

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. 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.

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

OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE is the book of the people—it quotes Wholesale Prices to Everybody, has over 2,000 pages, 5,000 illustrations, and 50,000 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

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.

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.

## Table

### Dainties.

Fresh groceries. Canned goods. Meats in every form. Turkeys and chickens. Oysters and vegetables. Everything for an elegant dinner at

GUMBLE BROS. Harford St. Milford Pa.

## T. Armstrong & Co.

Successors to

BROWN & ARMSTRONG, Dealers in

GENERAL

MERCHANDISE,

Milford, . . . . Pa.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascara Candy Cathartic. Be or Be Not. C. C. Co. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

## THE COCONUT INDUSTRY

Manner in Which They Are Gathered and Exported to This Country.

A great proportion of the coconuts received in this country are still brought here in sailing vessels. The nuts are imported chiefly from the San Blas coast, Trinidad and points along the Orinoco River, and are consigned to various commission merchants throughout the country. A number of schooners engaged in the coconut trade ply at regular intervals between this country and Southern ports. The majority of these vessels discharge their cargoes at New York and from two to four of them are to be found at all seasons of the year.

An interesting half hour may be spent on the pier some morning when the work of unloading the nuts is under full headway. The nuts are drawn from the hold in bushel baskets and are dumped on the pier. Before being placed into the carts which are waiting to carry them the nuts are tested. This is done by knocking two nuts together. If from the force of the concussion milk escapes from the eyes of a nut the nut is adjudged bad and is thrown away. Every nut is thus tested before it leaves the pier. The nuts must also meet a certain standard of size and weight. The best nuts, it is said, are always the heaviest. Sometimes when a vessel has been delayed by adverse winds, and the nuts as a result have lain in the hold a long time, enough of them are spotted to cut into the captain's profits seriously.

One of the largest coconut schooners in the world, the Smith, Captain Trainer, which left New York recently for the San Blas coast, having discharged a cargo of over 250,000 nuts. The Smith makes three round trips a year, and besides her regular cargo of nuts, brings many barrels of Central American turtle shells, which command good prices.

Capt. Trainer when seen recently, gave an interesting account of the way in which the nuts are gathered and exported to this country.

"The best nuts," he said, "are those gathered on the San Blas coast. They bring all the way from \$20 to \$40 a thousand. The nuts are of medium size and are sold principally to dealers in dedicated coconuts. When picked the nuts are encased in a thick husk. No unhusked nuts are exported to this country. In England, however, the demand for nuts in the husk is large. British merchants have long realized the commercial value of the coconut's fibrous covering, and it is put to a variety of uses, principally, however, in the making of pulp.

"The San Blas coast," continued the captain, "is full of islands and keys which are as wild and as uncultivated as any locality in the world. We work along, following coconuts at most of the important islands, until we get to the gulf of Darien. By that time we have a full cargo and are ready for home.

"The San Blas coconut trade is entirely carried on by Indians. The palm trees grow wild and the natives make no attempt at cultivating the growth of the nuts. The trees yield in January, February, March and April, but nuts are gathered at all seasons of the year. The natives are a copper colored race and are not warlike. They will not, however, tolerate the presence of a white man in their villages. White men prospecting for gold occasionally pass through the country, and as long as they mind their own business they are not molested. But if they show any disposition to settle down they are politely requested to move on.

"The natives are not sharp at a bargain, nor do they attempt to drive one. They sell two nuts for 5 cents, and this standard applies to any number of nuts from two to 2,000. They could not be induced to either raise or reduce this price.

"The Indians have their tribal chiefs, and exhibit all the characteristics which mark our more savage North American redskins. They love beads and other finery, and we always find it profitable to carry a load of looking-glasses, brass rings and ribbons which we give to the natives in return for what they deem their equivalent in nuts. They will give more nuts for a plush bound looking-glass than you could purchase with 50 cents.

"The natives are eager for education and especially desire that missionaries be sent to them. It certainly would be an excellent field for some mission society to work in, for the people learn readily and are sincere, simple and honest.

"Although part and parcel of the Colombian Government they pay no taxes that I am aware of and have no voice in the government. All they want is to be let alone and the government accommodate them."

### Calf Choked to Death on a Kitten.

A very remarkable story comes from Somerset, O. Scott says, the leading merchant of the village, had a fine Jersey calf, which he placed in a stall in his barn and was bringing it up by hand, the little animal being supplied with the best of milk for its sustenance. One day a litter of kittens in the manger and the calf endeavored to swallow one of the kittens and was found dead in the stall with the kitten fast in its throat.

### A Good Recommendation.

Here is a recommendation which a Beckley County, Mass., farmer gave an incompetent man who had worked for him: "This man, I have known, has worked for me a day, and I am satisfied."—Boston Transcript.

### A Critical Situation.

"My memory is getting bad." "Is that so?" "Yes; when a man acts friendly with me I'm scared to death; I can't remember whether I owe him money or he owes me."

STOP SMOKING. If you smoke, you are poisoning your system. Stop smoking today. Buy a pack of 'STOP SMOKING' cigarettes. They are the only cigarettes that are safe to smoke. They are made from the finest tobacco and are completely free of nicotine. Buy a pack today and see for yourself.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco hat cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All drugists.

## ERIE RAILROAD

### TIME TABLE.

Corrected to Date.

Solid Pullman trains to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauque Lake, Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati.

### TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS.

EASTWARD.	
No. 12, Daily Express	8:34 A. M.
10, Daily Express	9:30 "
10 1/2, Daily Except Sunday	9:50 "
12, Sunday Only	7:45 "
10, Daily Express	7:45 "
10 1/2, Daily Except Sunday	10:07 "
12, Sunday Only	11:15 P. M.
30, Way Except Sunday	3:37 "
3, Daily Express	4:25 "
10 1/2, Sunday Only	4:30 "
3, Daily Express	5:30 "
18, Sunday only	5:45 "
12, Daily Except Sunday	6:50 "
14, Daily	10:00 "

### WESTWARD.

No. 3, Daily Express	10:30 A. M.
17, Daily Mtl. Train	8:05 "
11, For Buffalo Expt. Sun	12:10 P. M.
9, Local Expt. Sunday	12:30 "
3, Daily Express	3:30 "
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, 9:00, 9:15 A. M., On Sundays, 4:00, 7:45, 9:00, 9:15 A. M., 12:30, 2:00, 4:30 and 9:15 P. M.

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

## TIME TABLE

of the P. J., M. & N. Y. R. R.

Trains leave Erie Ry., 23d St., N. Y. as follows:

No. 6, Daily Express	9:10 A. M.
8, Daily Except Sunday	2:55 P. M.

Leave Chambers St. as follows:

No. 6, Daily Express	9:15 A. M.
8, Daily Except Sun.	2:50 P. M.

Leave Jersey City as follows:

No. 6, Daily Express	9:30 A. M.
8, Daily Except Sunday	3:15 P. M.

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

No. 10, Daily Express	6:00 A. M.
8, Daily Except Sun.	12:15 P. M.
8, Daily Express	5:30 "
Train H Sunday Only	7:15 "

Trains leave Monticello as follows:

No. 10, Daily Express	10:40 A. M.
8, Daily Except Sunday	1:15 P. M.
8, Daily Express	5:50 "
Train H Sunday Only	8:17 "

### TRAINS LEAVE MONTICELLO AS FOLLOWS:

No. 1, Daily Except Sunday	6:35 A. M.
3, Daily Express	9:35 "
1, Sunday Only	6:00 P. M.

Trains arrive at Port Jervis, Erie Depot as follows:

No. 1, Daily Express	7:35 A. M.
3, Daily Except Sunday	2:02 P. M.
1, Sunday Only	11:45 A. M.
A	7:00 P. M.

Arrive at Jersey City as follows:

No. 1, Daily Express	10:25 A. M.
3, Daily Except Sunday	4:40 P. M.
3	6:45 "
A	9:17 "

Arrive at Chambers St., N. Y. as follows:

No. 1, Daily Express	10:57 A. M.
3	4:57 P. M.
3	6:57 "
A	9:25 P. M.

Arrive at Erie Ry., 23d St., as follows:

No. 1, Daily Express	10:45 A. M.
3	7:15 P. M.
3	7:15 "
A	10:15 "

## 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.

## DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Remedy

The one sure cure for The Kidneys, Liver and Blood

To PATENT Good Ideas. Mole. The PATENT RECORD. Baltimore, Md. Subscriptions to The Patent Record \$1.00 per annum.

## WARRINGTON, W. C.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

himself round on the music-stool. "Come back when it's over, and sparkle up a bit." "Shut up!" growled his senior. Vicary shrugged his shoulders and struck a few aimless notes. This sort of timidity was strange to him. In matters relating to the opposite sex his senior was a child compared with that good-for-nothing fellow, the artist.

Suddenly Vicary grinned, struck a chord and broke into a music-hall song, accentuating the twang of the Cockey to exaggeration: "O-ownly one girl—in the world for me; O-ownly one girl—as my symphony; She m'nt be vairy pritty—"

"Shakespeare" between the shoulders, saying to his senior, "He twisted round, chucking and rubbing himself."

"Steady on, old chap! What's up?" "I came here to-day for your help," Warrington said, and stopped short. "Warry" said Vicary, "nervously. He had never seen him like this before. "Vic, I'm longing to see her—to say it! I've been longing for months and now I simply haven't call."

"Build-up-heavy father—comic papers," murmured Vicary, quite uncomprehending. Warrington glared.

"Warrington said to be a drivelling young idiot," he said, "lolly."

"No—no! Drive ahead," said Vicary. "It's just her I'm frightened of," said Warrington. "I'd rather go through a week of Chukwaka than speak; but I'd go through a life time of them with her at the end."

"But Warrington," said Vicary, puzzled, "she's not such a Tartar." "Yes," said Warrington, V. C., "and the only thing in it I'm afraid of."

"Why, what would she do?" said Vicary. "Do?" said Warrington, with both hands at his mustache. "Do? Why, she'll drop her eyelashes, or she'll curl the corners of her mouth, or she'll glance at me over her shoulder, with her chin up, and then—and then—"

"And then?" said Vicary, twinkling. "Then I shall sweat like a coolie, and stand gaping like a stuck pig," said Warrington, "and my knees will go flabby and my face twice, as you elegantly put it, Good-by."

"I'm going there now; I mean to go there now," said Vicary; "and directly you're outside you'll stand still for a quarter of an hour and then cut off home and spend the evening practicing profanity in the street."

Warrington stood in front of his junior and dared not contradict. "Unless," said Vicary and stopped and grinned.

"Unless," said Warrington, with painful eagerness. "Unless," said Vicary, "knocking his pipe out in the grate, 'unless I come with you."

"Thanks," he said shortly, and watched Vicary putting on hat and coat and pulled his mustache violently.

As they left the room he slipped his hand into Vicary's pocket and said: "This is my Mir Wallah," he said, gravely.

Vicary laughed round at him. "This is a whacking big balance on the Chukwaka side," he said. "Needn't say goodby to the water," he went on, "as she descended the stairs, 'you'll come back to dine."

"To be cheered up," said Warrington. Vicary did not deign to reply to such an absurd remark. He hailed a hansom.

"Hadm't be better—er—walk?" said Warrington, nervously. "You jump in," said Vicary; "don't be frightened. I'm coming to hold your hand."

He took the address and they bowed away through the grey wetness. Warrington was trying to see the whole of his person at once in a six-inch strip of looking-glass.

"Now, I am at you, Vic," he said plaintively. "Is it likely she'd have an object like me?"

"Fishing!" said the S. C. subaltern. "You're not an adonis, but a V. C. however a multitude of sins," he said.

"Pooh! What does a girl care about that?" said Warrington; and Vicary laughed aloud at him. To himself he said: "The girl who gets you will get the brasses, clean her man, she wears the Queen's uniform; and the girl that will refuse you doesn't exist."

"Why, we're there," said Warrington, flushing and fidgeting; "how that horse has been going!"

"Three doors down the square," said Vicary to the cabman through the trap.

"Tell him to drive once round first," said Warrington, pulling a glove off and then beginning to put it on. "I've got something to say to you."

"I'll keep," said Vicary. "Out you get." "No—I say—half a minute, Vicary! Is my tie straight? I ought to have changed my collar. Hang it—all right, I'm coming. Wait for us, cabby—we shan't be five minutes." Vicary, don't mind, I don't think I'll call to-day, after all—it's a bit late, don't you think? You have run? Dash it! I—I—let me ask?" The door was opened.

"Is Mr. Rivers in? No? Oh, thank you. It doesn't matter—I'll call again, Good."

Vicary caught him as he turned and held him fast. "Rivers in?" he asked. "Yes," said the man, who knew him well.

"Say Lieutenant Beverley Warrington wishes to see her for a few moments on most important business, you old idiot—on most important business."

Inside the house Warrington mopped his face and rehearsed speeches in a low monotone until the man reappeared. "Will you walk upstairs, sir, please?" "Walk up," said Vicary, sternly, and marched him out of the room. "Right as rain!" Vicary said. "Go on, you conquering hero, and good luck attend you."

Vicary grinned, shaking with internal laughter. Warrington glared at him, groaned, and went slowly upstairs, where the man stood patiently waiting to announce him. Vicary heard him say breathlessly, "Wait a minute!" but the man preferred not to hear him, and opened the door with a most portentous "Lieutenant Beverley Warrington."

Vicary waited in the library. He smoked one cigarette and another, and another. He tried to read, but he gave it up. He tried to laugh at the scene in which he had just taken part, but gave that up too. After all, he was in no laughing mood where Warrington's happiness was concerned.

And at last, when the hands of the clock showed three-quarters of an hour gone, Warrington's voice from upstairs called hoarsely, "Vicary!"

He paused a moment, breathless. Then another voice, far clearer and sweeter, but with just a faint tremor in it, repeated, "Vicary!"

And then he flew upstairs as fast as his sound would allow him.—Harmsworth Magazine.

### Lamps of All Ages.

The story of lamps from Herodotus down to 1830 is not one of development. In principle, and form they remain the same, whether as the tin cylindrical or bowl-shaped cup, or as the diatleic pedestals and the round tin cups with hemispherical lids or the lidless cups resting on wooden stands such as were recently rescued by the author from the garret rubbish of old Bucks County. And before Herodotus, as we follow the lamp back into the tombs of the old world, we find the boat-shaped form of earthenware preceding the boat-shaped form of iron and possibly even that of bronze.

The chalk cup lamp found by Canon Greenwell in the neolithic flint mines at Grimes Graves, England, perhaps the oldest wick floating lamp in the world, is not essentially different from the oyster shell filled with lard and provided with wicks that may be found among Virginia negroes to-day.

The Egyptian, Grecian, Phoenician and Roman lamps, as they have been found in the museums, are not unlike the lard lamps that were most in use early in the nineteenth century. Their crude grease gave way to sperm oil and lard oil, with especial adaptations of the lamps that made them more convenient and improved the light, and burning fluids that were convenient and clean and gave a brilliant light, but were dangerous; and kerosene, with other improvements in the lamps and refinements in the oil that enabled it to give the most perfect artificial light yet found, and to keep up the fight for quality with gas and electricity—all these having come in within the lifetime of men sitting among us.

Besides the old lamps our ancestors had candles, molded when the price of tin, the material for the molds, did not forbid the luxury, and before them tallow dips; a suspended wick was dipped into a pot of hot tallow, once a day, and the operation was repeated till layer after layer of grease hardened, and the candle was thick enough. These candles were, however, troublesome in hot weather, on account of their propensity to yield to the temperature and fall over. "Who shall say, however, that candle dipping is older than molding?" when we now see that they molded candles in a County Galway, Ireland, in late years by punching holes in peat and pouring in tallow on the down hung wick of twisted fax fibers? The Irish had, too, as had the negroes, the rush light, a greased rush set in a hole in a wooden block serving as a candlestick; or rushes joined in a triple twist which flies apart when lighted, increasing the blaze.

### All Sorts of "Propositions."

"When a new word is introduced into the language," remarked a constitutional grammarian, "it is generally badly needed, but there is one recent addition that exaggerates me all over. I refer to the up-to-date application of the word 'proposition.' It is no longer used in the sense of a proposal or an offer, but it is applied to everything under the sun, from a clergyman to a cocktail, and from a horseless carriage to a can of embalmed beef. There never was a word in the English language so hard-worked and so badly abused, and the way it is dragged in by the heels to eke out the scanty vocabulary of every conversational chump one meets is enough to drive a fellow to drink."

"The other day a friend of mine (I mean he was a friend then; I have since scratched him off my list) took me out to look at his new cottage, and as we stood at the front gate, fastening our eyes on the premises he said, enthusiastically: 'Well, old man, what do you think of that for a domestic proposition?'"

"What he really intended to do was to ask my opinion on the cottage as a nice, cosy, homelike habitation, but couched in that barbarous argot, the inquiry made me mad, and I said things. He took it good-naturedly. 'Well, upon my word,' he remarked, after I blew off steam, 'you're a pretty queer proposition yourself.'"

"That is the reason why we don't speak now. Every day of my life I hear chaps talking about mining propositions, and theatrical propositions, and Cuban propositions, and easy propositions, and tough propositions, and heaven only knows how many other kinds of propositions, never meaning a proposition at all, but invariably the thing itself, and I am sick and tired of the word. What makes it extra offensive is a certain indefinable winking, poke-you-in-the-ribbs suggestion about it. I found the thing! If I were in the Council I'd pass an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to use the expression inside of the city limits.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Gets Slightly Mixed.

When the summer sun is slowly scorching down behind the crest of grim and rugged woody hills which stand out in the west. The artist paints the milking scene; but as a rule, somehow, he gets the rustic lady on the wrong side of the cow.

—Chicago Record.

Clerk—I am only waiting for you to raise my salary, sir, to get married. Employer—Then don't expect it. I think too much of you.—Detroit Free Press.

## Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be happy, healthy, full of 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 to cure. 50c or \$1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Beauty is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a deep skin. No beauty without it. Casareta, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities