

DON'T DELAY.

It is "Putting Off" Till Some Other Day that Causes so Many Sudden Deaths.

If its for the kidneys, liver, bladder or blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia, chronic constipation, or the weaknesses peculiar to women, the most efficient medicine known to the medical profession is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and a very simple way to find out if you need it, is to put some urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment or a milky, cloudy appearance, if it isropy or stringy, pale or discolored, if you do not need a physician to tell you that your kidneys and bladder are badly affected.

The Rev. Theodore Remier, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Greensburg, Ky., writes as follows:

"It gives me much pleasure to state that I have received great benefit from the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Some time ago I had a severe attack of kidney trouble, but a few bottles of 'Favorite Remedy' have entirely removed the malady."

"Favorite Remedy" speedily cures such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, burning scalding pain in passing water, the staining of linen by your urine.

It is for sale by all druggists in the New York State and the regular \$1.00 size bottles—less than a cent a drop. Simply bottle—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Housatonic, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Salt Rheum Cream cures Old Sores, Itch and Scrofulous Diseases. Etc.

Six weeks more of postoffice investigation is the outlook. In the meantime there is absolutely no predicting what facts may be unearthed or who may be implicated. That some persons of high standing will be, is known. It is stated that the government has presented thus far fully 80 cases to the grand jury and that among them are names that will cause no little surprise if indictments are found.

Mr. Cleveland though recognized as possessing the courage of his convictions and as a public character of high personal integrity would, by reason of his association with the vast national industrial disasters of 1893-1895, be as easy a victim at the polls as Colonel Bryan proved to be in 1896 and 1900.

Where Chance Intervened

By William H. Leed Bates.

KATE DALTON found her friend Jessie Cochrane's lovers an interesting study. It is to be presumed she fell to comparisons, and that in the process a certain stalwart young man of her own far away in the east did but suffer. She was convinced that ultimate victory would rest with either Lieut. Horace Mansfield or Mr. James Warren, and the long odds were all in favor of the army officer who was fresh from the laurels of a Santiago campaign. It did not hurt the case of Mansfield that he had accidentally come into collision with a Mouser bullet while he was on his way up the hill to the Spanish intrenchments of that fatal day when so many blue-coated lads went to their death. In fact, unless Miss Dalton guessed wrong it lent to him a romantic glamour which was seriously lacking in the person of that unromantic business civilian Warren. Probably the lieutenant was quite unconscious of playing the hero, even though he had a good deal to say about Cuba, but Jessie Cochrane in her imagination dressed him for the part and set him on a pedestal whether he would or not.

When the four of them started on the cog road for the summit of Bear's peak one morning the smiles were for the gentleman with gold buttons, and James Warren was quick to recognize that fact. He was a prosaic man who faced the facts of life, and the one that stood out to him now was the certainty that the scales were dipping in favor of his rival. Yet though he was not enjoying life that morning he showed a wooden, unperturbed face, and forced himself to take part in the gay chat.

After a time they fell to telling stories, and Warren offered as his contribution the well-worn anecdote of the old lady who was riding on the cog road and grew nervous for fear of an accident. She stopped the conductor to ask him what would happen if the cogging pin should take part in the gay chat.

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other two declined that they would rather be alone together, and thought Warren longed for eyes in the back of his head he did not once let them get within his vision. The way he phrased the situation to himself was that the lieutenant ought to have his chance just as he, Warren, had had his; and if the soldier were more to her liking he hoped he was not enough to take it as a gentleman should.

The soldier was much to her liking that day at all events. They were having the gayest kind of a time, and their gaiety had in it the shy ripple of happiness easy to be detected by an interested observer. More than once Miss Dalton and Warren passed close to them without being themselves noticed, and both of them were conscious that the affair would reach certain heights. The girl from the east liked the imperious manner in which the civilian accepted the defeat which was inevitable, it was the way of the Anglo-Saxons, and a good way too, she told herself. She wanted to tell him that some day he would find a good woman to appreciate him, but she reflected that it would be impertinent and refrained.

It was on the way down that chance intervened. The lieutenant and Jessie Cochrane were a little quiet, and their shy eyes met they did not hold each other long. It was Miss Dalton and Warren on the seat behind them who kept the conversational ball rolling as the train moved slowly round the curves of the steep mountain edge. Presently the pace quickened perceptibly, Mansfield, looking for a moment far out of the big windows, drew in his head to say:

"We're going pretty fast, I don't know what the engineer can be thinking of. We are right at the steepest part of the grade, and he ought to go easy instead of sending her along like this."

Still the rate of speed increased unobtrusively. The ear swept round a curve at a rate which threatened to fling it from the track over the precipitous edge of the mountain. The driving force of the engine had broken by one of those mischances which happen once in a thousand years. Women began to cry out hysterically, wringing their hands and moaning. Men looked at each other with white, frightened faces, then made for the doors and the big windows in panic terror, everything fastened except the horrible fear of death which was clutching at their hearts. The traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race were ignored, and they were bent on saving themselves, no matter whom they trampled down in their wild rush for safety.

Kate Dalton was conscious of no fear, only anger and disgust at the callousness and cowardice of the men who were intent on getting out at any cost. She saw Jessie Cochrane clutch at the arm of the lieutenant instinctively, and noticed that young Mansfield turned on his sweatshirt a face sick with horror. Terror was knocking at his heart and sponging clean the slate of those things a man must remember. Another instant, and he had flung himself out of the window to the mountain slope outside.

James Warren looked into the angry eyes of the young woman beside him, then at the white-faced girl huddled on the seat in front. The one to whom his heart went out in that moment when life and death hung in the balance was the one who resembled him most. He rose in the awaying, pitching car, and stumbled forward to the place beside her. Conventions were all forgotten. He remembered only that the woman he loved was close to eternity, and his arm encircled her to ward off harm if might be.

All this was a matter of seconds only. Presently the air brakes caught, the wheels ground into the iron of the tracks, gradually the speed slackened and the train jolted to a halt. There was plenty of excitement. Everybody was talking at once, explaining and questioning. The men who had played the lesser part were showing apologetically just why they had jumped. It appeared that they had intended to get at the brakes somehow and that their minds had been full of saving the women, though when it came to details their explanations halted a little. Warren exchanged a grin and cynical smile with Miss Dalton at all this soluble talk. One might have noticed that the men were really feeling sheepish and that their eyes met each other only furtively.

As for Lieutenant Mansfield, he offered no defense, but chose the manner part of bearing his shame in silence. He was white to the lips with his disgrace, and he hated himself with a loathing that was exceeding bitter. He dropped into the seat beside Miss Dalton and rode the rest of the way in silence. By tacit consent the accident was a tabooed topic. The young army officer had shown the white feather, and all of them understood that he was prepared to accept as his punishment the loss of his place in the regard of his sweetheart. He was quite out of the running, and he knew it. The day was one long agony of shame to him. It was seared into his consciousness beyond the chance of healing that after he had won his love he had lost by reason of his own cowardice. It did not help matters that he had only done what four-fifths of the rest of the men in the car had done. The noise was that he had flinched where Warren had stood firm.

Three months later Miss Dalton was chief bridesmaid at the wedding of Jessie Cochrane to Mr. James Warren. The affair passed off with great éclat, but one army officer in the Philippines who read the newspaper account found the wedding something less than enjoyable, if one might judge by his white, tense face.

Chamberlain's Pain Expeller
Chamberlain's Pain Expeller is an antiseptic liniment, and when applied to cuts, bruises and burns, causes them to heal without maturation and much more quickly than by the usual treatment. For sale by Balch & Son, Matamoras, all general stores in Pike county.

H. E. Emerson, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE in Drug Store on Broad Street.
Advertisement in The Press.

IN THE REALM OF POETRY.

Master is to Be.
The earth waits its Master's turn,
All barren and unfruitful,
The dead leaves of a dead year ending
In weary fruitless
The winter storms, unfruitful,
Have swept over hill and dale,
The flowers' faces are dead,
And scarce with frozen mail.
The wild swarms burst their iron bands,
And clamor to be free,
Kiss Mother Earth so patiently,
For Master is to be.

The Resurrection of All Life.
That hidden life, or light,
Great heart of God! to hear to wait—
This is the Master's time.
And hither hearts must learn to feel
The coming Master's joy,
Mid darkness and mid seeming death,
And all life's vast reality.
Dear Mother Earth! the children learn
Life's seasons at thy knee;
Patiently wait all seeming wrong;
For Master is to be.
—Emma Miner, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Wind.
The wind is busy at all window panes,
Oh! he has come and he will come again,
Seeking to win an entrance, but in vain.
Poor lonely wind!
Naught but the frozen earth around he
He shivers as he passes through the trees,
Not long ago he was a happy breeze.
Poor changed wind!
If I were now to open my window wide,
To let you in, what should I lose besides?
The very breath for which you long have sighed.
Poor frozen wind!
So, if I seem your pleadings not to mind,
And on your sorrow turn a glance that's blind,
Remember, if I could, I would be kind,
—Westminster Gazette.

Farewell to Dawn.
Dawn on the horizon, wan and very still,
A shimmering gray over the quiet deep,
While the great handmaids seem to
Crouch, and creep
Close beneath the easter of the hill.
All the night long we sat and talked our fill
Of boyhood days, the faith we vowed to
We thrust aside the waning arms of
Sleep,
And radiant memories were our words at
Will.
One hand-clasp more, a step upon the quay,
And the light boat goes springing through
The foam.
Leaving with joy to greet the freshening
gale.
Then, as I turn to seek my lonely home,
Alone on the black ships' frozen foresty
The sunlight flashes on your far-off sea,
—Walter Thackwell, in Chambers Journal.

The Race Against Time.
This is the trouble, this day, with the
rhyme:
It's a race against Time!
We try for the summit that few of us
climb;
It's a race against Time!
This is the trouble—the trouble sublime:
It's a race against Time!
And this one has precedence—that one has
crime:
It's a race against Time!
But Time, that's a tyrant, will know that
the gloom
Of the winter's weary winters will drift into
bloom,
And God, for the innocent, yet will make
room
In the race against Time!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Last Day.
Through all the lonely day I walked in
dread,
The world had lost the charm it once pos-
sessed,
A thousand dangers seemed to loom ahead,
A thousand borrowed troubles filled my
breast.
Upon the morrow, beautiful and bright,
The sun shone with a brighter rose,
My troubles had departed with the night,
And, free, I saw them all imagined woes.
I halted the new, the splendid day, with
grief;
But who may ever figure up the cost
Of that fair-faded, gloomy day to me,
The day that might have gladdened—
when I live!
—R. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Secret.
She tried to be happy by day and by night,
She sought everything that could give her
delight,
She went in the places that people called
"gay,"
Yet soon was so bored that she hurried
away;
She sought and strived, by land and by
sea,
To make herself happy; yet never could be,
"Once I cannot be happy indeed, I will
try
To frighten some other as the moment's
fit."
She cried in despair, and then with all
speed,
Forgetting herself, she was happy indeed.
—Farn Journal.

The Man of One Idea.
"We meet at folks with one idea,
But maybe, in the end
The chap with one idea may get
What you and me wish and sorely,
Nor ever will, my friend."
"I knew a chap with one idea
A rattlin' in his pair,
We laughed in his old days because
Of his idea, what a fool he was,
But now, by gosh! he's great."
"It ain't so bad, but one idea,
Provided that it's good
And stuck to right through thick and thin,
Just one idea must each man win
That at the top has stood."
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

His Little.
"I will not ask the world for much,"
A sage declared one day,
"For he who wishes for too muchness
May never win, they say."
"I'll ask the world for little, then,
It may be sooner had,
And while they wish who ask for much
I'll have mine, and be glad."
He got his little, yet was not
More happy than before,
For always when his little he got
He craved a little more.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Lerna.
When Lerna goes away,
Even if for one day only,
Ling and drowsy seems the day,
All the rooms are still and lonely,
Then I seek her pillow in dream,
But my tears are hot Lerna's;
And I only make a mess
With her robes and verbenas.
But when she comes back at night,
She still makes the pillow clatter,
Set the table, strike a light,
Charm me with her merry chatter.
—John C. Dalton, in Good House-keeping.

The Best Cough Medicine
I sell more of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than of all similar preparations put together and it gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I ever sold. I guarantee every bottle of it. F. C. Jaquith, Inland, Mich.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are just what you need when you have no appetite, feel dull after eating and wake up with a bad taste in your mouth. They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach and give you a relish for your food. For sale by Balch & Son, Matamoras, all general stores in Pike county.

Her Plan.
"I intend," she said, "to follow Mrs. Mackey's plan and give in charity as much as I spend on dress. It's such a grand idea, so ennobling."
"It's a good plan," he admitted, "I think you spend too much on dress, anyway."
"What's that got to do with it?" she demanded.
"Why, you'll divide your wardrobe money, won't you?"
"Certainly not. I expect you to double it."—Brooklyn Life.

The Crowded and Others.
Dresses were all over
your wardrobe cabinet
drawers full of dresses
new retro dresses
JAMES
Dresses were all over
one piece dresses
yukkas drawers of
the cabinet were all over
—N. Y. Sun.

A REAL SPRING CREATION.
The wind is busy at all window panes,
Oh! he has come and he will come again,
Seeking to win an entrance, but in vain.
Poor lonely wind!
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The Seasons Change.
When winter passes out
Come spring with all her grace!
The snowball has to go,
The snowball has to go,
The snowball takes its place.
—Puck.

Monopoly.
A lady once asked a little girl of five if she had any brothers.
"Yes," said the child, "I have three brothers."
"And how many sisters, my dear?" asked the lady.
"Just one sister, and I'm it," replied the small girl.—Little Chronicle.

Cured Him.
"Yes," the young man in the corduroy knickerbockers was saying, "my father always noted me for the military. When I was about 21, however, he gave up the idea."
"What made him change his mind?"
"Well, he heard me try to preach once."—Chicago Tribune.

Practical Philanthropy.
The Kid—Are you one of them philanthropists?
The Millionaire—Er—I hope so, my boy.
The Kid—Well, don't waste no libraries on the town. What we wants is a football ground.
Organized Envy.
Agitating Ales—If any guy starts tramping' widout joinin' de union we'll follow him up till we find a job an' den make him take it.
Fing'ed Feet—Dat's de way I talk! De song' tramping' is just ruinous to de prevailing rate of graft!—Puck.

Perfect Lord Bacon.
Fudge—There goes a man with a great mind.
Judge—He don't look it. In what way?
"He minds his own business—and that's a great mind."—Boston Journal.

Afraid.
"Biggest man must have a shady past."
"Why?"
"He says something ought to be done to curb the newspapers."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Half Bad.
"Say, those eggs I got yesterday were nearly all bad."
"Is that so? Why, the lady that brought them in said there weren't more'n half of 'em bad."—Chicago American.

Why He Backed Out.
Patience—And you say the engagement is off?
Patriot—Oh, yes; she was imprudent enough, one night, to inform him that she came from good old fighting stock.—Yonkers Statesman.

Ungrateful.
Dusty Rhinoceros—Will you please give me a dime to get some thing to eat with?
Banker Hill—My good man, you cannot purchase a set of false teeth for ten cents.—N. Y. Times.

Fast Is Slow Out.
"So you don't think it's so bad to run in debt?"
"No, not so bad as it is to try to sneak out of it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



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"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.

MOST LIBERAL OFFER OF THE YEAR

The New York Tribune Farmer
is a national illustrated agricultural weekly for farmers and their families, and stands at the head of the agricultural press. It is a practical paper for practical farmers, helping them to secure the largest possible profits from the farm through practical methods.
It is entertaining, instructive and practically useful to the farmer's wife, sons and daughters, whose interests it covers in an attractive manner.
The regular price is \$1.00 per year, but for a limited time we will give you a subscription for THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER and also for your own favorite local newspaper, THE PRESS, Milford, Pa.
Both Papers One Year for \$1.65
Send your order and money to THE PRESS, Your name and address on a postal card to THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, New York City, will bring you free sample copy.

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Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber, Contractors and Builders.
Estimates made; personal attention given and work guaranteed
OFFICE, Brown's Building, Milford, Pa.

Delaware Valley R.R. Most Women's
Corrected to Date

Station	Delaware Valley R.R.	Most Women's
Delaware	10:00	10:00
Wilmington	10:15	10:15
Philadelphia	10:30	10:30
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