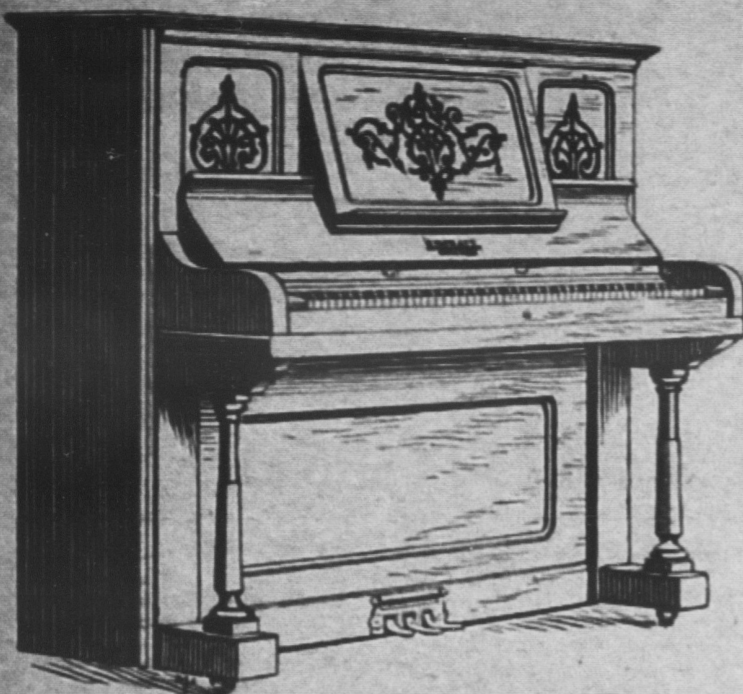


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Unparalleled Bargains in Slightly Used

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A small sum down and the balance in weekly or monthly payments to suit the convenience of the purchaser...

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An opportunity of a lifetime to procure the greatest home entertainer ever invented—a \$650.00 Pianola Piano...

Square pianos are in demand and D. S. Andrus & Co. now offer a \$150.00 Square Piano for only \$90

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D. S. ANDRUS & CO.

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL. Closing Stock Quotations. Money on call steady at 4 1/2 per cent; prime mercantile paper, 3 1/2 to 4 per cent; exchange, \$248.25/107; balances, \$18,880,974.

WHEAT—After opening a shade higher on better Liverpool cables than expected, wheat turned easier under heavier north-west receipts, poor continental cables fine weather raised, but pressure; May, \$1.15 1/2; July, \$1.15 1/2. FALLOW—Steady; city, 6 1/2; country, 5 1/2. HAY—Steady; shipping, 7 1/2 to 8; good to choice, 8 1/2 to 9. EGGS—Steady; 60 to 65. BEANS—Quiet, marrow, \$1.24 to \$1.25; medium, \$1.21 to \$1.22; pea, \$1.47 to \$1.48; red kidney, \$1.31 to \$1.32. HOPS—Dull; state, common to choice, 12 to 14. BUTTER—Creamery, extras, per pound, 22 1/2 to 23; firsts, 22 to 22 1/2; seconds, 21 1/2 to 22; head, extras, 12 to 12 1/2; firsts, 11 1/2 to 12; western imitation creamery, firsts, 22 1/2; renovated, extras, 22; firsts, 21 1/2; western factory, firsts, 22; seconds, 21 1/2; rolls, wrapped, fine, 12; packing stock, No. 2, 11 1/2. CHEESE—State, full cream, small and large, September, fancy, 14 1/2; October, best, 13 1/2 to 14; winter made, small, average best, 17 1/2 to 18; good to prime, 15 1/2 to 16; inferior, 14 1/2 to 15; light skims, 11 1/2; half skims, 10 1/2 to 11; part skims, prime, 11 1/2 to 12; fair to good, 10 1/2 to 11; EGGS—Fresh gathered, extra, 22; firsts, 21 1/2; seconds, 21 to 21 1/2; No. 1, 20; No. 2, 19; No. 3, 18; No. 4, 17; No. 5, 16; No. 6, 15; No. 7, 14; No. 8, 13; No. 9, 12; No. 10, 11; No. 11, 10; No. 12, 9; No. 13, 8; No. 14, 7; No. 15, 6; No. 16, 5; No. 17, 4; No. 18, 3; No. 19, 2; No. 20, 1. LIVE POULTRY—Firm and in good demand; fowls, 14; old roosters, 10; chickens, 10 1/2; ducks, 10 1/2; geese, 14. DRESSED POULTRY—Steady and in fair demand; fowls, 12 to 13; old roosters, 8 to 9; turkeys, 14 to 15; western, do, 10 to 11; turkey, choice to fancy, nearby and western, 16 to 17; fair to good, 14 to 15; ducks, nearby, 10 to 11; western, 12 to 13; geese, nearby, 10 to 11; western, 12 to 13. LIVE STOCK MARKETS. CATTLE—Supply light; market steady; choice, \$7.50; prime, \$6.00 to \$7; veal calves, \$5.00. HOGS—Receipts light; market slow; prime heavy, \$12; mediums and heavy Yorkers, \$10 to \$11; light Yorkers, \$9 to \$10; pigs, \$7 to \$8. SHEEP AND LAMBS—Steady light market steady; prime wethers, \$10 to \$11; -cuts and common \$8; lambs, \$10 to \$11. PREMIER BRAND OF TUNA. TUNIS, Feb. —Premier Mohnamed el Aziz ben Atour is dead here at the age of sixty-five.

WHAT DOES THE NUMBER 1969 ON EVERY PACKAGE OF Stegmaier Beer MEAN? IT MEANS THAT WE COMPLY WITH THE U. S. PURE FOOD LAW IN THE BREWING OF OUR PRODUCT. IT MEANS THAT THE CONTENTS ARE PURE. IT MEANS THAT THE SECRETARY OF THE U. S. AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON, D. C. ISSUED THIS SERIAL NUMBER FOR YOUR PROTECTION. IT MEANS THAT YOU SHOULD INSIST ON HAVING STEGMAIER'S BEER. IT MEANS SOMETHING, THIS SERIAL NUMBER 1969, DON'T LET Stegmaier Brewing Co. SAYRE, PA.

VOICE FROM BATH SHOCKS SPINSTERS

TWO MODEST MAIDENS APPALLED BY BASS SOUNDS ISSUING FROM ROOM.

BOTH RETREAT IN HORROR

Investigation Reveals Young Woman Contralto Singer With Cold Humming Hoarsely as She Takes Her Ablutions.

New York.—The Van Dyck Studios is one of the most discreet and decorous hotels in New York city. The studios are full of artistic talent. That is why they are called studios. The musical perhaps predominates, but all branches of art are represented and all the day long may be heard the click of the typewriter pounding out prose and poetry, the swish of the paint brush over the helpless canvas, the plaint of punished pianos and the smothered shrieks of incipient prima donnas being drowned in raging high C's.

In the Van Dyck collection is a young woman on the second floor who sings in a rich and melodious contralto, but just now she is not singing but talking bass, thanks to a cold. On the same floor two maidens of uncertain age jointly occupy a studio. They are so nervously refined and sensitive that they hang an apron over the face of the clock when they seek their downy couches. The other morning the contralto went down the hall to take her tepid tub. The Van Dyck baths are large and several persons may be laundered in them simultaneously, so to speak. There are bath rooms for women, also for gentlemen—and they are separate.

While the contralto was having luxuriantly in the limpid liquid she was humming several notes to herself with closed lips. At this very moment the two sensitive spinsters appeared trippingly before the bathroom door, bearing soap and towels, to take their modest matutinal sponge.

In guileless innocence they opened the door and entered. But they stopped, tip tilted on their pale pink toes, ere they had taken a second step and gone too far. Horrors, what was it they heard? The voice of the hoarse contralto, but it sounded not so to their tender ears. Appalled, they gave one startled glance toward the slatted door of the bath compartment and fled. With a common impulse they ran to the elevator.

"There's a man in the women's bathroom," they chorused to the elevator man.

"A what?" he exclaimed, in shocked tones.

"A man in the women's bathroom," they repeated as slowly and distinctly as the nervous strain would allow.

"Which one?" he asked, as if that made any difference.

"The women's bathroom on this floor—this floor," they explained.

"How do you know?" he inquired next.

"We heard him in there."

"When?"



"I'd Like to Know What You Are Doing in Here."

"Just a minute ago."

"Who is he?"

"How do we know?" they both screamed. "How do we know?"

Evidently he couldn't answer the question, so he rubbed his head and told them to go see the superintendent.

The superintendent is a chivalrous man and he was thoroughly indignant. He has sandy hair, but it glowered fiery red at their story, he was that fierce.

"Remain here," he said firmly, as he waved his hand toward the side of the office where the safe and the burglar alarm are, "and I will see who the dastard is."

He strode along the hall to the bathroom door. He blushed as he laid his hand upon the knob. The women might be mistaken. He opened the door, and as he stepped across the threshold he heard the honk, honk of a heavy voice emanating from a bath compartment marked by a bow of sky-blue ribbon on the latch.

"What are you doing in there?" he called out sharply.

The honk, honk instantly ceased and all was still.

"What are you doing in there, I say," he repeated.

"I'd like to know what you are doing, whoever you are, in the women's bathroom," came the voice hoarsely from the compartment.

"Some women have just reported that there is a man in the women's bathroom."

"Well, you're the only man in the women's bathroom that I know anything about," came the voice, now unmistakably feminine, "and if you don't get out I'll report you to the superintendent and he'll—"

But the superintendent didn't wait to know what the superintendent would do to him. He blushed and hurried back to the office.

"Did you get him?" asked the sensitive spinsters in eager excitement.

"There is no man there," he said with frigid formality.

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? How do I know?" he cried, helplessly. "Oh, I don't know how I know. Go there yourselves," and he waved them off frantically.

They went after awhile and the superintendent fell into a chair.

"By heck!" he exclaimed, when he knew they were out of hearing, "why in thunder don't some women get married, so's they'll accumulate a little everyday working sense?"

PRETTY GIRL CHARGED WITH BEING A WITCH

Farmer Asks Her Arrest, Declaring She Cast Spell on His Son and Whole Family.

Omaha, Neb.—Jacob Jarbens, a wealthy farmer of Boyd county, believes that witchcraft of the old Salem sort is still to be met with in this country. He appeared at the office of



He Was Unable to Put His Foot to the Floor.

the county attorney at Butte with a complaint to the effect that Miss Jennie Swartz, of Spencer, was a witch and was guilty of practicing witchcraft and with a request that she be arrested at once and made to answer for her alleged crimes.

Jarbens, who is 70 years old, told his story with tears in his eyes. His 20-year-old daughter was with him. Miss Swartz is attractive and is employed as a saleswoman in a big general store in Spencer.

Jarbens alleges that his son, 21 years old, went to a dance and while waiting with Miss Swartz he found suddenly that he was unable to put one of his feet on the floor.

He was led to a seat and became hysterical, laughing and crying by turns. He insisted that the girl with whom he danced had bewitched him. He went into the open air and after a time the spell wore off. Later in the evening, unable to resist her, he danced with the young woman again, with the same result. This time the spell did not wear off until some one went to the Jarbens farm and quoted from the scripture. It relieved the young man for a time, but the spells have returned at intervals.

The young man was sent from his home to another part of the state finally, in the hope that the alleged witch's spell might be broken, made good. After he was sent away, however, the father declared, spells were cast upon other members of his family and stock belonging to him died.

Jarbens was deeply disappointed to learn that there was no law on the statute books of Nebraska covering witchcraft and that consequently no legal action could be taken by the county attorney to redress his grievances.

All Quit Use of Tobacco.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Following a spirited revival in Port Republic, a thriving hamlet on the mainland, every man and boy in the place has sworn off the use of tobacco.

Miss Amanda Blake, proprietress of the general store in the village, made a bonfire of her entire stock of pipes, tobacco, cigars and cigarettes, and John H. Johnson, a 70-year-old war veteran, is lying sick at his home after eschewing his lifelong pipe habit, declaring he will die rather than again resort to his narcotic enemy.

Port Republic citizens have always borne a name for general rectitude and morality, but like other country residents have looked on their tobacco as a harmless evil. They were awakened to the error of their ways by a visiting evangelist who declared that "Hades is full of smokers and sinners."

LAZY DORA

"By the way, Aunt Sally," said young Mrs. Billings—and the fact that she stopped rocking to say it was a sign of its importance—"there's a question I've been saying to ask you as soon as you came, and it was all I could do to keep from writing it. Do you remember 'Lazy Dora'?"

"Do I remember her?" The active-looking, black-eyed woman sat erect. "Could I forget her? Of all the shiftless, good-for-nothing girls I ever saw—and I've seen some!"

"Sakes alive!" she added, turning to the neighbor from the floor below, who had run in with her mending. "You'd need to see her to believe she was true. My niece and I gave her that name, just between ourselves, and it fitted. We knew her in Idaho, when my husband was doing a piece of engineering out there, and we were boarding with her mother—a sensible, industrious woman as ever was."

"There was plenty for Lazy Dora to do, but no—she'd lie abed until time to dress for dinner—that was at noon—and then she'd appear and talk to the men—young engineers, you know. After that she'd lop down and read novels or sleep until evening, when the men were home again. Then she'd come to life in earnest. My, how she'd sparkle! I used to blink—couldn't believe my own eyes, she was so different from the daytime Dora."

"And Auntie," Mrs. Billings wedged in, "do you remember the young engineer who was so crazy over her?"

"Do I? Rufus Chandler was his name. Poor man!"

"Mrs. Billings laughed softly. "You see, Auntie had an eye on him for me," she explained to the neighbor from the floor below. "She didn't know at the time that I already had my eye on Jack Billings, and it went hard with her to see this other splendid young man throwing himself away. She was always cornering him and telling him what good pies I could make and how I had kept house for my father since I was 14, but it was no use. Rufus would slip away at the first sound of Dora's slippers on the stairs. And Aunt Sally would shake her head at me in private and say: 'Just wait till they're married. He'll find out his mistake. Just you wait!'"

"I was perfectly right, too," Aunt Sally persisted. "If he ever married her—which I hope for his sake he didn't—he's regretting it."

"Aunt Sally," announced Mrs. Billings impressively, "he did marry her, and they're living in this building now, in the flat right over us."

"You don't say! Poor fellow!"

"And he's blissfully happy."

"Then maybe he's made enough money to keep her in idle luxury."

"No; he's hard up. He's told Jack about his financial troubles, but he says Dora is the bright star of his life. They can't even keep a servant."

"You don't mean to say that she does her own work?"

"No; he does her own work. He makes the beds and gets breakfast and washes the dishes before he leaves, and he always brings home the provisions for the dinner he's rigged to cook at night. Yes, and he's rigged up a wire frame to hold her book, so that she can read without getting tired."

"Eunice Billings!"

"It's all true. Sometimes she musters energy to meet him down on the front steps, and then he puts down his parcels and carries her up two flights of stairs and comes running down again after his meat and vegetables looking as if he'd given him a kingdom."

"Yes, indeed," the neighbor said. "I've seen that often."

"Is she sick?" Aunt Sally sniffed.

"No more than she was when we knew her, Auntie. She's just too choice and rare to be allowed to exert herself. She did have a touch of rheumatism in her shoulder a few months ago, and since then he has dressed her in the morning and done up her hair. That's a fact. She told me herself. And one Saturday afternoon Jack went up there to see Mr. Chandler on a business matter and he couldn't make anyone hear when he rapped. The sewing machine was going and it made such a noise—needed oiling, of course—and at last Jack pushed open the door, and there was Rufus Chandler down on the floor, working the treadle of that machine with his hands, while 'Lazy Dora' stitched a seam."

"For the land's sake! What did Rufus Chandler say to Jack?"

"He came in the hall to talk business, so that Dora wouldn't be worried, and before he went back he said: 'Billings, if ever a man was privileged to live with an angel, I am that man!'"

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Aunt Sally, dropping back into her chair.

"What I'm getting at, Aunt Sally," Mrs. Billings went on, "is simply this: I was brought up wrong. I mean that I was brought up as I always did for father, but do you suppose I'm an exalted angel, that it's a privilege to live with? No, indeed! I'm just a good, ordinary wife, doing my duty; that's all. Think how you used to say, 'Just you wait,' and then see how Rufus Chandler adores her, after being married to her seven years! I say she's tremendously clever, and I'd like to take lessons of her."

"Eunice Billings!" Aunt Sally revived at this heresy. "You don't mean a word you say. Just you wait. Rufus Chandler isn't telling all he thinks."—Chicago Daily News.

WEDNESDAY

SPECIAL

Children's Underwear

The fleeced lined shaped garments, extra heavy and worth 25c the garment. All sizes Vests and Drawers, Wednesday Special 15c.

Wait for our sale of Ladies' Fine White Under Garments.

Torchon Laces The kind sold last week for 4 1/2c. A good assortment to select from.

Wednesday Special 3 1/2c.

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