

A Word of Warning

The trouble with thousands of women is not "female weakness," although many physicians suppose it is. The real trouble lies in the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder. Doctors often fail to effect a cure, simply because they don't give the right remedy. Women as well as men can ascertain for themselves if their Kidneys are diseased.



Ladies can take **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** with perfect assurance of relief. It will cure them of Kidney, Liver and Bladder disorders just as certainly as it cures men.

Mrs. G. W. DAVENPORT, of West Troy, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with my Kidneys, and suffered intense pain in my back and loins. The wife of Dr. Robinson, pastor of the First Avenue Methodist Church, recommended **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**. I got some, and have used it ever since, with the result that I am greatly benefited. All pains have left me, and I am like another person."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a perfect blood and nerve medicine. It restores the liver to a healthy condition and cures the worst cases of constipation. It is a certain cure for all diseases peculiar to females.

Sample Bottle Free

Favorite Remedy is such a certain cure that the Dr. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., will forward, prepaid, a free sample bottle to every sufferer who sends his or her full postoffice address and mentions this paper. The fact that our liberal offer appears in this paper is a guarantee of its genuineness.

All druggists sell **Favorite Remedy** at \$1.00 a bottle.



IMPERIAL QUICK TIME RANGE

All Baking Records broken, 278 Loaves of Bread Baked in Seven Hours with but 18 Pounds of Coal. SWINTON & CO., PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

T. Armstrong & Co.,

Successors to BROWN & ARMSTRONG.

We offer a line of new Spring Goods,

UNSURPASSED AND COMPLETE.

Our point is that you need not go away from home to supply all your needs, or to secure bargains. We expect to satisfy you in both particulars.

DRY GOODS, new and stylish, GROCERIES, fresh and good. HARDWARE, BOOTS, SHOES, AND CLOTHING. Any thing in any line at bottom prices.

To accomplish this end we have adopted a new system. All our prices are fixed on a basis of cash payment. This obviates the necessity to allow a margin for bad debts and interest. To accommodate responsible parties we cheerfully open monthly accounts, and expect prompt payment monthly, as our prices will not enable us to carry accounts longer.

Statements rendered the first of every month, and if paid within three days from date of bill, a cash discount of 2% is allowed. The same discounts given on all cash purchases exceeding \$1.00. Goods sent out will be C. O. D. unless otherwise previously arranged.

T. ARMSTRONG & CO.,

Brown's Building, Milford, Pa.

Stoves and Ranges. THE Round Oak For Wood and Coal. Best Heater and Fuel Saver in the Country.

New Era Radiators, Two Fires in One. HARDWARE, CUTLERY, TIN, AGATE WARE, ETC. TIN ROOFING AND PLUMBING

obbing promptly attended to. T. R. Julius Klein, BROAD STREET, MILFORD, PA.

New Harness

Whips, Robes, Blankets And everything which pertains to an outfit for

HORSES and CARRIAGES

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE. See my stock before purchasing.

The Price is Right. L. F. HAFNER, Harford St., Milford, Pa.

AFTER THE FOURTH OF JULY.

We put him to bed in his little night-gown. The most battered youngster there was in the town. Yet he said as he opened his only well-eyes.

"Rah, rah, for the jolly old Fourth of July!" Two thumbs and eight fingers with him were tied up. On his head was a bump like an upside-down cup.

And his smile was distorted, and his nose all a-ry. From celebrating the glorious Fourth of July.

We were glad, he had started abroad with the sun, and all day had lived in the powder and run. While the boom of the cannon roared up to the sky.

To salute Young America's Fourth of July. I said we were glad all the pieces were there. As we plastered and bound them with lardered ears.

But out of the wreck came the words with a sigh. "It to-morrow was only the Fourth of July!"

He will grow all together again, never fear. And be ready to celebrate freedom next year! Meanwhile all his friends are next thankful there lies.

A crackle from the town's 'twixt Fourth of July. We kissed him good night on his powder-splashed face. We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place.

As he murmured, as sleep closed his one open good eye. "I wish every day was the Fourth of July!"

—Good Roads.

A Fourth of July Celebration.

Watson & Wilson, printers and publishers, were very much in need of a man. There was the new tax list, just awarded them by the populist county commissioners they had helped to elect, and they did not know a thing about the inhumanly-bred problem of rule and figure work.

They "had learned the trade," like many another man in the country, and could set straight composition with anybody. Watson, indeed, had developed a talent for display lines, and could satisfy all the demands of Waterbury merchants for envelopes and letter-heads, and, by following the general form of ancient wall-borne specimens could "do" rate bills to your heart's delight.

But who should save them from the pitfall of rules and figures? As they stood at the bottom of the stairway thinking of these things, they saw a stranger on the street—Waterbury always looked twice at a stranger. It was just unburied enough to spare the time. This man was of medium height, slender, with the appearance of one who has worked in cities, catching the style and the garments that are unusual in the country. His hands were slender, and there was a something about the right thumb and forefinger which proclaimed his craft at once.

"He's a printer," said Watson. "He's seen the sign, and is coming over," said Wilson.

The new man paused at the entrance way, read the cardboard office sign on the stairway, looked at the two men critically, and inquired: "Any chance for work?"

"How did you know we were the publishers?" asked Watson. "How did you know I was a printer?" asked the man.

In the afternoon he took charge of the delinquent list, and in half an hour they knew they were secure. He was a craftsman. He knew everything from leading rule to casting rollers. But he would not pull the hand press, and he would not work Saturday afternoon. They labored with him on these points; but he laughed, and said he was past it.

He was given to jesting; and one of his happiest thoughts was to shoot a spray of water into the eye of an inquisitive citizen who wanted to see purple stars in a galaxy of dead type, wetted for distribution. He changed the figures in the advertisement of hands delinquent, after the first issue, and wondered if the money lenders who should later purchase could make good title with defective publication. He taught Watson & Wilson how to double their income from foreign advertisers by taking twice as much business as the paper could carry, and stop the press in time to lift out one line, and set in the other.

It troubled their consciences—attributions which he would not work. The foreign advertisers did not possess. In a good many ways he enjoyed himself. It was clear to everyone that he held the town and all its belongings in something like contempt; but he was so amiable about it, so suave in his treatment of people, that punishment was unthought of, and antipathy was disarmed.

When Watson & Wilson began advertising for the Fourth of July celebration, "the Printer" was ready to move. He had worked three months in one town, and was hungry for the city. They wanted him to stay. They sat down one day in June, when "the paper was off," and tried to argue it. He told them he must make a confession. There was a young woman in the town, sweetheart-affiliated, he feared, of a man whom he regarded as his friend, and who had snatched upon him. She was very fair, and he feared he might forget himself, prove disloyal, and court a girl to his friend's.

NOTICE—All hunting, fishing or other trespassing on my premises in Milford Township, on Sawkill Creek is forbidden under penalty of the law. CATHARINE HAMILTON, Milford, April 18, '98.

undone. They applauded the chivalric sentiment and went away—Watson assured it was Wilson's young lady. Wilson convinced it was Watson's girl. The Fourth of July had come. Wilson was master of ceremonies. Watson was leader of the band. People came in delegations from the country. There was a cannon on the bluff, and a boat on the river. Wilson wanted something with which to load that twenty-pounder. Cranking down wet paper was good in its way, but it didn't make noise enough. The Printer suggested roller composition. There were loads of it in the big box on the landing. It was the one indestructible thing on earth. It alone could support the theory of matter's persistent continuance.

The country delegations were formed at the south of the town, and marched through to the north—a pugnant to delight the natives, and fill all rival to wear with envy.

"I am down that roller composition," said the Printer, "and they will bear your old cannon in fourteen counties every time she speaks."

Wilson did at directed. Watson came by with the band. Wilson pulled a very long rod of iron from a fire, ran across the open space, and whipped his red-hot torch upon the powder-splashed touchhole of the twenty-pounder.

The powder flamed into a geyser of fire, there was a flash, a pause—and then a shock which stopped the current of the river. The roller composition had clung to the gun's interior, refusing ejection, and the cannon was shattered in a hundred pieces.

The noise was terrible. The concussion shook Watson from his feet and hurled half of the band in a pile above him. It lifted the ambitious Wilson and set him down in the leading wagon of a passing delegation. How the crowd escaped unharm was a marvel no man could solve. The forward four feet of the cannon leaped fifty yards and stood up like a post, the yielding but tenacious ancient composition bubbling like a blossom from the magnet iron.

Watson accused himself while the crowd was making inquiries, and started up town for the Printer. Wilson climbed out of the countryman's wagon and joined his partner in the search.

A messenger boy from the telegraph office met them at the bottom of the stairs, with the regulation yellow envelope.

Watson opened it, and Wilson read over his shoulder. The date was in a county-seat twenty miles away.

"I heard your cannon," said Wilson. "That was the last they ever heard of the Printer."

Training For Road Races. Riders in road races are practically amateurs in the truest sense, being for the most part young men who are employed during the day and have little chance to pursue a regular course of preparation. They know that some preparation is necessary and so they hurry home from work, gulp down a meal and then mount their wheels for a hard ride. Such procedure is injurious. A veteran trainer suggests a better course of training as follows: "Rise early in the morning, eat a few oatmeal biscuits, take a ride for three or four miles, break increase the distance to five or six miles. It would be wise not to go over this. If possible the rider should then be rubbed on a training cot with a dry towel and liniment used. The portion of the body not being rubbed should not be exposed. Take no more exercise for an hour later, eating supper in the meantime."

It is a mistake for the rider to think that cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach, and so create thirst.

Experience shows it to be a fact that hot drinks relieve the thirst and "cool off" the body of the rider when it is in an abnormally-heated condition better than ice-cold drinks. It is far better and safer to avoid the use of drinks below sixty degrees.

In fact, a higher temperature is to be preferred, and riders who are much troubled with thirst will do well to try the advantages to be derived from hot drinks, instead of cold fluids to which they have been accustomed.

Hot drinks also have the advantage of aiding digestion, instead of causing debility of the stomach and bowels.

Tricks. What will it matter in a little while That for a day We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile, Upon the way? What will it matter whether hearts were brave And lives were true; That you gave me the sympathy I crave, As I gave you? These trifles: Can it be they make or mar A human life? Are souls as lightly waved as rushes are By love or strife? Yes, you'll look the fainting heart may break Or make it whole; And just one word, it said for Love's sweet sake, May save a soul.

Excursion Tickets to Omaha, Neb. On account Trans-Mississippi and International exposition at Omaha, Neb., the Erie will sell special excursion tickets from Port Jervis to Omaha, Neb., daily until Oct. 12th good to return on or before Nov. 10, 1898, at the low rate of \$18.50 for the round trip.

FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH.

John Knight, Once a Slave, Now a Man of Wealth. The richest and most powerful man socially and politically in the Republic of Guatemala is John Knight, a negro, who was born in Alabama and who was sold from the public slave block as late as March, 1850.

Knight was an exceptionally bright boy. He never saw his father, who was sold into a distant State before he was born. The family to whom Knight belonged gave him an education, and at the age of sixteen the boy was sold for \$1,000, a high price, considering that the sale occurred in November, 1850, the very time of Lincoln's election.

Knight remained with the family of his new master until the close of the war. In common with thousands of other slaves, he then declared his freedom. He walked to New Orleans, and for the first time in his life went away from his master's properties. In New Orleans he worked as a wharf laborer for a firm which handled fruits from Central America. He saved his money. Every one about the wharves knew John Knight, the most capable and industrious colored man there. One day in June, 1856, he was sent by his employer down to Yucatan, in Central America, to live there as the boss of the packing and shipping of fruits to New Orleans. He had \$20 a week salary.

That was practically the beginning of John Knight's millions. He lived in Yucatan a year, worked hard, saved his every cent and dreamed of the day when he could be an orange, banana and pineapple shipper on his own account. Having heard of the great tracts of free and fertile fruit lands south of San Christoval in Guatemala, he went and located there. A live, wide-awake person was something unique in those days in that region of sloats and tropical sunshine. A revolution, in which Ramon Sanchez had been deposed, was just at its close.

John Knight saw what hard work and an opportunity to gain the favor of the new administration would do for himself. He proposed that for a concession of some 50,000 acres of land suitable for pineapple and banana growing he would go to New Orleans and get the wholesale fruit dealers, who ruled the American market thirty years ago, to agree to buy \$2,000,000 a year of Guatemala fruits. The Guatemalan Government gladly accepted the proposition. In less than three months the deal was consummated at New Orleans. It was the beginning of the trade of millions of dollars annually.

To make a long story short, John Knight got no other concessions, as he demonstrated the profit there was in growing fruits for the United States markets. The shipping business to New York and San Francisco was started and enormously enlarged.

He married a native young woman in Stapa in 1874, and the union has been a great help to his fortunes. About twenty years ago he induced New England capital to embark extensively in coffee growing in Guatemala, and he invested over \$150,000 of his own capital in the industry. The Government gave him a very advantageous shipping concession for his efforts in bringing capital to the country. Coffee growing proved wonderfully remunerative for a dozen years. At one time the annual shipments of coffee from the Knight lines were the largest from any private estate in all Central America.

The negro planter branched out in other directions. He went to Philadelphia and contracted to furnish many thousands of feet of mahogany yearly for ten years. Then he bought up tracts of mahogany trees in Nicaragua and Guatemala. At one time he was the second largest dealer in mahogany logs in the world. Everything he touched he made a success.

He lives in royal style in the suburbs of Guatemala City. No one in that region except the Barrios ever entertained so lavishly as Don Knight and his wife. Their home is a large modern house of plate glass windows, polished woods, costly hangings—all furnished from New York and New Orleans. A small army of servants attends the wants of the family.

Ephebian Theatre Unearthed. At Ephebus, near Smyrna, a large theatre of the Roman period has been unearthed by German excavators. It is well preserved, three rows of seats, the orchestra and the stage being intact. Under the orchestra some brass musical instruments and some actors' costumes were found. In addition the aqueduct of the town, by which means water was conveyed to a height of nearly 300 feet, has been found, as well as a great statue of Nemesis.

An Aztec Eight Feet Tall. Professor Moorhead, the archaeologist, who has been exploring an Aztec ruin three miles west of Phoenix, A. T., has discovered portions of the skeleton of a human being whose stature he computes to have been about eight feet. He has also some well-preserved pottery and other utensils used by the early dwellers in the valley and which he found in the ruins. The professor is working in the interest of an Eastern museum.

An exchange declares that a certain Boston lady is so careful to be proper in her correspondence that every sentence ends with a glacial period. Too chilly! would be the proper exclamation; with the interrogation: Is she an ice girl?

Johnny's Pa Knows. "Pa, can you tell me what fame is?" "Fame, Johnny, is what a man gets for being evil to newspaper men."

NOTICE—All hunting, fishing or other trespassing on the premises of the under signed in Dingman Township, on Rayward's Swamp, is forbidden under penalty of the law. CHAS. J. BOYDEAU, Dingman Twp., N. HOLLAND, May 17, 1898. JOSEPH F. HOLLAND.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. \$1. All druggists.

WAR WITH SPAIN.

Reliable War News IN THE GREAT NATIONAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

RELIABLE will contain all important war news of the daily edition. Special dispatches up to the hour of publication. Careful attention will be given to Farm and Family Topics, Foreign Correspondence, Market Reports, and all general news of the World and Nation.

We furnish the New York Weekly Tribune and your favorite home paper. THE PIKE COUNTY PRESS, Both one year for 1.65. Send all orders to THE PRESS, MILFORD, PA.

DO YOU EXPECT TO BUILD? THEN SEE A. D. BROWN and SON, Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber, Contractors and Builders. Estimates made; personal attention given and work guaranteed. OFFICE, Brown's Building, Milford, Pa.

WE ARE NOW OFFERING A LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF NEW SUMMER GOODS

WOOL AND COTTON DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, LINENS, DENIMS, DUCKS, LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS AND WRAPPERS, WHITE AND COLORED LAUNDRIED AND UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS, LADIES GENTS AND CHILDREN'S SHOES. ALSO Groceries, Hardware, Paints and Oils.

Lister's and the Great Eastern Fertilizers. Agents for the New Gasoline Stove. W & G. MITCHELL, MILFORD, PA.

SELF-LOCKING HAND POTATO PLANTERS

Both Planters have a record of over 4 Acres (19,380 hills) in 10 hours. They make the hole, drop the seed and cover—all at One Operation. They deposit the seed in moist soil at a uniform depth. THEY SAVE TIME. THEY SPARE FATIGUE. They work in any soil suitable for potato growing. No stooping, hence no backache. Potatoes thus put in without doubt better. Potatoes of uniform size, practically all marketable. Best for fine planting! "Patented—See 'The Green'." THE GREENVILLE PLANTER CO., GREENVILLE, MICH.

WANT A NEW Harness? In order to introduce our fine custom-made harness, we have decided to offer a limited number of sets at a price that will interest you. OUR No. 25 HAND-MADE BUGGY HARNESS, FINEST OF THE FINE. 316. Saddle, 1 in. trace, 3-4 in. side straps, \$18.00 318. In. saddle, 1-1/2 in. trace, 7-8 in. side straps, 18.50 4 in. saddle, 1-1/4 in. trace, 1 in. side straps, 19.50 Nickel or Davis Rubber trimmings. BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY AND SAVE TWO PROFITS. New Bedford Harness Factory, 92 Newton Street, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

B. D. HURSH. Repairing done in tin or iron, and Electrical supplies furnished to order. ELECTRICAL WORK A SPECIALTY. Prompt attention given to building private telephone lines; putting in electric door bells; call bells; burglar alarms; electric alarm clocks; house call or hotel annunciators; and the general keeping in order of electrical apparatus. LAYTON, N. J.

STOP SMOKING. If you are a smoker, you know the harm it does to your health. It is a habit that is hard to break, but it is a habit that is worth breaking. Stop smoking today. Buy a pack of No-To-Bac. It will cure you in 10 days. No more smoking. No more harm. No more expense. No-To-Bac is the only cure. Buy it today. No-To-Bac is the only cure. Buy it today.

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DYSPEPSIA. "For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in the worst form. I could eat nothing but milk, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARET, and since then I have steadily improved, until I can eat as well as I ever was in my life." DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O. CASCARET. CANDY CATHARTIC. TRADE MARK REGISTERED. REGULATE THE BOWEL. Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Pure, Good. Do Not Hurt. Never Causes Wounds or Gripes. See Box. PURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION. ... Having Steadily Improved, Until I Can Eat as Well as I Ever Was in My Life. DR. DAVID Favorite KENNEDY'S Remedy The one sure cure for The Kidneys, Liver and Blood

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