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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

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Seal of Minnesota is A No. 1. Try it. Washburn's Gold Medal, Arnold's Superlative, Feed, Meal, Mid-dlings and Bran. Buck-wheat Flour in its Season a Specialty!!!

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Milford, Pike Co., Penna.

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Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber, Contractors and Builders. Estimates made; personal attention given and work guaranteed.

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We offer a line of new Spring Goods,

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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 of allowing 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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Largest and finest selection of Millinery. Our designs are the latest, and prices lowest consistent with good work.

COMPLETE LINE OF INFANTS WEAR. HAIR SWITCHES AND BANGS IN ALL SHADES.

All orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed to all our patrons.

SALLEY & ENNIS,

79 Pike Street, Port Jervis, N. Y.

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, 4,000 illustrations, and 6,000 descriptions of articles with prices. It costs 5 cents to print and mail each copy. We want you to have one. SEND FIFTEEN 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

A Mother's Song.
A mother sang to her child one day
A song of the beautiful home above;
Song it as only a woman sings
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the years that came
He heard the sound of that low, sweet song;
It took him back to his childhood days;
It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day
In an angry voice, that made him start
As if an arrow had sped that way
And pierced his loving and tender heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,
And was tempted and tried as all men are,
He fell; for that mother's angry words
Had left on his heart a lasting scar.

THE JUDGE'S SON

On a hill, enclosed by large, low cedars, stood the old, moss-grown, vine-covered mansion of Judge Scarritt. His was the grandest house in the village, and he was the richest man. A winding path and drive led up to the low, rambling where, in a hammock, and surrounded with dogs large and small, lay the only son of the old Judge. He was stretched out lazily and the half-smoked cigar had fallen to the floor.

Judge Scarritt's son was a handsome young fellow of twenty-two, possessing a fine athletic form, with six feet of brawn and muscle. He is the idol of his old father's heart, his constant companion and adviser. Adviser, because the Judge always asks his opinion before he decides anything, and whatever the son thought best the Judge was sure to do.

People have called Judge Scarritt a hard, harsh old man, but although he may have appeared so to others, he was gentle and kindhearted to his son. He was completely wrapped up in the boy, and his great love was returned. I never saw father and son so affectionate. Everything a young man could wish for the Judge's son had.

At the boy's birth the Judge's girl wife died. She smiled faintly as the little bundle of humanity was placed in her husband's arms.

"Love him, dear, for my sake—call him Andrew."

The Judge was broken-hearted over her death. He left the child under nurses' care and traveled unceasingly for a year or more.

It occurred to him one day that there was some one who had a claim on him, and he hurried back to his little son, who had grown to be a healthy child. The Judge took him to the old stone mansion where his young wife had died, and it was there the little Andrew grew up into manhood.

"Hello, Jack, old boy; have I been asleep?" the young man in the hammock, yawns, as he is awakened by one of the dogs lying beside him.

At his voice the whole pack of dogs bounded around him, trying to show their canine caresses on his face. He laughingly springs to his feet and strolled down the path to see if the Judge was coming.

"My, it's warm," he exclaimed, wiping his face with his cambric handkerchief. "I see they want more men for Company F, Third Regiment. Guess I'll enlist to-morrow morning. What will father say, though? Well, I believe it to be my duty, and he mustn't interfere. Poor old dad! It will go hard with him, I reckon, but it must be done."

A horse with the judge on its back appeared before him, and the eyes of both men lighted up with love as they met in the road.

"Ha, Andy, my boy; that you? I'm awfully warm; been out to Danborough's. Where've you been?"

"None, none at all; only his son has enlisted and the old man feels pretty badly."

Andrew walked beside his father's horse home to the house, then went to his room to dress for supper.

"I see what father isn't ever going to give his consent to my joining the army. I'll not ask it, for I intend to do it, and the sooner the better."

He rode over to see little Amy Gleason that evening and told her his intentions.

"Oh, Andy!" she cried. "You know I may not get killed. Won't you tell me to go, darling?" Andrew asked, stroking her soft hair.

"Yes, Andrew, go. It's not for me to beg you not to. You are going for a just cause, and God bless you and bring you back," she replied.

"Amen," Andrew said, folding her in his arms.

Next morning I met him down at Shark's and asked him if he was going to enlist.

"Yes, Kid," he answered (he always called me Kid). "I'm going."

"O, my son, my son!" the Judge cried. "What have you done?"

"Nothing, father; only enlisted. Come, brace up. It was my duty. Surely you do not think I have done wrong?"

"Andrew, my son! How can I let you go! Andy! Andy!"

"Now, father, don't! Please don't. I will come back."

The Judge could not be comforted. He knew what the chances were of his son coming back, and the blow was a heavy one.

Any clasp to her lover tearlessly; her very heart was being torn out it seemed. At last he had to leave her, and the last she saw of him was when he rushed past the guard to the platform of the fast going train and waved his cap as a last good-bye.

Westward passed into months, and still the terrible fighting went on. I forgot to tell you I ran away, and it was too late to send me back I showed my face. The boys made a pet of me and I was happy, for I was with Andy.

I was nearly scared out of my wits and always hid when a fight was going on.

Once after a hard battle the boys returned to camp. Some were bleeding, some dying, and I was afraid my Andy had shared a worse fate, but my heart leaped with joy when I saw him coming towards me. His head was bound and his face haggard and drawn with pain.

"Are you hurt?" I asked anxiously.

"Not bad. Only a cut. Where were you during the fight?"

"I hid in the woods."

He laughed, but not the free, merry laugh that used to ring out so joyfully.

One morning they were preparing for battle, and I was helping Andy with his things.

"Look here, Kid; if I get killed you must go back to father and little Amy. Tell them I died thinking of them, on the field of battle. There, don't cry. You know I am liable to be taken to a hospital, and I'm afraid if I don't come back with the rest you must come and find me. Take this chain—it has a locket on the end with Amy's picture and a lock of her hair—take it to her. You'll see a little Bible in my inside coat pocket; take it to father. You may have the ring on my little finger. Be sure you find me if I don't come back. You can get to the folks before a letter could so you must go right away. The boys will help you—they said so. Now, I must go. Good-bye, Kid. Perhaps I'll not see you again."

He was gone. The sultry day came to a close. The weary men came back, all that was left, but no Andy. I looked in vain for him.

One of the boys told me he was left on the field. Was he dead? He didn't know.

I ran to the ambulance and climbed to a seat beside the driver. We drove to the field in silence. I jumped out and began my search for the Judge's son.

Still, cold faces were turned up to my anxious gaze and my heart ached when I thought of the ring on my little finger, but I didn't find the little Bible where he said it would be. I found it on the ground with a note pinned to its back. He had been able to finish it, and only a few words, written in a scrawling, wandering way and smeared with his life blood. "Father and Amy, I have been called to go. Good-bye. I died—"

He was on it.

I watched them bury him; then true to their word, the men sent me home.

No word could have gotten there as fast as I did, so I knew I would have to tell the news to the old judge and Amy.

As I entered the little post office I saw the Judge and Amy coming from the window. Amy saw me first and ran towards me.

"Have you news from Andrew? Tell me quick. Is he alive?"

The Judge came up to me and I hardly knew him. He looked ten years older and his face was pale as death.

"Ah! You have come back; but where's my son?" he asked, hoarsely. He read what I would say, and my face and staggered against the wall. A crowd gathered around us and I saw Mrs. Gleason supporting her daughter.

"Oh, my boy, tell us. Is Andy Scarritt dead?" some one asked.

I pulled the chain and Bible out of my pocket, and gave the note to the Judge. He grabbed and read the few words, then fell with a groan to the floor.

I shall never forget that scene. The Judge and Amy were taken home; I went to the Scarritt mansion, but could not see the Judge. Days afterwards he sent for me. I told him all.

The old Judge is an altogether different man. He goes around in a dazed sort of way and says he's half crazy. Poor old man! I reckon he is. He lived for his son and now he's gone the old gentleman cares for no one or anything—y-Farmer's Advocate.

Vegetarian Shoes.
Vegetarians who are so strict that they do not care to wear an article of clothing into which any animal properties are introduced are catered for in the boot line by a London bootmaker, who is the inventor of a vegetarian shoe. For some years he has been experimenting, and as a result he has produced a boot in the construction of which there is absolutely no paper or leather of any description. Not only this, but, according to his assertion, these shoes wear four times longer than leather shoes and the upper material is always soft and never cracks.

Copper is High.
Several of the largest abandoned copper mines in Eastern Maine will again be operated. The Maine copper mines were in successful operation in 1872, and showed good profits while copper was quoted at 14 cents. The mines could also be operated on a paying basis with copper at 12 cents, but the crash came when the Wisconsin mines put the price of copper down to eight cents. Now that copper is so high, it will be very profitable to mine it.

I used Kodak dyspepsia cure in my family with wonderful results. It gives immediate relief, is pleasant to take and is truly the dyspeptic's best friend. Says E. Hartgerink, Overisel, Mich. Digests what you eat. Cannot fail to cure.

M. B. Smith, Battersea, Mich., says, "Do Witt's little early risers are the very best pills I ever used for constiveness, liver and bowel trouble."

BALES OF CORK.

They Come From Spain and Are Turned Into Stoppers.

On the sunny slopes of Catalonia, in Spain, there are groves of corko, where the trees (species of oak—Quercus Suber) are evergreen, bearing an acorn which tastes like our chestnut. They live well into the second century, attaining a height of 40 feet.

During the first 60 years of the tree's life the outer bark loses its vitality, becoming an encumbrance which would naturally peel off, but which is most carefully stripped a year or so earlier by cutting with curved knives into squares of three feet, the bark varying in thickness from one to three inches. The cutting is done during July and August, and after a process of drying—boiling and then pressing under heavy weights or flattening—pieces of cork are packed in square iron-bound bales for home manufacture and shipment.

The first cutting from the trees is coarse and inferior, as it is grown in the lower districts, but every eight or ten years of its later life the tree yields a better quality, that arriving latest at maturity, under best conditions of soil and climate, being of finest, firmest grain.

The largest cork factories in the world are those of the Armstrong Company in Lancaster and Pittsburg. But at one of the smaller ones down on the coast of Spain, the methods observed the passing of the sheets of cork from the bales to the quaint foreign-looking baskets filled with beautifully finished stoppers in various sizes.

The machines for cutting the strips for punching the shape and for smoothing and tapering (this last at the rate of 45 per minute) are a great deal of machinery, but the methods of hand work and it was only after many trials that machinery could be kept sharp, as the soft substance dulls it much more rapidly than many harder, tougher materials.

The corks used for bottling champagne are still cut by hand. The best material is not cut quite round, thus swelling and fitting more perfectly in the bottles.

When a cork is tossed into the waste basket that is by no means the end of its usefulness as it is probably picked out of the refuse by a man who glean his best harvest from hotels and saloons. He sells the contents of his bag to dealers in "seconds" on the East Side. These old corks are washed, dried, recut by hand—at every stroke the workman running the knife across a leather strap—and then sold again for bottling, blacking and other liquids.

The waste—shavings, etc.—was formerly hard to dispose of, as it does not burn readily, but it is now ground, and as a non-conductor of heat enters into the manufacture of artificial lime, bicycle handles, poles of boots, etc. Impervious to water, it is quite indispensable for life-preservers and buoys, and is one of the ingredients of asphalt pavements.—N. Y. Post.

Passes That Didn't Pass.
When its limited express trains were cut on a few years ago the Lake Shore Railroad Company decided to charge extra for the privilege of riding on them, and John Newell, who was president of the system at that time, gave orders that passes, half-rate tickets, etc., would not be honored on the "Byers." It was not intended, of course, that the complimentary passes issued to high officials of other roads should be void on the fast trains, but through an oversight a yearly pass was sent to D. W. Caldwell, president of the Nickel Plate, which bore on its face the words: "No good on Lake Shore limited trains."

A few days after Mr. Caldwell's pass had been issued Mr. Newell received an annual pass on the Nickel Plate, with the following endorsement: "Not good on passenger trains."

Messrs. Newell and Caldwell remained consistent enemies until the former died and was succeeded by the latter as president of the Lake Shore.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Onion Cure.
Onions are a kind of all-round good medicine. A whole onion eaten at bedtime will, by the next morning, break up the severest cold. Onions make a good plaster to remove inflammation and hoarseness. If an onion is smashed so as to secure all the juice in it it will make a most remarkable smelling substance that will quiet the most nervous person. The strength of it inhaled for a few moments will dull the sense of smell and weaken the nerves until sleep is produced from sheer exhaustion. It all comes from one property possessed by the onion, and that is a form of opium.

New Rifles.
One thousand Krug-Jorgensen rifles have been supplied to the battalions of Kentucky and Kearsarge. Both branches of the service will soon have small arms of the same calibre, thus greatly simplifying the problem of interchangeable supplies of ammunition when the army and navy are required to carry on joint operations. The Lee rifle will gradually be discarded and replaced by the rather small calibre rifle. The Army Ordnance Department will manufacture the Krug-Jorgensen rifle for the navy, but the ammunition will be manufactured by the Ordnance Department.

A Mile a Minute.
The speed of a carrier pigeon in calm weather is 1,200 yards a minute. With a brisk wind prevailing and blowing in the direction of its flight a pigeon has been known to make 1,900 yards a minute.

The Helpful Prune.
Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food, supply heat and waste, but are not much so-called. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.

Literary Women.
The last census in the United States showed that there were no fewer than 3,000 women engaged in literary, as apart from journalistic work.

Wm. Orr, Newark, O., says, "We never feel safe without one minute cough cure in the house. It saved my little boys life when he had pneumonia. We think it is the best medicine made." It cures coughs and all lung diseases. Pleasant to take, harmless and gives immediate results.

For comfortable, woolen blankets and counterpanes go to Armstrong & Co's.

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. 10, Daily Express	3:04 A. M.
" 10, Daily Express	5:09 "
" 10, Daily Express Sunday	6:39 "
" 10, Daily Express	7:45 "
" 10, Sunday Daily	7:45 "
" 10, Daily Express Sunday	10:07 "
" 10, Daily Express	12:16 P. M.
" 10, Daily Express Sunday	1:25 "
" 10, Daily Express	4:30 "
" 10, Sunday Only	5:20 "
" 10, Sunday Express	5:20 "
" 10, Sunday Only	5:20 "
" 10, Daily Express Sunday	6:00 "
" 10, Daily	10:00 "

WESTWARD.	
No. 3, Daily Express	10:15 A. M.
" 3, Daily Milk Train	8:05 "
" 3, Daily Express	11:30 "
" 3, Daily Express	12:10 P. M.
" 3, Chicago Limited Daily	1:15 "
" 3, Daily Express Sunday	5:50 "
" 3, Daily Express	10:15 "

Trains leave Chambers street, New York for Port Jervis on week days at 4:00, 7:30, 9:30, 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, 3:00 and 9:15 P. M.

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

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Our selection is now the best and you can get just what you want.

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ORDER IT FROM KENTUCKY. SEND US \$3.00 AND WE WILL SHIP YOU 4 FULL QUARTS OF THE CELEBRATED OLD



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You can find out all about it. They will tell you how you can share in the profits of a limited amount of their treasury stock in advance for sale. Those who wish to share in the great dividends now to be paid should write at once as the price of the stock will be advanced rapidly. Every stockholder will be given special bonuses for the purchase of an automobile for his own use.

The Strathmore

is one of the very best in the field, is the best vehicle made, and is backed by man of the highest character and ability.



Wm. Orr, Newark, O., says, "We never feel safe without one minute cough cure in the house. It saved my little boys life when he had pneumonia. We think it is the best medicine made." It cures coughs and all lung diseases. Pleasant to take, harmless and gives immediate results.



Here is something every man needs: the celebrated AEROMOTOR, enabling him to supply his house with hot and cold water, have a supply in his barn and also for sprinkling and irrigating purposes. I have a stock of hand, force and windmill pumps, also tanks and boilers.

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