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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.

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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!!!

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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 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 with C. O. D. unless otherwise previously arranged.

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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.

We own and occupy the latest 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 FIFTEEN CENTS to show your good faith, and we'll send you a copy FREE, with all charges prepaid.

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

SALLEY & ENNIS,

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THE LYRE BIRD.

A Ventriloquist Who Makes Enough Noise for a Dozen Birds.

The ground is hidden beneath a mass of jungle grass, sword grass and fern, all bowed under a weight of moisture, and this forest is drizzly, damp and cold. It is hilly country, and you hear the notes of the different birds echoing and deceiving you. They are all high, piping sounds, save now and then when a thud-thud like a thunderbolt seems to strike the earth. It is a frisking wallaroo, or wallaby, who is leaping, pausing to listen, and leaping again over the green coating of the earth.

Now you hear a lyre bird before you. Doubtless he is not more than twenty yards ahead, for the sound seems to rise under cover of your gun, which, with very nervous hands, you are holding before you. But that bird is a rascally ventriloquist knowing how to pitch his voice and send it in any direction. Never mind—he is singing, so you move on toward him. Take heed to your surroundings and to the weight of your footfall. Should you run foul of some rambling vine, or put down your foot too quickly, the lyre bird will gather up his music and his tail, and you will hear him no more. You must stand still as death and wait, if need be, half an hour for his second performance. When he is well on with it, you may go on, too, for his own excitement and the sound of his own voice will kill all other sounds, and he will not hear you stealing on him.

He is depositing himself on a mound or vegetable mold five or six feet in diameter which he has earthed up. Around him are long grasses and ferns, through which he has made holes into which he can dart at will to elude enemies. Above is one clear branch on which he will leap when instinct tells him he is safe from harm. Here he will perch and plume himself previous to winging his flight to some other play or feeding ground. By avoiding every obstacle and pausing breathlessly whenever the singer lowers his note, you have managed to steal almost upon him. There is his beautiful tail, bowing like a peacock, over that mass of nodding grass as its owner courtesies to the ground, and chatters and calls and shrieks as if he were addressing a multitude on the ground before him. He is only imitating a tribe of black cockatoos (you swear there were at least forty voices in chorus). Now he is rivaling half a dozen bellbirds, and the next instant there is a long-drawn smacking sound, which you may put down as the music of a falling branch or the call of the "whippercracker" (a tree-climber).—National Review.

UNDER A HOT FIRE.

British Officer Writes of His Experiences at Colenso.

A letter received from a British officer who took part in the battle of Colenso says: "At the start a shell from our own artillery, with a fuse badly timed, burst in the middle of my company, wounding about five men. I was knocked down by the explosion and a portion of the shell struck the ground at the side of my boot. We went on and got behind a mound with bullets flying within a few inches and shells bursting over us. A bullet from a shrapnel hit my side without hurting me, and I kept it as a memento. We lay as flat as possible, waiting to be killed, as no one thought we would escape. We were under fire from 5:30 a. m. until 2:30 p. m.

"Soon the Red Cross people appeared and we were relieved from an awkward position. While lying on the ground I felt a bullet skim along my back and found that it had made a hole in my jacket. Our men were wonderfully plucky. One man near me got a bullet through him, and said, 'Ah, and if the bastards haven't hit me; that's one for them.' Immediately the words were out of his mouth he got another, and, cooler than ever, said, 'Belajbers, if they haven't struck me the second time.' Another bullet struck him just after, and he said, 'Well, that's a number three! I do think the blackguards might let a fellow alone when they've hit him wance.' Others were laughing and joking continually.

"I actually slept as I lay on the ground, and was awakened by the bullets going 'ping' upon the ground at the side of my head. One Boer was very kind. He galloped more than once to the river with bottles of water for our men, and seemed very distressed. He said they were all tired of the war and asked what we were fighting about. He thought the English were jolly good fellows. Other Boers looted the dead and wounded, and one officer was found with a finger cut off to get a gold ring.

Humanity of Boers.

The Boer treatment of war prisoners is forcing commendation now even from the English papers. Here is an instance of their humanity. Twenty-five wounded officers and men captured at the Nicholson's Nek disaster were handed over unconditionally to the British medical staff by the Boers. These men have since recovered and are now proceeding to the front again.

Healthiest Town.

The healthiest spot in the world seems to be a little hamlet in France named Amone. There are only 40 inhabitants, 25 of whom are 80 years of age and one is over 100.

Attendance at Paris Expo.

On the basis of results of previous exhibitions at Paris it is assumed that 52,588,280 people will pass through the turnstiles and it is possible that the total number may reach 60,000,000!

Blue Front Stables,

Port Jervis, N. Y.

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

Hiram Towner.

SHERMAN'S POKER STORY

MONEY PLAYED FOR ON THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

The General Tells Why He Did Not Break Up the Little Party—Nearly a Million Dollars Depended Upon the Result—A Liberal Proposition.

The last time General Sherman attended commencement at West Point was in June, 1859. The members of the graduating class received the diplomas from his hand that year, and he also delivered the commencement address. The beautiful summer evenings that followed the old general sat on the wide verandah of the hotel and told stories.

"I heard of some pretty big games of poker in the early days out west," he said, "and maybe I saw one or two. But the biggest one I ever saw or heard of was during the war. It would have made your head swim to have heard the bets that I heard made that night. It was just after the march to the sea, when we were in North Carolina. I took it into my head that night that I would make a quiet round of the outposts myself and see how things were coming on. In some bushes in the woods, well within our lines, I saw a light gleaming and a number of forms clustered around it, all evidently very intent on something of an attracting nature. They were all too much absorbed to notice the crackling of twigs or the rustling of leaves under my feet. At last I was near enough to distinguish voices and make out what was being said. And the first words I heard were:

"I see you \$200,000 and go you \$250,000 better!"

"Who?" The figures fairly took my breath away. And they were private, too! It was easy enough to make that out. They had a blanket spread out on the ground and were all squatted on it or beyond its edges, some bending eagerly forward, peering over the shoulders of those who were in front of them. A couple of candle ends stuck in bottles afforded the illumination. And by this dim light I saw corded up stacks and stacks of bills, regular bundles and bundles of them. It was like looking into a United States Treasury vault. The sight made me blink with wonder.

"I'll raise you \$300,000!"

"That was the next thing I heard. It was said as nonchalantly as though it were a question of 5 cent chips. And the players did not look like Croesuses, either. You have heard about Sherman's bummers. Well, these were Sherman's bummers, and they looked it. Of course, that game there was just a little bit irregular, but I could not bear to break it up. I got interested in it. I felt as though I would like to see the limit reached, hear somebody called, and, just for curiosity, know who it was who raked in the million or so dollars that probably would be in the pot when that interesting event occurred. I did not have to wait long. I have forgotten the just the amount that changed hands, but it was somewhere up around a million. The winner took up an armful of bills and swept them over in a heap by his side.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Bill," he said. "I'll put up the mill dollar again a plug of tobacco and play two more straight games of euchre—best two out of three, and leave the seven and eights in the deck."

"Well, gentlemen," continued the general, with his dry little laugh, "it is no need to tell you that I began to get a little light on the situation before this liberal proposition was made. I remembered we had just raided a town where we had come up on a ton or so of rebel money, and the boys had had the fancy to cart away several hundred weight of it. The had lots of fun with that money, and I am indebted to it for having had the pleasure of looking on at probably the biggest poker game ever played in the United States. I did not break up the little tea party. Poor fellows! Lord knows they had been through enough hard time to entitle them to a little fun."—New York Sun.

Limitations of Wealth.

The magnificent Metropolitan Club of New York City has been obliged to make the humiliating admission that the patronage of its 1,062 members is not sufficient to pay its running expenses.

The announcement conveys a painful revelation of the sad condition of millionaire existence. The outside world, wanting in wealth, is prone to consider riches as the source and sum of all happiness, especially of the enjoyment of the good things of life. It pictures the fortunate millionaire in an ideal existence of Capuan luxury and Sybaritic indulgence.

The melancholy truth is that the average millionaire has a disordered stomach, a torpid liver, or a weak heart, and does not enjoy the society of his fellow plutocrats. Instead of feasting like Sardanapalus, he carefully lunches on Graham crackers and milk.

A single indulgence in terrapin and champagne would probably separate him and his millions forever. He is usually in bed at 10 o'clock with a pill box close at hand, a hot-water bag at his feet and a flannel nightcap on his bald head.

The average wage earner in New York may earn from \$12 to \$20 a week, but he has to keep his stomach in good order to earn his money, and with his health—of body and of conscience—he certainly gets more fun out of life than the average millionaire clubman.—New York World.

Millions will be spent in politics this year. We don't keep the campaign going without money any more than we can keep the body vigorous without food. Dyspeptics used to starve themselves. Now kodol digests what you eat and allows you to eat all the good food you want. It radically cures stomach troubles.

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WAR SEEMS ENDLESS.

Struggle in Progress Since the World Began.

Since the first foreigner, in the person of a Dutchman, landed on the island of Sumatra, in 1449, the native Achinese have combated the usurping of their land foot by foot. In the beginning of the present century the island came into British hands, but was soon restored to Holland. Then again the Achinese took up arms against the Dutch invaders. Although, says Answers, when the Dutch can get the Achinese out in the open they invariably beat them, the war continues in a desultory manner to-day, and will only end when the last native of Sumatra has been killed in action. The number of Achinese killed has never been known, but the war has been a very serious drain on the manhood of Holland, and many of her best soldiers were killed between the years 1873 and 1879, when the struggle was very bitter.

Since 1904, when the Persians surrendered Armenia to Turkey, the numerous nations of Turkey have never sheathed their swords in regard to the former country save in the flesh of the inhabitants. True, every now and again, when matters are very slow in European politics, some country becomes righteous indignation, and a concert of Europe is called and a note sent to the Sultan. Still the fighting goes on—rather, the butchering.

At the beginning of the present century Algerians finally passed into the hands of France. From that time till the present the French nation has always kept an army corps of not less than fifty-four thousand French troops garrisoned there, to fight the Arabs who insist on the hinterland and raid French possessions at least once a year. Chief among these are the Touaregs, who fight with one half of their faces masked, and fight always to the death or victory. Never once has a Touareg been taken alive. France cannot subdue them, for if beaten they flee to the desert, where no trained army can follow them.

The Indians, who are the scourge of Morocco, resemble the Touaregs, in that they also take and give no quarter, but, instead of living in the heart of the Sahara, they fight from their mountain fortresses and keep the Sultan of Morocco in continual dread. To keep his soldiers in good fettle the Sultan every year gives at least three months' fighting to them by picking a quarrel with one of the feudal holders of the numerous semi-berid strongholds.

From the day in 1620 when the first Puritan settlers from England landed on American soil intermittent war has been waged by the whites in the United States against the original Indian population. Gradually the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks and Sioux have been driven further and further back, till to-day but a comparative few remain. Yet even now the government deems it advisable to keep a body of picked troops to guard the Indian territory, for every now and again the old scalping spirit breaks out in some young brave, and dire would be the result were he not subdued before others could gather to follow him on the warpath.

The Northwest mounted police of Canada were raised, and are kept, for a like purpose; and although their work is not so arduous as that of their American doubles, yet even they are generally busy.

No one knows when the first blood feud began in Corsica, or when the first brigand set up shop. Nor can any one tell when the last will put up his shutters. Even in the time of the Romans the inhabitants were too busy fighting one another to care whether a foreign garrison was left on the island or not. But not a day goes by without several lives being sacrificed in the cause of some vendetta; and as each life means the sacrifice in atonement of at least two more, there is to-day hardly one Corsican whose life is not wanted by a fellow countryman, and who, in running away, is not also chasing some other person.—N. Y. World.

Why Cats Arch Their Backs.

It is not anger alone that makes cats arch their backs; indeed, when two cats are preparing to fight they do not assume this attitude, but crouch low, just as they do when about to spring on their prey, the body being extended, and the hair not in the least erect.

It is noticeable that a cat will also arch its back in an affectionate frame of mind, rubbing itself against its master's leg. At the same time it slightly raises its fur and holds its tail erect. Its whole attitude is just the reverse of that which it assumes when savage. Darwin accounts for this in the following words:—"Certain states of mind lead to certain habitual actions which are of no service. Now, when a directly opposite state of mind is induced there is a strong and involuntary tendency to the performance of a movement of a directly opposite nature, though it may be of no service."

Alfred Kinnear, the first war correspondent in South Africa to get a book on the conflict into print, in the volume speaks of Gen. Cronje as a man with a spiritual face, expressive of sorrowing kindness and a wistful desire to live at peace with the world, exist clearly, pay his debts, and go to bed on the right side of midnight.

An "authors' home" under the protection of the Grand Duke of Saxony is to be established in the little university town of Jena.

The curbing in of wine vaults at Epweany 1,500,000 bottles and 500 barrels of champagne were destroyed recently.

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 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	5:30 " "
" 16, Daily Express Sunday	6:45 " "
" 60, Sunday Only	7:45 " "
" 38, Daily Express Sunday	10:07 " "
" 6, Daily Way Train	12:15 P. M.
" 30, Way Express Sunday	2:30 " "
" 4, Daily Express	4:30 " "
" 60, Sunday Only	4:30 " "
" 8, Daily Express	5:30 " "
" 18, Sunday Only	5:45 " "
" 23, Daily Express Sunday	6:40 " "
" 14, Daily	10:00 " "

WESTWARD.	
No. 3, Daily Express	12:30 A. M.
" 17, Daily Milk Train	3:05 " "
" 1, Daily Express	11:30 " "
" 11, For Buffalo Expt Sun	12:10 P. M.
" 9, Daily Express Sunday	12:50 " "
" 27, Daily Express 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 Sunday, 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.

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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. cordial welcome will be extended to all. Those not attached to other churches are especially invited. REV. THOS. NICHOLS, Pastor.

CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, MILFORD. Services Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:00 P. M. Weekly service Friday at 10 A. M. Holy Communion Sunday at 7:45 A. M. Seats free. All are welcome.

REV. CHAS. H. CARPENTER, 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 2:30 P. M. Weekly prayer meeting on Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M. Class meeting conducted by Wm. Angle on Fridays at 7:30 P. M. An earnest invitation is extended to anyone who may desire to worship with us. REV. C. E. SCUDDER, Pastor.

MATADORAS.

EPWORTH M. E. CHURCH, MATADORAS. 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. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everyone welcome.

REV. T. G. SPEICHER.

HOPE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, MATADORAS. Services next Sunday as follows: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 11 A. M. Junior U. E. before and 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. WIEGARD, Pastor.

Secret Societies.

MILFORD LODGE, No. 344, 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 MARK LODGE, No. 285, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M., Bowen's Building, D. H. Hornbeck, Sec'y. Jacob McCarty, N. G. FRIGIDUS RHEEMAS LODGE, 167, I. O. O. F. Meets every second and fourth Fridays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall, Bowen's building. Miss Katharine Klein, N. G. Miss Wilhelmine Beck, Sec'y.

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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. If Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is used in the early stages recovery is absolutely certain in every case where its use is persisted in. "For many years I was a great sufferer from heart disease before I finally found relief. I was subject to fainting and sinking spells, fullness of the heart, and was unable to attend to my household duties. I tried nearly every remedy that was recommended to me and doctored with the leading physicians of this section but obtained no help until I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. It has done me more good than all the medicine I ever took." Mrs. ANNA HOLLOWAY, Geneva, Ind.

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