

Saved from the Surgeon's Knife

No organs are of greater importance to the human body than the Kidneys. Their duty is to sift and strain the poisonous and waste matter from the blood, and if they fail to do this, the trouble shows in the nervous system, and even in the brain. Your life is at stake when there are pains in the small of your back—when you are compelled to get up at night to urinate—when the passing of water causes scalding pain—when there is a sediment in the urine in the vessel, or when it appears white or milky. When so afflicted, you can conquer the trouble with **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**, the greatest medicine that civilization has ever known for curing Kidney, Bladder, Blood and Liver Diseases.

James Lettice, of Canajoharie, N. Y., tells of his wonderful cure: "Some years ago I was attacked with pains in my back and sides that were fearful. I could not control my kidneys, and what came from me was filled with mucus and blood. An Albany doctor was to perform an operation upon me, and said my home doctor could take care of me after. I saw an advertisement of **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**, which seemed to fit my case, so I decided to try that before I submitted to the operation. I began its use. When I had taken about two bottles the flow from the bladder grew cleaner, and the pain stopped, and in a short time I was saved from the surgeon's knife, and am now well."

Favorite Remedy also cures Eczema, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Constipation. For Female Troubles it is unequalled. It is sold for \$1.00 a bottle at all drug stores.

Sample Bottle Free! In order that sufferers may be convinced of the curative virtues of **Favorite Remedy**, a free sample bottle will be sent, prepaid, to those who send their full postoffice address to the Dr. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y. It is necessary to say that you saw the advertisement in this paper if you wish to take advantage of this genuine and liberal offer. Send today.



GUARD THE FLAG.

Guard the flag—forever guard Freedom's universal sign; Let its blue field, thickly starred, Ever yet more brightly shine. Guard it—for our heroes' dust Speaks from days of far lang'ue; Guard it—'twas their dying trust Round it let the laurels twine.

By the blood those heroes shed, As their hands still grasped its shaft; By the green graves of our dead, By the speaking centipede; By the hearts that it hath borne Dauntless through the fiercest fight; By its folds, all scarred and torn, Yet in triumph ever bright;

Guard the starry-spangled sign Of our speech, our faith, our home; Whether o'er the ocean's brine, Or upon the arched dome; Where'er in triple hues To the winds that flag is hung, Let it tell a nation's hopes As with clarion's silver tongue.

Guard the flag through storm and night, As in this sweet age of peace; Let it shine forever bright, And its triumphs never cease; Guard the flag through shot and shell, Through the battle's wildest surge; Guard it and its glories tell To the earth's remotest verge.

Guard the flag—Columbia's pride— Which shall still unconquered be, As our navies proudly ride At their will in every sea; As we go from strength to strength, God with us, we fear no foe; Let our starry banner wave Where the roughest tempest blows! —William B. Chisholm.

The Admiral's Flag-Raising.

The warships of the Pacific Squadron were riding at anchor in the harbor of Port Angeles, Wash. Admiral Beardslee, in command of the fleet, which had assembled for the summer's drills, had rented a cottage on the bluff overlooking the bay, and was settling his wife for two months' housekeeping.

Of course, the whole neighborhood was agog with the business, but above all, the boys, rid of school in midsummer, were ever on hand to see and note everything going on.

They already knew that the Admiral was a great fisherman; that he had caught in a lake near the town the biggest and rarest trout had ever discovered a new species called by his name. They also knew Mrs. Beardslee to be a judge of jellies, jams, preserves and cakes; for they had tasted the same at her cottage.

What wonder that there was always a boy somewhere in sight, either dodging you as you went in at the gate, or lying on the grass, looking up at the sky and dreaming his dreams—such dreams as only boys dream of ships and guns, with the Stars and Stripes floating over all.

The last touch to the house had been the purchase of some hens with broods and the building of a chicken coop. The Admiral was in the grounds inspecting—for you know an Admiral will have everything ship shape—when the boys, who had gathered in force, approached him, and one said, pointing to a stick nailed to the corner of a small house just over the fence: "Admiral, will you put a flag for us on my flag pole?"

The Admiral looked at the stick, shook his head slowly, and replied: "No, I cannot do that. But I'll tell you what I will do: If you boys will get a good flag pole I'll set it up for you and furnish the flag."

Within a week a slender, shapely tree lay on the ground quite near the Admiral's gate. Astride of it sat a fine lad, with a knife which he grasped firmly by its two handles and passed swiftly to and fro along the surface. People said: "What can the boys be about?" But the boys had their secret and they kept it.

One fine bright morning, when Mrs. Beardslee sat in her little parlor chatting with a friend, "Taka," the Japanese steward, entered the room with a quick step, approached her and said, in a tone suppressed with excitement: "All wondrous hole' flag!"

At once Mrs. Beardslee arose, her face animated, her eye kindled, and, turning to her friend, she said: "I shall put on one of the Admiral's" placing on her head a soft gray felt which lay at hand. Both ladies stepped into the small yard at the rear of the cottage.

There stood a dozen boys, ranging from eight to twelve years old. The Admiral, who was unavoidably absent, had been as good as his word. The flag lay there, and the carpenter with his gang from the flagship had already raised the pole—as fine a pole as you ever saw, the boys had done their part so well. It was firmly planted in the ground, and securely staked with strong ropes, called, in sea language, guys.

The carpenter saluted Mrs. Beardslee and reported, "All ready, madam." With another touch of the cap, he said: "I promised the boys that the one who could tell the number of stars in the flag should have the honor of hoisting it; but they all know, so they must all have a hand in it. I've made a list of their names for the Admiral."

"Very well," she replied. The eyes of the boys were intent upon her. Turning to them, she said, impressively: "Boys, take off your caps; never hoist the flag with the head covered. Mrs. W. and I, you see, take off ours." Suiting the action to the word, both ladies stood, hat in hand.

At once every cap was on the ground and every boy's hand again grasped the halliards. At a nod from Mrs. Beardslee the carpenter called out, lustily: "Hoist away!"

How the boys pulled, and how that flag flew to the top of the pole, every bare head turned aloft and every eye strained after it! Then grandly it dotted; hands relaxed and faces beamed.

WHERE SHAMROCK GROWS.

A Unique Distinction Claimed for Grandstone Point in Maine. There is a firm belief about Gouldsboro, Me., that the only place in the United States where the Irish shamrock grows wild and hides itself away among ranker vegetation, after the manner of all genuine shamrock plants, is on Grandstone Point, a bald bluff which makes out from the south edge of this town and stands facing Bar Harbor, 10 miles across the bay. At present the rough pasture land produces a big crop of summer cottagers, and is worth anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre; but when Mooney and Maloney came here, 75 years ago, they bought the whole point for "three pun' ten" English money, and everybody who knew of the transaction declared openly they had been cheated out of \$15, which they would need later on.

The manner of their arrival on Grandstone Point was peculiar. The millionaires from Boston and New York who come here now ride on a special train over the coast line on steam yachts built for speed and comfort. Mooney and Maloney reached Halifax from Cork on an emigrant ship which was 35 days on the passage. From Halifax they worked their way to Pictou, and hired out before the mast on a schooner bound for Boston. The schooner carried the usual cargo of oats in the hold and grindstones on deck. When the craft had been out for a few days a leak started, and the great mass of oats below decks began to swell.

As she was nothing more than a Yankee craft, made of hard pine, and old at that, she couldn't stand the strain which the oats exerted, and she began to split open lengthwise, like a pea pod. With water running in and swelling the oats below and with 50 tons of grindstones on deck to drive her to the bottom, the schooner was in great danger of going down with all on board, when a southeast gale came along and drove her head first on the sand beach lying under the bluff.

Mooney and Maloney escaped to land, but the rest of the crew, together with the schooner and cargo, were lost.

The vessel was lost in June, 1852, and the following autumn Maloney sent home to Ireland some leaves from the first shamrock plant, perhaps, that ever took root on American soil. He had brought a few sprays with him in a box mixed with damp moss, and when he found he was safe on land he set out the plants on the west side of the point in a small depression which is now known as Shamrock Hollow. Mooney and Maloney named the whole headland Shamrock Point, and the name would have held if it hadn't been for the grindstones. The vessel soon went to pieces under the blows of the sea, and the broken timbers and oats were ground to pulp or drifted away and were lost. The grindstones stayed where they fell. Grindstones were high and hard to get in those days. Therefore, when the inhabitants alongshore learned that a cargo of grindstones had been dumped down on the point and could be had for the taking away they came and supplied their immediate needs and laid in a stock for future use. It was in the nature of things that a point which furnished ready-made grindstones should be called Grandstone Point, a name which the summer residents use to-day, and which appears in all the deeds and on the maps.

A Magnetic Island. Sailors have long told tales of magnetic islands which lure ships on to wreck by affecting their compasses. At these accounts the scientists have scoffed. Scientists have in their time scoffed at a great many things since proved true. It's not so many years since mathematicians gravely proved by X plus Y and the square root of Z that a baseball could not be thrown so as to curve "out of the vertical plane of its projection." They were wrong.

And the scientists were wrong who denied the existence of magnetic islands. An island, not far away from civilization, and recently discovered, but near the coast of Europe and known for centuries to the geographers, has this quality. This is the island of Bornholm, which belongs to Denmark, and lies in the Baltic Sea near the shore of Prussia.

The power of attraction, which comes from the reading of compasses on passing ships. It is in effect a vast magnet, whose influence is perceptible for a distance of about ten miles.

China's Vassal State. The partition of China will throw open to the world its vassal state, Tibet, a country famous for its churlish and cruel inhabitants. The Chinese yellow book describes it with comparative detail, and says that it is very poor, but rich in minerals, which none are allowed to use. Strange to say, the women of the land enjoy more freedom than their sisters in China or India, and are said to be comely and intelligent. The records declare that Tibet was more populous and prosperous in ancient times, when it paid a handsome tribute annually to the Chinese kings or emperors.

The Name of Washington. The name of Washington is remembered by states, cities, streets, towns and public squares named for him. Henry Clay is best known by his cigars. Webster would be forgotten if it were not for the Webster dictionary edited by people not related to him.

The way to fix rioters is to charge them with fixed bayonets.

NOTICE—Any hunting, fishing or other trespassing on the premises of the under signed, in Dingman Township, on Haymondskill and Bearkill Creeks, is forbidden under penalty of the law. CHAS. J. BOILEAU, N. BOILEAU, JOSEPH E. BOILEAU. May 17, 1908.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

That Famous Old Document and What it Contains. The Declaration is divided into two parts: First, the statement of certain general principles of the rights of men and peoples, and, second, an attack on George III. as a tyrant, setting forth in a series of propositions the wrongs done by him to the Americans which justified them in rebellion. Criticism has been directed first against the attack on the king, then to the originality of the doctrines enunciated, then against the statement of the rights of man, Jefferson's "self-evident truths," and finally against the style. The last criticism is easily disposed of. Year after year, for more than a century, the Declaration of Independence has been solemnly read in every city, town and hamlet in the United States to thousands of Americans, who have heard it over and over again, and who listen to it in reverent silence and rejoice that it is theirs to read. If it had been badly written, the most robust patriotism would be incapable of this habit.

False rhetoric or turgid sentences would have been their own death warrant, and the prevailing American sense of humor would have seen to its execution. The mere fact that Jefferson's words have stood successfully this endless repetition is infallible proof that the Declaration has the true and high literary qualities which alone could have preserved through such trials its impressiveness and the liberty they enjoy. And if in this respect, we shall be faithful to the high bequests of our fathers, to ourselves, and to posterity, we shall do more to liberate other governments and emancipate their subjects than could be accomplished by millions of bayonets.—John McLean.

Man's Head and Woman's Head. "It is impossible for man's head to solve the difficult problems of the present day," remarked Miss Rose Scott at a recent meeting of the Women's Suffrage League in Sydney; "but when," she added, "man's head is joined to woman's head, there is some hope." This was used as an argument in favor of granting to women the right to vote. Miss Scott went on to say that women did not want to work and walk on alone. They wanted to be side by side with the men of the day, and assist them in working out satisfactory solutions to the great problems which affected the community at large.

The Volunteer. Beneath his country's starry flag, Where thousands stood before, Prepared to fight till life shall end, And darkness gathers o'er, Garbed in his uniform of blue, Ready to answer "Here!" A man and soldier through and through, He stands, the volunteer.

'Tis not the joy of clashing arms That calls him to the fray, 'Tis not the love of war's alarms That bids him haste away; For him there's pain and grief and woe, A wife—a mother's tear, But loud his duty calls, and lo! He comes, the volunteer.

O, mighty nation, proud and great, Of strength he is a tower! Behold him, warlike and alert, In this, your darkest hour. For you he lives, for your he'll die, And sell his life blood dear, And glory's gates will open on high To greet the volunteer.

Never. Patriotic Customer—Yes, I'd like to buy that flag you have just showed me, but the price is too high. Can't you come down a couple of dollars? Dealer—What! Lower Old Glory? Never! Cincinnati Enquirer.

All the flowers of the arctic region are either white or yellow, and there are 762 varieties. Nature does not paint towns red with flowers in chilly places where there is no chance for a hot time.

It is friendly to ask a fast man to go a little slow.

The signing of the Franco-American reciprocity treaty—the first we have entered into with any country under our existing tariff law—will sensibly encourage the pro-American sentiment in those portions of the French Republic where trade with the U. S. will be stimulated by concessions we have given to French products.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Republican majority in Oregon is now known to be more than 10,000. Our record-breaking battle-shield has no recent reason to be ashamed of her name.—N. Y. Tribune.

NOTICE—Any hunting, fishing or other trespassing on any of my premises in Milford Township, on Sawkill Creek is forbidden under penalty of the law. CATHERINE HAMILTON. Milford, April 18, '08.

WAR WITH SPAIN.

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NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

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