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JUDGE CLANCY

Of Hornellsville, N.Y., Hands Down an Important Decision

Judge James H. Clancy of Hornellsville, N. Y., and one of the most prominent members of the bar in that historic town, decided recently that as against Blood and Liver trouble, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was worthy of the highest praise. He says:

"I have used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and strongly recommend it for its good effect in my case for liver trouble and blood disorder. It built me right up and I improved greatly in health."

Geo. H. Tifft of 878 River street, Troy, N. Y., suffered from liver trouble and his blood was all out of order and after using "Favorite Remedy," has this to say:

"For any one suffering from that run down or tired out feeling, caused by blood or liver trouble, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the best medicine you can buy. I have used it and I know."

The one sure cure for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

It matters not how sick you are, how long you have suffered, or how many physicians have failed to help you, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure you if a cure is possible.

It is for sale by all druggists in the **New 50 Cent Size** and the regular $1.00 size bottles—less than a cent a dose.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Plasters strengthen Muscles, remove pain anywhere. 25c each.

Unrecorded History.

Samson, having been shorn of his locks, upbraided Delilah for her act.

"It's your own fault," she said. "You should have known enough to become a musician or an actor."

Thereupon the populace laughed, but he got even later by pulling the temple down on their heads.—Brooklyn Life.

Wit.

Hillis—Whew! Why do you have your office as hot as an oven?

Willis—It's where I make my daily bread.—Town and Country.

Their Means of Support.

"Yes," said the bunco man to his companion; "it must be admitted that we depend mainly on agriculture for our subsistence."—Puck.

Speaking from Experience.

"Yes," said Mr. Haggs, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh—I laughed till I cried."—Tit-Bits.

Various Routes.

Some men take the poison route,
While some jump in the lake;
And others get a gun and shoot,
And some gas treatment take.
By cigarettes some get them hence,
Some on the thin ice slide,
While others go to more expense
And take an auto ride.
—Montreal Herald.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS

The following applications for licenses have been filed in the office of the Clerk, and will be presented to the next Court of Quarter Sessions of Pike County to be held on the 16th day of March next, for consideration and approval:

Delaware Township
Hannah L. Van Gorden,
Frances Mercier,
Philip F. Fulmer.

Dingman Township:
William Metz,
Anna Schanno,
E. O. Bolilotat.

Lackawaxen Township:
Samuel Aiman,
John F. Myer,
Albert G. Roveland,
Edmund Dellert,
George A. Elston,
Augusta Rettstadt.

Lehman Township:
Martin L. Bach,
Clara Ottenheimer.

Milford Borough:
Dr. John Kelly,
John R. Thornton,
Louise J. Frisch,
John C. Beck,
Frederick A. Beck,
Pierre M. Nills,
Marie V. Tissot.

Palmyra Township:
Thomas Brink,
Clara Labes.

Porter Township:
Charles W. Cortright.

Shohola Township:
John Vogt, Jr.,
A. A. Shafer,
Mary Fuller.

Westfall Township:
D B Allen,
Christiana Muller,
Martin Leicht,
Floyd E. Bevans,
Maurice S. Quinn.

JOHN C. WESTBROOK, JR., Clerk.
Febr. 23rd, 1903.

COURT PROCLAMATION

State of Pennsylvania, }
County of Pike. }

Notice is hereby given to all persons bound by recognizance or otherwise to appear, that the March term, 1903, of the several courts of Pike county will be held at the court house in the borough of Milford on the third Monday (16th) at 9 o'clock p. m., and will be continued one week if necessary.

GEORGE GREGORY, Sheriff.

Milford, Pa., Feb. 18, 1903.

REGISTER'S NOTICE

The following accounts have been filed with the Register and will be presented to the Court for confirmation on the third Monday of March next:

Estate of Jennie Heath, deceased. Account of Rev. Joseph W. Teis, executor.

Estate of Randell Van Gorden, deceased. The account of Hannah L. Van Gorden, administratrix.

Estate of Herman Krause, deceased. First and final account of Barbara Krause, executrix.

JOHN C. WESTBROOK, JR., Register.
Feb'y 14, 1903.

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DEFENCELESS.

THEY had been married five years and love had lasted—as it generally does last if the first critical six months of matrimony can be tided over without disaster. He, Jack Alston, was a fortunate young man who stepped into his father's business shoes shortly after being wedded to Clara Fayworthy, the girl of his choice. Prosperity and happiness had waited on them from the commencement of their married life. There were no children; but Jack did not want any to divide his wife's attention, and he scarcely noticed her deep disappointment as each succeeding year brought no change.

Clara adored him, and he was one of those men who like to be worshipped. Her negative qualities suited him exactly. He played upon her sympathies and mental susceptibilities as upon the responsive vibrations of a musical instrument. If he were glad, she must share his gladness; if things had gone wrong with him—from the loss of a collar-stud to a depression in the money market—his gloom humors must affect her also. If it pleased him to discourse intellectually, his wife sat at his feet, as was expected of her, and listened with proper reverence to the words of wisdom.

As for Jack, he was just the sort of man to inspire a delicious kind of idolatry in one of those simple, trusting natures that can only be found among women. He was tall, gazed unspeakable things out of a pair of limpid brown eyes, and concealed the weakness of his mouth and chin by a heavy drooping mustache. These outward charms were considerably heightened by a leaning toward art in general.

Jack sang sentimental songs in an untrained tenor voice, leaving out, with marvelous resource, only the superfluous harmonies in the accompaniment. He sketched from nature in water colors, putting in the sky with a circular movement of the forefinger, and bestowing a painful attention on unnecessary detail. He wrote obscurer poetry than Browning, and was much addicted to finding meanings in unintelligible passages of minor poets that nobody else pretended to understand.

Can any person wonder that Jack's wife looked upon him as a genius, and felt every day more grateful to the fate that had linked her to the destiny of so noble a specimen of mankind.

Of Clara little need be said, except that she was pretty when he married her, and her unformed character was captivatingly feminine and moldable. Such traits are the paradise of the selfish man, and Jack was not mistaken—from his egotistic point of view—in believing that he had secured a treasure. Everything that could make home life attractive was combined in Clara's lovable qualities and quiet domesticity. In the winter, when Jack came home cold and tired from the city routine, a cheery wife was sitting waiting for him by the tea table, the kettle simmering on the hob, ready to make tea the minute he should appear, and down beside the fireside a warm pair of slippers rested against the fender.

Then—I blush to write it—Jack would fling himself down into the armchair that had been drawn up for him close to the blaze, while the adoring little woman went down on her knees and undid the laces of his boots. If he was in good temper he patted her fluffy head with amiable condescension, but if he happened to be out of humor he flung his foot at her in surly silence, or growled at the world in general, and her clumsiness in particular, all the time that she was performing that humble office for him.

Jack belonged, in fact, to the type that men of finer material long to kick, but which, for some inexplicable reason, possesses an enduring fascination for the class of women who are least capable of defending themselves against masculine mastery.

Judging by appearances, five years of wedded bliss had not treated Clara so well as her husband. Her face had lost much of its girlish roundness, and the deep blue eyes that were her chief beauty burned feverishly, rather than brightly, within the dark rings that encircled them. Her chest had become delicate ever since the day Jack had kept her waiting in the cold outside his office for half an hour (he did not like receiving ladies within the sacred precincts) on the occasion of her keeping an appointment to meet him there at a fixed time, in order that they might proceed to some social function together.

The result was a chronic cough that irritated Jack a good deal at night, and a heavy doctor's bill, at which he swore so tremendously that she screwed the money out of her housekeeping allowance, and began to pay off the debt by installments. Later on, however, Jack found it out, and nearly frightened the poor little woman out of her wits by the wrathful manner in which he scribbled the check for the balance, and threw it at her with some ungracious remarks about her intelligence.

One evening the Alstons went to an "at home." Social obligations soon parted husband and wife in the crowded drawing-room, but the latter's affectionate eyes caught many glimpses of Jack as he passed to and fro, greeting new friends and making new acquaintances.

that he accepted the position under the worthy magnate of Black Rock.

Then to think that this sprig of a girl had well-nigh upset his whole career. Full well his memory pictured that morning four months before when he had driven the homely family cart to the depot to meet this daughter of his employer, and how she had treated him with striking hauteur. She had even mistaken him for her father's coachman, and yet her very prudishness seemed but to lend a glamour of romance to her, which had caught him in a veritable web! How often she had entered her father's store, accompanied by some of the youthful professionals of the place, and seemed to delight in airing her superiority to this common office man! True, her petulishness and affectations sat well upon her dainty figure, and a certain indefinable odor of perfume seemed to pervade the dinginess of the office when she entered. At times he seemed to see beyond her outward nature, and at these rare intervals he caught a momentary glance of a character which, if allowed to assert itself, might have endeared her to the coarsest mortal. He often noted how old Josiah watched her every move, and how the staid, old-fashioned home of the Jamiesons became the center of the fashionable house parties and afternoon teas. Then as a crowning tribute to the witcheries, young Dr. Ames, voted by all the mothers of marriageable daughters as the swellest match in the district, had quite lost his heart to this coquettish little heiress.

Since the day of their first meeting Tom had fought down his feelings by applying himself to his desk with redoubled vigor, endeavoring to convince himself that his opinion of her was much the reverse of favorable. On this night in question he had ceased to wrestle, and upon the eve of resignation to the hand of fate he had summed the whole matter up and voted himself one of the greatest fools that ever lived. A square pink envelope lay unopened upon his dresser, and after arriving at this fairly satisfactory conclusion he tore off the head and scanned the contents, although he could have guessed what it contained. It was an invitation which the youthful mistress of the Jamieson household had sent him, to spend the evening, no doubt prompted by the advice of her father. The weather had developed into one of those January blizzards which periodically sweep across the Northwest prairie, almost overwhelming the town which lay within its circle, and Tom was loath to brave its fury for such a cause, and yet unconsciously he began to dress, and in time he had reached the home of his employer. To his surprise he found that but one guest besides himself had been bidden, none other than Dr. Ames, who of late had been almost a constant visitor.

Supper had been served. While Jean and the doctor conversed in low tones at one end of the long drawing-room, Tom sat at the other with Mr. Jamieson and exchanged mutual confidences on the business aspect of the coming season. Yet he was not wholly indifferent to the scene before him. The little lady looked peculiarly bewitching and altogether disdainful, and to his eye she was playing her cards with the young medical with a tact and grace which apparently absorbed his entire attention. The hour was wearing slowly along, to Tom especially, and then a hurried summons at the door brought Mrs. Jamieson from the regions of the dining-room in answer. A sudden noise, as of people scurrying past, followed, and Tom realized that the call of fire had been raised. Mrs. Jamieson cried out in a frightened voice that it was the mill, and then Tom had passed her in the hallway, and was out on the street.

Already the flames, caught by the storm that howled without, were lighting up the town like a new sun.

The scene of indescribable confusion which ensued could never be forgotten by those more intimately concerned. The crude fire-fighting apparatus frozen solid, refused to work, and as the red streamers wrapt about the mill and swept across the roofs of the warehouse and stores adjoining, the people knew that Josiah Jamieson's worldly possessions were doomed.

Tom, looming out in the released mettle of a college athlete, made herculean efforts to stay the ruin. Followed by a number of men he thawed the hose, directed the streams of water, helped to throw out the goods from the store, cleared the office of its precious books and papers. In fact, storm or heat mattered little to him then, for a cowering female, wrapped in a mighty fur-lined cloak, had looked up into his grimy face through a mist of tears and had said something. He never tarried to hear what it was, but leapt again into the battle royal.

In the early morning a smouldering heap of ashes and half-burnt woodwork alone marked the spot where Jamieson's store and mill had stood, and around it in a jumbled-up mass was the merchandise which had been saved. Only one small building which had been used as an office had missed the fury of the flames, and that was only through the gigantic efforts of the men and a fortunate veering of the wind.

Josiah Jamieson had been seized with a paralytic stroke during the destruction of his property and lay at his home with two doctors in constant attendance, and to Tom fell the task of managing this almost inextricable condition of affairs. Suddenly from a quiet office-man he had assumed an air of general manager and gave his orders and went about

It Saved His Leg

P. A. Danforth of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five years. For ulcers, wounds, piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

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and different expressions coming out of pretty lips just like yours."

Then, perhaps he kissed his wife in a gallant fashion that was quite new to him, and innocent Clara blushed with pleasure, and never wondered whether the other lips were sometimes requisitioned to remind him of her kisses also.

Meanwhile Clara's health was rapidly giving way. Her cough grew more troublesome than ever, and exasperated Jack, who was a light sleeper, so much that he had his bed made in the spare room on the floor above. Clara said nothing to this arrangement as she always studied her husband's comfort, but she often wept silently to herself during the lonely, wakeful nights.

She now saw very little of Jack, as he was not only away during business hours, but spent most of his spare time at Oxfords'. It interested him he said, to watch the development of a nature that should by all physiological appearances be akin to her own, and he persuaded her that the growing intimacy between Mabel (he now called Miss Oxford by her Christian name) and himself was a kind of beautiful reflection—on strictly platonic lines—of their own love.

And the poor little woman swallowed it all, and even felt a sense of gratitude for this double manifestation of her husband's devotion.

One day the doctor broke the news to Mrs. Alston that the condition of her health gave cause for great anxiety, and he advised her to consult a specialist on diseases of the lungs without delay. Jack, on talking it over afterward, said that all physicians were fools, and the biggest fool charged the biggest price to make up for other deficiencies. However, although he was inclined to pooh-pooh the whole affair, he consented to his wife seeing a specialist, and a consultation was accordingly arranged.

Clara, who was nervous and terribly afraid of stethoscopes and tapping, would have liked Jack to accompany her to the eminent physician's house. But on the morning of the appointment he came downstairs with a ready-packed traveling bag and announced that if a certain letter were waiting for him at the office he would be obliged to undertake a journey on business and would not return before the following day.

If it had not been on account of urgent business, Clara would have thought her husband's absence at this critical juncture very unkind. For the specialist would pronounce on her, that afternoon, sentence of life or death. But the journey, if undertaken, was clearly unavoidable, and she could only reproach fate for having chosen that day of all others to separate them.

Still, it would have been kinder, Clara thought, if Jack had asked her to telegraph the result of her interview to him, but he went off in a hurry after the briefest of farewells, and she was obliged to console herself with the reflection that pressure of time had flurried him into forgetfulness.

"He will think of it as soon as he has a moment's leisure," she repeated to herself over and over again, "and then he will feel miserable about it, poor fellow, and send me a telegram asking to have the verdict wired to his office."

The physician shook his head as he examined her chest, tapped each rib, and listened to the labored breathing. It was not his custom to conceal the truth from his patients, but he regarded Clara's pale, anxious face and frail form with intense pity when it was all over.

The poor creature read her fate in the glance of sympathy.

"My case is hopeless, is it not?" she asked, in a low tremulous voice.

"I fear so," replied the doctor gently.

"Shall I live long?"

She awaited his answer in painful suspense.

"One lung is gone," said the great man laying a kindly hand on her arm, and the other is—going. The end of the disease will depend much upon climatic conditions. I fear, unless you can manage to go south at once——"

"That I may not last through this cold weather," put in Clara, to help him out.

He nodded with a serious air, and a few minutes later the unhappy patient, her doom ringing in her ears, was speeding home.

A letter in Jack's handwriting lay upon the hall table. It had been delivered by special messenger, the servants said, shortly after her departure.

"Dear old Jack!" she cried, forgetting the terrible blow that had just been dealt her in the joy of the moment. "I knew he would remember me and send some message!"

She tore open the envelope and taking out the letter kissed it rapturously. Then she hurried into the drawing-room to read it there alone and undisturbed.

"Dear Clara," it ran. "By the time this reaches you I shall be on my way to Europe. Mabel is going with me. My object in writing is to wish you goodbye forever, and to assure you that on my return some arrangement shall be made with regard to your future welfare. You can, if you like, get a separation—possibly even a divorce (the latter would enable me to marry Mabel), but, although the world inevitably says nasty things of people in our predicament, I am, in yielding to the irresistible fascination of a woman whose charm lies in the fact that she is your counterpart, paying you the highest compliment. Yours,

Jack Alston."

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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