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A Full stock of the Best Brands of Flour Constantly on Hand.

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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.

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HAIR SWITCHES AND BANGS IN ALL SHADES.

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

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79 Pike Street, Port Jervis, N. Y.

ALOUETTE'S WARNING

By Gen. Charles King, U. S. A.

(Copyright, 1897, by the Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Jamieson-Higgins Co., Chicago, have recently published a charming little volume, entitled "Short-Story Masterpieces," in which they have combined 26 short stories written by 26 different authors, all of whom are among the most popular writers of fiction of the day. The list of authors includes such well-known writers as Gen. Charles King, Mary E. Wilkins, Elizabeth Phipps Train, George Ade, Opie Read, etc. The following story by Gen. Charles King is one of the two which that well-known soldier-author has in the book.

"THERE was one thing about that Cheyenne business that never got into the papers," said the tall captain, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on his spurred bootheel and deftly refilling it from a long beaded buckskin pouch that hung next his holster at the waist belt. "I don't believe there's a man here, 'cept Ray, and myself, of course, knows how we got the alarm at the agency."

"How was it, Blake?" finally asked his right-hand man—seeing that he wouldn't shove ahead until bidden.

But before "Legs," as the long troop leader was called, could begin, there came from the direction of the swift-rushing Laramie a long, low, moaning cry, rising on the night wind and dying away in a sob—a wailing, heart-broken sob that dominated every sound, that stilled at once the "champing" of the horses at their feed and startled the sedate "corral" of mules. Every quadruped in camp, some few with a low snort of alarm, turned erect ears to the east and stood quivering. Dead silence for an instant fell on the group about the camp fire. Then an uneasy shifting.

"Good Lord, what's that?" gasped the subaltern just off four years' fancy duty.

"Coyotes," hazarded a callow youngster, unwilling to seem ignorant of the zoological possibilities of the frontier.

"Coyotes!" growled old Stanward; "shove ahead, Blake."

Capt. Ray, an agile, quick-moving little fellow, without a word sprang up at the sound and strode away through the dim moonlight in the direction of the stream. The sergeant

RAY PICKED UP ALOUETTE AND TOTED HER IN.

of the guard, snatching his carbine from its rest at the hub of a wagon wheel, ran noiselessly after. Blake puffed meditatively a minute, then began:

"You know it was winter, and bitter cold. There had been bad blood between the Ogalallas and the Cheyennes ever since they killed Crazy Horse when he tried to skip from the guard. The Cheyennes were camped in the valley three miles above the fort and the agent heard, somehow, that they had it in for him, and induced Crook to order two troops of cavalry to take station close to his thieving old shop, and the detail fell on Billy and me. We were madder than wet hens, for we had to tent out there in the snow and stand guard over a swindler we'd rather see hanged any day. We knew he'd sold the hostiles ball cartridges by the wagon load the summer previous, and if they'd shot him as full of holes as a sieve it would only have served him right.

"Of course we hadn't been there 24 hours before old Two Moons, their chief, with a dozen feathered blatherskites, came riding down to inquire what our coming meant. The Indian is never so sensitive to the presence of soldiers as when he's planning hell-raising. He couldn't speak English, and no white man can talk Cheyenne without the sign language. So it was lucky he brought little Alouette along—his granddaughter. Her father was French Pete, the half-breed scout Red Cloud's people killed on the Rawhide three summers ago. Ray had ridden over to view old Spotted Tail at Sheridan that morning, so I was in command. We had our palaver, and it was short, I can tell you. Two Moons went off mad but dignified, and I thought I'd handled the thing in style until Billy got back 'long in the late afternoon. Then I saw I hadn't, for he looked grave when I told him the chief rode away without a handshake. We had only 70 men all told. They had 700 in the tepees, with a dozen in the guardhouse at the agency.

"Baker wou'd have sold his soul to get rid of that dozen by the time we got there, for Two Moons told him he'd have 'em out. He was afraid to hold them, and he didn't dare let 'em go.

"'I'll send Bat in to Laramie with dispatches the moment he gets in from Chadron,' said Ray. 'They would follow and kill any soldier they saw going.' But it was two days before Bat got back, and Two Moons struck before that—struck and got everlastingly trounced, for we were warned in time.

"It was the dark of the moon. The snow lay only in patches in the coulées and the valley was black as a hat by night at night. Ray and I tented together, and as we lay with feet to the sibley, with our breath going up in steam, he made me go over Alouette's every word and gesture. He asked me if her baby were with her. She married Pierre Bolshlane three years back, and he was employed as teamster on the Sidney route and had to be away much of the time. The kid got pneumonia the previous spring and Ray and his wife—with the doctor, of course—just did everything for them and really saved the little fellow's life, and Alouette's gratitude was something doglike. Next to that little brown pappoose, said Pierre, she worshiped Mrs. Ray and Billy.

"Next day we had a pow-wow that was a hummer. Two Moons, with 200 braves, all paint, feathers and firearms, rode into the agency and demanded speech with Baker. Baker barred his doors and signaled for help and Billy galloped over and asked Two Moons what ...e meant by all this dress parade business, with the mercury below zero. Two Moons said he wanted his brothers, whom the agent had boxed up behind the bars, and you could see their savage faces scowling out at the sunshine at the moment. Of course I had galloped after Billy as soon as I had got the men in saddle, and Dana out of bed and at their head. Ray asked for Alouette to interpret, and that old polyglot villain, Red Wolf, answered in Cheyenne English: 'Skedaddle Laramie.' Two Moons presented Ray with a feather pipe—swore they were brothers — his soldiers and their braves were brothers—'no fight ever'—and wound up by shaking hands. Then he made a loud speech, echoed by grunts from his band and howls from the agency prison. Said their hearts were sore, asked if their great father's agent wouldn't release their brothers, wouldn't he permit them to go to Chadron to salute their other brothers—the Ogalallas, and his great chief brother, Red Cloud?

"This was flat against orders of the Indian bureau, and Baker poked his head out of an upper window and said so—then ducked in again for fear of a shot.

"'Then our great father's heart is flint,' said Two Moons, 'and his children will go to the Great Spirit's throne and dance all night to him.' That so-called throne was over on the Niobrara opposite the mouth of Old Woman's ford, and Baker had orders to let the Indians go there to howl and dance and pray, as they called it. But whoever heard of their going in midwinter before? Yet our scouts came in at sunset and swore the whole village—tepees, lodge, poles, ponies, pappooses, pots, kettles and dogs—had moved off at noon and were out of sight toward the Rawhide. 'Good riddance to bad rubbish,' said I, but Ray was thoughtful. That night just at taps an Indian pony dropped exhausted in front of our tent and Ray picked Alouette up in his arms and toted her in by the stove. The sibley was red-hot, but it couldn't warm her. Her teeth chattered and her slender little body shook from head to foot as she told Billy her story. That move was all a bluff. They had sent her to Laramie to get her out of the way, but she suspected and stole away from her party, leaving her baby boy with her twin sister. Two Moons had camped the old men, the women and children in the sand hills and was even now on the way back with his braves. He would attack and burn the agency before dawn. She wept and urged Billy to mount his men at once and flee. What hope had he with 70 men against Two Moons and the braves of a dozen villages of the fiercest warriors of the plains?

"There wasn't a second to spare. We routed out the camp on the instant. We ran the horses, the supplies and ammunition over to the agency; stirred up Baker and his banditti—for once we had to fight with them for allies. We stacked up sacks of grain and sides of bacon for shelter—the ground was too hard for pick and shovel. We ironed the prisoners. We worked with the mercury at ten below zero till the sweat ran down our backs. We left the tents stand down by the stream and the wagons with a few God-forsaken old mules corralled alongside—heaped fresh fuel on the fire and then lay low and waited for Two Moons.

"Just at dawn they burst in from every ridge around us with a perfect pandemonium of yells, and we let 'em charge till they'd thundered down within a hundred yards, then let 'em have it as fast as we could work our levers. How they were piled up on the level—bucks and ponies by the dozen—before Two Moons could draw them off! Our tents and wagons were all they got for their pains, and of course they saw some one had given them away, and weren't long finding who did it. We had Alouette where she was safe—but the devils dashed the brains out of her baby boy the very next day, killed Mazooka, the twin sister, and ten days later poor Pierre was found down at Platte crossing, riddled with arrows and awfully mutilated.

"What became of the Cheyennes? Oh, they got a new reservation, a new agent and a new outfit. What became of Alouette? Listen!"

Again that weird, prolonged, mourning cry uplifted through the faint, mystic light of the midsummer moon. Again that heart-breaking wail as of a soul in desolation and despair. Then, only the soft, soothing murmur of the Laramie rushing over its rocky bed. Then the distant voice of Capt. Ray calling through the peaceful night:

"Alouette! Alouette! Where are you?"

When you need a soothing and healing antiseptic application for any purpose, use the original DeWitt's witch hazel salve, a well known cure for piles and skin diseases. It heals sores without leaving a scar. Beware of counterfeits.

Full line of ladies, Misses and childrens rubbers, boots and shoes at T Armstrong & Co.

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 quickly cures coughs and colds and the worst cases of croup, bronchitis, grippe and other throat and lung troubles.

New lot of hats and caps at W. & G. Mitchells.

PATRIOTIC NOMENCLATURE.

Large Number of Towns in the United States with "Union" in Their Names.

Awhile ago an American story writer gave an exceedingly vivid illustration of the love for our united country which is felt everywhere through the republic. He was writing a story of patriotic character, and the events described were supposed to take place in an American village. It occurred to the writer to give the village in the story an appropriate name, and the first one which occurred to him was "Union."

"The little village of Union—that would sound nice and natural and patriotic," he thought, but, being a practical author and not wishing to have the location of his story pinned down to any particular spot, he turned to his postal and shippers' guide to assure himself that the name was purely fictitious and imaginary. He was astounded to discover that in the United States there are 36 villages named "Union." Then "Unionville" and "Uniontown" occurred to him. He found that there were 21 of the former and 14 of the latter. Continuing his researches, he discovered that there were listed: Union Center, 6; Union Church, 5; Union City, 6; Union Corners, 1; Union Grove, 5; Union Hill, 5; Union Mills, 10; Unionburg, 1; Unionport, 4, and other combinations of Union, 58.

So he gave it up and decided to call his fictitious village "Columbia," and later looking in the guide, he found that there were 29 of these.

GIRLS FOR MESSENGER BOYS.

London Telegraph Companies Have Been Forced to Adopt an Innovation.

"If you please, sir, here's the messenger boy," said my maid, with a smile, the other afternoon, as she ushered into my room a neatly dressed and not ill-looking young girl," says a writer in the London King. "At first I thought there must be some mistake, but her ladyship soon disabused me of that notion, and with a good deal of self-possession, but no trace of forwardness, informed me that she was discharging messenger boy's duty. She took my telegram, and the money therefor, with the customary "twopence for the message, please," and I have no doubt acquitted herself of the not very onerous task of bearing it to the post office as neatly as the human boy would have done. But the next time I passed the office I made inquiries, and was told that it was only in a few of the West end offices that the experiment of using young girls instead of boys was being tried, and that even in these districts they were only used when the duty was a fitting one for a girl to undertake. The fact is, the clerk in charge assured me, the company finds it impossible to get a sufficient supply of boys. They have lately been enforced to employ men at sixpence an hour at some of the city offices, and when the government royalty is taken into account this does not leave much of a profit for the company. I hear the cable companies are also at their wits' end to find messenger boys."

THOUSANDS OF MILES.

Unconsciously Traveled by the Average Man During His Lifetime.

The many thousands of miles which a man unconsciously travels in his lifetime, taking into consideration the paces his footsteps measure as he walks about each day, are enough to make him sit down to rest for the remainder of his life, says the London Mail.

But now a German scientist has come forward with some still more startling facts concerning the journeys which our eyelid undertakes every time it winks, and it is not possible for us to see, he says, unless we wink. Unconsciously we wink once a second, so that for the time we are awake during the day we voluntarily wink from 48,000 to 50,000 times. The distance that the eyelid travels in its great speed is measured from a single involuntary wink.

This, the scientist says, is a quarter of an inch both ways, the eyelid moving equally up and down; so that, taking the movement of both eyelids into consideration, they cover some 50,000 inches in a day. The eyelids of a man who has lived for 50 years will have unconsciously traveled a third of the way around the earth, or about 7,850 miles, a calculation sufficient in itself to cause the victim of insomnia to fall into a dreamless sleep as he reads it.

How an Engineer Feels.

A veteran railroad engineer says: "It may sound strange to you, but I'm a heap more nervous when I'm traveling as a passenger than when at the throttle. I don't know what's going on in the cab, and I want to. Every time I hear a whistle my impulse is to go out there and run the engine myself. In fact, the only time I ever am anxious is when I'm in a passenger coach. I suppose I feel about the same way a man does who has driven a lively horse for years and once in awhile lets some other fellow hold the reins."

A Chinese Conceit.

The Chinese think they occupy the middle of the earth, and that all other nations are merely dwelling on the edges. Their most respectful term to designate a foreigner is "the ocean

Seasonable.

The winds are high,
And once more
We hear the cry:
"Shut the door!"
—Philadelphia Press.

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.

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No. 12, Daily Express	3.24	A. M.
" 10, Daily Express	5.20	"
" 40, Daily Except Sunday	6.20	"
" 38, " " "	7.40	"
" 820, Sunday Only	7.45	"
" 36, Daily Except Sunday	10.20	"
" 8, Daily Way Train	12.10	P. M.
" 30, Way Exc. Sunday	3.22	"
" 2, Daily Express	4.05	"
" 820, Sunday Only	4.20	"
" 6, Daily Express	5.20	"
" 18, Sunday only	5.40	"
" 22, Daily Except Sunday	6.20	"
" 14, Daily	10.00	"

WESTWARD.

No. 3, Daily Express	12.30	A. M.
" 17, Daily Milk Train	8.05	"
" 1, Daily Express	11.39	"
" 11, For Binghamton Sun.	12.10	P. M.
" 5, 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, 7.00, 7.30, 8.45, 10.40 A. M., 1.00, 3.00, 4.30, 6.30, 7.36, 9.15 P. M. On Sundays, 4.00, 7.30, 9.00, 9.30; 12.00, 2.00, 7.00 and 9.15 P. M.

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CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, Milford. Services Sunday at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school at 12.00 M. Week-day service Friday at 10 A. M. Holy Communion Sunday at 7.45 A. M. Seats free. All are welcome.

REV. CHAS. E. 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 11:30 m. Epworth league at 6.45 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting on Wednesdays at 7.30 p. m. Class meeting conducted by Wm. Anglemo 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.

MATAMORAS.

EPWORTH M. E. CHURCH, Matamoras. Services every Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 2.30. C. E. 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. SPENCER.

HOPE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, Matamoras, Pa. Services next Sunday as follows: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Junior C. E. before and C. E. prayer meeting after the evening service. Midweek prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.30. Seats free. A cordial welcome to all. Come.

REV. C. H. LILLY, 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. 293, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening at 7.30 p. m., Brown's Building. D. H. Hornbeck, Sec'y. Jacob McCarty, N. G.

PRUDENCE REBEKAH LODGE, 197, 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.

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