

Health for Everybody!



When the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs are in a healthy state, a person is practically disease-proof. Sickness can hardly find a foothold when these organs are well and strong. The Kidneys sift and strain from the blood poisonous and waste matter. When they are weak and diseased, the poisonous particles do not pass off, but remain in the system. They cause pain in the small of the back, Stone in the Bladder, and Bright's Disease.

It is easy to tell if your Kidneys are disordered. Put some urine in a bottle or glass for 24 hours. If there is a sediment, you have Kidney disease. Other signs are a desire to urinate often, particularly at night, and a smarting, scalding sensation in passing water.

Nothing is so good for curing diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs as **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**, that grand medicine which has been before the public for over 30 years. It should be taken without delay by men and women who have any of the above symptoms, as the disease is apt to prove fatal if not attended to.

From the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Troy, N. Y., comes this short but pointed endorsement, signed by the sisters of that famed and pious institution:

"We have used **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** for Kidney trouble, and have found it very efficacious."

Sample Bottle Free!

If you wish to test **Favorite Remedy** before buying it, send your full postoffice address to the **Dr. David Kennedy Corporation**, Rondout, N. Y., and mention this paper. You will then receive a sample bottle, free, and circulars giving full directions for its use. You can depend upon the genuineness of this offer, and all sufferers should take advantage of it at once. The regular size is sold by all druggists for \$1.00 a bottle, and it is well worth the price.



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

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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.
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Brown's Building, Milford, Pa.

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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
—A SPECIALTY—
Jobbing promptly attended to.
T. R. Julius Klein,
BROAD STREET, MILFORD, PA.

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"Both my wife and myself have been using **CASCARET** and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your **CASCARET** and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend **CASCARET**."
—CHAS. STREIBER, Pittsburg, Pa.
CANDY CATHARTIC
CASCARET
REGULATE THE BOWEL
Pleasant, palatable, potent, taste good. No GORE, No Stomach, No Griping, No Pain. Cures Constipation. Sold and guaranteed by all druggists. **NO-TO-BAO** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists. Guaranteed to cure hemorrhoids, piles, straining, blood purifier. 50c. All druggists.

A SUPERNATURAL WONDER.

A Morgue Keeper Tells of a Startling Experience.

Grizzled old "Bill" Clark, the head morgue-keeper at 23 Adams street, Chicago, has been so many years engaged in the care of the dead he almost feels more at home in their company than in that of the living, at whom he looks askance as a rule, but occasionally he will unwind into sociability and at such times will draw from the storehouse of his memory weird and ghastly experiences which cause the new hands at the morgue to open their eyes in wonder.

No one, however, ventures at any time to express even a grain of unbelief in any of the venerable morgue-keeper's entire accuracy of recollection and truth of narrative. "Old Bill" was never known to tell a lie in all his life and he cherishes his reputation for veracity as the apple of his eye.

The other night he told a strange tale about the headless preteritions of the body of Marie Grignovitz, which the police found floating in a box in the Chicago river just north of the forks. The corpse was that of a girl of 18 or thereabouts and, though it was maimed and hacked with knives, traces of its unusual beauty remained perceptible to the most unobservant of the hundreds who were attracted by the curiosity or duty to view the body. It was nude when found and the absence of the head seemed to add an insuperable obstacle to the difficulties of identification. Officials despaired and even the most ardent of new-fledged reporters butted their heads in vain against this stone wall of mystery. Everyone had given up hope and it had been determined to inter the poor headless corpse next day when strangely enough, out of nowhere, unheralded and by a route unknown then and only discovered hereafter, the head appeared at the morgue, exciting the wonder of all and the superstitious fears of thousands.

"I never did know how that head came to rejoin its body, and I don't suppose I ever will," said Clark, "but what I do know is just this: I was on guard at the old morgue that night. There might have been three or four bodies on the slabs, I can't exactly say, one of them being, of course, this headless girl Grignovitz. There had been a good many visitors early, but after a while things got quiet, midnight came on and I sort of made myself comfortable in a tilted chair and, with a bit of a pipe, and leaned back, thinking.

"It may be my eyes closed for just a second or so, but, anyway, a quick rush of fresh air and the shutting of the door sent me on to my feet with a start. I glanced around quickly and no one was in sight and all would have been still except that I heard a bell tolling midnight. Then I stepped back in doors, feeling a bit queer, somehow. I turned up the lights and the first thing I saw was that the body of the headless girl was gone. The naked slab lay there before me, but its late occupant had vanished as entirely as if she had become a spirit of air.

"Well, now, I needn't assure you this took my breath away completely. All the time I knew the body hadn't been stolen or hadn't disappeared by natural means and this made me feel more peculiar than ever. There wasn't a telephone in those days and I could do nothing by leaving the morgue, so I sat down in my chair again, feeling a little shivery. I'd been there about a minute, I guess, when I felt the same peculiar rush of damp air over my legs and I knew the door was open again. Soft footsteps came toward me. I didn't dare raise my eyes, but the tail of my glance fell on the floor and I saw stalk past me the wet, naked feet of a woman. Then I sank down in my chair and closed my eyes with my hands."

The old man stopped and with great deliberation filled his pipe from a canvas sack.

"Well?" queried his youngest auditor.
"Well," said Clark, slowly, "just then the sergeant came in and together we went over to where the bodies lay. Lying on the brest of the headless girl, with her two hands holding it, was the stony, staring-eyed head she had lost, with its long yellow hair dabbled in blood. The lips were parted and the white teeth were clenched upon a bit of parchment. It had red letters on it, printed in English capitals, which said:
"This is the Head of Marie Grignovitz Traitor."

"And we never found out a single thing more about the matter," concluded Clark. "Nor could we persuade him to add a word more to what he had said."

Much in Little.
It is impossible to run at an altitude of 17,000 feet above the sea. The finest shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of coffins. It cost \$10,000 for coal to take the British cruiser Powerful out to China. An English woollen manufacturer has begun making clothes from old ropes. Five ounces and a half of grapes are required to make one glass of good wine.

A veritable curiosity exists in Switzerland in the shape of a telegraph line with stone poles.
Chocolate is still used in the interior of South America for a currency, as are coconuts and eggs.

In a New England patent oil is vaporized and the gas used with an incandescent mantle for lighting purposes, the reservoir being suspended at the top of the lamp with a feed pipe, which extends in close proximity to the flame to transform the oil into gas.

NOTICE—A hunting, fishing or other trespassing on the premises of the late signed, in Dingman Township, on Raymondskill and Dwarfkill Creeks, is forbidden under penalty of the law.
CHAS. J. BOILEAU, N. BOILEAU, Joseph F. BOILEAU.
Dingman Twp., May 17, 1888.

No-To-Bao for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed to cure hemorrhoids, piles, straining, blood purifier. 50c. All druggists.

THE CONVICT'S STORY.

Strange Connection of a White Cat With a Burglar's Life.

"It's no secret that I've been in the penitentiary," said the old man. "It was a white cat that took me there, and a white cat that saved me and made me a better man."

"One winter, a good many years ago, I was in Houston, sick and dead broke. An old pal of mine meeting me on the street took pity on me and took me out of my troubles. But not for nothing. As soon as I recovered he wanted me to join him in some burglaries that he had planned. At first I refused indignantly, for I had some rough notions of honesty; but a little talking—he was a fine talker—and a few drinks did the work and I agreed to go in with him.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all, and I guess that was why Ed trembled like a leaf when he saw a white cat flash past on a moonlit night in the garden of a house on Harris street that night. It was an easy matter to break in, and we soon had all there was worth taking. In a little room at the end of the hall a child was sleeping. The dim light of a lamp showed the pretty cot, the fair flushed face of a little girl, her golden hair streaming over the snowy pillow, and crouching by her side a white cat, whose pink eyes glittered like stars. We had to pass through this room, and I could not for the life of me help breathing down and touching that beautiful hair with my lips—it looked so like the hair of my darling who died only the year before. It was her death that drove me to drink and trouble," and the old man wiped away a tear.

"Well, I don't know exactly how it happened, but the cat gave a terrific squeal, and I had only just time to seize it and stuff it in my bag when a bullet came whistling by my head. I got out of the house somehow, still carrying my bag of plunder, and ran down the road, out of town, finally taking refuge in an old barn. I was badly wounded, and, to make a long story short, they arrested me and took me to jail. My partner was dead.

"They told me afterwards that in my delirium I continued for the white cat, and when they brought the animal into my cell—they found it unharmed in my bag—I nursed it and was quiet. It was a strange fancy of a sick man, but it led me back to health. The story was told at the house which we had robbed, and the little girl and her father came to see me. He was a good man, and she was an angel—God bless her for her innocent prattle and sweet eyes of pity.

"The penitentiary was a rough place in those days, and I believe I would have died in a few months if the child had not sent me a tiny white kitten, which I was allowed to keep, and it saved me from despair and death. Every time I looked at it I thought of the little angel that gave it, and of that other little angel—a dead child—and made a new resolve to be a better man."

"Two frail atoms of life—a kitten and a child—but they were strong enough to raise me out of the very depths of hell."

An Unfortunate Linguist.
John was an ambitious Chinaman. He had a good command of English, San Francisco, but had devoted himself to business so thoroughly that he remained totally ignorant of English.

He came to New York determined to avoid his fellow-Chinamen, so that he might learn to speak English during his six months' stay in the metropolis. He took a room in an East Side house, paid promptly, made himself agreeable to his landlord, who allowed him to wait on customers in his little grocery store, and he never went near the "hole" street. After several months' residence in New York and many hours of study, the Chinaman ventured forth among his people, where he proceeded to give an exhibition of his proficiency in the English language. What he said sounded strange to the other Chinamen, and the ambitious one nearly swooned when he discovered that he had learned German by mistake.

His New York home was in the German part of the city where English is not unknown tongue, and the poor fellow had to begin his linguistic work over again.

Paper Floors in Germany.
Paper floors are enjoying a steadily increasing popularity in Germany, which is readily explained by the many advantages they possess over wooden flooring. An important advantage consists in the absence of joints, whereby accumulations of dust, vermin, and fungi, dangerous to health, are done away with. The new paper floors are had conductors of heat and sound, and in spite of their hardness have a hickory-like, soft feel to the foot. The costs are considerably lower than those of floors made of hard wood. The paper mass receives a small addition of cement as binder, and is shipped in bags, in powder form. The mass is stirred into a stiff paste, spread out on the floor, pressed down by means of rollers, and painted with oakwood, nutwood, or mahogany color, after drying.

Notable Centennials of the Year.
The following centennial celebrations will be held this year: The 400th anniversary of Vasco da Gama's discovery of the way to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, at Lisbon, in May; the burning of Savonarola, at Florence, in May; the birth of Holbein, at Basle, in June; Montpelier will celebrate the 100th birthday of Auguste Comte; Ancona that of Leopardi, and Paris that of Michelet, the historian.

A regular slave mart still exists in many country districts of Finland. Once a year such paupers, lunatics and aged people of each parish as cannot support themselves are put up at public auction and consigned to those families or farmers who will board them at the lowest price offered by the parish authorities. The helpless creatures are made to work as much as possible by their owners, who have the right to chastise them.

HE HIRED WEBSTER.

Then He Was Sub-Let to Other Litigants at a Profit.

Of course Webster was in demand by those who could afford to pay for his services. A sharp Nantucket man in said to have got the better of the great defender of the constitution in an amusing way, however. He had a small case which was to be tried at Nantucket, one week in June, and he posted to Webster's office in great haste. It was a contest with a neighbor over a matter of considerable local interest, and his pride as a litigant was at stake. He told Webster the particulars and asked what he would charge to conduct the case.

"Why," said Webster, "you can't afford to hire me. I should have to stay down there the whole week and my fee would be more than the whole case is worth. I couldn't go down there for less than \$1,000. I could try every case on the docket as well as one, and it wouldn't cost any more, for one case would take my time for the entire week anyway."

"All right, Mr. Webster," quickly responded the Nantucket man. "Here's your \$1,000. You come down and I'll fix it so you can try every case." Webster was so amused over this proposition that he kept his word. He spent the entire week in Nantucket, and appeared on one side or the other in every case that came up for a hearing. The shrewd Nantucket man hired Daniel Webster out to all his friends who were in litigation and received in return about \$1,500, so that he got Webster's services for nothing and made a good profit to boot.

Street Car Driver's Philosophy.
"It's not so easy as you'd suppose," remarked the driver with a jerk of the reins and a chuck that urged his team to a livelier pace. "These car horses has all the feelings of any other kind of a horse. They have to get use to their work, an' you'd be surprised to see how the young ones 'll shy at a switch."

The car just then approached a parting of tracks. Apparently there was no suggestion by reins or voice. The horses of their own accord bore off sharply to one side. There was a musical clanking of iron as the hoofs of the outside horse struck a metal plate in the pavement. Then horses and car proceeded on their appointed way.

"That's the way the old ones does it," commented the driver. "They know what they're up to. But sometimes a green horse can't be made to take the switch as he should. He'll shy and dance around it, like it was a hole in a bridge, an' you've got to eddicate him to it."

"How do we learn him wot to do? We hitch him up along of an old reliable that knows the trick an' will crowd him out onto the switch plate every time. The youngster'll start an' jump an' either tremble or try to run. But somehow, after awhile, he comes to understand that it's all right, an' there you are. No more swarmin' and pullin' the reins for you. The animal'd rather take the switch than not. It's a change from the plain tracks an' I s'pose it occupies his mind."

Stated in a Sentence.
The game of chess is taught in all the Austrian schools.

Bank of England notes are numbered backward—from 10,000, hence the figures 000,01.

One out of every six inhabitants in France has an account at the state savings banks.

The customs authorities have decided that the Chinese tom-tom is a musical instrument.

There are said to be fewer suicides among miners than among any other class of workmen.

The average length of human life in the sixteenth century was only eighteen to twenty years.

Thirty million oysters are annually sent to England from the basin of Archacon, in the Bay of Biscay.

A single plate of armor for the turret of the battleship Kearsarge weighed thirty-three and one-third tons.

It takes, it is said the tons of 75,000 elephants a year to supply the world's piano keys, billiard balls and knife handles.

The moon revolves from one point in the heavens to the same point in twenty-seven days, seven hours and forty-three minutes.

The school children of Newark, N. J., have voted in favor of the maple as their favorite for state tree, giving it 6,927 votes.

A Good Recommendation.
Counsel—What is your age, madam?
Witness—Forty-seven, sir.
Counsel—Married or single?
Witness—Single. I never had an offer of marriage in my life, and if it is of any interest to the court, I don't mind saying that I have worn false hair for nearly 30 years.

Counsel—Hem! That is all, madam. There is no use trying to shake the direct testimony of so truthful a woman as you are.
Constantly Tentative.
Here is a "character" given to a servant on leaving her last situation: "The bearer has been in my house a year, less 11 months. During this time she has shown herself diligent at the house door, frugal in work, mindful of herself, prompt in excuses, friendly toward men, faithful to her lovers and honest when everything was out of the way."

WAR WITH SPAIN



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"The WINGRETT" SELF-LOCKING POTATO PLANTER (\$1.00)
"The EUREKA" SELF-LOCKING HAND POTATO PLANTER (\$1.25)
Both Planters have a record of over 4 Acres (10,360 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 SAVE FATIGUE. They work in any soil suitable for potato growing. No straining; hence no backache. Indicate the spot, in which the seed is better. Potatoes of uniform size, practically all marketable. Deal by the sample! "Patent—Not to be Imitated."
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See my stock before purchasing. The Price is Right.
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