis- charged.

Excursions

ERIE RAILROAD. \$6.75 to New York City and return March 6th. Valid to return on or before March 16th. Children 3.40.

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

Special care and prompt at- tention given to moving of Pianos, Household Goods, Safes etc.

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25—PEOPLE—25 AND 6—Big Vaudeville Acts—6

Matinee—"A Wife's Deception." Night—"The Belle of Richmond." All New Scenery, Beautiful Elec- trical Effects and Suberb Costumes.

Prices—Matinee, 10 and 20c Nights, 10, 20 and 30c.

LAWYERS & WINLACK, Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

A GENERAL LAW BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

LAWYERS BUILDING, 219 DESMOND ST., Valley Phone 180-A. Sayre. Subscribe for The Record.

MISSSES TABER & LAMBERT Sayre Art Parlor.

129 W. LOCKHART ST. We show a complete line of Fancy Goods, Linens and Materials. Also a new and up-to-date line of stamping pat- terns for Shirt Waist Suits, Hats, Lin- gerie, shadow eyelet and French em- broidery.

AGENTS WANTED.

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 timepieces, rings, wrist brooches, guns, stick pins, dolls, etc. These prizes come extra and do not include your regular commission. Men and women are making a good in- come on our plan. Write today for full information to the SAYRE SPECIALTY WORKS, Box 115, Sayre, Pa.

WANT ADS

Wanted. Dressmaking done at your home. For further particulars inquire at 112 Hos- pital 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. 340-4

Two offices for rent in the Money & Page block. 214-4

Third floor of the Glaser block. Elec- tric light, bath room and all modern im- provements. Inquire at Glaser's Loan office, Lockhart street. 1704

For Sale. Houses for sale in Waverly, centrally located, from \$1,000 up. Lots \$450 up. Inquire of A. G. DeBois, 488 Waverly St., Waverly, N. Y. 231-124

Situation Wanted. Widow wishes position as housekeep- er. Inquire at 502 Stevenson St. 247-8

Notics. Want ads inserted by persons not hav- ing a ledger account with The Record must be paid for when ordered printed. We positively cannot change word in- discriminately—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. 211-1

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

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128 Desmond St., Sayre, Pa.

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Established 1860. 13c

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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 tin- ware at no higher prices than usually asked for the cheap, flimsy kinds.

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

Gregg's Racket Store,