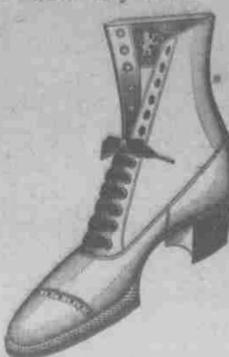


# Most Women

Can tell a good shoe when they see it.



This illustrates one of the styles of the "La France." We have five others. At cost \$3.00.

If you will look over the town and compare every other Three Dollar Shoe with this one, you can't help buying the "La France."

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SOLE AGENT.

# Kidney Disease Kills.

Its Victims Numbered by the Hundreds of Thousands.

Kidney diseases should be attended to at once, for almost 90 per cent. of our unexpected deaths of today are from that cause. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the only sure cure known for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. It is marvelous how it stops that pain in the back, relieves the necessity of urinating so often at night, drives away that scalding pain in passing water, corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer and shows its beneficial effects on the system in an incredibly short time.

George L. Smith, foreman of the Holy Manufacturing Company's Works, Lockport, N. Y., says in a recent letter: "I have used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy with the most beneficial results. I was troubled with gravel and kidney complaint very severely, it bothered me a great deal, and have found great relief from its use, and cheerfully recommend it."

"Favorite Remedy" is the most successful medicine ever discovered for kidney, bladder, liver and blood diseases. Its record of cures has made it famous in medical circles everywhere. It is recognized as a specific. It purifies the blood and dissolves the excess of uric acid in it, clears up the urine, restores the kidneys and bladder to their normal condition, and gently moves the bowels.

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, Randolph, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Pills strengthen the bladder, remove pain anywhere. See each bottle.

**The Exception.**  
"Natural history says birds have good judgment," remarked Bessie, with the big book.

"Birds haven't," spoke up Bobby. "Why not?"

"Just look what ugly babies they bring sometimes."—Chicago Daily News.

**Getting Even.**  
Mrs. Von Bimmer—We must have the Higgins to dinner. We owe them one.

Von Bimmer—Of course. We passed an awful dull evening there and it is nothing more than right that they should pass one here.—Brooklyn Life.

**Most Men Do This.**  
"Day am mo' men dan yo' kin count in the world," said Charcoal Eph, in one of his rambling moods, "dat scrape de cream off'n de milk an' den try t' blame hit on de cat, Mistah Jackson."—Baltimore News.

**General Opinion.**  
Lives of great men all remind us that it isn't only pluck, it's only do as well, or better, if we only had their luck. —N. Y. Times.

**BETWEEN DEAR FRIENDS.**



Miss White—I've never been able to get a good photograph of my face.

Miss Black—Let me congratulate you.—Chicago Daily News.

**Authoritative.**  
As to getting rich quick there are warnings in plenty. And for one of them see Prov. 23:34.

**Thought It Might Be.**  
Mrs. Newrocks—I'm determined that Cynthia's debut shall pass off with great eclat.

Mr. Newrocks—What's eclat, Maria—expense?—Puck.

**Precedent Youth.**  
Walter (aged five)—Papa, when I grow up may I get married?

Papa—My son, I regret to see you anticipating trouble so early in life.—Chicago Daily News.

**What It Lacked.**  
He—But poverty is no disgrace. She—Um-m, no; but there are no medals connected with it, either.—Judge.

**Impatient.**  
Geraldine—You haven't told me you loved me to-day.

Gerald—But, darling, it is only one minute after 12.—N. Y. Sun.

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# THE GIFT OF ROSES.

BY ERNEST HERBERT.

Dicky Auler had often read of cases like his own—with this important difference: the stories usually ended happily, whereas he knew that for himself it would be madness to hope for anything save disappointment.

He was in love, desperately, madly in love with Nella Rosshaw, a clever and popular actress, the admired of all admirers.

His romance for her in his heart the very first time he saw her, which was the day on which he commenced his engagement as violinist in the orchestra of the London theatre at which she was playing a leading part.

He made no effort to check this hopeless love which grew and grew as he watched her night after night.

He would only see her when the action of the piece brought her well forward upon the stage; but he soon learned to know when these places came, and was always ready for her as so not to lose a single second of the time that she was in his view.

Once her eyes met his unguarded gaze that night he walked to his poor lodgings with his head among the stars. After that he found her look turned towards him on several occasions. On those nights he lay awake for hours asking himself whether the smile in those beautiful eyes could possibly have been for him; but by morning he had called himself a fool for imagining on those occasions that his presence was in any way connected with her.

An accident in her acting, could have significance for him. Yet, for all his wise reasonings, those glances made him absurdly happy.

Then came a blow that hurt him cruelly. Nella was to tour in America. Even the pleasure of looking at her was now to be denied him. He would not see her for a long time—perhaps never again.

A farewell performance was announced, and, as at heart, Dicky took his accustomed place. Before then he had always felt a thrill of pleasure and pride when some of the thousands of applause in acknowledgment of Nella's singing, but on this night he felt his heart with sadness and a great lump came to his throat. This was the last time that he would see the triumph of the woman he loved—the last time.

There, as the curtain fell, he did a thing that he had never dared before to do. He walked made his way to the stage door and waited there to watch her departure. As she passed him the fragments of her singing still and have seemed to hold him while she was in bondage, and when her rustling skirt brushed him he went swooning.

She carried a magnificent bouquet that had been presented to her, and when she was half-way to her carriage a rose dropped from it on the pavement. Dicky darted forward and picked it up. Musingly something, I know not what, he stepped to the side of the carriage and handed it to her.

As she took it she looked straight into his eyes. Then, quickly drawing another blossom from among its lovely fellows, she mingly thrust it with the other into his hands.

"Keep them, and—thank you," she said.

Every now and again, during the year that followed, anxious thoughts filled Dicky's mind as he gazed on his cherished possessions—two withered roses. Soon after, however, he usually read in some newspaper one of the numerous accounts of Nella's trans-Atlantic successes. Then his agonizing hopes collapsed dimly. Yet they were days there, and though he did not know it, grew stronger and stronger until they became part of his life.

At last, one day, she was to open her autumn season at her old theatre and none more Dicky could see her every night. He played first instead of second violin now, his position had been altered to one from which he had a far better view of the stage.

It was not that thought, however, which set his heart pounding with excitement as he went towards the theatre that day—the lay on which he was to be heard for the first time in his heart there was a great hope that she would recognize him in some way or another. Surely she must. Then he would wait at the stage door, and perhaps he would speak to her again.

Bitter and terrible was his disappointment. Not even a glance came his way.

The next day he was not at his place in the orchestra. Instead he sat at home in his room before a table covered with manuscripts. They were those which he had written out of his great love.

"He was going away—where he did not know or care. During the last year he had so lived on the almost incessant hope born in him by the gift of roses, that the realization that it had been founded on nothing had dated his every faculty. It was as though he had fallen from the clouds.

At first, when the wish to leave the place of his sorrow had come to him, he had determined to burn his songs; but they were his children—the only children of his love—and he could not. Then came a little desire that she should know of his heart's longing, and after examining them all to make sure that they, at least, were worthy of her attention, he gathered them together to send them to her.

He took the withered roses from his breast. She should have them too. Pressing them passionately to his lips he laid them tenderly on the top of the pile.

The stuper that had dulled his understanding went, and in its place a awful despair seized him. He laid his head on his arms and sobbed—sobbed as only can a man from whom is taken his only hold on life.

For a long while he lay. Then there came a tap on the door. He did not hear it, the door opened gently, and a woman entered. It was Nella. Quietly she stepped to the table. Her eyes rested on the roses. She read her name on the dedication of the song on which they rested and a great look of sorrow, half of joy rose in her throat. Very tenderly she touched the bowed head.

Dicky started up and stared at her without comprehension. There a light came into his eyes. "You," he said, hoarsely.

"Yes," she answered, smiling.

"But—but—"

"Tell me," she said, stopping him, "why you kept those flowers without emotion? Dicky saw something in her face that sent the blood leaping in his veins. He rose, and drew her to him.

"Because I love you," he whispered, his voice almost fierce with joy.

"Dicky," she sobbed, "when I didn't see you in the orchestra, I fancied all sorts of dreadful things, so I asked your address from the very first—and came here to find out what had happened to you. Why didn't you write to me while I was away, Dicky? I thought you would understand when I gave you the flowers. Oh, Dicky, Dicky, I have loved you ever since I looked down into your eyes that night. I thought that you loved me and I went away and you did not write. Then I was miserable, Dicky. But it doesn't matter now, and I'm engaged."

"Nothing matters now," said Dicky, and he kissed her on the lips.—Short Stories.

**A Thoughtful Man.**  
M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind., knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25 cents, at all drug stores.

# FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

One in seven British landowners is a woman.

A woman has, it is alleged, obtained a divorce in Germany on the ground that she discovered after marriage that her husband wore a wig.

Japan has a greater variety of names for girls than we have. Most of them are in two syllables, and the given name is placed after the family name.

Curious ideas of justice seem to prevail in Rome. A woman, who was being smothered by an officer, turned round and boxed his ears. The officer challenged the woman's husband, who declined to fight; whereupon the officer brought an action against the woman for assault, and she was fined 4 francs.

It is discovered that nearly 25 women are serving as rural delivery mail carriers. No women are appointed as mail carriers in the city, and the post office department is opposed to women doing such work anywhere, it being deemed too severe for them. The appointments in the rural free delivery service would not have been made if it had been known that the candidates were women.

Among the most active lady managers of the St. Louis exposition is Mrs. Annie E. Moore, of Fort Worth, Tex. At one time Mrs. Moore enjoyed the distinction of being the only woman bank president in the United States, the National bank of Mount Pleasant, Tex., being the institution over which she presided. She has traveled extensively and has profited by her experiences in the foreign lands, being bright, witty and entertaining to the extreme.

**PEOPLE YOU HAVE HEARD OF.**

Elias Hamlinot, a trustee of Princeton college during the revolution, presided over the sessions of the continental congress held there. A profile tablet of him is to be placed in old Nassau hall by his descendants.

Benjamin Leo, of Cleveland, the inventor of a new type of street car fender with hollow rubber cylinders along the edge, allowed himself to be struck by a car going 12 miles an hour the other day and escaped injury.

Several patriotic societies of Louisiana have a project to buy a collection of relics of Andrew Jackson now in the possession of Col. Andrew Jackson, which once belonged to George Washington and which was presented to President Jackson while he was an occupant of the white house; a snuff box given to Jackson by Lafayette and a bronze statue of Napoleon presented by the emperor.

The other day a friend said to James B. Keene: "Why do you work so hard? You have all the money you should want, and yet you keep on as hard as when you were collecting your first million." The veteran Wall street operator lighted a fresh cigar and replied: "Ever see a young dog chase a rabbit? He's just as eager after his second and third as he was after the first. As the dog grows old he draws all his experience to his aid, and though he may lack speed he makes up in finesse. He displays an ungodly desire to catch his hundredth rabbit as he did his first. Catching them only whets his appetite, but does not glut it. Say, I'd rather talk horse."

**CURIOUS BITS OF FACT.**

Sugar and salt will both preserve meat, because they absorb the moisture in it, and so prevent decomposition.

Dampening the nostrils with fresh, cool water, enables a human being to smell 50 per cent. better than ordinarily.

Among the public officials of Pennsylvania is the economic zoologist. Another is the state veterinarian. The state printer is a public official.

Chicago pays its meat inspectors \$1,000 a year, and its milk inspectors \$800. It has also a smoke inspector, who receives \$2,000 a year salary.

The artificial production of pearls in large quantities is a simple problem, in the view of Dr. H. Lyster Jameson. One cause of pearl formation proves to be a worm, which has its origin in the oyster or "tapestry shell," from which the larvae pass to the mussel, and may be eaten with the latter by the oyster or scoter, reaching maturity in the intestines of these birds. If the larvae remain in the mussel long enough pearls are formed. With full knowledge of the life histories of these parasites, it is believed that pearl oysters or pearl mussels may be infected to an desired extent by placing them in infected company, and the infected mollusks then be left to themselves in suitable beds until the pearls are sufficiently developed.

**FINANCIAL FACTS.**

British customs revenue in the past 11 months has increased \$20,000,000; income tax receipts, \$5,500,000.

One New York bank has issued notices to the effect that it does not invest in "stocks, bonds or underwritings."

Desamont national banks report heavily increased profits owing to the business attracted to the Texas oil centers.

Boston clearing house authorities are considering the advisability of requiring trust companies to maintain a cash reserve.

Since the British fiscal year began last April, England's public revenue has increased \$29,500,000, and expenditure has decreased \$14,500,000.

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# A STRANGE TANGLE.

"We sometimes laugh at the stage villain and his 'ways that are dark,'" said a Chicago lawyer the other day. "But occasionally there is a villain in real life who makes the stage villain look cheap. There is a case recorded in the New York supreme court reports in which a young man named Henry Reed played the role of villain.

Reed had a cousin Janet, who was married to a man named Robinson—a salesman for a large dry goods house in New York city—and happily married, too. Reed was Mrs. Robinson's only near relative. Though several years younger than she he had convinced her for her husband, which had never been treated by her seriously but always rather as a joke. After the wedding she disappeared for awhile and when he made his appearance again he seemed much changed and was taken into the house by his cousin and her husband and treated as one of the family.

One of Robinson's particular customers came in from the country one day on his first visit to New York. He wanted to see the sights and particularly the "Tenderloin." Robinson thought it impossible to refuse him and an arrangement was made for that evening. Reed heard the engagement made and went out and hunted up a private detective. During the next 24 hours Robinson was shadowed and the report was given to Reed.

"Some months later Robinson went to Europe on business for his firm. This was the reason Reed had been waiting for. He went to his cousin and under pretense of doing a 'painless duty,' told his story. Briefly it was to the effect that Robinson's life was very unusual. Mrs. Robinson refused to believe it and her woman's intuition saw the motive underlying Reed's pretended 'painless duty.' But Reed presented the results to her.

"She took the story to an eminent lawyer, a personal friend of her husband's and he began an investigation. He called in Reed, who told his story with great plainness and apparent frankness, but withheld Robinson's motive in visiting the places in question, the facts about the country customer as a whole request the trip was made and failed to see that Robinson had been merely a general survey of the slums. His story was so artfully mixed with truth and falsehood that the lawyer at last believed it.

"Then he sent for Mrs. Robinson and told her his conclusions. She finally accepted his view of the matter. She filed a bill for divorce, notified her husband and then disappeared from all save her lawyer.

"Robinson, of course, hurried home. He could find no trace of his wife and her lawyer refused to see him. The case came up before a referee, and Robinson, as if in a dream, listened to the chain of circumstantial evidence forged like a link. When a woman took the stand to give false testimony he at last availed to the fact that it was all a conspiracy, but it was too late.

"The referee's report was against him and the court granted a decree of divorce.

"Reed's connection with the case did not appear at any stage. In fact, it was to him that Robinson turned for comfort.

"Not long after the decree both men were looking at the execution of the divorce. The undertaker caught Reed but for the assistance of the man he had so terribly wronged he would have been drowned. At the risk of his own life Robinson helped Reed until they were both nearly dead. Reed never rallied. Pneumonia set in and in less than a week he was dead. Before he died he tried to undo the wrong he had done.

"He sent for his cousin's lawyer and gaspingly told him the details of the plot.

"A few days afterward Robinson and his wife were re-united by the same clergyman and with the same witnesses who had officiated at their former marriage. Here is where the drama ends. The villain is punished and the hero and heroine marry and live happily ever after. But we all know this is not the way in everyday life.

"For several years Robinson and his wife lived happily and no one came to bless the union. Robinson prospered in business, but at last he died quite suddenly. He left no will and his wife applied for letters of administration. A distant cousin of her dead husband contested the application and the case went finally to the supreme court of the state.

"The cousin contended that the second marriage of Robinson to his wife was void on the ground that the decree of divorce obtained by his wife contained a clause forbidding him to remarry.

"Mrs. Robinson's lawyer offered to prove the second marriage, but she eventually for her, as you will see later, the court refused to allow it. In delivering its opinion the court said: 'It appears that the decedent's wife had been divorced from him and he had been forbidden to marry, as the statute provides in every case where a divorce is granted. Really, the prohibition was not necessary and merely in the nature of an instruction and friendly warning. He was still a married man and incapable of entering into any new (illegal) bigamous second marriage within the jurisdiction of this state. If any such ceremony was performed, it was void.'

"The cousin took all of Robinson's property and the widow and her two sons were left penniless. In less than a year Mrs. Robinson followed her husband and the boys found refuge in a charitable institution.

"Now note this: Had the judge permitted proof of Mrs. Robinson's second marriage it would have been his duty to order her arrest and she would have been indicted under the criminal code for bigamy and the punishment would have been five years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$1,000. The law is on the statute books of the state and you cannot blame courts for enforcing them."—Chicago Daily News.

**He Thought Too Much.**  
An Indian servant never answers back when rebuked, but enters on a vigorous conversation with himself. In the course of which the faults of his master are carefully rehearsed. In "Behind the Bungalow" the author declares that the banal, or house servant, could be endured if only he would not try to think. It is in vain to impress upon him that he is engaged to obey orders, and that his employer prefers to do the thinking himself.

Now and then he sees his intellect in operation, and the consequences are appalling. It was our banal duty to fill the filter, and at the time when the water was very bad orders were given that it should be boiled before being filtered.

One day my wife saw the hamal in the act of filling the filter, and it occurred to her to warn him to let the water cool first, lest he crush the filter.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I thought of that. After filling the filter, I cool it down by mixing an equal quantity of cold water with it, and then I put it into the filter."

—Youth's Companion.

**Uncongruous.**  
The four seasons are seldom on good terms with each other. There is a decided coolness between autumn and spring.—Philadelphia Record.

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