

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.

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.

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.

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

We carry a stock of goods valued at \$1,500,000.00

We receive from 10,000 to 20,000 letters every day



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

OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE is the book of the people—it quotes Wholesale Prices to Everybody, has over 1,000 pages, 10,000 illustrations, and 80,000 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.

Millinery Parlors

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.

THE BARRIER BETWEEN.

They say as how a feller oughter settle down for life. When he's got the necessary wherewithal to keep a wife. For it's said a rovin' penny isn't worth a loss. An' a rollin' stone ain't never for a' gatherin' up much moss. Now the reason that the squire's boy good sense. An' I'd be wed to-morrow an' my married life commences. Jos' whistler a propound in a quite attentive way. If Mamie's little brother wasn't allers there I'd hear.

I go I call on Mamie, of a pleasant evening. An' she sits down beside her white shawl, makin' out crossin'. An' while her hand is busy why it seems a wonderment. Of course the squire's make is a wonderment to my heart. I feel so sentimental I could gather in my arms. Her fingers form an' swear I keep her safe from the squire's alarms. Forever an' forever, an' I'd do it—tho' she'd say I'm a fool. If Mamie's little brother wasn't allers there I'd hear.

I rather think she loves me, an' her folks would not oppose. Our hearts are all down the road o' happiness an' bliss. A trotter's side by side in double harness, I see sure. They know I'm certain lovin' and I ain't no hypocrite. An' so with you so promise, my courage up I'd come to you. An' tell me love while lovin' in her party you've got to be. I'd have her say "yes" if I'm or know the reason why. If Mamie's little brother wasn't allers there I'd hear.

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Detroit Free Press.

Jobson's Boxing Lesson

NOWADAYS Mrs. Jobson always experiences an inward feeling of alarm, which she carefully endeavors to conceal, when Mr. Jobson is burdened with a bundle on his arrival home from the office in the evening. Such a sense of foreboding took possession of her one evening last week, when Mr. Jobson walked in with a queer, bulky-looking parcel and rested it on the sitting-room center table. However, she remained outwardly calm and did not advert to the bundle until Mr. Jobson began to regard her expectantly out of the slants of his eyes.

"Don't suppose you'd give me as much satisfaction as to inquire in a wifely, interested manner, what I've got here, hey?" said Mr. Jobson, after fidgeting around a lot, waiting for Mrs. Jobson's inquiry.

"Well," said Mrs. Jobson, "I thought that when you'd conclude to relinquish the information—that is to say, you so often accuse me of unwarranted curiosity, that—"

"Who, me?" interrupted Mr. Jobson. "Never made any such accusation in my life—I'd only be too blamed tickled to have you give an occasional indication that you are interested in something or other besides the high and noble and the influence of environment and the exaltation of the ideal and the good, the true and the beautiful, and all the rest of these pink-tea-kims that you've diked your mind with of late years. What'd you suppose I've got in this package, anyhow?"

"I'm sure I haven't the remotest idea, unless it's—"

"No, it's not a pair of roller skates, as I see you were about to say, in connection with your settled disposition of late to blurt around that I'm in my second childhood. Neither is it a collection of bean bags. Nor is it a bunch of football clothes, such as you see the small boys on the vacant lots wearing on Saturdays. Likewise, it is not an assortment of Chinese dragon kites, nor is it a large lot of spinning tops, marbles or jack-knives."

Mr. Jobson pulled the bundle's drawing and held up to view two pairs of maroon leather boxing gloves.

"You know what they are, now that you've seen 'em?" inquired Mr. Jobson.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, "they look like a couple of pairs of some kind of gloves, but I really suppose they are boxing gloves, are they?"

"Stupendous intellect, you've got, Mrs. Jobson, after all," commented Mr. Jobson, looking over the gloves. "Well, who'd have thought you'd've guessed right the very first time? Sometimes you give evidences of analytical powers almost."

"What are you going to do with 'em?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"Oh, don't you imagine for a moment that I'm going to endeavor to get you to box with me, Mrs. Jobson," replied Mr. Jobson. "I've made too many frantic efforts to induce you to take as much exercise as a hibernating myxoma, but all to no avail. I've employed a man who's regularly in the business to box with me—a professional prize fighter. He'll be here tonight to put me through the paces. I'm getting a bit on in years, but I may be somewhat soft for that reason, but I guess I'll give that pugilist all he can attend to, all right. There weren't many chaps who could make me breathe hard at the boxing game when I was a young fellow, and after a lesson on the modern slants of the business I guess I'll be able to keep that pugilistic chap wondering how he's going to keep out of my way."

"But," interrupted Mrs. Jobson, "are you going to have a professional pugilist right here in the house? Aren't you afraid?"

"Afraid of what?" interrupted Mr. Jobson. "Mrs. Jobson, you want to stop looking at so many funny illustrated weeklies. You aggregate too many queer ideas from them. Just

you wait till you see this professional pugilist that I've engaged to box with me and if you don't pronounce him as mild as a cooling dove from every point of view, then it's simply because you're prejudiced, that's all. Just have the girl clear everything out of that middle room upstairs, will you? My friend the pugilist'll be along about eight o'clock, and we're going to box up in that room. I'll let you lose 45 pounds of superfluous flesh inside of two weeks, just from changing this fellow around that room, and after I've got well in practice I'll let you peek in and see an scientific exhibition of sparring as is put up anywhere."

Mr. Jobson's pugilistic friend did get along about eight o'clock. Mrs. Jobson reflected, when she saw him, that he really didn't look anything at all like a cooling dove. He was broad and squat, with a very much protruding lower jaw, with a three days' growth of reddish beard thereon, and he walked a good deal like the conventional stage Boweryite. Mr. Jobson took the man right upstairs, and pretty soon Mrs. Jobson heard a lot of dancing around above, until she thought the plaster was going to come down on her head. After about five minutes of this she heard Mr. Jobson's voice rise in wrath.

"Look a-here, you bulge-faced anthropoid," Mr. Jobson was growling, "what the dickens d'ye mean by pounding me on the nose with all your might like that? Who told you, that red-headed gorilla, that you were privileged to bang me all over this house that way? What'd ye think I—"

Mrs. Jobson was listening attentively at the foot of the stairs. Somehow or another, she had a vague premonition that there was going to be trouble.

"Aw, g'wan, youse ol' mush-head, who's a-hittin' youse?" she heard the cooling dove aloft say. "I jes' gives youse a little tap on the nose, an' youse puts up de grizzly roar. I don't want no more truck wit' a fat balloon dat—"

"Balloon!" Mrs. Jobson heard Mr. Jobson yell. "Why, you miserable chimpanzee, I'll let you know where you—"

"Hill! bang! and then a thud, as of a heavy body going partly through one of the walls of the room—these

sounds Mrs. Jobson heard, as she stood by the bottom of the stairs transfixed. Then the cooling dove clomped heavily down the stairs, pulling off the gloves as he descended.

"Dat ol' prophet up dere trun me de blab, an' I gives him a little poke, tsee?" said the cooling dove, and then he yanked open the front door and stalked out.

Mr. Jobson was just sitting up and looking wonderingly around him when Mrs. Jobson reached the room.

"Did you throw a potato masher at me?" he said, in a muffled tone, passing one of his boxing gloves across his eyes. The sight of the boxing glove brought him to a realization of what had happened. He struggled to his feet, threw off his boxing gloves, gazing sternly at Mrs. Jobson and growling.

"It's all right, madam—all right, I'll set the legal machinery in motion the very first thing in the morning. I can stand a good many things, but when a woman'll deliberately put knock-out drops in my after-dinner cup of coffee for the purpose of weakening me so that she won't be put to the trivial annoyance of having 'em going on in the house, and when she knows that there's a man murderously assaulting me with a mallet and declines to so much as stick her head out of the door to summon an officer, notwithstanding the fact that she hears my cries for assistance—why, then, it's pretty near time for the law to take a hand, Mrs. Jobson, and you'll learn some things about legal separations. To-morrow morning that'll just make you open your eyes, that's all!"—Washington Star.

Relics of Irish Lake Dwellers.

An interesting relic of the lake dwellers of Ireland has just been added to the Science and Art museum of Dublin in the form of a crannog, or elevated dwelling. It was discovered in a bog-filled lake near Enniskillen and measures over 100 feet in diameter. On removing the peat the piles of platform timbers were laid bare. The piling and cross-timbering were admirably done, untruncated birch trees being chiefly used for cross-laying, while oak was used for the stouter piles. A large quantity of broken pottery was found in it, besides an iron ax of early form, a fragment of a comb and some bronze harp pegs.

New Orleans' Uncollected Taxes.

Uncollected taxes in New Orleans aggregate over \$4,600,000.

No Sunday "Shines" in Boston.

Footblacks may not do business in Boston on Sunday.

Help is needed at once when a person's life is in danger. A neglected cough or cold may soon become serious and should be stopped at once. One minute cough cure cures colds, coughs and croup, and the worst cases of croup, bronchitis, grippe and other throat and lung troubles.

New lot of hats and caps at W. & G. Mitchell's.

Don't use any of the counterfeits of DeWitt's witch hazel salve. Most of them are worthless or liable to cause injury. The original DeWitt's witch hazel salve is a certain cure for piles, eczema, cuts, scalds, burns, sores and skin diseases.

The most effective little liver pills made are DeWitt's little early risers. They never gripe.

Permitting Diplomacy.

"How do you get on with your new neighbors?"

"Very nicely," answered Mrs. Flynn. "We pursued our usual programme, and as soon as they moved in sent over and asked to borrow their washbasin, flatirons, gas stove and baby grand piano."

"But you have all such things yourself."

"Of course. What I wanted to do was to lend them off."—Washington Star.

Perfectly True.

"You disapprove of some of the conventional notions?"

"I do," answered Miss Cayenne.

"And yet I have heard you exclaim to a number of people: 'I am delighted to see you!'"

"The remark was perfectly true in each case. I shouldn't care to be blind, you know."—Washington Star.


On His Trail.

"They put the dollar before the man!" the speaker loudly cried.

"And then the man goes after it," the audience replied.

—Puck.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE.



Farmer Halbrick—Hinkelspeel, that was a foolish idea of yours to build two houses when you only use one.

Farmer Hinkelspeel—Not 'tall, you see, ten der gomes a prairy fire py and sweats away one house, I have de older one left.—Chicago Tribune.

Adaptation.

"What are you up to, my pretty maid?"

"Quoth the middy girl, quoth she: 'You may bet your life I am always up to whatever's up to me.'"

—Puck.

Not in His Line.

"Tell me," he said to the grocer's clerk, "just what is the difference between this Erie and that cake of Camembert? Which do you consider the better kind of cheese, and why?"

"I must ask to be excused," was the reply. "Comparisons of this kind are always odorous."—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Showed Courage.

"Whom do you consider the greatest hero in this town?" asked a stranger.

"Oh, Ed Summers, of course."

"In what does his heroism consist?"

"He filled a girl who has two brothers, both prize fighters."—Boston Post.

The Sure Road.

The Old Stager—Young man, if you want to be successful, you must do two things. First, get some enemies. The Aspirant—And second?

The Old Stager—Second, irritate them so that they will make you prominent.—Harper's Bazar.

All in Vain, Etc.

"Didn't it make Mr. Stuyvesant mad to have Mr. Peterby give Miss Benson a canary bird?"

"Well, if it did, he never showed it. He simply hurried up and bought her a cat."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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	8:31 A. M.
" 10, Daily Express	9:30 "
" 16, Daily Except Sunday	4:50 "
" 20, " " " "	7:15 "
" 28, Sunday Only	7:15 "
" 38, Daily Except Sunday	10:20 "
" 6, Daily Way Train	12:15 P. M.
" 30, Way Except Sunday	3:22 "
" 3, Daily Express	4:25 "
" 620, Sunday Only	4:30 "
" 8, Daily Express	5:20 "
" 18, Sunday Only	5:40 "
" 22, Daily Except Sunday	6:50 "
" 14, Daily	10:00 "

WESTWARD.

No. 5, Daily Express	12:30 P. M.
" 17, Daily Milk Train	8:05 "
" 1, Daily Express	11:38 "
" 11, For Hamilton Exp. Sun.	12:10 P. M.
" 8, Daily	5:15 "
" 27, Daily Except Sunday	5:50 "
" 7, Daily Express	10:15 "

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., 12:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:30, 7:30, 9:15 P. M. On Sundays, 4:00, 7:30, 9:00, 9:15, 10:30, 3:00, 7:30 and 9:15 P. M.

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

HOAGLAND'S Big China Store

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

Largest Stock.

HEADQUARTERS

For Sets of Dishes, Lamps and Glassware.

Occupying the entire floor of Building.

We buy Butter, Eggs and Grain.

Hoagland's, PORT JERVIS, N. Y. UP TOWN.

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.

MADE IN OLD KENTUCKY

AUG. GOLDWEY & CO. 221 W. MAIN ST. LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. EST. 1848—DEPENDENCE—ANY LOCAL BANK.

Cheapest Clothing House in Port Jervis!

CANNON & MULLIGAN, 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.

AGENTS WANTED in Every County to Supply the great popular demand for AMERICA'S WAR FOR HUMANITY

TOLD IN PICTURE AND STORY. COMPILED AND WRITTEN BY Senator John J. Ingalls, Of Kansas.

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. 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 about 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.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold at all druggists on a positive guarantee. Write for free advice and booklet to Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Ladies' shirt waists all styles and prices at Armstrong & Co's.