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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 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. Buck-wheat Flour in its Season a Specialty!!!

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Milford Milling Co.,

Milford, Pike Co., Penna.

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.

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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 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.,

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

OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE is the book of the people—it quotes Wholesale Prices to Everybody, has over 1,000 pages, 10,000 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 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

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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.

DIVERSION IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

There Only in the World is the Adventurous Spirit Happy.

"Central America is the only place on this hemispheric hemisphere where life still runs wild," sighed a young gentleman who holds a very good position in a Poydras street commission house. "It is the last ditch of romance, the one spot where the sword is mightier than the pen. I wish I wasn't near-sighted and measured a little more around the chest. I'd go down there and break into the seventeenth century and have adventures that would make your hair curl."

"Yes, life is very strenuous in Central America," said the head book-keeper, who speaks Spanish and smokes brown paper cigarettes. "I went down there once myself and opened a general merchandise store (father's side of Chiquitana). My stock consisted chiefly of whiskey and cartridges, which were the two articles most in demand in that part of the country, but I also carried small size lines of tobacco, sardines and fancy percale shirts."

"One day a big bigger came into the store, smoked what was left of the tobacco, ate the last six boxes of sardines and put on all the fancy percale shirts, one on top of the other. Then he introduced himself as General Tomasso Sombodoyther, and told me to charge the bill to the army of liberation. While we were arguing about the matter a detachment of government troops came up looking for my colored friend, and blew the roof off the store with a small shell from a mountain howitzer. The general went one way and I went the other, but we both got caught, and the commandant promptly put me under arrest for harboring a notorious rebel. I was taken before the jefe politico, as they call their magistrates down there, and in order to square himself with the authorities Tomasso turned state's evidence and swore that I was the head and front of the revolution. The second had on all my percale shirts at the time he was giving his evidence, and was so mad I couldn't talk coherently."

"Still, I think I would have been discharged if it hadn't leaked out that I had a couple of barrels of whiskey in the store. When the jefe heard that he ordered me locked up and confiscated my property for the use of the department. The American consul got me out eventually, and I came home in the storage of a banana steamer."

"And have you never been back since?" asked the near-sighted young man.

"No," replied the bookkeeper. "I think I prefer a country where life runs light pink, instead of red. It's less wearing on the nerves."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TEACHING GIRLS NEED.

Railroad Man Says They Should Handle Money More.

"Parents ought to teach their children the way of doing business," said Ticket Agent T. D. Brown, of the Lake Shore road, yesterday, "at least in connection with traveling. There are any number of highly educated girls who don't know any more about buying a railway ticket than they do about making a deed of a house and lot. The other day a young woman came into the office to purchase a ticket, which with her berth, came to just \$10. Evidently it was her first experience, and we all tried to make her feel as much at home as possible. She handed me a \$20 bill in payment, and it so happened that I had no small bills to give her a change. I laid down four silver dollars in front of her, telling her that if she gave me another dollar I'd give her a \$5 bill. At first she didn't seem to understand, and I repeated the proposition. Then she said: 'Oh, I couldn't do that, you know.'"

"Evidently somebody had told her to beware of being flim-flammed. 'Well, I said, 'let me show you. Just give me a dollar out of your purse.' She produced the dollar, which I stacked up against the four silver dollars which I had already counted out, and then gave her a new \$5 note. She put the note into her purse and went away with a look that said as plainly as anything could: 'Without doubt I've been humbugged, but I don't know how!' So, I say, people ought to give the girls an opportunity to do a little business, especially in connection with travel."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IRVING AND THE "SUPER."

The Famous Actor Received an Answer Which Satisfied Him.

There was one occasion when Sir Henry Irving received from one of the supernumeraries of the Lyceum an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say, simply, "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at rehearsal in a poor whining way.

"Can't you say it better?" shouted Irving. "Repeat it as I do." And he gave the words with dignity, with all his well-known dramatic force.

"If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I shouldn't be working for twenty-five shillings a week."

"Is that all you get?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, say it as you please."—London Tit-Bits.

An odd excuse for burglary was given by a one-legged boy, aged 14. He broke into a hardware store in Kansas City and was captured. He pleaded he wanted to steal some tools which would enable him to make a wooden leg for himself.

Blue Front Stables,

Port Jervis, N. Y.

Adjoining Gumsier's Union House, Road, carriages, draft and farm horses for sale. Exchanges made. A large stock from which to make selections. CANAL ST.

Blue Front Stables,

Port Jervis, N. Y.

A gentleman recently cured of dyspepsia gave the following appropriate motto of Burns' famous blessing: "Some have ment and cannot eat, but some have eat and cannot want; but we have meat and can eat,—kodiol dyspepsia cure be thanked." This preparation will digest what you eat. It instantly relieves and radically cures indigestion and all stomach disorders.

Hiram Towner.

REV. T.K. BEECHER'S WAYS

THE LAST OF A FAMOUS FAMILY OF PREACHERS.

"Father Tom's" Eccentricity—Keeper of the Town Clock—Surprises in the Pulpit—Ordination of a Woman—Features of His Church.

Many admirers of the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, who died at Elmira, N. Y., recently, believe that he was the most original thinker of that famous family. He united to the power of reasoning of his brother Edward much of the poetical thought of Henry Ward. Lyman Beecher, father of the ten Thomas K. was the flower of the family. This has not been the judgment of the world, but on one point there is general agreement. Thomas K. was the oddest of them all. "Father Tom," as he was affectionately called in Elmira and throughout this part of the state, has been accused of rather priding himself on his eccentricity. You never could tell what he was going to do, but you could generally count on his doing something you didn't expect.

"Mr. Beecher," said a woman parishioner to him once, "when I see you out of the pulpit I think you ought never to get in it; but when I see you in the pulpit I think you ought never to get out."

He seemed to enjoy astonishing conventional folk sometimes. Once he took a notion that lager beer would be good for his health. Instead of taking the medicine at his own home he used to walk in at the front door of the most conspicuous saloon in Elmira, pull out a nickel at the bar and quaff the beer. This troubled his parishioners, and they remonstrated with him, but he told them that he didn't care what folks thought about him, he was taking the beer as a medicine, and he didn't propose to do it secretly, as if he was ashamed of it. After a while he quit the beer, not as he was careful to explain, because he thought it was wrong, but because it didn't agree with him.

Mr. Beecher knew a great deal about many things. Many persons may recall the fashion in which he demolished a scientific text-book, written by a well-known man and used extensively in schools. Mr. Beecher pointed out inaccuracies in statement and false reasoning with the complete facility of a scholar. In his early days he studied mechanics, and at one time ran a locomotive from Buffalo to New York. In the earlier stage of his ministry he used to repair sewing machines for the women of his flock. He could make a watch, and so great was his delight in that sort of work that he once asked the Elmira authorities to make him custodian of the town clock. Park Church served in this capacity at a salary of \$12 a year. He took great pride in keeping that town clock exactly right, and when the timepiece happened to get a few seconds wrong he used to put up a sign on the door of the door of the tower reading like this: "This clock is two seconds late to-day, but it will be all right tomorrow."

He was as peculiar in the pulpit as out of it, and did what seemed to him right. One of the best illustrations of this has already been told, but will bear recalling. One Sunday he preached in the church of his brother, Henry Ward Beecher, in Brooklyn, while the Plymouth pastor was away. Because of Henry Ward's absence the church granted his request, and for years Mr. Beecher served in this capacity at a salary of \$12 a year. He took great pride in keeping that town clock exactly right, and when the timepiece happened to get a few seconds wrong he used to put up a sign on the door of the door of the tower reading like this: "This clock is two seconds late to-day, but it will be all right tomorrow."

At the close of another brilliant sermon he startled the congregation by slipping his manuscript together suddenly and calling "Time to wake up!" after which he put his sermon into his pocket and walked out.

Park Church was made by Mr. Beecher into an institutional church, the first of the sort, it is said, in the country. He put in a stage for theatrical productions, bowling alleys, gymnasiums and parlors. It was great innovation at the time and caused considerable talk, but "Father Tom" did not mind that. It took years to build, because the pastor would not permit a brick or a stone to go into the building until it was paid for, and sometimes there were long waits. The Sunday school he made a remarkable institution. Every lesson was written by Mr. Beecher himself. The school was graded as rigidly as any ward day school, and the children had to learn their lessons just as thoroughly as in a secular school, or quit. In the details the pastor was assisted by Mrs. Beecher, but the plans were all his own. As a result of his personality and his system the school had a phenomenal growth and reached a very large membership. On the first Sunday in each month Mr. Beecher used to preach a special sermon to the children, and attendance at this service was made a requirement for promotion. As a result the entire school used to be there.

For many years Mr. Beecher had been but a shadow of his former self. The old power and vigor had departed, and his eyes no longer gleamed as they used to from that massive forehead which his admirers compared to the Greek conception of Jupiter. This change dated from the tragic death of his brother James, with whom he had lived on terms of peculiar intimacy and affection.

His death has come as a personal loss not only to Elmira but to all this part of the state.—N. Y. Sun.

A gentleman recently cured of dyspepsia

gave the following appropriate motto of Burns' famous blessing: "Some have ment and cannot eat, but some have eat and cannot want; but we have meat and can eat,—kodiol dyspepsia cure be thanked." This preparation will digest what you eat. It instantly relieves and radically cures indigestion and all stomach disorders.

Subscribe for the Press.

MADSTONE ACTS FOR CHARM.

Successful Treatment of a Horse Bitten by a Mad Dog.

Cincinnati has a real madstone. It was tested Tuesday on a horse that had been bitten by a mad dog and it worked like a charm. The owner of the stone is Asa Richardson, of No. 515 East Pearl street.

Several days ago a fine horse belonging to a farmer who has a place about twelve miles up the river was attacked by a dog that had all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The dog fastened its fangs in the tender part of the horse's nostril and tore it loose from the upper lip, making a terrible wound. The nostril swelled and turned as black as coal, filling the air passage and almost suffocating the poor animal. It was in this condition when taken to Richardson on Tuesday and application made for the use of the madstone.

The stone is a small, crystal-like formation, of a pretty shade of blue, but very adhesive when placed on a wound containing any poison. When placed on the torn nostril of the horse it struck like a piece of steel to a powerful magnet. When filled with the poison it dropped off and was at once immersed in lukewarm water, into which it discharged the fluid it had extracted from the wound. The poison formed a greenish scum on the water and was pronounced to be the virus from hydrophobia. Fifteen times the stone held to the wound, only dropping from it when filled with the virus. On the sixteenth application it refused to hold, and Richardson said there was no more poison in the animal.

The application of the madstone worked wonders in the appearance of the nostril of the horse. The black clotted blood disappeared, the swelling was reduced and the heavy dark ridges gave way to a healthy looking color. The horse was taken back to the farm, and Richardson says it will not be bothered with the rabies.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

KIPLING RUNS AN ERRAND.

Cape Town Yarn of Boots and an Unimpressed Sentry.

I walked over to the infantry camp at Sea Point the other morning with Mr. Rudyard Kipling. As we neared the camp we overtook a private carrying in his hand a large pair of boots. Mr. Kipling asked if we were on the right road and the man said, "Yes; are you going there? Then you can take these boots. I 'av to entrine at 12 o'clock, and I in't got 'em miss it fer no blessed boots. 'Ere 'the 'old,' he continued, thrusting the boots into Mr. Kipling's hand, "and give 'em to Private ——— company."

Mr. Kipling promised faithfully and gave a receipt, which he signed, but the man did not notice the name. "My friend," said Mr. Kipling, "you'll get your head chaffed off when you get back to the guard room."

"What for?" vainly asked the man, and departed.

No sooner were we inside the railings than Mr. Kipling was accosted by a military policeman. "What are you doing here? You must get out of here you know—sharp!"

Now, Mr. Kipling has a pass from the commander-in-chief to go wherever he pleases in South Africa, and, besides that, he is Rudyard Kipling, whom private soldiers call their brother and father.

Just then a police sergeant rode up and said: "Please, sir, I lived ten years with the man as you got your tobacco from in Brighton. Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," said Kipling, "I want this man taken away and killed!"

So Private ——— had his boots.—London Mail.

A HOSPITAL MYSTERY.

Charity Patient Wondered How He Lived Without Food.

A patient in the Presbyterian hospital is an Italian, with large, dark, soulful eyes, who was brought in about three weeks ago dangerously ill with some complaint that forbade his eating any solid food. At first he could not eat at all, and had no inclination to, but as soon as the crisis was passed they began to dribble beef tea and arrowroot gruel into him.

He was afraid of these forms of nourishment at first, and when his nurse made him understand that he must take it he looked at her with an expression of the same reproachful apprehension that an intelligent dog might use looking at the person who was about to administer to it a dose of prussic acid. He took it with the same despairing docility as the dog might have taken his fatal draught, though his pale brow was dewed with beads of anguish. Then he looked slightly relieved and unamused:

"It is not so bad."

A morning or two ago, when a friend called to see him, he said, in reply to the friend's inquiry:

"I am weak, but if I could get me home and get me something to eat in mya estomacha I should be more better. It is a curious how I keep me up so well with no cheng but deesse darn drug"—Chicago Record.

Here is the Goat.

General Orders, 4-11-44, British Army, Headquarters. Anywhere Just Out of Range of the Boers: Commanders are given this tip: Gen. Gatacre having been recalled, all failures to make good since the beginning of this disquieting affair may properly be laid to his gross mismanagement of affairs. A word to the wise is sufficient.—Philadelphia North American.

It has been demonstrated by experience that consumption can be prevented by the early use of one minute cough cure. This is the favorite remedy for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, grippe and all throat and lung troubles. Cures quickly.

For burns, injuries, piles and skin diseases use DeWitt's witch hazel salve. It is the original. Counterfeits may be offered. Use only DeWitt'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" for 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.
" 16, Daily Express	5:20 "
" 28, " " "	7:45 "
" 60, Sunday Only	7:45 "
" 28, Daily Express	10:07 "
" 6, Daily Way Train	12:15 P.M.
" 4, Daily Express	3:25 "
" 20, Way Except Sunday	3:25 "
" 2, Daily Express	4:25 "
" 60, Sunday Only	4:25 "
" 8, Daily Express	5:20 "
" 18, Sunday only	5:20 "
" 62, Sunday only	6:07 "
" 22, Daily Express	10:00 "
" 14, Daily	10:00 "

WESTWARD.	
No. 3, Daily Express	12:00 A.M.
" 17, Daily Milk Train	8:05 "
" 1, Daily Express	11:25 "
" 11, For Holdrege Exp. Snn.	12:10 P.M.
" 9, Daily Express	12:30 "
" 23, Saturday only	4:40 "
" 5, Chicago Limited Daily	5:15 "
" 27, Daily Express	5:55 "
" 7, Daily Express	10:10 "

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

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

SEASON OF 1900

Souvenir goods made by the INDIANS from BARK and NATURAL WOOD in large varieties. Also goods made from skins of

Pike County Rattlesnakes

Other nice souvenirs are found here in views of Pike county, also in paper weights.

The Yazoo is the only store carrying a full line of souvenir ware in addition to the large stock of

Yankee Notions.

Walk in and Look Around.

"THE YAZOO,"

94 Pike Street, Port Jervis

IF YOU WANT "KENTUCKY WHISKY" ORDER IT FROM KENTUCKY. SEND US \$3.00 AND WE WILL SHIP YOU 4 FULL QUARTS OF THE CELEBRATED OLD MAMMOTH CAVE WHISKY.

Expressage Paid (To any point in U.S. East of Denver) Securely packed Without marks indicating contents.

IT WAS MADE IN OLD KENTUCKY

AUG. COLDEWEY & CO.
NO. 231 W. MAIN ST., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
EST. 1840 - REFERENCE - ANY LOCAL BANK.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

MILFORD.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Milford, Sabbath services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school immediately after the morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. A cordial welcome will be extended to all. Those not attached to other churches are especially invited. REV. THOMAS NICHOLS, Pastor.

CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, Milford: Services Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 10:00 A. M. Week-day services Friday at 10 A. M. Holy Communion Sunday at 7:45 A. M. Seats free. All are welcome.

REV. CHAS. E. CARPENTIER, Rector. M. E. CHURCH. Services at the M. E. Church Sundays: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 11:45 A. M. Epworth League at 6:30 P. M. Weekly prayer meeting on Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M. Class meeting conducted by Wm. Anglin on Fridays at 7:30 P. M. An earnest invitation is extended to anyone who may desire to worship with us.

REV. C. E. SCHEIDT, Pastor. MATAMORAS. REV. M. E. CHURCH, Matamoras: Services every Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M. Class meeting Monday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everyone welcome.

REV. T. G. SPENCER. HOPE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, Matamoras, Pa. Services next Sunday as follows: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 2 P. M. Junior U. S. before and after C. E. prayer meeting after the evening service. Mid-week prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free. A cordial welcome to all. Come.

REV. J. A. WERNAND, Pastor. Secret Societies. MILFORD LODGE, No. 944, F. & A. M. Lodge meets Wednesdays on or before Full Moon at the Sawkill House, Milford Pa. N. Emery, Jr., Secretary. Milford John C. Westbrook, W. M., Milford, Pa. VAN DER MARE LODGE, No. 828, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M. Brown's Building, D. H. Hurnbeck, Sec'y. Jacob McCarty, N. G. PRINCETON REBEKAH LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F. Meets every second and fourth Fridays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall, Brown's building. Miss Katharine Klein N. G. Miss Wilhelmine Beck, Sec'y.

Cheapest Clothing House in Port Jervis!

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5 & 7 FRONT STREET.

EVERY HOUR

Is an effort put forth to deserve, obtain and retain your patronage.

GOME

with your very best \$10 suit thoughts and secure one of these

Men's Winter Suits at \$6.98.

Broken lots of Men's Winter Overcoats reduced to less than cost.

GUNNING & FLANAGAN,

Cor. Front and Sussex St's.

PORT JERVIS N. Y.

Stoves and Ranges.

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.

IN ROOFING AND PLUMBING

A SPECIALTY.

Jobbing promptly attended to

T. R. Julius Klein,

BROAD STREET MILFORD, PA.

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AMERICA'S WAR

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TOLD IN PICTURE AND STORY, COMPILED AND WRITTEN BY

Senator John J. Ingalls,

Of Kansas.

The most brilliantly written, most profusely and artistically illustrated, and most interestingly popular book on the subject of the war with Spain. Nearly

200 Superb Illustrations from Photographs.

Printed especially for this great work. Agents are making \$50 to \$100 a week selling it. A veritable bonanza for live canvassers. Apply for description, terms and territory at once!

N. B. Thompson Publishing Co.

ST. LOUIS, MO OR N. Y. CITY.

Look for the Warning

Heart disease kills suddenly, but never without warning. The warnings may be faint and brief, or may be startling and extend over many years, but they are none the less certain and positive. Too often the victim is deceived by the thought, "It will pass away." Alas, it never passes away voluntarily. Once installed, heart disease never gets better of itself.