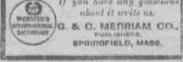


"Why-er-what are you thanking WEBSTER'S me for 7" "For the compliment. Thaven't seen \$50 in years."-Kansas City Journal. INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. "I am supposed to die of a broken heart," said the unmanagenble ac-If you have any question educed it write un tress.



Washington Hotels.

RIGGS HOUSE.

The hotel par excellence of the capital.

"How often," sighs the sentimental person, "do we see atrikingly exempli-fied in real life the adage that when poverty comes in at the door love files out of the window." "In a way, yes," concedes the prac-tical individual. "For instance, when the kee man rings in the corrance the coal man is saying good-by in the al-ley."—Judge. "Rard." "It's a hard task this being a states." "It's a hard task this being a states."

Revised the Proverb.

ington Star

A Study in Heartbreakings.

son with a broken heart behaves?"

so out you go!" And out "Buster" went, hack to bis lit-lie charge, expressing his opinion of the fish man in uncomplimentary terms. But he couldn't let "the kid" go imagey, and he wouldn't, sither: he returned to the shop and as the man played a tempting belping of "fish and taters"-in newspaper-on the counter. "Buster" santchrof it up, and bolted "Biop im." relied the man, and the crowded shop was empty in a moment, werything forgotten but the shase. "Buster" ran his bardest, and had al-most rauched "the kid." when-a shout and a borse polled up suddenly! Too late! "Buster" was under the horse's feet, but with his prize in his hands undamaged; he scrambled to his feet, only to be collared by the fish-man, who havid for the police; but just them "the kid" struggled through the erowd, in time to see the boy handed over to the policeman, who took him by the and the goliceman, who took him by the arm in the maxel stolik way, and march-ed him off. They had not gave a doare you have the base "baster" dropped. 'Hallon, what's the game!" mid the policeman, but his face charged when he looked at the hoy, and picking him up, he carried him with rand strides to the nearest surgers. The "Now, how am I to know how a per-"I'll tell you what to do," answered the cold-blooded manager. "You study the author of this play after he see your first performance of it."-Wash-

For so invisibly our lives are molded-The rainbow's tint, the color of a flower, God's measurgers of beauty and of prom-Labor with subtle power. They touch us, and the soul grows ever weeter. We dream not of their influence divine; But He who sends their marks the image fashiosed Within your life and mine. -C. E. Bancroft, in Youth's Companion.

ed him off. They had not gone a dozen yards, before "Buster" deopped. "Hallon, but his fare changed when he holocena, but his fare changed when he hoked at the boy, and pisking him up, he carried him with the pareliased it with blood and tears. The services of wasted years

The Rich Man.

Growth.

The summer brought me flowers fair and

The summer progent in slowers fair and frigment) Sweet, fragile things that perished long ago; Yet in my life perchance they wrought a blessing Greater than I may know.

led off with: "Enjoy Yourselves." It was a rantime drive to the little come-tery, and a wrathful widow who stepped from her carriage at the end of that drive But the hand had considerately stopped at some distance from the Hoog lot, and the editor of the Clarion, a grim smile fighting for mastery of his features, was larking near at hand, with his notebook reach for service. Dry Good, Fancy Waist Patterns, Ginghams, Outings, Flannel and Flannelettes, Denims

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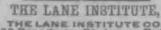
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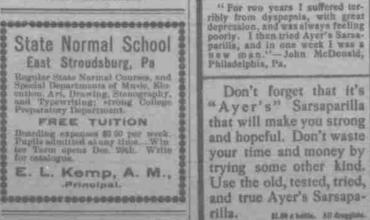
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"It's a hard task this being a states-man," remarked the great man, reflect-

"People are hard to eatisfy."

"Very. If you have money at the end of a term of office they wink significantly and say: 'I told you so,' and if you are poor they carl their lips and comment on your improvident character."-Washington Star.

Perpiesing Situation.

Parker-What's wrong? You seem worried.

Streeter-I am. I wrote two notes one to my broker asking him if he took me for a fool, and the other to Miss Golding asking her if she would be mine. While I was out somebody telephoned 'Yes,' and I don't know which of 'em it was .-- Tit-Bits.

No Danger.

ton Star.

"Do you think there is any dauger of America being dominated by Europe?"

No, air." answered Mr. Meekton with extraordinary emphasis; "not so long as eminent Europeans continue marry American girls."-Washing-

\$1.00 a battle. All dropplate.

Ask your destar which he thinks of Ayer's arteriation. He have a line thing shares this shares it family control on . Tokar big advelop and

at family monterior. France, Lowell, Mass-er will be satisfied.

Poorly?

Loathed the Crowd. Frendent Boosceli was telling a friend about his mail, which averages 500 or 600 fetters a day. "One of the most remarks able letters I ever received," he said. "ar-rived on the morning the tirst full accounts of the Martinique disaster were printed in the narepapers. The writer said he saw that the American coust at Martiniques had heve bound to death. He applied for the place, and would up with thissentence: "I make this early application so as to get in abend of these institutes (www.

A Thrughtful Man

M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind.,

cents, at all drog stores.

Ito be taken to the station for?" "Stealing from my shop," rejained the other.
"He'll never steal again," said the doet for.
"Nor never did, afore," said "Buster" free double in sold grait to gain possession.
"Nor never did, afore," said "Buster" free double in sold grait, "Yes,"
"Nor never did, afore," said "Buster" free double in sold grait to gain possession.
"Soom?" asked "Buster."
"Yes."

doon?" asked "Busier." "Yes." "Well, it den't matter much." said the boy, "but, I say, mister, who'll look after "the kid." sum pooe?" and the doctor mid hestimingly. "God will take care of her."

When the ky blast goes by, when sweet breezes blow. Always there a demon waits, bold or crouching low!

her."
"Ah," said the boy. "I 'ope He will, but she's had a rough time of it. J say, the parson what comes down our court used ten say samethin." 'bout stealing bring ein-will my prigring that bit o' fish be scored against me? Yer see, I didn't take it fer myself. It was fer, 'the kid." I couldn't bet her go 'mgry-and ahe ain't got no one alse-good hye." and the hey turned over apirit took wing.
Alwars there a demon waits, bold or couching low!
Jay but soldom stops to knock-when he does bewary?
Let tim in, but don't forget Trouble crouch-ing there!
Ope the door for Joy, but watch always, isst you find
That while Joy was passing in Trouble sneaked behind.
B E Klier, in Chango Times-Herald.

Barbors. Full many a naunday heak I know Where Memory is fain to go And Wait in Bilance till the Shade Of Sleep the Solftade invade:

Par there the resting places are of Dramas that, Jourseyling afar, Pates in their migratory flight This side the continent of Night. -Julio B. Tabb, in the Atlantic.

Makes a Clean Sweep

There's nothing like doing a thing knew what to do in the hour of thoroughly. Of all the salves you used. His wife had such an unusual ever heard of, Bucklen's Arnica ouse of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's Naw Life Pills and abs got reliaf at once and was finally oursal. Only 25 to give satisfaction by all druggists.

Advertise in the Pares.

at hand, with his notebook ready far service The disconsolute widow had to be supported by several female friends, but site scened able to stand alone, and even to jump in the air, if they would let her go, when the hand

taker." There was suppressed excitement and much uncasiness in the church, but every-holy seemed to realize the solemnity of the occasion and the hand was permitted to play the selection & cough. But when the nournful pathering rame out to take up the march to the cemetery there was a bale fol giars from becauti the black yell which hid the features of Mrs. Hong. And, but for the looks of the thing, she would have stop-ped the lumeral or jumped from the carriage, when, far ahead of the learners, the musiciane led off with: "Enjoy Yourselves."

nir, if they would let her go, when the same rearrod furths: "Throw Him Down, McClusky!" "For, by a strange coincidence, the mi-dertaken's name was Francis McCluskey. The sudden onslaught of melodions advice ratified him so that he had to han against a tombstone and conceal his features with his hat. Then the band filed soberly from the cententary and took up the homeward march, their feet lightened by the strains of:

You'll Get All That's Coming to You.'

Mrs. Houg's carriage passed the hand on a fast trot before it had gotten fifty yards from the gate, but Herr Spleinfutz stuck to his contrast and played the tune all the was to town

way to town. That week's (Tarion contained a beauti-ful account of the funeral and devoted some twenty lines to expatialing upon the "Emely and appropriate music, which was selected by the sourcewing relict of the high-ly esteemed deceased." But Here Subjective and the sign-

But Herr Spleinfult has discovered that the last tune on the programme was far from prophetic, and now he is ening Mrs. Hoag for the amount of his hill,-N, Y.

As - good bye, and the new of the second of t

Nood for Thought.

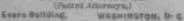
Miss Minnis Millions (showing her dia-monds)-I'll never wint for bread while I have these.

Miss Cazatique (after looking at them) -Or for partry, either, I imagine.--Cleve-land Leader

Advanced ideas are not necessarily ad-vanced in the right direction .- Puck.



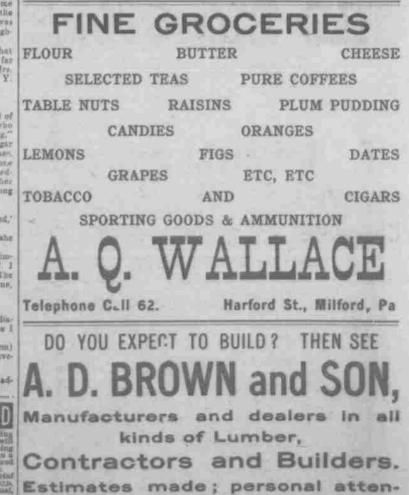
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