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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, Middlings and Bran. Buck-wheat 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.

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## 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.

We carry a stock of goods valued at \$1,000,000.00

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

OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE is the book of the people—it quotes Wholesale Prices to Everybody, has over 7,000 pages, 15,000 illustrations, and full 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

## 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.

## HOW WILMOT KEPT HIS APPOINTMENT

"I SHALL count the minutes until you come," said young Mr. Wilmot to his betrothed. "You will find me at ten o'clock where your car stops in a fever of impatience. Try not to be a minute late, won't you, dear?"

"I don't know," answered the girl, "something might happen. A dog might get in front of the car, and let it a minute or two or somebody might step on my dress and hold me back. If you're going to be impatient I'm not going to come at all. I don't like feverish people."

"I don't mean impatient in that sense," declared Wilmot. "I would wait hours for you, buoyed by the hope of seeing you at last. I have known men keep because their wives kept them five or ten minutes or so beyond an appointed time, but I don't think you will ever find me complaining. Just as long as you come at last, I don't care."

"But the train doesn't start until 11 o'clock, and I won't take no more than 15 minutes to walk over to the station. You don't want to have to linger around for three-quarters of an hour before the train starts."

"With you?" exclaimed Wilmot, enthusiastically. "It won't seem like five minutes. No, I can't say all I've got to say to you between Chicago and Leontine, and that three-quarters of an hour will help out quite a little."

"Why can't you say what you've got to say now? It will be at least three-quarters of an hour before anybody gets home."

"All right, I will," said Wilmot, and he whisked in her car. She drew back and laughed and said that she didn't believe it, and besides, he had told her that before, so that it was stale news. "Is that all you have to say?" she continued.

"That comprehends it, but there's a lot of detail and circumstance in connection that you might like to hear—just in order to get an idea of the condition I'm in."

"But you will get over it after we are married. Truly, Bertie, don't you think you will?"

"Never. I shall love you 40 years from now just as much as I do this minute."

"Well," said the girl, presently, "this doesn't particularly interest me, anyway. Let's talk about to-morrow. Don't you think it would be better to say to-morrow?"

"Most decidedly, I don't; I'll compromise on 9:30, if you like."

"Well, then, you may go over to the station and meet me there and then you won't owe me in the crowd. It seems absurd to meet me on the street."

"I shall see you before you get off your car."

"Shall I tell you what I am going to wear, so that you will know it's me?"

"If you put on a gray wig and a black veil and blue glasses I should know you."

"But I'm not going to do anything of the kind. If you can't identify me without that you would better—what are you doing now?"

"Trying to impress your features on my memory. I hope you don't mind. No, let me tell you. I would know you a mile off and among a thousand. I would feel you coming even if I couldn't see you."

"Well, then," said the girl, in a businesslike manner, "I guess it will be all right. You can wear a white rose in your buttonhole and carry your handkerchief carefully in your left hand, and I guess there won't be any trouble."

Wilmot packed his suit case that night and saw to his razors, so that he could set his breakfast and rush out in the morning without any unnecessary delay. He priced himself on being able to wake up at any minute that he likes, and he set his mental alarm clock for six, but for fear of accidents he also borrowed one of the everyday nicked variety from his landlady and set that at six o'clock, after carefully testing and regulating it by his watch. In the morning he sprang out of bed with a horrible fear that he had overslept, and looking at the nicked timepiece, found that it was 4:45.

For a few moments he stood, with heavy eyelids, drowsily considering the advisability of going back to bed and resting to the alarm. Then he dismissed the weak thought and staggered to his bath. That woke him up and he shaved and dressed in a leisurely manner and went back to his room and looked at the clock. It was 6:15. He had thought it must have been six at least.

Raising the window shade he looked into the street, hoping to see the yellow glare of the gas lamps contrasting with the light of dawn, but as far as appearances went it might have been midnight, so he pulled down the shade again and tried to read. The book, how-

ever, was dull, and presently he dozed in his chair. He awoke with a start to look at his watch, and found that he had not yet put it on.

"Good thing I didn't put my faith in that alarm," he said. "It's caused fire or else it wasn't loud enough to wake me."

As he started for the bedroom the clock went off with a crash and a bang and a flange that made him jump. He recovered from the shock and ran in to look at the errand thing. The hands indicated six o'clock. Still unconvinced, he took his watch from under the pillow and looked at it. Six o'clock.

That meant an hour and a half until breakfast, and Wilmot was already conscious of a feeling of emptiness. He remembered that he had some crackers and cheese in his cupboard, and he brought these out and devoured them, but they did not seem to have the right kind of taste, and the cold water that he drank chilled his system so as to destroy his desires to smoke. Nevertheless he smoked and lapsed, for sounds of breakfast preparation and repacked his suit case and bathed his face again to freshen himself up, and in course of time Ella, the second girl, knocked at his door and told him that breakfast was ready.

But the cheese and crackers and the pipe had destroyed his appetite and the breakfast for some reason, did not taste good, anyway, so he could not rid himself of his incipient headache, nor the feeling that he had been up all night and had steps in his clothes. It took him half an hour to ride downtown, and he had now two hours, but he decided that he would get out and see what the fresh air would do for him. He would walk up and down the street until she came, and it would be a good thing to tell her that he had been waiting an hour and a half for the glory of her coming.

The air was more than fresh. It was raw and the wind was cutting. By the time Wilmot got to town he was already greatly fatigued, and he began to tramp up and down his appointed beat at once with vigorous strides, hoping that the exercise would warm him up. But his feet continued cold and his hands numb and stiff, walk as he would, and even the glow of devotion left him after half an hour.

He went over to a shoeback stand, and, seating himself, told the boy to apply plenty of friction. This instruction was carried out, and Wilmot got up and resumed his tramp in better spirits, but 15 minutes more of the cold wind sent them down again, and he went into a cigar store and bought a cigar. He lingered there a little while, for it was comfortably warm inside, but he grew uneasy and went out again and walked.

As for the girl, she slept very soundly and comfortably, was awakened by her mother at 8:30 o'clock, and had time to eat her breakfast comfortably and arrive at the tryet five minutes ahead of time. She was properly indignant to find that her betrothed was not on hand and walked up and down the block twice; then, feeling chilly and observing that a confectioner's shop window commanded the street corner, she went in and ordered chocolate and sat down to watch and wait.

Wilmot got up and went out for the first time at ten o'clock exactly, but at that time the chocolate was just being served and the girl did not see him as he passed. The second time she may have been looking at the clock. Wilmot was anxious, but not entirely discouraged, for he had made up his mind to allow ten minutes for accidents. When that time expired he began to think that perhaps the time of meeting had not been definitely understood and that it might have been 10:30, after all. At 10:30 he went out and telegraphed to the house, and while he was doing this the girl came out, walked twice more up and down the block, stamped her little foot and went back and ordered eclairs. Wilmot returned, bought a cigar and sat down to watch the disembartering street car passengers with straining eyes.

Once more Wilmot made a sally: this time to the telephone office to call up the railroad people and beseech them to search the waiting-room and the Leontine platform for a young lady.

"Can you describe her?" asked the man at the other end, Wilmot thought that he could, but on attempting it was incoherent and stammering. The railroad man grew pleasantly sarcastic and Wilmot hung up the receiver in a rage. It then lacked 15 minutes of 11 o'clock.

Half frantic, he ran out of the drug store and back to the car. There, as he could not set his razors, he could not set his breakfast and rush out in the morning without any unnecessary delay. He priced himself on being able to wake up at any minute that he likes, and he set his mental alarm clock for six, but for fear of accidents he also borrowed one of the everyday nicked variety from his landlady and set that at six o'clock, after carefully testing and regulating it by his watch. In the morning he sprang out of bed with a horrible fear that he had overslept, and looking at the nicked timepiece, found that it was 4:45.

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Half frantic, he ran out of the drug store and back to the car. There, as he could not set his razors, he could not set his breakfast and rush out in the morning without any unnecessary delay. He priced himself on being able to wake up at any minute that he likes, and he set his mental alarm clock for six, but for fear of accidents he also borrowed one of the everyday nicked variety from his landlady and set that at six o'clock, after carefully testing and regulating it by his watch. In the morning he sprang out of bed with a horrible fear that he had overslept, and looking at the nicked timepiece, found that it was 4:45.

For a few moments he stood, with heavy eyelids, drowsily considering the advisability of going back to bed and resting to the alarm. Then he dismissed the weak thought and staggered to his bath. That woke him up and he shaved and dressed in a leisurely manner and went back to his room and looked at the clock. It was 6:15. He had thought it must have been six at least.

Raising the window shade he looked into the street, hoping to see the yellow glare of the gas lamps contrasting with the light of dawn, but as far as appearances went it might have been midnight, so he pulled down the shade again and tried to read. The book, how-

ever, was dull, and presently he dozed in his chair. He awoke with a start to look at his watch, and found that he had not yet put it on.

"Good thing I didn't put my faith in that alarm," he said. "It's caused fire or else it wasn't loud enough to wake me."

As he started for the bedroom the clock went off with a crash and a bang and a flange that made him jump. He recovered from the shock and ran in to look at the errand thing. The hands indicated six o'clock. Still unconvinced, he took his watch from under the pillow and looked at it. Six o'clock.

That meant an hour and a half until breakfast, and Wilmot was already conscious of a feeling of emptiness. He remembered that he had some crackers and cheese in his cupboard, and he brought these out and devoured them, but they did not seem to have the right kind of taste, and the cold water that he drank chilled his system so as to destroy his desires to smoke. Nevertheless he smoked and lapsed, for sounds of breakfast preparation and repacked his suit case and bathed his face again to freshen himself up, and in course of time Ella, the second girl, knocked at his door and told him that breakfast was ready.

But the cheese and crackers and the pipe had destroyed his appetite and the breakfast for some reason, did not taste good, anyway, so he could not rid himself of his incipient headache, nor the feeling that he had been up all night and had steps in his clothes. It took him half an hour to ride downtown, and he had now two hours, but he decided that he would get out and see what the fresh air would do for him. He would walk up and down the street until she came, and it would be a good thing to tell her that he had been waiting an hour and a half for the glory of her coming.

The air was more than fresh. It was raw and the wind was cutting. By the time Wilmot got to town he was already greatly fatigued, and he began to tramp up and down his appointed beat at once with vigorous strides, hoping that the exercise would warm him up. But his feet continued cold and his hands numb and stiff, walk as he would, and even the glow of devotion left him after half an hour.

He went over to a shoeback stand, and, seating himself, told the boy to apply plenty of friction. This instruction was carried out, and Wilmot got up and resumed his tramp in better spirits, but 15 minutes more of the cold wind sent them down again, and he went into a cigar store and bought a cigar. He lingered there a little while, for it was comfortably warm inside, but he grew uneasy and went out again and walked.

As for the girl, she slept very soundly and comfortably, was awakened by her mother at 8:30 o'clock, and had time to eat her breakfast comfortably and arrive at the tryet five minutes ahead of time. She was properly indignant to find that her betrothed was not on hand and walked up and down the block twice; then, feeling chilly and observing that a confectioner's shop window commanded the street corner, she went in and ordered chocolate and sat down to watch and wait.

Wilmot got up and went out for the first time at ten o'clock exactly, but at that time the chocolate was just being served and the girl did not see him as he passed. The second time she may have been looking at the clock. Wilmot was anxious, but not entirely discouraged, for he had made up his mind to allow ten minutes for accidents. When that time expired he began to think that perhaps the time of meeting had not been definitely understood and that it might have been 10:30, after all. At 10:30 he went out and telegraphed to the house, and while he was doing this the girl came out, walked twice more up and down the block, stamped her little foot and went back and ordered eclairs. Wilmot returned, bought a cigar and sat down to watch the disembartering street car passengers with straining eyes.

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