

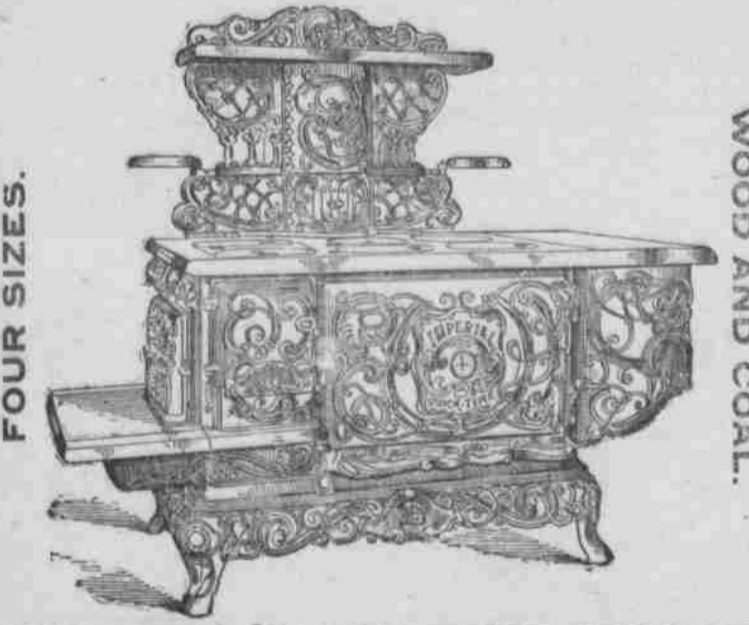
Saved from the Surgeon's Knife

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 legs 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.



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Loaves of Bread Baked in Seven Hours
with but 18 Pounds of Coal.
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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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TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking the **CASCARETS**. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."

Geo. W. Bowler, Bald, Mass.

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Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

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HARDWARE, CUTLERY, TIN, AGATE WARE, ETC.

TIN ROOFING AND PLUMBING
—A SPECIALTY.—
Jobbing promptly attended to.

T. R. Julius Klein,
BROAD STREET, MILFORD, PA.

A MAIDEN'S SONG.

"The love that is born in the early morn,
Will fade ere the day is spent;
Love given unsought with anguish is fraught;
'Unrequited love must repent.'
So a maiden sang, and the refrain rang—
A maiden sang by my side—
Still she seems to sing, the echoes ring,
While I her fancy deride.

"Pray tell me, fair maid, wherefore you have said
Great stress on your precepts vain,
And tell me how you can believe them true,
And my love for you disdain."
"If I gave you my hand without my heart,
Would I then be truly thine?"
"Aye, my own sweetheart, till death do us part,
If you will only be mine."

"The love that is born in the golden morn,
Is not like the morning cheer;
It lasts through the morn, and it outlives noon—
Though other loves come between."
Thus she sang her song; the echoes rang,
Though she sang so long ago;
She gave me her heart till death do us part,
And our lives together flow.

WILL FARRAND FELCH.

ON THE SPANISH MAIN

Our mate in the Captian, Mr. Barclay, used to tell of the following adventure. He had sometimes thought that he possessed a talent for embellishing, and I do not, therefore, vouch for its truth. But I have been careful to "nothing extenuate, nor ought set down to malice."

"When I was on my first voyage in the whaler Marion, I got infected, like many other young fellows, with the desire to run away and try my luck elsewhere. And I listened to the seductive stories of Tom Babson, an adventurer, who had led a harum-scarum life, knocking about in the Pacific, and in the various parts of the Spanish Main, till I convinced myself that we were a much abused ship's company, and that any change would be for the better.

"While lying in the port of Payta, in Peru, we got acquainted on shore with some seamen belonging to a tern-gun brig, called the *Tres Amigos*. She was fitting out to go and fight somebody—I never knew exactly who, for these South American republics were always in a row—I think they hardly knew themselves what it was all about. But there was change and adventure in it, at any rate; and Tom and I laid a plan to desert from the Marion, and get a couple of doubloons advance by enlisting in the cruiser.

"At various times during our stay we contrived to smuggle nearly all our clothes on shore, and left them with a shark called Scotch Jock, who kept a little pulqueria, or grog-shop; and the last liberty-day that we were to have we left the ship in the morning, not intending to return to her.

"We went to the rendezvous where they shipped men for the brig, and found, much to our disappointment, that the wages were not so large as had been represented, and that only one doubloon would be advanced instead of two.

"I began to perceive that all that glittered in a beach-comber's story was not gold; but we had gone so far that we disliked to turn back; and we should hardly be able to get our clothes back from Jock, for his object was to have us desert and spend our advance money in his tavern.

"So Tom Babson proposed that we should not ship immediately to the Peruvian man-of-war, but hide away until the Marion had gone to sea, and then take our chance of something better. We could, at all events, make up with the offer of the rendezvous as a last resort.

"There was no occasion for us to hide away before nightfall, for our leave lasted until sundown. I took good care to keep sober, but my comrade drank so freely that he was stretched out in Scotch Jock's back room before the day was up, quite oblivious of everything.

"When the boat came in for the libertymen at sunset, I got out of sight, where I could reconnoiter, and saw one after another of my shipmates go down and take their places in her. I felt lonely to see my sober second-thought to work; and the result was I determined to stick by the Marion, and let Tom Babson go on his own reckless road.

"The boat was in the very act of pushing off when, playing the role of this better angel, I ran shouting down the pier. The officer waited for me, and, as I jumped in said: 'All on hand but Tom Babson. Where is he? Does anybody know?'

"I alone knew; but though I had repented my own foolishness, I had no idea of turning informer. So Tom was left behind and the next morning a new hand was shipped in his stead.

"We were very lucky in taking whales; and in a year afterward we were anchored at Tumbes, with a full ship, and, after taking in our water, went up to Payta, to enjoy our liberty and rest for the passage home. I had almost ceased to think about Tom, and had no thought of finding him there, more than in any other part of the world; knowing his life to be that of a mere adventurer.

"But one day, while strolling about, I passed what I took to be a prison or guard-house, where a sentry was pacing back and forth, when I heard my name called from a loophole.

"I stopped in astonishment and stared at a face peering up against the opening, which I did not at once recognize.

"Who is it that knows me? I asked.

"Don't you remember your comrade, Tom Babson?"

"I walked up to the loop to push my hand in, but the sentinel interposed—a little, insignificant-looking Cholo, as the half-Spanish, half-Indian are called on the coast. I took his measure at a glance; a few Spanish words whispered, and, more yet, a few silver reales dis-

played to his voracious greed, and the coast was clear.

"He even hinted to me that if I would pass round to another prison hole on the other side I could talk with the prisoner without being observed. I was not slow to take the hint; and after a shake of the hand, Tom told me his sad story, peeping through the little loop like a postoffice clerk.

"He had, it seems, walked and searched in vain for me after he got out of his revel, until he was satisfied that I must have gone to sea in the ship, when he took charge of the two stocks of clothing, which were transferred to Scotch Jock's hands for liquor and board.

"A few days were sufficient to wear out his welcome there.

"He was forced, after all, to ship in the *Tres Amigos*, man-of-war, and the landlord got the lion's share of the advance doubloon.

"Tom was soon convinced that the Peruvian naval service was not what it had been described; and he as well as several other English adventurers, were heartily sick of their bargain, and determined to back out of it at the first opportunity.

"So, having been sent ashore on some sort of spy service, under the command of a young midly, they took charge of the boat themselves, put the officer on the beach, and started down the coast to leeward.

"After many strange adventures and dreadful sufferings they landed at the Galapagos Islands, and, as might be expected, they soon became scattered, joining different ships. Tom had been in half a dozen vessels during a year's time; and, feeling quite safe, had come ashore in Payta, a few days before, from a coasting craft in which he was employed, he had hardly landed when he was recognized by one of the former officers of the man-of-war. He was arrested and tried by a boat court-martial, where the little midly himself was brought forward, and glad enough for this chance for revenge, swore to Tom's identity.

"He was at once found guilty of having mutinied, deposed his superior officer, laid violent hands upon him, and turned him ashore in a hostile territory. He was sentenced to death.

"Next Monday," said he, "I am to be led out at execution; but, as I am in the corner there at the angle of the wall, and shot by a platoon of these Cholo scoundrels."

"You may imagine how I congratulated myself that I had been so suddenly led to think better of our mad scheme and to return to my duty on board the Marion. But what could I say to comfort my misguided shipmate? In three days, for the second time, Friday morning, he would be put to death; there was no hope of pardon or reprieve.

"But the second mate, after hearing my story, entered into the thing heart and soul. It was too bad to see an old shipmate made a target of in that manner, he said, by a crowd of human monkeys, like these Cholos; and by a little management and a few dollars used in bribes, he thought he might save Tom from his fate and run him off to the beach. He went ashore with me the same evening, and we managed another interview with the prisoner at his pigeon-hole, and cheered him up with a hope of deliverance, giving him some idea, too, of our plan of affecting it, that he might be prepared to act in co-operation.

"We smuggled a coil of rope ashore on Sunday, and concealed it in a pile of rubbish, convenient to the place where it was to be used. We were stirring early on the morning appointed for the execution, and landed with a picked crew before daylight. No particular notice was taken of our movements, as we were supposed to have been impelled by a natural curiosity to see the man shot; and we mingled with the other spectators without suspicion, keeping always near each other, however, and ready to communicate or signal previously agreed upon.

"We saw Tom led forth from the guardhouse by a file of the soldiers, and marched across the yard to the place of execution. Here he stood up like a man who had nerve himself to meet his death without flinching; and, as he braced himself against the wall in the corner, his calmness extorted admiration from his jailers.

"Sunrise was the time fixed for the execution to take place; but, with a refinement of cruelty worthy of Peruvians, he had been brought out and led to his post an hour before that time.

"This circumstance, however, was favorable for our project, as it was now just on the gray of the morning, between daybreak and full daylight.

"The Cholo officer and his file of men withdrew to the other side of the yard, after having a, or having set poor Tom, after having set poor Tom up for a target, as one might say. The firing party had not yet come on the ground and now was our time.

"The wall at the angle where the condemned man stood was about nine feet high, so that his guards had no fear of his being able to climb it, when they fell back and left him there; but they little dreamed what was going on the other side of it. We were able to communicate in low tones through a chink or crack, and Tom, watching a favorable opportunity, gave the word in a whisper, 'Now!'

"At the signal, the rope, with a bow-line knot of suitable size ready tied at the end, was tossed silently over the wall. In the dusky morning twilight, this operation could not be seen by the soldiers, or by the spectators who had gathered on the opposite side of the enclosure. Tom, whose hands had been left free in deference to his own request, and sheer admiration of his supposed courage to meet his fate like a hero, slipped the bow line down over his body, and placing himself as in a 'boatswain's chair,' he gave the signal by a slight jerk.

"Our whole souls, as it may be supposed, were in the muscles of our arms, and his slight jerk was responded to by one who lifted him into the air as if he had been a child. His hands grasped the top of the wall, and quicker than a flash, it seemed, he was over, and dropped among his shipmates.

"'Carambo!' was the exclamation from the guards, as they caught a glimpse of his form against the sky, over the wall.

"Stupid half-breeds as they were, they rushed to the spot to assure themselves that he was really gone—and they rushed back again. But meantime,

while the word had sprung among the lookers-on, and many were ahead of the soldiers in the pursuit. As they had a considerable circuit to make before they could even get the scene of our operations, we had time for a good start, and made the most of it. We had made straight for our boat, which we had taken care to have all ready for a start on the instant, the oars being 'peaked' in the rowlocks, and a boy left in her to keep her off from the landing-place. He did his duty, like all the rest; and each man, dropping upon his own thwart as he arrived, a vigorous shove sent her well under headway before the howling crowd of pursuers reached the water side.

"Give way, my lads!' said the second mate, with wild excitement.

"The captain will have to give me up again, if you take me aboard," said the condemned man.

"Not he! The foretopmast is loosed now, and he got his clearance papers last night. We'll be under way for home before these Cholos get their eyes fairly open!"

"The firing platoon at this moment turned a corner, coming at a double-quick pace. They rushed, all out of breath, down the pier, and brought their muskets to a 'ready' at the order of a little bewhiskered officer, whose voice, jerking out Spanish oaths, seemed the most formidable part of him.

"But we had already a safe offing; and their bullets rattled harmlessly in the water on either side of us. Several other spattering shots followed, but equally impotent as the first ones, for we had not lost a stroke in our pulling, and the oars were doing their best in the nervous grasp of trained whalemen.

"The Marion was already casting her head seaward when we shot alongside; and as the head-yards were braced full, she gathered rapid headway. Never was canvas handled quicker in making sail than it was that morning by us. Two or three boats were seen to push out in pursuit; but they might as well have saved their labor, and given up the chase as soon as the sun showed at what rate we were leaving them astern.

"That was the nearest that I ever came to running away from a ship; for, you may be sure, the lesson was not lost upon me. I think Tom Babson always gave the whole Spanish Main a wide berth afterward. He would not venture round the Western Horn again, but shipped for an Indian voyage as soon as we arrived in England."

Dewey Day in Montpelier, Vt.

When Dewey day was celebrated in Montpelier, Vt., the birthplace of that hero, the staid old place took on an unaccustomed look of hilarity and liveliness.

As the order had gone forth from "headquarters" that no arrests for drunkenness were to be made that day, the inhabitants of the "temperance town" felt that they could be "real devilish" for once, and the drug stores sold dozens of bottles of Jamaica ginger, the favorite tipple in a state where the sale of anything stronger than elder three weeks old is prohibited by law.

The schoolhouse where Dewey went to school is still standing on one of the streets of Montpelier. It has been through many vicissitudes, has been a public school, a parochial school, and is now a tenement house.

On Dewey day every window had a flag in it, and the old building was covered with bunting and glory.

Early in the morning a man was seen coming down the principal street of the town carrying a long piece of canvas under his arm. Something in his manner, which was at once mysterious and important, roused the curiosity of the reporter, who asked him where he was going.

"By the Dewey schoolhouse," answered the man. "We're going to put this on the front."

He then unrolled the canvas, which bore this legend in huge black letters: "Here's where his young ideas were taught to show!"

Mr. Millapa's Bill.

The traveling man who had been royally entertained by the prosperous farmer in the outskirts of the little town, where the only hotel had burned down a few days before, was a little uncertain when about to depart whether he should simply return his thanks or risk offending his host by offering pay.

"You have placed me under great obligations, Mr. Millapa," he said. "When I come in from a trip of this kind I am accustomed to turning in an expense account, and it seems to me I ought to have put down in it something pretty handsome for the excellent entertainment I have had at your house."

"You can turn in what you durn please," replied Mr. Millapa. "My bill will be \$16."—Chicago Tribune.

Man Who Took Gen. Lee Prisoner.

E. S. Sylvester, who lives at Alexander, in Franklin county, Iowa, was in the Union army and had the honor of capturing and taking prisoner General Fitzhugh Lee, of present Cuban fame, and the man who has stood up for these United States both under the Cleveland and McKinley administrations in a manner to win fame and honor.

Mr. Sylvester's story is that he and companions rode up to a residence in a Southern plantation looking for rebels. Around the house and inclosing a garden was a low fence, over which these scouts promptly jumped their horses, riding up to the porch which surrounds these Southern homes. Out of the front door stepped a bare-headed gentleman. Said he: "You are evidently looking for something. Do you wish to see any one in particular?"

"Yes, sir," said the officer in charge; "we are looking for Confederates, and want them."

"Well," said General Lee, as cool as when he called away from Cuba the other day, "I'm a Confederate, and you probably want me; my name is Lee." And they wanted him, and took him.

Something new, a spring tooth harrow with wheels, Sylvester plows and "Planet, Jr.," cultivator at W. & G. Mitchell's.

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ERIE RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Corrected to Date.

Solid Pullman trains to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauque Lake, Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati.
Tickets on sale at Port Jervis at lower rates than via any other first-class line.

TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS:

EASTWARD.	
No. 12, Daily Express.....	9:34 A. M.
" 10, Daily Express.....	5:29 "
" 16, Daily Except Sunday.....	6:29 "
" 28, " " " " " " " " " "	7:45 "
" 66, Sunday Only.....	7:45 "
" 38, Daily Except Sunday.....	10:07 "
" 6, Daily Way Train.....	12:15 P. M.
" 4, Daily Except Sunday.....	2:25 "
" 30, " " " " " " " " " "	3:00 "
" 2, Daily Express.....	4:25 "
" 68, Sunday Only.....	4:30 "
" 8, Daily Express.....	5:29 "
" 62, Sunday only.....	5:49 "
" 18, Sunday only.....	6:45 "
" 22, Daily Except Sunday.....	6:53 "
" 14, Daily.....	10:09 "

WESTWARD.	
No. 3, Daily Express.....	12:30 A. M.
" 17, Daily Milk Train.....	8:05 "
" 1, Daily Express.....	11:33 "
" 11, Daily Except Sunday.....	12:10 P. M.
" 9, Daily Except Sunday.....	12:31 "
" 5, Daily Express.....	5:00 "
" 39, Saturday only.....	6:15 "
" 27, Daily Except Sunday.....	6:50 "
" 7, Daily Express.....	10:15 "

Trains leave Chambers street, New York for Port Jervis on week days at 4:00, 7:45, 9:00, 9:15, 10:30 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:30, 6:30, 7:30, 9:15 P. M. On Sundays, 4:00, 7:30, 9:00, 9:15 A. M.; 12:30, 2:00, 7:30 and 9:15 P. M.

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