

Successors to

# JERVIS GORDON

We are now Prepared to Please the Farmers and the General Public by being ready at all times to Accommodate them. Plenty of Water to run the Mill Day and Night if Necessary.

A Full stock of the Best Brands of Flour Constantly on Hand.

Seal of Minnesota is a No. 1. Try it. Washburn's Gold Medal, Arnold's Superlative. Feed, Meal, Middlings and Bran. Buckwheat Flour in its Season a Specialty!!!

Orders left at the Mill for delivery will receive prompt attention.

## Milford Milling Co.,

Milford, Pike Co., Penna.

## 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. Anything in your 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.

## GO TO... R. B. Van Etten ...FOR...

Made-to-Order Suits, Pants and Overcoats AT PRICES NEVER KNOWN BEFORE.

Suits Made to Order \$30.00 and up. Pants \$2.00 and up. Overcoats Made to Order \$75.00 and up. I send your order direct to American Woolen Mills, World's Largest Tailors, Chicago, Ill.

They combine the very latest styles, elegance of finish, durability and graceful appearance, especially pants, being made with patent safety seam, less pockets, all buttons being put on with their never-to-come-off process, and sewed throughout with silk and linen, and so the seams never rip.

Please look at my line of samples before ordering or buying new garments. I can save you money.

Centre Square, Milford, Pa.

We carry a stock of goods valued at \$1,500,000.00. We receive from 10,000 to 25,000 orders every day.

We own and occupy the tallest mercantile building in the world. We have over 2,000,000 customers. Sixteen hundred clerks are constantly engaged filling out-of-town orders.

OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE is the book of the people—it quotes Wholesale Prices to Everybody, has over 1,000 pages, 15,000 illustrations, and 60,000 descriptions of articles with prices. It costs 75 cents to print and mail each copy. We want you to have one. SEND FIFTY CENTS to show your good faith, and we'll send you a copy FREE, with all charges prepaid.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., Michigan Ave. and Madison Street CHICAGO

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.

### IS HE A WIZARD?

Central African Who Travels Hundreds of Miles in a Trance.

Here is a yarn that has been picked up by the Society for Psychological Research, Dr. R. W. Felkin, who had accompanied Emin Pasha on a tour through Uganda and adjacent territory is responsible for it. He says that some time last year his party had got back to Lado, about a thousand miles south of Khartoum, and that he had been without letters from Europe for a year. Naturally, he was impatient for tidings. In that part of Africa he had often come across wizards, who pretended to transform themselves into lions or other animals at sight, and to travel immense distances in this guise. They also asserted that they acquire information at such times about stolen cattle and other lost property. Dr. Felkin says, "I said though it has no explanation to offer in regard to these alleged feats, he had a chance to verify one of their stories.

One morning after his arrival at Lado, a man came to his tent, evidently in great excitement, and said that the local wizard, or "mologo," had been roaming about the country the night before, in the form of a jackal. During his ramblings, the wizard had visited Meschera of Rek, fully 550 miles away, between Lado and Khartoum. The wizard declared that two steamers had just arrived at this point, and had brought mails. He also declared that he had actually the appearance of the English officer accompanying the boats.

Dr. Felkin ridiculed the story. But Emin Pasha took the thing more seriously. He directed that the man be brought before him, and questioned the fellow.

"Where did you go last night?" "I was at Meschera-el-Rek."

"What were you doing there?" "I went to see some friends."

"What did you see?" "I saw two steamers arriving from Khartoum."

"Oh, this is nonsense! You could not possibly have been at Meschera-el-Rek."

"I was there," the wizard replied emphatically. "And with the steamers was an Englishman, a short man, with a big beard."

"Well, what was his mission?" "He says that the great pasha at Khartoum had sent him, and he had some papers for you."

He overland to-morrow, bringing the papers with him, and he will be here about thirty days from now."

Dr. Felkin says that thirty-two days later the Englishman did arrive at Lado, and that he brought letters for the party. The newcomer was Lupton Bey. Of the wizard, Dr. Felkin says that he is satisfied that the man was never outside his native village in his life.

Manufacturing an Alibi. "One evening some years ago," said a New Orleans druggist, to the Times-Democrat, "I was standing behind the counter, just about where I am now, when I saw a man slip in very quietly at the side door and stop in the rear of that tall case of fancy goods. I walked over at once and asked what he could do for me. He then came to within half a minute before he replied, 'You don't seem very keen for trade,' he said at length, and he spoke in a curious, gasping voice, like a man out of breath. 'I've been waiting here for you for a quarter of an hour.' Now, I was positive that he had just come in, but it is always unwise to contradict a customer, so I made no remark.

"I want you to put me up some quinine capsules," he went on, 'and be quick about it, for I have an engagement at 8:30 o'clock. I looked at my watch and told him he had twenty minutes to spare. It was then exactly 8:10. 'All right,' he said, and I went for the quinine. I handed him the package a few moments later, and as he reached for it he upset a tall vase on the counter and broke it all to pieces. It was the clumsiest thing I ever saw, and had any possible motive being apparent I would have sworn he did it on purpose. But he cursed like a pirate, and after some time, pale as a bill, which was \$3, and went away, and I never saw him again.

"Next morning I read in the paper that a murder had been committed in a house nearly half a mile from the store at about 8 o'clock the previous evening. I gave it no special thought, but something like a month later I received a visit from a lawyer, who told me that he represented a certain man who was under suspicion for this very murder, and who expected daily to be placed under arrest. 'My client is not guilty,' he continued, 'and at the time of the crime was nowhere near the house. As nearly as he remembers he was in this store making some trifling purchases. He recalls it, because he accidentally broke a vase. Do you remember the circumstances I did mention, and of a sudden the whole thing became clear. You see, my attention had been called to the hour, and the vase-breaking was evidently a ruse to fix the victim in my mind. Your client entered the store at 8:10, I said, and I have reason to believe he was running just before he reached it. That ended the conversation. The man was never arrested, but soon after left the city."

Being a Lady. "Frances," said that little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down the stairs like a lady."

"Frances retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes reentered the parlor. 'Did you hear me come down stairs this time, mamma?'"

"No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise."

"The last time I sit down on the banisters," explained Frances, "Harper's Bazaar."

To Avoid Misapprehension. Guest—Ah, then you are a musician? What instrument do you play? Musician—The first fiddle. His Wife (emphatically)—But only in the orchestra!—Tid-Bits.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.

TO PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by the PATENT RECORD.

Subscriptions to The Patent Record \$1.00 per annum.

## 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 to all points in the West and Southwest at lower rates than via any other first-class line.

TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS.

EASTWARD.	
No. 12, Daily Express	8:24 A. M.
" 10, Daily Express	9:24 " "
" 16, Daily Except Sunday	9:24 " "
" 28, " " " "	10:24 " "
" 38, Sunday Only	10:24 " "
" 38, Daily Except Sunday	10:24 " "
" 6, Daily Way Train	12:15 P. M.
" 30, Way Except Sunday	3:27 " "
" 5, Daily Express	4:23 " "
" 620, Sunday Only	4:50 " "
" 8, Daily Express	5:30 " "
" 18, Sunday Only	5:45 " "
" 22, Daily Except Sunday	6:50 " "
" 14, Daily Express	10:00 " "

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, Local Except Sunday	12:20 " "
" 27, Daily Except Sunday	3:50 " "
" 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, 3:00, 7:30 and 9:15 P. M.

D. I. Roberts, General Passenger Agent, New York.

## TIME TABLE of the P. J., M. & N. Y. R. R.

Trains leave Erie Ry., 33d St., N. Y. as follows:

No. 6 Daily Express	9:10 A. M.
" 8 Daily Except Sunday	12:30 P. M.
Leave Chambers St. as follows:	
No. 6 Daily Express	9:15 A. M.
" 8 Daily Except Sun.	3:00 P. M.

Leave Jersey City as follows:

No. 6 Daily Express	9:35 A. M.
" 8 Daily Except Sunday	3:15 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE PORT JERVIS, ERIE DEPOT FOR MONTICELLO AS FOLLOWS:

No. 19 Daily Except Sun	9:00 A. M.
" 6 Daily Express	12:15 P. M.
" 8 Daily Except Sun	3:30 P. M.

Trains arrive in Monticello as follows:

No. 19 Daily Except Sunday	10:40 A. M.
" 6 Daily Express	1:15 P. M.
" 8 Daily Except Sunday	6:50 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTICELLO AS FOLLOWS:

No. 1 Daily Except Sunday	9:35 A. M.
" 3 Daily Express Sunday	12:30 P. M.
" 5 Daily Express Sunday	3:15 P. M.
" 7 Sunday Only	10:40 P. M.

Trains arrive at Port Jervis, Erie Depot as follows:

No. 1 Daily Except Sunday	7:35 A. M.
" 3 Daily Express Sunday	4:15 P. M.
" 5 Daily Express Sunday	11:45 A. M.
" 7 Sunday Only	7:00 P. M.

Arrive at Jersey City as follows:

No. 1 Daily Except Sunday	10:25 A. M.
" 3 Daily Express Sunday	4:45 P. M.
" 5 Daily Express Sunday	3:15 P. M.
" 7 Sunday Only	9:47 P. M.

Arrive at Erie Ry., 33d St., as follows:

No. 1 Daily Except Sunday	10:45 A. M.
" 3 Daily Express Sunday	4:15 P. M.
" 5 Daily Express Sunday	3:45 P. M.
" 7 Sunday Only	10:15 P. M.

## For Poultry

Get the Hens in shape for winter eggs.

In Cannot be Done in a Week.

It must be done by proper and careful feeding, this will help you by using in moderate quantities and regularly

## Meat and Bone Meal

Ground fine, Dry and Sweet.

50lb. Bag \$1.25.

Granulated

Oyster Shells

100lb. Bag 60c.

Every size in Flower Pots large or small. Nuts Grain and Potatoes wanted.

## HOAGLANDS ON HILL, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, he mag use a full tin of Dr. Kennedy's No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, \$2.00 per tin. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Favorite Remedy The one sure cure for the Kidneys, Liver and Blood

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed to cure all cases of indigestion, flatulence, biliousness, headache, constipation, etc. All druggists.

STOP SMOKING

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee. 25c. per tin or \$2.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. The Dr. C. C. Co. call to cure. Druggists refund money.

### THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Don't you know that this heath country will be coming ter de scratch? W'en de peach is on de peachtree en de melon in de patch? Dat de barn'll bulge wid plenty, en you gwine ter lif' de latch? W'en de peach is on de peachtree en de melon in de patch?

Oh, believers, Happy on de way! Gwine ter see de sunrise At de breakin' er de day!

Don't you know dey ain't a country dat kin be dis country match? W'en de peach is on de peachtree en de melon in de patch? Oh, t'is den I gits ter glory, en de angel lif' de latch— W'en de peach is on de peachtree en de melon in de patch?

Oh, believers, Happy on de way! Gwine ter see de sunrise At de breakin' er de day!

—Atlanta Constitution.

### WARRINGTON, V. C.

(1). On the Field.

A pitch-dark night in a rocky valley of Afghanistan; a few stars in the heavy, black, moonless sky only intensifying the almost palpable darkness. A mile or two southward, where the rocky valley opened into rocky heights, little flashes of light recurring at intervals, followed by sharp lightning cracks, showed where the late skirmish and retreat was fighting itself out about the camp.

Where one of the innumerable broken ridges that seemed the valley made a darker wall across the darkness two figures were dimly discernible (when you knew where to look for them), the one semi-recumbent, propped against a bowlder, the other tall and straight beside him.

"Clear out, Warrington—please go, sir," the voice came faintly from the recumbent figure. "You can get back to camp and send 'em for me."

"Not likely, young 'un," observed the other. "What says the great R. K.?"

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan plains, And the women come out—to cut up what remains—

Just—

"Don't!" said the wounded man, and another male figure with a groan behind his clenched teeth.

"Poor old Vicary," said Warrington, sending over him. "Let me undo your belt. . . . Now grab yourself with both hands and write."

"Fellows in books," said the weak voice drowsily, "never get lit in the tummy. . . . Always—head in a bandage—or—arm in sling. . . ."

"Thought to come out with us, but there was silence for a time; the far-off flashes grew more rare, the wounded man shifted himself a little and spoke again.

"You're a brack, Warrington!" he said.

"Slightly different from Piccadilly and the Strand this—eh, Vic?"

"I wish the matter could see now," said Vicary; "she's going to bye-bye just about now. She'd stick you pretty high up in her prayers if she knew."

"The next time you start talking nonsense," said Warrington, "I shall consider you delirious and past hope; and I shall turn tail and make tracks for camp."

A long silence.

"It's getting heavenly cold," said Vicary, with a shiver; "I shall never pull through to-night."

"Cheer up, lad," said Warrington, and pulled at his mustache and glared at the darkness; "only a few hours till daylight, and you're a fine foot four in your boots and solid in proportion. I'm not equal to two miles with you on my back, my dainty mid-gut."

"Can't see how you got me this far. . . . Why don't you cheer off now and get back and—O, God! No! Warrington. . . . You're not going!"

"Another word like that, my son, and I leave you to Mrs. P. and all the little Pathans to play with."

"All right—all right, I won't. Let me hold your boot—I can hardly see you. O! Warry, what a funk I am; all the bit of pluck I had's run out of the leak in my tunic—and I am beastly cold."

Warrington knelt beside him and closed beneath his head, and felt his head and hands. The former was very cold and damp, the latter were very wet and warm.

"I must let them know they're wanted," Vicary muttered.

"The latter did not hear him. He muttered: 'Missing; Lieutenant Beverley Warrington and Second Lieutenant Vicary of the—' What's up, Warry?"

His companion had touched his forehead lightly with his lips raised to his feet, and with his arm raised above his head, had emitted his revolver into the silence of the night.

"They'll know there's a British officer where that revolver is," he said, cheerily.

"But—but, you fool—you dear old silly fool—so will those brown devils!"

"Can't help that!" said Warrington, with a little laugh, "it's too chilly to stop out late to-night." Then in a low tone, "For the sake of auld lang syne, Vic, be a good fellow, and fire."

He reloaded his revolver. When the echoes had rattled away into deeper silence they heard the distance shots suddenly recommence, and distant shouts and howls came to them like whippers. From the invisible hills facing them came din and confused scuffling and scraping sounds as of cats scrambling down rocks. A moving white blur appeared somewhere in the thick darkness, then another, then another; and a suggestion of low-toned guttural conversation, reached Warrington's straining ears. He shifted his revolver to his left hand and gently drew his sword. Then from over there where he knew the camp lay six revolver shots in quick succession.

"That's Welby!" he said to himself. Vicary's hand had been grasping the heel of his foot lightly. Now he felt the grip relax; and in a moment more the wounded subaltern slipped a little with a slight tinkle of steel on rock and groaned.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee. 25c. per tin or \$2.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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In another moment a dozen howling hillmen were blazing away at random toward the spot where the groan seemed to have come. They aimed low and erratically, and Warrington held his fire for a few interminable seconds.

Then they closed in, and one stumbled over Vicary's outstretched legs before they could realize that two British officers were within a yard of them. Warrington felt the man grab him as he fell, and fired with the barrel of his revolver touching bare skin. After that he fought and died a very much at random, and the darkness around him shrieked and howled and spat fire, and long, graceful knives suggested themselves to the imagination of the man who had seen them at work before. . . . For ten long minutes Warrington was busy—wondering all the time what Vicary was doing down there between his legs, and how he liked it, and which of them would die first.

Then suddenly in a lull he heard faintly a sound that sent the blood to his head with a rush—the scraping of many boots over rocks hundreds of yards away, and the dim echo of a word of command. He shouted and fired his last cartridge above his head as they might see the flash, and flung the empty weapon at the second lieutenant. When his men came up to him they found him with Vicary in his arms leaning against the wall of rock, looking, as Private Billmore said, "as though he'd had a nasty messy accident with reu paint."

Vicary opened his eyes as he entered the camp for foremost.

"Warrington, V. C.," he said, and tried to cheer. But the others did it for him.

(2). At Home.

An afternoon in early November, a cozy room, bright fire, big armchair, piano, pipes, photographs and decanters; a male figure extended to enormous length in one armchair, with feet stretched out on the hearthrug; another male figure with back toward the room, gazing out of window at the increasing rain. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke and silence.

"Of all the brutal, filthy, miserable depressing days!" said the man at the window, suddenly.

"Weather seems to worry you, old man," said the man by the fire, settling down a little deeper into the depths of his armchair. "Third time in twenty minutes you've got up to look at it—and talk about it."

"Sorry, Vic," said the other, and turning, he came slowly toward the fire. "I must be lively company today; but this weather seems to upset one altogether."

"Not me," said Vicary, blowing a cloud. "I'm pretty cozy, thanks. I prefer rain in St. James's to straight in Chalkentree."

The other did not answer, but stood nervously opening and shutting his hand over the cheerful blaze.

"By George!" said Vicary, meditatively. "It seems strange to believe they're now—all but the souvenirs we carry—eh, Warry?"

Warrington's hand went up to the livery hand that ran across forehead, nose and cheek, and almost bisected his strong face.

"One comfort," Vicary went on, "mine don't show. Not but what that has its drawbacks," he added, with a chuckle, "no one seems to believe they're touched me—think I got my sick leave on the bounce. And I can't continually strip to prove it."

Still his senior was silent. Vicary edged round a little to look at his face. Then his eyes opened and his voice changed.

"Warrington," he said, "d'you remember that very first dust up we had the second day from Kir Wallah?"

Warrington nodded.

"That was my first taste of the walk-up-and-down-as-a-target business," said Vicary, solemnly; "and I was in a blue funk. Couldn't help it. Knew all flabby and face all twitchy when those bullets began whizzing and patterning."

Warrington laughed nervously.

"I gave you the right sort of a dressing-down," he said.

"It pulled me through," said Vicary; then, leaning forward, and still more solemnly, "I say, what did I look like—all drawn up and ghashty?"

"A bit," admitted Warrington.

"Look in the glass now," said Vicary, in an awestruck voice, for Warrington was senior officer and brother and Ajax and Wellington and Lord Roberts all rolled into one,