Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Pike county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry at the Sheriff's Office in the Borough of Milford, on

MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D., 1902,

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, All that certain pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being at Glen Eyre in the Township of Lackawaxen, County of Pike and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a white pine for a corner at the southern margin of the Lackawaxen river, thence south seventy degrees west four hundred and twenty-eight perches to a hickory, thence south forty degrees west two hundred and two perches to a white pine, thence south fifteen degrees west ninety-three and one-half perches to a post, thence north fifty-five degrees west three hundred and fifty perches, thence north thirty-five degrees east fifty-eight perches, thence north seventy-three degrees east forty-nine and one-half perches to a pine, thence north fifty degrees east one hundred and twenty-three perches to a stone by a white oak, thence north ten degrees west one hundred and thirty-seven perches to a corner, thence north eighty degrees east twenty perches to a hemlock thence down the Lackawaxen river, the several courses and distances to the place of beginning, being two tracts of land, one in the warrantee name of Jonathan Hill number 80—the other in the warrantee name of Daniel Ulare number 79—CONTAINING in both or said tracts eight hundred and fifty-seven acres with allowance, excepting and reserving out of the above described Jonathan Hill tract that part conveyed to John Logan, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a point forty rods below the mouth of the Blooming Grove creek, thence down the Lackawaxen river to the line of the lands of Jonathan Hill, thence along said line of Hill's land to the Hawley Branch Railroad and thence along the line of the Hawley Branch Railroad to the place of beginning, CONTAINING fifteen acres of land, more or less.

IMPROVEMENTS

About fifty acres of the above land improved, balance wood and timber land; also good blue stone lands having several quarries thereon; and has erected thereon 4 dwelling houses, 2 shanties, 2 barns, store and dwelling house, chicken house, blacksmith shop, ice house, powder house and outbuildings; Depot of the Hawley Branch Railroad on the premises.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of William P. Austin and will be sold by me for cash.

GEORGE GREGORY,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Milford, Pa., }
November 3, 1902 }

Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the court of common pleas of Pike county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry at the sheriff's office in the borough of Milford, on

MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D., 1902,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day All that certain piece or parcel of land in the township of Delaware, county of Pike, and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a corner in public road thence south 24 degrees west 50 rods, north 84½ degrees west 80 rods, south 24½ degrees west 49¼ rods, south 84½ degrees east 164½ rods, north 30 degrees east 7¾ rods, northwest 16 rods, north 20 degrees east 33 rods to corner public road, thence along said road north 50 degrees west 65 rods to place of beginning, containing 68 acres more or less.

IMPROVEMENTS

About twenty acres improved, balance good wood and timber land; house and barn.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Henry Pfaffle, dec'd, and will be sold by me for cash.

GEORGE GREGORY,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Milford, Pa., }
Nov. 4, 1902 }

Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the court of common pleas of Pike county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry at the sheriff's office in the borough of Milford, on

MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER, A D., 1902,

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Lehman, county of Pike, state of Pennsylvania, bounded by the Delaware river and lands of Rupert Mills, Anna C. Spackman and others, containing fifteen acres and twenty-seven perches, more or less.

IMPROVEMENTS

About ten acres improved, balance wood land, and has erected thereon hen house and outbuildings.

Seized and taken in execution, as the property of William Henry Cotterill and Albert Cotterill and will be sold by me for cash.

GEORGE GREGORY,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Milford, Pa., }
Nov. 4, 1902 }

Incorporation Notice

Notice is hereby given, that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on the twelfth day of November, 1902, by Edwin McCoy, William E. Slack, W. T. C. Sanders, Albert Jefferys and James L. Brewster, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Keystone Telephone Company of Philadelphia," the character and object of which is constructing, maintaining and leasing lines of telegraph for the private use of individuals, firms, corporations municipal or otherwise, for general business, and for police, fire alarm or messenger business, and for the transaction of any business to which electricity over or through wires may be applied to any useful purpose, including the maintaining and operating of a general telephone system and telephone business, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

E. O. MICHENER,
Solicitor.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

Letters testamentary upon the estate of Prescott B. Gardner, late of Greene township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims against said estate will present them and to so indebted to said decedent will please make immediate payment to

IDA S. GORMAN,
P. R. CROSS,
Executors.

Greene, Pa., Sept. 22, 1902

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

Estate of Wm. H. Courtright, deceased

Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to

LOUISA COURTRIGHT,
Administratrix.

Milford, Oct. 9, 1902.

Administratrix's Notice

Letters of administration upon the estate of Chris. M. Leidig, late of Dingman township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims against said estate will present them and those indebted to said decedent will please make immediate payment to

ELIZABETH JANE LEIDIG,
Milford, Oct. 29, 1902. Administratrix.

The Press Office

Is prepared to do any kind of ordinary

Job Printing:

Cards,
Posters,
Booklets,
Envelopes,
Bill Heads,
Statements,
Note Heads,
Letter Heads,

Or whatever you may need. THE STOCK is of good quality, THE WORKMANSHIP neat, and the PRICE IS RIGHT. We respectfully solicit a trial order and will then leave you to judge of our claims.

Washington Hotels.

RIGGS HOUSE.

The hotel par excellence of the capital, located within one block of the White House and directly opposite the Treasury. Finest table in the city.

WILLARD'S HOTEL.

A famous hotelry, remarkable for its historical associations and long-sustained popularity. Recently renovated, repainted and partially refurnished.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

A landmark among the hotels of Washington, patronized in former years by presidents and high officials. Always a prime favorite. Recently remodeled and rendered better than ever. Opp. Pa. R. R. dep. WALTER BURTON, Res. Mgr.

These hotels are the principal political rendezvous of the capital at all times. They are the best stopping places at reasonable rates.

C. G. STAPLES, Proprietor.
G. DEWITT, Manager.

State Normal School
East Stroudsburg, Pa

Regular State Normal Courses, and Special Departments of Music, Elocution, Art, Drawing, Stenography, and Typewriting; strong College Preparatory Department.

FREE TUITION

Boarding expenses $3.50 per week. Pupils admitted at any time. Winter Term opens Dec. 29th. Write for catalogue.

E. L. Kemp, A. M.,
Principal.

DON'T

TOBACCO SPIT and SMOKE Your Lifeaway!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking NO-TO-BAC, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 500,000 cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and advice FREE. Address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York. 637

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the *best* for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

PRICE 50c. and $1.00.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c. Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

FOR SALE One two seated surrey with top, one light runabout wagon, one set single harness, one wolf skin robe, two horse blankets and two lap robes. Enquire at the PRESS office.—tf

JOBSON ORDERS COAL

Some months ago, when the coal strike had already gathered considerable headway, Mrs. Jobson ventured one evening to express a timid opinion on the subject.

"It says here in the paper," she remarked to Mr. Jobson, "that the miners averaged $3.50 a day and that that's more than twice as much as they got for the same work in the old country—they're all foreigners, it seems. It's a wonder they wouldn't stop striking. They didn't gain much the last time they struck, did they?"

Mr. Jobson regarded Mrs. Jobson with stern and swelling disapproval over the top of his newspaper.

"That's just like a woman," he said. "I never saw a woman yet that didn't swallow whole everything that she saw in a newspaper. And I never saw one yet, either, that had as much common consideration and human pity in her make-up as a wolf of the desert. The—"

"But," put in Mrs. Jobson, "isn't $3.50 a day pretty good pay for a working man that just digs with a pick and shovel?"

"Yes, madam," oracularly replied Mr. Jobson, "$3.50 a day would be good enough pay for 'em if they got it. But they don't get it, or anything like it. I don't happen to remember the exact figures at the moment, but I don't believe that they get more than a third of $3.50 a day. What you need is a little of the milk of human kindness, Mrs. Jobson. It's all right for you to sit here and talk, when you have never anything to do but to read deleterious literature and take in bargain sales, but if you were the struggling, slaving wife of one of those unfortunate Pennsylvania miners you'd be singing a different song. You—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Jobson again, "if they really receive more than twice as much money for the same work in this country as they got in the old country where they came from, why don't—"

"Now, you want to stop applying opprobrious epithets to such of these grueled miners as happen to be foreigners," broke in Mr. Jobson, crushingly. "You wouldn't have to go back many generations before you'd meet up with the foreign strain in all of us, when it comes to that, and whether they're foreigners or not hasn't anything to do with the matter. They're human beings, aren't they? I guess if you had to lie on your stomach for about 18 hours a day, groveling around in the wet mines and working with a pick, for a few miserable pennies a day, you'd come pretty near being an anarchist."

"Well," meekly said Mrs. Jobson, "it says here in the paper that the strike is liable to last for a number of months, and that the price of coal is going up all the time. It says that by the time the cool weather comes around coal is likely to cost $15 or even $20 a ton."

"There you go again about what it says in the newspaper," said Mr. Jobson, acridly. "What the dickens does the newspaper know about it any more than anybody else, I'd like to know? The newspapers are always trying to spring these bogies on folks. But, when it comes to that, even if its forecast is correct, and coal does go to $20 a ton, who cares? Those miners are fighting for a great principle, madam, and so far as I am concerned, I don't care a nickel's worth of figs if coal goes to $50 a ton. I'd be more willing to pay the price to see the miners batter down the strongholds of a relentless monopoly. That's the kind of a citizen I am."

Thus effectually squelched, Mrs. Jobson was glad to abandon the subject, but she had an idea or so of her own as to the changed state of mind Mr. Jobson would display as to the coal strike when the time arrived for him to dicker for the first consignment of furnace coal. So when at the breakfast table the other morning Mr. Jobson told her in an offhand way that he intended to drop by the coal man's on his way home from the office and order five tons of coal for the furnace she was prepared for a little seance with Mr. Jobson on his arrival home that afternoon, and her expectations were fully realized.

Mr. Jobson stormed into the vestibule, his face as red as the comb of a turkey cock, and the veins of his forehead sticking out alarmingly. He clapped his new derby on to the sitting room table with ferocious force and began to stride up and down the room like a tiger.

"Did I wha-t!" bawled Mr. Jobson at the top of his lungs. "What do you think I am, anyhow; the shah of Persia or the nizam of Hyderabad? Order the coal? Madam, are you aware of what that infernal scoundrel, that conscienceless pirate of a coal-man, said to me when I told him that I wanted five tons of furnace coal?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jobson, "I don't know, unless he—"

"No," shouted Mr. Jobson, "and you couldn't guess in a hundred million years, either. The lubberly ruffian—and after I've been buying coal from him for nearly 15 years, too—simply grinned right in my teeth and told me that if he stretched a point he might be able to let me have as much as half a ton for $10—said that he was asking some of the well-to-do customers as high as $22 a ton, selling it to 'em by the half ton, but that as I had been one of his customers for so long he would make the terms he had stated for me."

"Well," said Mrs. Jobson, "the strike, you know—"

"Strike!" howled Mr. Jobson. "Madam, have you got the temerity to stand there before me and call the criminal conspiracy against the peace and prosperity of the nation on the part of a crew of Hungarian hoodlums, ramping Roumanian roustabouts, brutal, blackguardly Bulgarians—this pack of murdering anarchists—are you sufficiently idiotic to try to tell me that this fiendish plot against the progress of the United States is as innocuous and mild a thing as a strike? Why, it's a revolution, and it ought to be put down with the bayonet and ball cartridges and Gatling guns."

"But," interposed Mrs. Jobson, "when we were talking about it a couple of months ago didn't you say that you felt sorry for the miners, and that they—"

"Who—me say anything like that?" shrieked Mr. Jobson, dancing around on the grate rug and tugging at his back hair. "Me give expression to sympathetic remarks about a parcel of government wreckers, the offcumrings of Europe, who have come over here with the idea that they ought to be furnished with automobiles and bottles of diamonds and dry goods boxes stuffed with money for putting in a few hours of light labor in the coal mines a day? You know as well as that you're standing there that I've said from the very beginning of the outrageous conspiracy that every one of those scoundrels deserves to be blown from the mouth of a cannon, and if you're so mighty sorry for the loafers as you seem to be we'll see how you like to shiver when the cold weather comes—that's what we'll see! Such sympathy is maudlin, madam—maudlin!"—Washington Star.

Anxious Moments

Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, and as it contains no opiates or other poisons it can be safely given. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

SUPPLYING A CLIMAX

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

When Allen Saunders was refused by charming Dorothy Archer, or as she was popularly called, Dolly, he experienced the first rebuff of late he had yet known, and felt deeply the humiliation, especially as he knew from her own lips that her reason for refusing him was that he took her acceptance for granted. His easy self-assurance made her doubt his appreciation of her value, and Dolly thought much of herself, as she was justified in doing. So they parted friends, but not acknowledged lovers.

No letters passed between the two, but the next summer when they met at a watering resort they were unaffectedly glad of the encounter. Dolly had just stepped from a yacht, sunburned and radiant, in a becoming costume, when a "flannoled cut" appeared before her with outstretched hand.

"Allen! You here?" she said cordially, with an unmistakable note of pleasure in her voice.

"Dorothy! You here?" and Mr. Saunders was so enthusiastic in his salutation that Dolly stepped back alarmed. Yet she was pleased, too, but this taking possession of her was too much like the all-conquering hero of old.

"Where are the rest of your crowd?" asked the young man, for the yacht had gone on to its own pier, leaving her alone except for her new friend.

"Oh, the family are at the hotel, and I went sailing with the Lenox crowd. It's awfully stupid here. The engaged couples are so pokey off by themselves all the time mooning and spooning," and Dolly turned up her pretty nose with scorn.

"But they have an awfully good time," said Allen, beaming on her.

"How do you know?" she asked suspiciously. "Oh, of course I have no right to ask, Mr. Saunders, excuse me."

"You have every right in the world," retorted Allen. "Say, Dolly, please don't call me Mr. Saunders again, or I shall tip my hat and walk away. And I want to make it real lively for you while I am here."

"How will you do it?" asked Dorothy, unconvinced. "I hate tennis, golf, croquet and all other tame, civilized, brain-deadening games. I'm tired of the water, and evening hops are simply maddening. Can you devise a new pleasant way of killing time?"

"I can," said Allen, "only instead of killing old time we will rejuvenate him. I've brought a runabout and two good steeds. We will do the surrounding country on horseback, or en voiture, and study nature at her banquets, and we'll make everybody wonder what will be next on the programme. I can sing, and you can dance; we will select vaudeville to vary the monotony. Stupid? I reckon not."

"But we will be the whole thing, Allen, and people will say that I—that you—that we—"

"That we are engaged? Let them think so as long as we know that we are not. That is where the fun comes in. Keep them guessing. It will be such a surprise to them all to have me appear without any announcement and do all the nice things for you the young men here seem to have omitted. A nice lot to let you wander about by yourself."

"There is no one here that I care particularly for," said Dorothy, demurely. "I—I rather prefer going alone."

By this time they were at the hotel, and Allen, who was with a club of bachelor friends, said good morning after getting permission to call on the family that afternoon. Mrs. Archer had always liked the young man, so had her married daughter, and they wondered at Dorothy's perversity in refusing one so eligible in every way. And they really believed she more than liked Allen herself.

Now began a stirring up of the dead bones and paralyzed costumes at this especial summer outing place. They did not dine and wine monkeys, nor have parties for pet poodles and parrots, but healthy outdoor extravaganzas took the place of insipid dawdling, and there was a rush, a breeziness, about everything that forced people out of their beds to see the sun rise and be served with hot waffles and coffee on the lawns and verandas. Then they rode until tired, and rested until refreshed. Allen Saunders was the head and front of the movement, and Dorothy was a willing aid. She laughed and shook her head when hints flew broadcast that Allen was her accepted lover, but denial only accentuated suspicions.

As the end of the season drew near and the Archers were about to leave, Allen suggested an entertainment that would be at once novel and a surprise. This was a mock marriage with the principals disguised. A long train of bridesmaids and groomsmen would make this possible, but a greater surprise was hinted at, and it was easy to guess that this would be the turning of the mock marriage into a real one. None but a chosen few knew, or thought they knew, what the sequel was to be. The bride's dress was announced as something marvelous, and all the traditions of fashion were exhausted in its description, but no one had seen it or would see it until the moment of the ceremony.

It was early morning of the day on the evening of which the entertainment was to take place, and Dorothy was sitting alone by the lake drawing inspiration from the fresh water breeze, and sheltered from view by an upturned rowboat. Two men passed who were talking intimately, and Dorothy recognized the manly tones of her "caf." She listened without scruple. Allen was urging his companion, a younger man, to do something to which the other objected.

"Marriage is too sacred a thing to be trifled with in that way—I do not approve of it at all," were the words Dolly heard.

"You will merely be anticipating an event of the future and using your privilege as a theological student who has taken holy orders. There are none who will object, and we have loved each other for years."

Allen's voice trailed off into silence and Dolly rose from her seat by the lake, and with a piqued, puzzled look on her face went back to the hotel. According to all conventional customs she was not to see her bridegroom—for she was the bride-elect—until she faced him at the altar, and in this mock marriage they observed all the traditions with scrupulous propriety.

When the great decorated hall which was to serve as a church was filled to its utmost with an eager crowd of amused and expectant guests, and all the wedding party had assembled, men and maids disguised by masks, a masked clergyman waiting with open book and a masked bridegroom eager to greet his bride, who was to enter attended by a maid of honor, a telegram was handed to the bridegroom, who, of course, was Allen Saunders. He opened it and read.

"Wishing to contribute a climax of surprise to the evening, I have absented myself from the entertainment, preferring the role of the missing bride. When you receive this I shall be over the hills and far away."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Physicians Prescribe It

Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung troubles as this great medicine. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness and give you a good digestion. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation and biliousness. Gently laxative. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers
50 cts. at Druggists, or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Love in Spectacles.

He—I suppose now that I shall have to ask your father for his consent.

She—No, Harry; after the first time you called pa said I might have you if I wanted you. Pa and I have understood it for a long time.—Boston Transcript.

An Economical Fellow.

Geraldine—I'll be a sister to you.

Gerald—That will be nice.

Geraldine—What do you mean?

Gerald—My sister loves me, but she doesn't expect me to take her anywhere.—Brooklyn Life.

Important.

Young Lady (struggling in the water with the life-saver)—Oh, please, sir, keep my head up. I'm going to the dance to-night, and I must not get my hair out of curl!—Brooklyn Life.

One Version of It.

The hen that had been betrayed into hatching a duck's egg looked distressed. But the rooster, as usual, was patronizingly masculine.

"It's a wise hen," he laughed. "That knows her own egg."—Chicago Post.

The Ideal and the Practical.

He speaks to her in burning words
That leaped from a consuming soul.
But after they are wed, alas!
He won't produce a ton of coal!
—Washington Star.

AGAINST HIS PRINCIPLES.

Tramp—Laidy, will this 'ere shirt 'as you just got me wash?

Lady—Why, of course.

Tramp—Then I'm mighty sorry, ma'am, 'cos I'll 'ave ter refuse it.—Ally Sloper.

He Could Hardly Get Up

P. H. Duffy of Ashley, Ill., writes "This is to certify that I have taken two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure and it has helped me more than any other medicine. I tried many advertised remedies, but none of them gave me any relief. My druggist recommended Foley's Kidney Cure and it has cured me. Before commencing its use I was in such a shape that I could hardly get up when once down." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

Among her many children the "robber tariff" cannot count the anthracite trust. How the democrats wish coal was a protected product.

A Policeman's Testimony

J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, Ia., writes, "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough remedies and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two thirds of a bottle cured me. It is the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

Bishop Potter still refuses to allow his $14,000,000 honeymoon to be interrupted by the attacks of his critics.

W. A Herren of Finch, Ark., writes, "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

General Miles has arrived at Manila. The natives had better take warning.

There is no cough medicine so popular as Foley's Honey and Tar. It contains no opiates or poisons and never fails to cure. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

How about the political prophet? Perhaps he will have better success next time.

Foley's Honey and Tar always stops the cough and heals the lungs. Refuse supstitutes. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

The president has again taken up his quarters in the remodeled White House.

Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs—reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

"BEST OF ALL FLOUR."

FEED, MEAL,
BRAN, OATS,
and HAY.

When in need of any

Hello to No. 5., or come to

SAWKILL MILL, MILFORD, PA

We are now located at the corner of Front and Sussex Streets.

KANE, THE SHOEMAN.

Telephone Call P J. 184.

BARGAINS!

A few 50c shirt waists left at 39c; 75c at 55c; 85c at 70c; $1 at 80c; $1.50 at $1.

Summer lawns 9c reduced to 7½c; 10c and 12c at 8½c;

A few odd sizes in ladies' shoes from 25c up.

Hosiery, Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Etc.

A general line of goods to meet all your wants.

T. Armstrong & Co.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Wash Fabrics And Woolen Dress Goods.
Staple And Fancy Groceries.
Shoes All Styles And Sizes.
Wall Paper And Border.
Hardware, Etc.
Paints, Oils, Varnishes.
Agents for DEVOE & CO.'S PURE LEAD & ZINC PAINTS.

W. & G. MITCHELL'S,

MILFORD, PA.

FINE GROCERIES, FLOUR, PURE COFFEES AND SPICES, SELECTED TEAS, BUTTER AND CHEESE FROM BEST CREAMERIES, FRUITS AND CANDIES, CANNED GOODS IN VARIETY, SPORTING GOODS, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

A Complete Assortment of the Delicacies Usually Kept in First Class Stores. Goods Delivered Promptly Free of Expense.

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A. Q. WALLACE

Telephone Call 62. Harford St., Milford, Pa

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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